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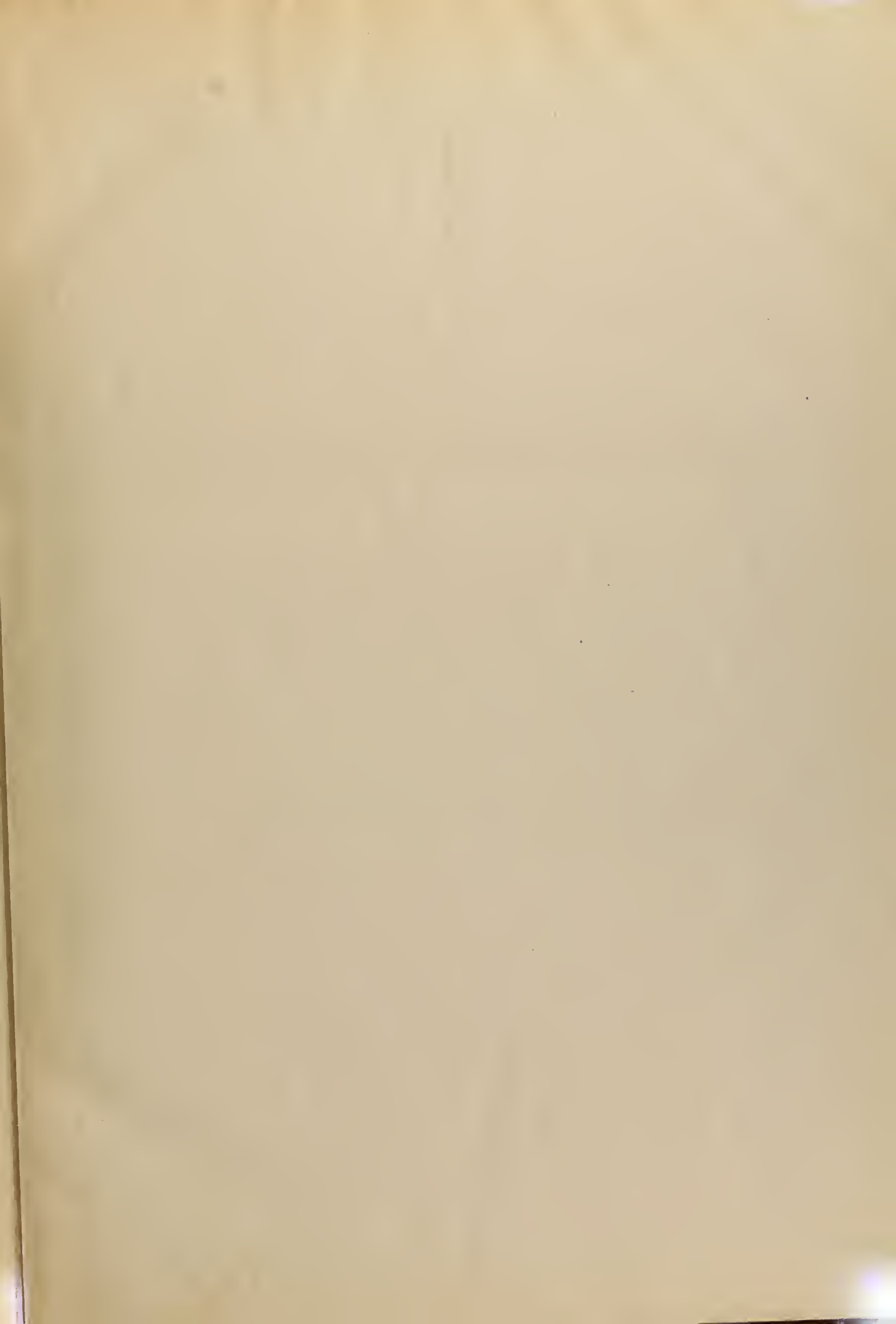


















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A man who has lived in Japan for twenty years, and whose opinions are respectfully quoted by Mr. Heard, long our minister in Corea, describes the Japanese as "an intensely secretive, astute, and self-contained race, very difficult to understand, because of the ineradicable difference between them and ourselves. Between our minds and the Japanese there is always a curtain which they take care is never lifted." This seems to us, so far as it goes, a just estimate. The

ways of the Japanese mind and heart are inscrutable. Still, in the shock of war, under trying conditions afloat and afeld, with the eyes of the Western world upon them, the Japanese national character is daily taking on for us form and substance.

To say that the courage of the son of Japan is surpassed by men of no race is now mere commonplace. But that courage has a singular quality. There is in it a strange element of fanaticism and religious fervor. The courage is rather that of Buddhism, which teaches "disdain of life and friendliness with death," than that of Christianity. A thanatic ecstasy inspires the Japanese, a feeling which has no counterpart among Occidentals even upon occasions where was exhibited a splendid heroism. One of the most observing of the correspondents now in Japan significantly remarks: "I think the finer and greater bravery was exhibited at Thermopylae and Balac-lava." In other words, it is braver, loving life, to face death, than, contemptuous of death, to die.

That self-slaughter is dictated rather by a fanatic feeling than by any considerations of military economy or expediency, is shown in the instances where the Russian cruisers have sunk Japanese transports. In each case, if the Japanese had permitted themselves to be taken prisoners, they would have hampered the Russians through their captors' necessity for feeding and transporting them, and there would have been the possibility of rendering service to their country in case of exchange for Russian prisoners, or of escape. But these things the soldiers on the transport *Kinshu* (for example) ignored. To show their undaunted spirit, they fired a rifle volley at at an armored cruiser carrying forty-four great guns, and then the officers disemboweled themselves, and the privates shot themselves and one another. Bravery? Yes, perhaps—but of a sort to the West unknown.

Similar scenes were witnessed, when, a few weeks later, the same Russian squadron overtook three helpless Japanese transports, laden with soldiers and supplies. The transports refused to surrender; a large proportion of the men refused to leave their vessels, though invited so to do. Some committed suicide by overt acts, and some by mere quiescence, which brought them to a watery grave. In any large view of military strategy, these lives were uselessly sacrificed. This may be fine; but we can not admire it. It may be ideal; but certainly it is an impracticable idealism. As one commentator epigrammatically remarks: "Battles are won by live men, not by dead martyrs."

The vast difference between the Asiatic and European character is again vividly illustrated by the demand made by many journals of Japan that Admiral Kamimura, after his double failure to intercept the Russian fleet, should square accounts with his country by disemboweling himself.

The Japanese is the incarnation of politeness. The Russian prisoners of war have, apparently, been treated with the utmost consideration. Grant Wallace witnessed the arrival of a body of prisoners at a Japanese town. As they passed through the streets a quiet, only faintly curious, crowd looked on. No missiles were thrown, no insults given. The surgeons and nurses were kind and gentle. Only one gray-haired woman, whose son had been killed in the battle in which the prisoners were taken, spat upon the passing men, and was upbraided therefor by a policeman. Oscar K. Davis likewise testifies to the kindness of the Japanese to wounded prisoners after the Battle of the Yalu. Mr. Davis is no admirer of the Japanese character. Yet he tells how a common Japanese soldier ran to bring a cup of water to a big wounded Russian when the correspondent had trans-

lated the word water, which the Slav had been vainly muttering in his own tongue.

Yet, despite all this, it may well be, as many believe, that beneath the velvet of politeness is the iron of cruelty—a cruelty strange and merciless, when once aroused.

The story has been told, since the war began, of an officer's splitting with his sword the skull of a man whose offense was only a momentary gush of tears as he stood on the station platform, in the arms of his bride, about to depart for the front. The *Argonaut's* correspondent, Helen Hyde, has related instances where soldiers departing for the war have strangled their small sons or daughters because there were no relatives with whom they could have been left, and the men considered that their duty was to their emperor rather than to their children.

Since the Japanese soldiers are, according to Occidental views of things, merciless to themselves, and inhuman to their offspring, it will not do to set aside as beyond credence the circumstantial story that, at the Battle of Vafangow, the Asiatics horribly and wantonly tortured and mutilated the Russian wounded. According to the dispatches, the Russian general, Simonoff, has drawn up a report giving details of gouging out of eyes, etc., and this report was signed by the English, French, and Spanish military attaches. Nor has the world forgotten the massacre of the Chinese at Port Arthur in the winter of 1894.

It is altogether to be expected that war-correspondents who have vainly struggled with the Japanese censors should take a sour view of the Japanese character. More than personal feeling, however, appears to animate the criticisms of the first correspondent to return to this country, Mr. Dunn. He accuses the Japanese of cruelty to their animals, and of needless brutality to correspondents. He savagely hopes that Russia will "thrash the life out of Japan," and adds with heat: "If the Russians can be any worse than those conceited little brown men of the Mikado's, they must be devils." For the Japanese he has "little sympathy and no admiration."

Denial to the Japanese of great qualities is not intended. There is no more wonderful story in the history of any race than that of Japan's transformation in fifty years from a nation using bows and arrows, lances and armor, into one whose admirals are masters of great battle-ships, and whose generals flash their orders, from battery to battery, across bloody fields, by wireless telegraph. But it may be doubted if America is altogether wise in giving her complete sympathy to an Asiatic race the deeper springs of whose character yet remain unfathomed.

The succulent gum-drop of childhood is under the ban of the pure-food law. New York, notably concerned about the things of the stomach, has descended in the person of Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture J. H. Kracke upon the candy and sweetmeat seller, and its discoveries verge on the awful. Chocolates of the lingering saccharinity are eight per cent. paraffin; biscuits are two and a half per cent. paraffin, and the luscious and exhilarating "velvet kiss" is a deadly confection, being composed largely of indigestion and aniline dye. In a word, the candy-man is a deceiver, a falsifier, and his goods fraudulent beyond the conception of unsuspecting youth.

On top of this comes the report of Professor Wiley on the health of his "poison squad." They lived on borax for some fifty days, and the director has made some conclusions worth listening to: "When boric acid or borax equivalent thereto, in small quantities,



not exceeding half a gramme a day, is given in the food, no noticeable effects are immediately produced. If, however, these small doses be continued for a long while, as, for instance, fifty days in one case, there are occasional periods of loss of appetite, bad feeling, fullness in the head, and distress in the stomach." Professor Wiley further admits that the influence of borax on the human system is not very well marked, but he thinks that it is well not to take too much of it. He states that it markedly decreases the weight, and that this decrease perseveres even after the borax has ceased to be an article of diet.

All this is truly American. We like to know just what is in things, whether it be a salad or a scandal. But the British look at things in a different light. The Islington Borough Council has been "summonsing" various tradesmen for selling as brandy an article certified by the public analyst to contain sixty per cent. of spirit other than that derived from the grape. The magistrate listened to the testimony, and then sagely remarked that after all "he only valued brandy for its smell and flavor." But the children of America must be protected. Down with the paraffin gum-drop.

You have to go away from home to hear the news. In the American correspondence of the *London Express* we read that it is Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to occupy the Presidential office until March 4, 1913. The popular objection to a third term is, says the *Express*, to be triumphantly met by the argument that the three years Mr. Roosevelt has already served are really part of McKinley's second term and do not count. Mr. Roosevelt has not yet been elected to the Presidency. He goes before the people for the first time this year, and if he has a majority in the electoral college, he will be elected, not re-elected. It will, therefore, be violative of no precedent if Mr. Roosevelt, in 1908, asks for reelection.

Of course, the *Express* correspondent may have had no basis for his dispatch. Nevertheless, some of the Democratic journals are taking the matter very much to heart. One of them affirms that the "President's intimates," whoever they may be, say that reelection in 1908 is the programme. A gentleman writes from Canton, Ill., to a New York paper to say that a big flag flies in his town, bearing the inscription:

ROOSEVELT!!  
Cheers! for our wise, prudent and fearless Theodore,  
Let us give him four—Ay!—eight years more;  
He stands for social order and equal rights to all, beyond  
a doubt.  
And has sufficient "sand" to turn the rascals out.  
HE'S A TRUE AMERICAN!!

Besides, one of the objections urged against Cortelyou was that, through him, the President would so extend his power over the organization that he would be practically invincible in the convention of 1908. The *Sun*, alluding to the Presidential aspirations four years from now of Secretary Shaw and others, puts the ironic query: "Do these enthusiasts know Mr. Roosevelt's favorite quotation?"

"They reckon ill who leave me out."

We shall hear more of the "third term" before the campaign is over.

The other day, a reporter on the *Examiner* swore out a warrant for the arrest of an ex-sergeant of police on a charge of unprovoked assault upon the reporter during his attempt to secure an interview. The man was acquitted—the reportorial fraternity believe unjustly. Now, according to the San Francisco correspondent of the *Oakland Tribune* (a gentleman supposed to do his daily work not a thousand miles from the Examiner Building) the staff of "one of the morning papers" has decided to band together for mutual protection. The newspaper men have concluded that justice is unknown in the police court, so "they are going to take the law into their own hands. Hereafter," concludes this correspondent, "if one of the craft is assaulted during the performance of his duties, the person or persons committing the assault will not be arrested—they will simply be beaten into a pulp."

This is a fine spirit for a body of intelligent men to exhibit. It is this spirit that has brought anarchy in Colorado, that encourages violent methods whenever and wherever there are strikes. Who are at fault but citizens—which means you—if police courts are corrupt and judges venial? We advise these reporters to disband their organization formed with criminal purposes, and form instead a league for the promotion of an honest judiciary. What is the matter with the ballot-box? Are the polls no longer the place to remedy such ills as these men complain of? If, at the next municipal election, they will vote for, and urge their friends to vote for, men known for their absolute honesty, integrity, and good judgment, rather than for

men who are "good fellows," "members of my lodge," or "friends of mine," they will advance their own cause far more effectively than by entering into a criminal conspiracy to beat offensive persons into pulp.

Fire and water, black and white, night and day, devil and Deity, are no more antagonistic than the two wings of the Democratic party, one represented by Bryan and the

other by Cleveland, which will fight for supremacy at St. Louis next week. The results will be one of two: first, the nomination of a conservative candidate, like Cleveland or Parker, when, considering how Bryan has verbally abused them, it would seem he must bolt to preserve his self-respect; second, a piddling, fatuous compromise, satisfactory to no one. Bryan still claims that he will control the convention. No table of figures indicates such possibility. Yet, when Democrats, so-called, know not their own minds it is scarcely surprising that no prediction is safe. Arkansas, for example, indorsed the "sane and safe" candidate, Parker, but accepted the wildly radical Kansas City platform as "binding upon us as Democrats." Fatuity could not further go unless they had indorsed the Republican platform, and expressed a preference for Eugene Deds as President. Kentucky, also, like the hobbledoy at the Autocrat's breakfast-table, keeps a grave face for Esopus while it winks the other eye and grins Lincolnward. The delegates are "understood" to be for Parker, but the platform affirms faith in the principles of Democracy "as expounded by Jefferson, exemplified by Jackson, and ably defended by Bryan!" As we have before pointed out, there seems to be quite a tendency to cease straddling and compromising, and nominate a man abhorrent to the radicals—say, a man like Cleveland—and let Bryan go hang. Signs of this intention are the announcement of John R. McLean that, while Cleveland is a "damned old rhinoceros," he is the strongest man, and he for one is ready to throw to him Ohio's forty-six votes; Judge Gray's statement that he favors Mr. Cleveland; the expression of an opinion favorable to the ex-President by former Mayor Van Wyck, of New York, and a similar expression by Senator Daniel, of Virginia. On the other hand, while there is scant enthusiasm for Judge Parker, he has, as we predicted he would have, some three hundred and eighty pledged votes, and no candidate with that number of votes on the first ballot has ever been defeated for the Presidential nomination in a Democratic national convention. The political weather forecast for St. Louis for the week beginning July 6th is high temperature, hot winds, storms, hail, rains, *Donner und Blitzen!*

It is a very usual statement of good citizens that a man owes something to the community in which he makes his living. But somehow the men who are so glib in making this confession of faith are slow in carrying it out when they come to leave for good. Their wills don't take this for a text. So the *Argonaut* is glad to note one special instance of civic virtue. George Goodman, the pioneer stone-pavement builder of Oakland, made a will that recognizes his community. He has left to a dozen public institutions sums that show that he took a personal and social interest in his city, and all this when his estate was nothing magnificent. Most of our wealthy men look upon the taxpayer as an officious personage, upon the assessor as an impertinent rascal, and openly announce that San Francisco is a municipality where the rich man is looked upon as fair prey for those who want a share of the fat things. Mr. Goodman had no such way of arguing. He had lived for many years among a kindly and familiar people; he had enjoyed the privileges of citizenship, and when he came to die he remembered it all very generously, and gave of his means to help on the place where he had earned his livelihood and gained his competence. Too many of this city's men pass over their debt to the community, and depart to regions uncharted without paying the interest on the capital supplied them by the society and commerce of their fellows. After all, a city is a monument. We live in an inheritance. Those who hand their portion back unimpaired and bettered, as did George Goodman, deserve our grateful remembrance.

Victor H. Metcalf sent his resignation as congressman from the third congressional district to the governor of the State and to the Speaker of the House the early part of this week, and on July 1st he became Secretary of

Commerce and Labor, succeeding George H. Cortelyou. Secretary Metcalf is fifty-one years of age. He was born in Utica, N. Y., educated at the Utica Free Academy and at the military academy in New Haven, Conn., was graduated from the Yale Law School in

1876, and admitted to the Connecticut Bar the same year. Soon after, he moved to New York, remaining there six years. In 1882, he came to California, and practiced his profession until his election to Congress in 1898, where he has remained up to the present. Mr. Metcalf is the second Californian to become a member of the President's Cabinet. The first was Joseph McKenna, whom McKinley appointed to the attorney-generalcy in 1897, and who later became associate justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The appointment of Mr. Metcalf to a post of distinguished honor leaves a coveted congressmanship vacant. Present State Senator Joseph R. Knowland, of Alameda, will probably win the prize. He is favored by Mr. Metcalf, but opposed by Governor Pardee, with whom Metcalf has always been more or less at outs politically. The governor's candidate is State Senator Ross Lukens, but his chances are not at all good.

Another matter that continues to agitate politicians is the senatorship. Mr. Oxnard has gone East, and rumor has it that it is with intention to gain the support of Harriman and Herrin, who are also in New York. Senator Bard is being ably supported by General Otis, of the *Times*, the practical results of which are seen in Bard's indorsement by the Los Angeles Fourth District Republican Club. The people of Arizona are somewhat aggrieved at the course of Senator Bard in refusing to vote for the admission of that Territory as a State, and are said to be using their influence against him with the business men of Los Angeles with whom they trade. An amusing—but still significant—feature of Bard's campaign is his unequivocal indorsement as a "man of sterling worth" at a meeting of Congregational ministers held in this city recently. Oxnard, on the other hand, is being recognized as having elements of strength through his acquaintance with strong men at Washington. Hamilton writes to the *Examiner* from Washington: "Don't think he doesn't know the men who run the party nationally. He is cheek by jowl with them. He can talk with the men who direct things, where our fellows, like Pardee and McKinley and Ruef, do not even know them by sight. To-day he was getting the 'low-down' from men like Cullom and Hansborough, Dewey and Loeb. He'd be no green hand in Washington if he had the job."

When Napoleon made his famous remark about scratching the Russian, it is likely that he thought of the Tartar as a barbarian.

We have slightly shortened the process, and only too often when we think of the Muscovite we also think of—Poland, Finland, and Saghalien. Just at present a great many people are wondering what will be the next cruelty perpetrated on Finland, for Russia has never yet forgiven such a blow as was struck by the exultant zealot Schaumann when he killed Governor-General Bobrikoff in Helsingfors. And no nation could ever forget for one single instant such insolent treatment as has been visited by Russia upon the Finns.

It is undoubtedly a good excuse for tyrannicide in the eyes of the average choleric American that Bobrikoff allowed no one to go to bed till after ten o'clock. It is inconceivable to us how such things can be endured. But the history of Finland shows, too, that for something over seven centuries she has been free, enlightened, and progressive—all habits not easily broken. Her men have been warriors and scholars, and her women serene and domestic—a very nursery for opposition to a Bobrikoff. And added to all this, Russia has lied and sworn false at her own altars, and heaped upon the bitterness of servitude the ignominy of mockery.

Whether the Finns will rise and try to shake off the grasp of Russia is hard to say. From the dispatches one judges that the senators, like the syndics of too many free cities in mediæval Europe, are timid trimmers and trucklers. They prefer to wave the hand of deprecation to shaking the sword of defiance; instead of addressing the Czar as a national body, we discover sundry senators hastening to St. Petersburg "to express to the emperor their regret and endeavors to prevent the adoption of harsh measures which they fear would further alienate the Finns and Russians." The authorities have reported to his imperial majesty that Helsingfors is quiet and Nicholas the Second, "visibly affected and hurrying through two ceremonies," is told that there is no need to fear from the north. But as the New York *Sun* mildly remarks, "There never was a people that has had more provocation to revolution than the Findlanders to-day. Lovers of liberty the world over will have reason to bless the war in the Far East, if one outcome of Russia's discomfiture and humiliation is the restoration of Finland's ancient and well-deserved autonomy."

Though Bobrikoff's slayer was the son of a senator, we shall probably have to go to other ranks to achieve what the *Sun* prays for. It is hard to forget the spec-

GOOD ADVICE FOR  
HOT-HEADED  
REPORTERS.

A GOOD CITIZEN  
REMEMBERETH  
HIS CITY.

LOCAL  
POLITICS  
A-BUBBLING.



tacle of the astute and terrified Finnish aldermen traveling to kneel at the feet of the outraged Czar, while behind them their country has just taken a long breath. The other folk are sterner, and to them Schumann is not a thing to be explained away. And there is no man so hard to convince as the man who refuses to explain. So the *Argonaut* should not be surprised if the Finns attempted some sort of rude reprisals upon the "Strangler."

The annual struggle between the mayor and the board of supervisors over the municipal budget has at length ended in a manner that appears to satisfy almost everybody.

The finance committee originally fixed a tax rate of \$1.2053 on a valuation of \$465,000,000. The budget, as agreed upon by the finance committee, was passed without amendment by the board of supervisors. The mayor, in a message of eight thousand words, vetoed thirteen appropriations, amounting to \$57,165. Four-fifths of this amount was contained in five items: \$7,500 for a public convenience station, \$7,500 for City Hall elevator, \$8,000 for men to expert municipal records, \$5,000 for support of minors in public institutions, \$15,000 for expert service in Spring Valley litigation.

The mayor, in his message, took occasion to accuse the supervisors of attempting to impair the efficiency of the departments politically friendly to him, while dealing generously with other municipal employees.

At their meeting last Friday, the supervisors supported the mayor in ten vetoes, and overruled him in three: \$5,000 for maintenance of minors, \$1,474 for payment of premiums on official bonds of public officials, and \$15,000 for expert service in the Spring Valley case.

Meanwhile, it has been discovered that the assessment roll will total, not \$465,000,000, but \$515,000,000. The supervisors do not desire several hundred thousand dollars in taxes to lie idle in the city treasury for a year (it being too late to alter the budget), and it has therefore been decided to decrease the tax rate to \$1.12. Thus, though the appropriations are the largest ever made, the tax rate is one of the lowest. Only \$0.9246 is for general expenses, \$0.07 for the Park, and \$0.1254 to provide interest and sinking fund on the expected bond issue. The estimated expenditures are \$7,392,386.

The gratifyingly large assessment roll is excellent evidence of the growth of San Francisco in wealth and prosperity. In the decade ending with 1890 the roll never reached \$300,000,000. Up to 1900, it had not reached \$400,000,000. It has increased \$115,000,000 in five years. The fact is not alone a demonstration of prosperous growth, but a testimony to the vigilance and efficiency of Assessor Dodge.

The week in the war has been one of rumors and contradictions. It was reported last Saturday and Sunday that the Russian Port Arthur fleet, all the damaged vessels of which are now repaired, had sallied forth on the evening of Thursday, and had during the night been attacked by Admiral Togo's torpedo-boats, with the resultant destruction of the battle-ship *Peresviet*, and serious damage to two cruisers. The *Times's* Tokio correspondent now (July 1st) says that it is "just possible no ship was sunk." In any event, the Port Arthur fleet is now formidable. When it sallied forth on Thursday it had six battle-ships, five cruisers, and fourteen torpedo-boat destroyers. Sharp fighting has occurred between the Russian and Japanese forces near Kai Chow, where a big battle seems imminent. The latest estimates give the Japanese 180,000 troops in Manchuria. The Russian Vladivostock fleet has made another brilliant sortie (June 30th) bombarding Gensan, Corea, and sinking the steamer *Koun* (2,876 tons) and a coasting vessel, the *Seitu*. Generally speaking, the Russian chances have improved.

It is undeniable that George A. Knight's speech before the convention at Chicago does not read so well as others, but it is the universal verdict of the big newspapers that his was a genuine oratorical triumph. Here are a few of the opinions:

Mr. Knight is California's pet orator. He has a voice like a Sandy Hook fog-horn. He hadn't said three words of his speech before a voice from the gallery roared out, "Not so loud, if you please," and this brought forth cheers and laughter, which Mr. Knight acknowledged by a gracious bow. Several of Mr. Knight's utterances were joyously applauded.—*New York Sun*.

George A. Knight, of California, a man of commanding presence, with a voice so strong that a spectator in the gallery cried "Not so loud," wrought the audience up to a great pitch of enthusiasm.—*New York Herald*.

Mr. Knight was an instantaneous hit with the convention because of his voice. It is a voice which would carry from California to Maine. Mr. Knight soon demonstrated that he

had other qualities to recommend him as an orator in addition to a big voice. His declaration that socialism can not live in this republic, his assertion that the party needed Roosevelt more than he needed the party, and his clever epigrams and sallies were enthusiastically applauded.—*New York Times*.

The convention was treated to an agreeable surprise in the speech of George A. Knight, of California, who revives, in physical type, in voice, and in oratorical methods, the liveliest memories of the late Robert G. Ingersoll. He made the great hit of the whole convention, and could have stormed it for any political favor he had to ask. The applause, whenever called for, came in gusts and storms, sweeping the hall and sometimes coming back again after it seemed to have spent its force.—*New York Evening Post*.

But there are little thorns on all roses. The *New York Evening Post* in an editorial speaks of the distinguished Californian as—McKnight. Evidently his fame is not yet such as to make his name a "household word."

## A MUDDY DERBY DAY.

By Jerome Hart.

Speaking of this Island of Britain, "this realm, this England," Shakespeare likens it to a

"Precious stone set in a silver sea."

We had driven for many miles through the beautiful Midland region called "Shakespeare's country" the week before; so, when on Derby Day we drove over Epsom Downs and crossed Epsom Race-Course, Shakespeare's simile rose before me—but with a difference. For the Epsom oval on Derby Day looked like an emerald landscape encircling a yellow sea. The track—or "course," as they call it here—made a sharply defined ellipse, outside of which, in endless curves and lines, in hollows and hillocks, rolled the rich green downs. But within the track enclosure everything was a sea of mud. Since early dawn thousands of pedestrians had been tramping across the field; now other thousands of vehicles were making their way hither and thither. Heavy rains had been falling in the early morning hours; thousands of leather-soled feet and iron-shod hoofs had worn away the green grass, which was replaced by a thick whitish-yellow paste, made out of the chalky soil of Epsom Downs.

Mud. Everywhere mud. Looking from the tall stands you could see thousands of people sliding and slipping over the slippery sloppy slush. Going up and down the steeper parts of the Downs were chains of men clinging to each other's coats; you wondered "why?" The answer was easy—"to keep from falling."

One such chain I saw come to grief. A prudent publican, who had set his liquor booth upon a hill, had spaded out steps on the grade leading up to his bar. But the rain and the slipping thousands had transformed his extempore staircase into a sort of chute. At the foot of it ran a slushy driveway, along which poured the endless stream of vehicles. Up the chute clambered and slipped the chain of men, hanging to each other's garments. One of them slipped and fell; he dragged down his neighbor; they all went down like ninepins, and the whole gang slid like lightning down the chute. They fell in a muddy heap right under the leaders' hoofs of a heavy coach. They yelled to the driver to stop. He yelled back to get out of his way. He could not stop—behind him was a heavy brake, the pole of which was threatening the passengers on his rear seat. Behind the brake were miles of other vehicles. He could not turn to the right—a high-paled enclosure stood there. He could not turn to the left—his horses would have slipped there, as the fallen men had done. So he drove on. And the muddy mass of humanity under his horses' hoofs, writhing, worm-like, wriggled on their bellies through the mud, till they squirmed from under hoofs and wheels.

What is the Derby? I did not know when we started, except that it is a race, and that it is run at Epsom. All sporting Englishmen know all about it, and so do some sporting Americans. But as some of my readers may not, I will put down a few facts briefly.

The Derby stakes are run for at the Epsom Summer Meeting, which takes place within about two weeks of Whitsuntide. The Derby dates from 1780, when it was instituted by the Earl of Derby. The stakes this year were sixty-five hundred sovereigns, to be raced for by entire colts and fillies foaled in 1901. Mares allowed three pounds less weight. Distance, one mile and a half. The other races of the day were for five "plates," or purses of two hundred to three hundred sovereigns each, for colts and fillies.

If the crowd inside the Epsom Race-Course is not very swell, that in the grand-stands is of the swellest. So with the turf officials. The stewards of the race this year were the Earl of Durham and the Earl of Rosebery. And here let me diverge to say that the winning of the Derby is probably one of the highest titles to greatness in English eyes. Lord Rosebery is a peer of the realm. He is a man of great talent as orator and author. He has been premier of the em-

pire. He can to-day be leader of his party if he chooses. He married one of the Rothschild heiresses—perhaps the richest woman in the world—who died, leaving the bulk of her enormous fortune to him. He has two beautiful daughters whom he (happily) has married happily. He has great houses all over Britain. He even has a villa at Posolippo, that earthly paradise on Naples Bay. But all of these things are as naught in English eyes compared to the unique, the peerless distinction that Lord Rosebery has twice been winner of the Derby.

Lord Rosebery was prominent on the grand-stand, as was the Duke of Devonshire and numerous other noblemen, who are more statesmen than sportsmen. But the Derby race is an irresistible magnet, and for years Parliament adjourned over Derby Day, despite the acrid opposition of the Radicals. This year, however, Premier Balfour said he would not force an adjournment, but would leave out all matters of debate interesting to sporting members. Parliament might as well have adjourned.

A few minutes after one o'clock interest in the sporting nobility suddenly waned with the appearance of His Majesty Edward VII, who entered a box in the front of the royal stand, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christain. The king was very warmly greeted. He seems to be immensely popular. He goes everywhere—this season he has been seen at the Derby, the Oaks, at Ascot, at all the famous race meetings, in short. Then, too, he is at the opera three or four times a week. Every now and again, at one of the great London railway stations, the police suddenly check all street traffic for five or ten minutes, and everything stops—the crowded streets are clear—the curbs and approaches to the stations are lined with waiting throngs. Presently the royal carriage drives up, coachman and footman in black liveries, the court being in half mourning for some petty German potentate. In an enormous and busy city like London, one would imagine that this enforced delay of hurried passengers by the king's progress would make them ill-humored. But it does not seem to do so. They wait with the utmost patience, and when the king's face is visible, with its invariable pleasant smile, they greet him with resonant cheers.

So was it at the Derby. The king's entrance was the signal for a warm reception, and he was the centre of all eyes until the horses appeared.

I shall not pretend to describe the race. The cable will have anticipated that weeks ago. The minor races were followed with intense interest by the gamblers, but the mass of the spectators were waiting for the Derby stakes. There was an international element in the race this year, as the French sportsman, M. Edmond Blanc, had sent on his horse *Gouvernant* to strive for the great stake, and the English turfmen seemed timorous about the champion of Britain, St. Amant, owned by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. The French horse had crossed the Channel fresh from his victory at a great race in France, and his appearance caused much apprehension. Even now it is an open question, the Frenchmen say, as to what the result would have been had the race been run under different weather conditions. But on coming to England either horse or man must expect a good deal of weather, and such was the lot of *Gouvernant*.

It had been showery during the day, but before the horses came up to the saddling paddock for the Derby, the sun came out brightly, and every one looked delighted. But a few minutes before the horses took their places for the start, the heavens suddenly grew black. The thunder rattled and growled, and forked lightning shot across the black canopy overhead. Just before the start the flood-gates were opened, and the rain fell in such sheets that it was impossible to see the fall of the starter's flag. Under this deluge, with the thunder crashing and roaring over their heads, the lightning playing apparently about their very ears, the nervous, high-strung racers dashed over the sward. To the amazement of all, *Gouvernant* was left far behind in the field. St. Amant passed the post four lengths ahead of John O'Gaunt, with St. Denis third. *Gouvernant's* bad performance was ascribed by the French sportsmen to his terror of the thunder and lightning. I heard an English jockey say: "E seemed to be 'unting for a rabbit' ole all along the course for to 'ide 'isself." *Gouvernant* came in last but one, fully thirty lengths behind the winner.

Apocryph of John O'Gaunt, he was ridden by a gentleman jockey, Mr. George Thursby, brother of the owner, Sir John Thursby. There was a good deal of pessimistic talk about allowing an "amateur jockey" to ride for the Derby, but it seemed unwarranted, when Thursby came in second, beating all the professional jockeys but one, and among them so famous a mount as Mornington Cannon. Still, Sir John Thursby may wish he had a professional jockey—it is only about once in a lifetime that an English sportsman can near



to winning the Derby. The winner was ridden by Mornington's brother, Kempton Cannon.

The sights and sounds around the course were very curious. Doubtless they were milder than is usual on account of the weather. If so, it is hard to imagine what they would have been on a fair day. There were, of course, book-makers' stands in every direction. These gentry wear all manner of conspicuous costumes and fantastic hats to make them easily distinguishable in the enormous crowds. Then, too, one might see on every hand the peripatetic negro minstrels so common in the British Isles at seaside resorts. These humble mummerys wandered round gloomily in the mud, with the burnt cork washing in streaks down their woe-begone countenances, trying to keep their banjos and mandolins dry, and making weak attempts to sing between the thunder showers. There were booths for malt liquors and spirits in large numbers, generally attended by buxom bar-maids. There were gentlemen who would show you for a guinea a magnificent place to put your carriage, whence you could view the races to greater advantage. These gentlemen fell rapidly from a guinea to 'arf a sovering; from that to 'arf a crown; from that (when ignored) to bad language. There were other booths containing bearded ladies, fat ladies, and fortune-telling ladies. There were vendors of race-cards by the thousands, while the pencil-peddlers and tipsters seemed countless—tatterdemalions for a shillun offered to give you the c'rect tip by which to win a fortune. The course swarmed with gypsy women who wanted to tell your fortune or give you in a whisper the name of the winning 'orse—while their men picked your pocket. There was even a delegation of the Church Army, with cornets and concertinas, singing hymns. I must confess that Epsom Race Meet struck me as the toughest material for salvation that I have ever observed. I was corroborated in this belief when I later learned that the Salvation Army had tried it, and given it up as a hard job. Next to the Church Army's gallant attempt at saving the souls of my fellow-spectators at this race gathering, I think the most hopeless persons I saw were the gentlemen who came prepared to brush the dust off your clothing at a penny a brush.

I was much struck by the difference between a French and an English race-course. Some years ago we were at Longchamps to witness the Grand Prix. For two hours—at the course and on the way there—I closely scrutinized the Gallic crowd. If I remember rightly, the admission fee inside the field was only a franc, so that the crowd there was naturally not made up of swells. Across the course you paid from twenty to fifty francs to get admission to one of the various stands. The people there were sweller. But the one-franc crowd was infinitely more amusing. It was cheerful, kindly, good-humored. The English crowd was not. Of course, the weather may have had something to do with it. For the Grand Prix weather was superb. Another thing conducing to good humor was that matters at Longchamps were better managed. As the carriages drove in, the police formed them into rectangular blocks, like the squares of a city. Through the intersecting streets you could leave your carriage and make your way to paddock or grand-stand. As the thousands of vehicles arrived, the police systematically arranged them into these blocks, until they extended far back from the railing. Yet it was easy to pass freely on foot to or from any carriage in the vast gathering. It was not so at Epsom. There were enclosures for those on foot and those in vehicles, but to enter them high fees were charged. Inside the Epsom enclosure most of the men, horses, and animals seemed to be in a confused and inextricable mass.

I remember also that on returning from the Grand Prix there were scores of thousands of people drawn up on both sides of the various avenues leading from the city out to the race-course. Many of them had hired the iron chairs always to let along the avenues, and were awaiting the return of the vast procession. In short, they were having a cheap view of the Grand Prix race-goers, and they certainly seemed to enjoy it as much as the returning race-goers themselves. They were very frank, talkative, and unconventional. All the way back they greeted us (for we were among the first to return) with the cry, "Which horse won?" Be it known that the French feared an English horse that particular year as England feared the French horse at the Derby of 1904. The French favorite was a Russian horse, but owned by a French sportsman. So when we were asked, "Which horse won?" I would shout, "Dolma Bagtche."

Our coachman, although an enthusiastic supporter of Dolma Bagtche, could not pronounce the animal's name. I don't wonder—it sounded like a sneeze. When the unfamiliar words fell on the questioners' ears, they would turn doubtfully to our driver, and say, "Is that really the French horse?" The driver with a cheerful smile would assure them that it was. "Then," would come the reply, "hurrah for the French horse!" Once as we were stopped for the hundredth time by a clog in the mass of vehicles, an old lady who had asked the usual question and received the usual answer, was thus interrogated by her neighbor: "But what is the name of the French horse?" She replied, cheerily: "I don't know—I can't say it; but it's the French horse all right—so hurrah."

After a few pronouncements, the French name of the English Derby winner of 1904, *St. Amant*, was pro-

nounced all around us something like this: "Sentement." The English have a way of shortening up names with "saint" in them. For *St. Leger*, the name of the Fall Race at Doncaster, they say, "Selynger"; for *St. Mary Arc*, "Simmergyaxe"; for *St. Aubyn*, "Sentobin"; for *St. Clair*, "Sinclair"; for *St. John*, "Sinjun."

Another marked difference between the Grand Prix and the Derby was the condition of the costumes when returning from the races.

The Grand Prix at Paris is a great day for women—it is the occasion for displaying the new summer hats and gowns. I do not think I ever saw so many beautiful outdoor gowns—gowns of light colors, fluffy gowns, gowns with laces and fallalls on to them, and gorgeous picture-hats—hats that were veritable flower-gardens—as I saw at this particular Grand Prix on this beautiful day in June. But at the Derby of 1904, while many ladies braved the threatening skies and went forth in all their finery, they came back under umbrellas and waterproofs, and in some cases soaked to the skin. I even saw some handsomely attired women walking across the Downs after the races toward Epsom town with their white gowns tucked up to their knees, and their lace petticoats bedraggled, wading through mud half a foot deep; probably they had lost their carriages. As for Jeans and John Thomas, who went forth in the morning in immaculate liveries, white buckskins, and top-boots, their spotless boots and breeches—what with the rain and the mud into which they frequently had to descend to untangle leaders who were trying to climb up on the rumbles of other coaches—they were a sight for gods and men.

On the grand-stands on Derby Day no self-respecting gentleman dares to appear without a tall silk hat; if he wears any other kind he is only a person. On this Derby Day all the gentlemen wore silk hats, but those on the uncovered stands had very queer head-gear before the day was over.

Soon after the horses finished the crowd filled the track, following the horses to the weighing paddock. The winner was led by his jubilant owner, Mr. de Rothschild, who was soaked to the skin. The jockeys all weighed a couple of pounds more than when they weighed in, owing to their soaked garments. As the crowd swept to the points where they could see the sights, I heard a sound like the snarling of a pack of fighting dogs. I looked to the point whence the sound came—opposite to the weighing paddock, inside the course. From the lofty stand on which I stood, I had an excellent view. It was a not unusual incident on an English race-course. A man lay on the ground, uttering hoarse screams for mercy, while around, upon, and over him were other men kicking, striking, tearing, and stamping the life out of him. The dog-like snarling I had heard was the sound of their angry oaths. A yard away lay the poor wretch's tall gilt hat—his gaudy costume was fast becoming the color of clay. He was a "weler"—a book-maker who had made an unlucky book, and was endeavoring to make off in the midst of the excitement of the finish. But his customers were watching him—they had caught him, and were now bent on taking payment out of his hide if they could not out of his money-box, which his partner probably had already got safely away with. The police hastened to the spot; they did not run—it was impossible to run on the greasy, slippery soil, but they made what haste they could. As they neared the slightly quivering figure, his assailants melted into the crowd. A circle formed—a circle of humanity around a circle of mud. In the centre of the circle lay the senseless form. The police approached; as they did so the circle grew cautious, and enlarged. The body was a shapeless thing—mixed, as it were, with the mire—a battered, bloody, muddy mass. Through my powerful field-glasses I could see red stains all over the body oozing through the brown. As the police stooped over the man, some one jostled my arm, which held the field-glasses, and the ugly spectacle disappeared from my eyes like a magic-lantern picture.

Box Hill, Surrey, June, 1904.

#### "The Beautiful Philippines."

"It isn't as bad out here as some fellows say it is," writes the author of a letter from the Philippines in the *New York Press*; "the soldiers out here are getting 'bughouse' drinking the native wine, or *bino*, which consists of twenty-seven fights and fifteen ways of killing a man, all for ten cents Mex. The chief occupation of the natives is building trenches, smoking cigars, and making *boios*. Their chief amusement is cock-fighting. The chief exports are hemp and dead American soldiers. The chief imports are coffins for the dead soldiers and ammunition to kill more of them. The native house is built chiefly of bamboo and landscape. The Filipino is very friendly—at the point of a rifle. The climate is pleasant for ants, mosquitoes, centipedes, scorpions, cockroaches, and alligators. They have established communication between the different islands by substituting mosquitoes for carrier pigeons, they being so much more powerful and better able to stand the long journeys. The Philippine Islands are on the west coast of civilization, and are bounded on the north by hoodooism and smugglers, on the east by typhoons and monsoons, on the south by cannibals and earthquakes. The soil is very fertile, and large crops of *insurrectos* and treachery are produced. The islands are an appropriate present for a deadly enemy."

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

The wife of Jan Kubelik, the violinist, has given birth to twin daughters at Castle Kolin, Bohemia.

Edwin A. Abbey, who is painting the picture of King Edward's coronation, has nearly finished his work. It is said he found King Edward a good sitter, and was also able to profit by his suggestions. Queen Alexandra, on the contrary, is reported to have caused much trouble by insisting upon changing her pose several times.

Among the students who were graduated by the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore last Tuesday with the degree of bachelor of arts was Charles H. Saylor, of California, who, during his course at the university, worked eight hours each night as clerk in the Baltimore post-office. Mr. Saylor attended his classes at the university during the day, slept only six hours out of twenty-four, and lived on two meals daily. He managed during his course to stand second on the class-roll, and was graduated with high honors. Mr. Saylor is twenty-six years old.

President Loubet has conferred upon the American ambassador, General Horace Porter, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which is the highest grade of that historic order. It is an honor rarely bestowed, even on chiefs of state and ambassadors, and this is the first time it has ever been offered to a representative of America. As under the provision of the constitution, the acceptance of any mark of distinction from a foreign country, even from a republic, requires the approval of Congress, final action in the matter will await the authorization of that body.

James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *New York Herald*, arrived in New York recently on his steam yacht *Lysistrata*, eight days, one hour, and thirty-seven minutes out from Funchal, Madeira. The *Lysistrata* carries nearly a hundred men, and Bennett is captain in fact as well as name. He navigates the vessel as carefully and skillfully as the commander of a crack Atlantic liner, picking her off on the chart, and "shooting the sun" as accurately as the saltiest of them all. Personally, Bennett is as nervously erect as ever, his face becomingly bronzed and his eye bright.

Pius the Tenth, though said to be less witty than his predecessor in the chair of St. Peter, is credited with a rather clever remark about France, a country which just at present occupies his thoughts both by day and by night. "What a paradoxical nation the French are!" he exclaimed; "the palace of their senate bears the name of a city which no longer belongs to them, namely, the Palais du Luxembourg; the palace of the Chamber of Deputies (the Palais Bourbon) that of a dynasty which they have expelled; while the president of the republic lives in a palace (the Palais de l'Elysée) bearing the name of a paradise in which the people no longer believe."

Workmen engaged in moving some hangings in the Supreme Court room in the Capitol at Washington recently discovered the name, "Arthur P. Gorman," cut in one of the columns. In 1852, the present Supreme Court room was the Senate chamber, and Arthur P. Gorman had just been appointed a Senate page. Senate page boys as a class fear neither men, princes, nor potentates, but few of them deface the Capitol with their penknives. Arthur P. Gorman at thirteen, however, evidently intended to miss no opportunities to leave an impression of his presence behind him. He is said to have been no paragon as a page boy, but a very ordinary, active, mischievous youngster.

Miss Helen Gould, on June 20th, was thirty-six years old. She is a small, sweet-faced, dark-haired young woman, unassuming, yet with a gracious dignity of her own. Her speech is quiet and not at all assertive. Miss Gould is not a sentimental giver; there is no promiscuous charity; all her good works being on a sound business basis. In order better to manage her fortune of about fifteen millions of dollars, Miss Gould took a course in law at the University of New York Law School, but did not graduate because she feared the publicity of it. She spends half of each year at "Lyndhurst," her country place, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Miss Gould is one of the six children of the late Jay Gould. Her brothers George J. and Edwin are older than she, and her brothers Howard and Frank and her sister, Anna, Countess of Castellane, are younger.

Bathoen, chief of all the Bangwaketse tribes of British Bechuanaland, has sent to the colonial secretary at London a remarkable protest against the importation of Chinese labor into the Transvaal. In it the Bangwaketse chief calls the attention of the British colonial office to the fact that the natives of South Africa get their living by working in the diamond and gold mines, and he asks: "If the Chinese come into South Africa, what will become of us?" With the money earned in the mines, he says, the natives feed and clothe their children and pay the hut tax; and if "these Asiatics," as he calls them, are allowed to come into South Africa it will be an exceedingly grave matter. "Poverty," he declares, "will be great, and the government will not be able to get the hut tax from any of us, as there will be no work for us." He, therefore, is opposed to the importation of Chinese into South Africa.



## THE MARGIN ON FATE.

When Corn Tumbled and Oil Gushed.

Curtis Renfrew watched the earth slipping away from him so fast that the buttercups between the steel limits of his range of vision were only a yellow smear. The distortion was a comfort—it fitted his mood. All the hard, careful work of years had been smeared to meaninglessness in a day, and inflexible barriers seemed narrowing his all to nothing just as these shining rails seemed to run together close behind. Yesterday he had been AAAI; to-day he rated zero minus. He had been the shaft of the bomb when corn rocketed. Strolling out upon the piazza of Santa Barbara's famous hotel after his ten-o'clock breakfast, he had found the buttons waiting not with the usual bunch of telegrams from his New York office, but with one. Its five words went into his brain, and their meaning was carried to every corner of him with his thoughts:

Corn has gone to hell.

He had turned in at midnight with corn at sixty-seven. The paper which the boy brought at a gallop in answer to the dollar he threw, said that corn had got out of bed at forty-two. Renfrew walked unsteadily down to the beach and picked up a child's bucket and shovel. He filled the bucket with sand by the slow process of the little shovel, held the bucket up, and let its contents drop with a thud. The ticket which had brought him West for this well-earned vacation to recoup health all but giving away under the strain of years, read on to San Francisco; and afternoon found him traveling northward along the Coast for no better reason than that it gave him motion.

He thought aloud as he leaned over the brass rail of the observation-car, and watched the buttercups beneath him smear themselves into a saffron streak: "I've seen a hundred men go bankrupt while I grew rich, and now I've finished one-hundred-one."

His restless fingers clutched a one-hundred-dollar bill—his last one—in his pocket. He pulled it out and read the inscription upon it for the first time. But the very possession of it made him feel poorer. He wadded it and hurled it through the open side of the vestibule at a bird. The draught caught the paper and hurled it back into the crook of his elbow. He laughed, and stuffed the bill into his pocket. But the laugh died quickly, for the hollow sound told Renfrew that his car was passing out over a trestle, and a half-completed thought outlined itself in full in an instant. When he could look down and see the shimmer of the little creek running out into the robin's-egg ocean, he jerked his Panama over his eyes and threw himself out over the stream in the chasm.

"Great Godfrey!" exclaimed Renfrew, as he struggled to regain his balance and thrust his hands down under the water which came to his waist, to clasp his wrenched knees. The train was disappearing in the distance. The creek bed had been fifty yards below him, now it was forty-nine. One of the things which the stock manipulator did not know was that railway trestles get so dry during a California summer that they are likely to burn down when tramps use them for a smoking-room, and that wise division superintendents build out from them tiny railed platforms just large enough to afford anchorage to a handy barrel of water. What Renfrew did realize was that he had taken his wild leap from the train as he approached one of these platforms, and that he was now encased in a barrel of dirty water, with tadpoles scurrying up his trousers' legs. After his first exclamation at being so singularly intercepted on his dive to death, the would-be suicide was forced into a smile at his predicament. Slippery green scum lined the inside of his prison, and the task of getting out so absorbed him that he felt more cheerful when at last he stood on the trestle.

He looked out over the smooth ocean which washed the sandy strip of beach at the foot of the bluff. Miles out, but seeming more like rods in that clear atmosphere, Santa Cruz Island lay like a giant asleep under a blue-purple blanket of down. Renfrew scrambled down the bluff, and discovered a cabin above the high-tide mark. By the small boat lying on the sand, he guessed that there was a fisherman about. He hammered on the door until it was opened by an old man.

"What d'ye want?" roared the old fisherman.

"Water," answered Renfrew.

"It isn't my ocean; help yourself," and the door banged shut.

Renfrew hammered again, this time with a club which lay by the step, and when the scowling face reappeared, he asked to be allowed to come in.

"Not while I own this ranch," was the reply.

"All right; I'll buy you out. What's your quotation?"

The scowl gave way to an expression of cupidity.

"What'll y give?"

"A hundred cash."

"Done! Come in."

The old man fished from a cupboard a dirty deed showing that he owned five acres of ground. He scrawled at the bottom of the paper, "Sold by me to ——— for one hundred dollars," and signed his name.

"Fill in your name, if you've got one, and hand over the cash."

Renfrew passed his one-hundred-dollar bill, and accepted the deed. The fisherman grabbed up boots, an

extra shirt, and a shotgun, and made out the door. "Here, take these with you," Renfrew bawled after him, as he pitched out a couple of cans of corn.

Renfrew had come out to the entrance of his one-roomed habitation when the old man had reached the top of the bluff. The fisherman made a megaphone of his palms, and shouted back: "You're a dom fool!"

"I know that," said Renfrew.

It was a relief to the drenched man to kindle a fire in the adobe fireplace and dry his clothes. But when he no longer had that to occupy his thoughts, the weariness returned, and he went out on the beach. The sinking sun was reflected into his eyes by a curious patch upon the smooth water. From another angle it gave all the colors. He knew it for oil, and wondered where it could have come from. He soon discovered. From a crevice back in the bluff a tiny stream of heavy stuff slowly trickled across the sand to the water. Had it been a spring of fresh water or a sandwich, Renfrew should have been interested. He moved over to the old boat. In her bow was a small hole.

"Good; I'll bid ninety for insurance; she won't float an hour."

He rocked the battered craft until it started out of the sand, and then pushed it out through the light surf. With the single oar he sculled to smooth water, and dropped down on the stern seat to wait. He was drifting very slowly when the sun sank behind Santa Cruz Island in the distance. Clouds hastened the night, and the gloom comforted with his mood. The boat was not filling as rapidly as he had expected.

"Five points loser," murmured the man in the boat. "Reinsurance plenty at eighty-five. But I'll hold out for a change in the market when the wind raises."

The wind came and breakers such as were not usual to that protected bit of coast. Renfrew was not so far from the shore but that he could hear the big rollers break like explosives. A shift in the wind and the regularity went out of the rollers, and a choppy sea was on. The little storm increased. The boat was half full of water.

"Get ready for me, Davy Jones!"

The boat rocked and twisted, but the water went under her and no seas came over the side. That astonished Renfrew. With eyes accustomed to the gloom, he could see rough water out on all sides of him, but around his little craft there was a strange absence of foaming tops. Renfrew trailed his hand.

"Damme, if it isn't the oil! I'm floating like a fly in the cream on a pan of Jersey milk." He was in the sheet of oil he had seen from the beach, and safe from the fury of the waves. He stretched out as best he could, and gave over to the dejection which he saw no further use in fighting off. Sleep took him. Hours later he awoke to find himself hanging from the seat in the water which nearly filled the boat. He got to his feet, and a cold wind pierced him. He had been dreaming, but the full realization of his plight swept back over him. In that same moment Renfrew muttered bitter words, and dived over the side in the dark.

Once in his adventuring youth, Renfrew had been in the Saragasso Sea. He had seen masses of floating vegetable growth which the sharp steel prow of a cutter could not plow through. The usual panorama of a drowning man was banished from his mind by a quick thought of the Saragasso. Instead of sinking under the water, he found himself floundering in a mass of tentacled stuff which entangled him and would not let him pass through. When he could no go down, he tried to get up, and found that equally impossible; so he lay still and took note of the situation. He guessed that he was in a floating belt of luxuriant kelp. But if the spongy stuff kept the man at the surface of the water, it did not keep the water from saturating him.

The boat was ten feet away. Renfrew struggled to make headway toward it. The struggle was of no use; he entangled himself almost hopelessly without making sensible progress. The soft, silky ends of the kelp slapped his face and got into his mouth when he opened his lips to gasp. The stuff was slimy and devilish, and he fancied that it was as green as the scum in the barrel on the trestle. The wind was his hope. It was working the boat by inches through the kelp in his direction. He was stiff, soaked, and miserable when, after an hour, he managed to hook the gunwale with a heel and draw the boat so close that he could grasp a thole pin. When he had raised himself to the limit of his failing muscles and tumbled into the boat, he found that the relief of stretching full length across the hard plank seats made life almost worth living.

Renfrew was in no condition to sleep, but he nigh-mared. He was back in the Stock Exchange doing an athletic performance on the floor to make himself seen and his bids heard. He had no policy and no specific end; he was battling to keep out of reach of something which was after him—something which would take all the substance out of him, and which had green tentacles that tried to wrap themselves about his throat. Then he was working with might and main to fill a bucket with sand by means of a little shovel; and when he would get the bucket full the bottom would drop out. The fight in Northern Pacifics was on again, and shares were sought high and low at a thousand. He felt his own upstretched hands growing heavier and heavier with Northern Pacifics which he was waving to the bidder; but when it was seen that he held so many, the scheme to corner collapsed, and Northern Pacific dropped back to marginless normal.

How he happened to come back at all to the hateful world out of which he seemed passing, Renfrew could not understand. It had been the worst night he ever spent. He sat up on the seat and let his legs drop down into the water which filled the boat to the gunwale. The angle of the sun said that a new morning was well advanced. Why he had not gone down hours before was a mystery to him; the boat must be very light to keep afloat. A glance abroad showed that he had left the kelp, and that the breeze had carried him miles. He lay in the lee of Santa Cruz Island, near the jutting point, where one end terminates in the sea. At some distance along the shore a cliff overhung the water, and upon the cliff was a queer tower, ending in a pole like a flagstaff. But it was something he saw on the narrow beach straight ahead of him which concerned Renfrew most. It was a man bending over a rope on the sand. The boat lay so low in the water that neither it nor its prostrate occupant had been seen by the islander.

"Another minute and I'll be sighted and saved in spite of myself," exclaimed Renfrew. "Why is it that the moment I turn bear the whole world has to turn bull to defeat me? Here goes for another drop in commons."

Renfrew knocked off his dilapidated Panama as he straightened up on the seat. He went over the side so clean that he made but a slight splash. Down, down; he was making the longest, deepest dive of which he was capable. At length the breath was leaving him in air bubbles. He knew that this time differed from the others, because he was so far from the air that he must collapse before his body could rise to it. He saw a faint shimmer and guessed that it was the side of a fish turning in the faint rays. Then the fish whisked before his very eyes, and when he was too weak to reason about it, he felt himself jerked backward and head-first after the fish.

In the score of years he had fished off Santa Cruz Island, old Sandy Nelson had caught more barracuda than he could possibly estimate in numbers, but never before had he the experience of feeling his line tighten with a second barracuda while he was hauling one barracuda to shore as fast as he could whirl the small windlass which controlled the line. The cord was nigh to snapping when the first fish was pulled out upon the sand, and a dark mass showed where another of most unusual shape was about to break out of the surf.

"Dod gast all fish-cats!" was one of the things which rippled out of the whiskered fisherman, as he recognized the second fish his line had brought to beach as the body of a man. Next thing he was cutting the big hook free from the back of Renfrew's coat to better handle him across the bait keg.

It was midafternoon when Renfrew awoke in the bunk in Sandy Nelson's cabin close to the queer tower on the cliff. He got up and staggered out the door. Old Sandy was talking with two men who were busy with queer instruments beneath the tower.

"Brought him up in the wheelbarrow there after he begin to breathe," the fisherman was saying. "Fell off the tub that floated in after him, I guess; else he is a natural born mermaid man, and he don't look that."

Renfrew went over and dropped down in the wheelbarrow with one foot on either side of the wheel and his chin in his hands. He could not exactly reason out the manner of his rescue, and he did not care. He knew only that that unaccountable something had headed him off again. He saw that the men were about to question him, and he cut in first: "What flag are you fellows trying to hoist on that mast?"

"Nixie flag," replied the young fellow in the cap. "Marconi system; doing a little experimental work with Santa Barbara. Any word you want to send to friends?"

"Ask about the market," answered Renfrew, and fell to thinking of something else. Why couldn't he drown when he wanted to? Money gone, credit gone, health depreciated—what was the use of any influence, spiritual or mundane, trying to bar him from doing the best thing for himself and the friends who would now be shy of him? He moved, and the barrow started forward. Good; he could give it a start and it would shoot down the incline and over the edge of the cliff. He thrust out his legs and hooked his heels in the earth.

The man at the instrument interrupted: "Wheat steady, beef falling, corn still—"

"For the love of heaven cut out corn!"

"Here is news," went on the operator, reading: "Natural—oil—struck—Bakersfield—well—spouting—thousand—barrels—daily—Rockefeller—wires—option—million—barrels."

"Natural oil! Rockefeller! Hooray!" The wheelbarrow shot from between his legs and over the edge of the bluff as Renfrew made for the operator's side.

"Can you send a dispatch for me quick?" he cried.

"Sure. To whom?"

"To Rockefeller."

"Do you know him?"

"Know him? Do I know corn? Give me that pencil."

And then Renfrew scribbled, with the zest of one eagerly grasping the opportunity to try the whole game of life over again:

Got five acres finest oil on earth. Wire permission draw on you for hundred thousand. How many drillers with tools can you start West to-day? Health recovered. We will corner oil in California.

CURTIS RENFREW.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1904.

RUFUS M. STEELE.



## THE SHORT SWORD OF JAPAN.

Days of Mourning in Tokio—Invalided Home—Suicide Among the Japanese Soldiers—Relations Between Officers and Men—A Letter From the Front.

For the first time since the war broke out the flags in Tokio were draped in black. On very poor little houses, whose inhabitants could not afford the regulation mourning, the gold balls were covered with any dark stuff they could find. Sometimes it was dark blue, or again green, but its meaning was understood.

The great temple gong in Tsukiji was booming. Men and women on foot, in *kurumas*, or in carriages, were all rapidly going in one direction—to the memorial services for those lost on the *Hatsuse*. Our course lay differently, but when we returned, in the wake of a carriage of our legation, we found ourselves in a street lined on both sides with a dense, quiet, bareheaded throng. There were many police, but they were not needed. Ahead we saw the end of the funeral procession, and it was not long before we were up with it, and, passing to one side, saw a long line of *kurumas*, each of which held a woman in spotless, shimmering, white *crêpe*—the widows and the mothers of the lost men. Farther on were the fathers and brothers in full ceremonial dress. The carriages, the great bunches of flowers, the white-draped *sakaki* trees, were all impressive; but in nothing was the loss brought nearer than in this long, long line of perfectly composed, white-robed women. It was not for foreign eyes to look upon, and I was glad when the police cleared a place for the carriage ahead to escape into a side street, where we followed it.

The day before I saw the first invalided soldier. I knew how they went out, plump, sturdy, full-chested. Could this be one of them? Green of face, truly, as the Japanese say, hollow-chested, and thin. He was in uniform, all his kit on his shoulders, but a *kuruma* was speedily taking him home.

My boy says that the son of the woman who keeps the bath-house in the neighborhood is home from Corea. He was within a day of the big fight on the Yalu, and hoped to hold out in order to be in it. His feet were badly frostbitten, but he was trying to walk as if well. His efforts did not escape the sharp eyes of the officer, who demanded to know what was the matter.

"A little tired," faltered the soldier.

They examined him. "Tired you are not; useless your legs are; to the hospital!" was the order, to his grief.

And from this hospital six hundred or more soldiers, most of them afflicted in the same way, heard the thunder of the guns in that first engagement. Instantly a great babel arose. The men wanted to hobble out and join in the fray. Nurses, doctors, and officers argued, persuaded, commanded. The soldiers wept and implored, but in the end discipline prevailed, and they remained ingloriously within.

"That is why," finished Neluyaiu, "so many have come back here where they are too far from the fighting to be troublesome, and where they can be 'mended' in peace and quiet."

Some days ago the *shoji* of my study opened ever so little, and a rosebush covered with tight little green buds appeared. The *shoji* were pushed back farther, and our soldier followed his gift. From his four *sen* a day he had bought it, and it is quite useless to protest. It is the Japanese way, and especially this Shiu's way. They are too proud a people to allow benefits to be quite one-sided, and one must be resigned to having a portion at least of one's gifts returned in some pretty way. The rosebush being in green bud was also Japanese, for not for the world would they deprive you of the pleasure of seeing the buds show streaks of red, and gradually bloom into perfect flowers.

We hadn't seen Shiu for many days, but in answer to various things sent into the barracks, little letters had come out, invariably containing, "I am very strong and well, and always busy; please be anxiously free from anxiety about me." And all the time, for fifty days, the boy had been in the hospital, ill.

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"I thought you might be troubled," he answered, simply.

He said they might soon be off now. He was anxious to make "Russian soldiers taste Japanese guns."

I hoped he was a good shot, and without any bragadocio he said he was a very good shot. He told of the gratitude of the soldiers and the delight of the coming of Mrs. McGee and her corps of nurses, and that if they were wounded they all wanted to be nursed by them.

"We soldiers all feel much stronger for the sympathy of America and England, and all Americans are fine people," he announced in a burst of genuine enthusiasm. He looked quite unconvinced when told there were also very bad Americans, and I hope his faith may never be shaken.

Just outside the door his sword-belt and his little sword were lying. He never comes armed into my presence, which must be a bit of the old *Samurai* in him. They always left their swords in the vestibule of a friendly house, but the officers of to-day do not remove theirs when entering a room. They are too foreign to be interesting to me. For the old customs one looks to the common people, bless them!

The false sword made me think of unpleasant things,

and as the Japanese just here was a little beyond me, I asked the help of a young Japanese girl friend. She listened, shook her head doubtfully. "But it is the Japanese spirit," she said.

Nevertheless, she told Shiu that I wanted him to promise me that whatever came he would not kill himself, even if taken prisoner; that the soldiers had been drawn from the best of the empire; that their emperor had none too many in reserve like them, and that their lives were too precious to the country to be recklessly taken.

Motionless and silent as a Buddha sat Shiu for a long time, looking straight before him. What was he thinking of? Finally he looked up, and said, seriously: "I myself will not kill."

Uchiyama, coming in after he had gone, scouted the idea: "Not kill himself? Why, of course he will kill himself. He must. He can't be taken prisoner. Why, even all the officers' cooks took with their kettles and pots and pans and ovens a special knife for themselves. I, too, if I had not had you to take care of, and had gone with that general as cook, would have taken such a knife. Then, if we had been twenty, perhaps, and a hundred and fifty Russians had come, and we could not kill them all, or escape, I would do so"—and he drew an imaginary knife across his abdomen.

Argument and expostulations were in vain.

"You don't know those Russians. We do. We watch them in Pekin. They are cruel, cruel to their prisoners."

The next day I met a Japanese lady very prominent in the present relief work, and asked her if she didn't think many lives would be saved if the idea that the Russians humiliated and maltreated their prisoners could be eradicated from the minds of the soldiers. She, too, shook her head. "It is the Japanese spirit to kill themselves. They will not surrender, and they are right. The Russians are cruel to their prisoners. Our men could not return if captured."

Still unconvinced, I took up an English paper the next day, only to read about the horrible torturing and mutilation of the Japanese taken prisoner during the first days by the Yalu. Again, we have heard of Japanese well treated by their captors; but the weight of evidence is on the wrong side. Not much of it is published in the papers, neither is it much spoken of; but it seems to exist, a sad and incontrovertible fact.

"I have lost one friend already," announces Nishiki San, cheerfully, shaking out a pale-blue *crêpe* kimono for inspection.

"Where?" I ask, sympathetically.

"At the Battle of the Yalu. His father and mother are not sorry. They are very strange."

"Not sorry? Was he a bad son?"

"No, he was a very good son to his parents, and they liked him very much. But they do not show any sorry; there is no tear on their faces. Friends go to see them—my father went at once—but they say no word. They will not speak. They smile, and the father drinks *saké*. Day and night, always he drinks *saké*, and every one thinks it very strange. Before that battle he wrote of another smaller fight," pursued Nishiki San. "The soldiers were lying down and firing. Their lieutenant stood upright, and the bullets fell thick about them. My friend said to him, 'It is too dangerous; please take care of yourself.' The officer paid no attention. Three times my friend implored him to lie down. At the third time the officer, still saying no word, turned and gave him an impatient kick to keep quiet. That 'courage-hearted' officer still lives, and my friend is dead."

I hear that the relation between the soldiers and their officers is as a rule most beautiful. In the blocking expeditions at Port Arthur, the solicitude of the men for their officers touch the latter deeply. Always the last to leave the sinking ships, the impatience of the men and their anxiety were painful. The officers once with them, the sailors gathered about to shield them with their bodies from any flying shell or missile.

A letter from a sailor on board the *Asama* was published in a Japanese paper. Captain Yashiro is much beloved by the sailors, said my informant, and above all things they enjoy the flute-playing at night.

The letter described the farewell of Captain Shiraishi as he started for the blocking expedition against Port Arthur:

Shiraishi approached Captain Yashiro, and said: "This, I think, is our last farewell. I consider it a great honor to be accepted as volunteer to block the harbor. I have no anxiety, and I ask only one favor of you. I have an only son of twelve. If I die, please watch over him in my stead, and bring him up to be a gallant officer." The sailors, hearing this, cried in their hearts, and could see that the eyes of both commanders were wet. Captain Yashiro said, shortly: "Certainly I will do so. Do your duty, and have no anxiety." Captain Shiraishi, with a happy smile on his face, jumped into the boat, and the sailors shouted "*Banzai!*" as it pushed off. What has become of him no one knows. Captain Yashiro said to one of the officers: "If I could I would take charge of the fatherless child, but I do not know when I may lose my own life by the enemy's shells. I shall be sorry if I can not fulfill his last request." The captain then said no more, but took down his favorite flute and began to play. The sailors hear the soft music in their dreams, and visions of home and friends who have passed away float through their minds while they listen to the beautiful strains of the captain's flute in the silent midnight hour.

The article was entitled: "The Tear on the Deck of the *Asama*."

"Not gone yet?" I asked the son of the house of Shashin when I went to see about some photographs.

"Not yet. I wait for the red paper. When it comes I go. It may not come."

"I don't understand," I said. "Were you a reserve?"

"No," he answered. "They wanted two hundred men from Ginza Kyobashi. They drew for three hundred. The holders of the first two hundred went. The third hundred wait. My number is two hundred and seventy-two. When in that company seventy-two die, then I go out in my turn to die—perhaps." And the brown eyes looked unflinching, even smilingly, into mine.

We who are privileged to be in Japan at this time may never again be so close to the great realities of life. What goes on day after day, near us, around us, on every side, is so remarkable, so unparalleled, that we wonder if we live in a real world or if it is all an unimaginable dream. There is a strange excitement and exaltation in it. One can almost feel the *Yamato Damashii* enter into one's soul—can almost imagine one's self saying, as the Japanese women have said, and are saying every day to their men off for the front: "Go, give your lives for your emperor as I give you—gladly. I do not expect to see you again!"

NIKKO, JAPAN, May 29, 1904.

HELEN HYDE.

## PATRIOTIC VERSE.

### Delicate Cluster.

Delicate cluster! flag of teeming life!  
Covering all my lands—all my seashores lining!  
Flag of death! (how I watch'd you through the smoke  
of battle pressing!  
How I heard you flap and rustle, cloth defiant!)  
Flag cerulean—sunny flag, with the orbs of night  
dappled!  
Ah, my silvery beauty—ah my woolly white and  
crimson!  
Ah to sing the song of you, my matron mighty!  
My sacred one, my mother.—Walt Whitman.

### Hymn to the Flag.

There's a flag hangs over my threshold whose folds are more  
dear to me  
Than the blood that thrills in my bosom its earnest of  
liberty;  
And dear are the stars it harbors in its sunny field of blue  
As the hope of a further heaven that lights all our dim lives  
through.

The flag of our stately battles, and struggles of wrath and  
greed;  
Its stripes are a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless creed;  
'Twas red with the blood of freemen, and white with the fear  
of the foe,  
And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants its  
symbols know.  
When the last true heart lies bloodless, when the fierce and  
the false have won,  
I'll press in turn to my bosom each daughter and either son;  
Bid them loose the flag from its bearings, as we lay us down  
to rest,  
With the glory of home about us, and its freedom locked in  
our breast.—Julia Ward Howe.

### Song of the Battle-Ships.

Mind of man, what have you wrought,  
From the ribs of mother earth,  
From the soil that gave you birth?  
Mind of man, what have you wrought?

You have builded mighty navies, you have made the sea your  
slave,  
And the booming of your cannon strikes the crest of every  
wave;

You have dug into the bowels of the earth's eternal hills,  
Tearing out the stubborn metals for the grinding of your  
mills;

For the forging of your hammers, for the blowing of your  
blasts,  
For the making of your armor, for the building of your  
masts;

For the guns whose rolling thunders frighten half a world in  
awe,  
Shouting out the fateful message, "Right is Might, and Might  
is Law."

Oh, the guns, great guns,  
Shooting forty million tons;  
Shooting death, and shooting hell!  
Aim, you gunners, aim them well.

You have slaved a million freemen for the digging of your  
coal,  
For your engines throbbing wildly, like a panting human  
soul.

You have chained the ragged lightning, and you hold it in  
your hand,  
By the pressing of a button you can devastate a land.

Oh, the fury of your anger! Oh, the pent-up seas of blood  
That shall wet the ocean's battles with a gory, human flood!

Oh, the booming of your cannon! Oh, the millions you shall  
slay,  
When the wrath of man is loosened in a frightful judgment  
day!

Mind of man, what have you wrought,  
From the ribs of mother earth,  
From the soil that gave you birth?  
Mind of man, what have you wrought?

—C. F. Harper.

In recognition of his services in advocating the Panama Canal and the ratification of the Panama treaty, the picture of the late Senator Hanna will adorn the bonds to be issued by the government for the construction of the work.

The anniversary of the death of the first Napoleon at St. Helena is the one and only day in the year when the setting sun appears framed within the curve or archway of the Arc de Triomphe at Paris. Is it coincidence or fate?



## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A MAN.

Spencer's "Autobiography" a Work That Will Live—The Eccentricities of a Philosopher—His Sole Passion—Spencer on Carlyle—Carlyle on Spencer—Anecdotes.

Herbert Spencer didn't like book-reviewers. "The usual purposes of a reviewer are," he says in his "Autobiography," "first, to get his guineas with the least expenditure of labor; second, to show what a clever fellow he is—how much more he knows about the matter than the author; third, to write an amusing article; fourth, to give some account of the book; which last purpose, often practically unattempted, is rarely fulfilled." A reviewer might be forgiven for not "fulfilling" a "purpose" to give an account—at least an adequate account—of Spencer's autobiography, considering that it fills thirteen hundred closely printed pages—two thick volumes. Elsewhere Spencer remarks that his "First Principles," unlike "a discussion of Queen Mary's amours . . . offered no temptation to the writer of reviews in literary journals."

We have already printed many extracts from the autobiography, but enough remains to make twenty rather than two meaty columns. It is a great work. So long as Pepys, Montaigne, Rousseau, and Benvenuto Cellini are read, so will Spencer be. If Spencer lacks some "human qualities" these men had, he possesses a vaster intellect; in place of the many passions by which they were swayed, he had only one, the passion for truth.

The best description we have seen of the man Spencer as portrayed by himself is "a person of great intellectual powers who took himself too seriously." He was amusingly literal-minded. Once a certain Mr. Mozley remarked disparagingly that Spencer's works were an "imposing system which occupies several yards of shelf in most public libraries." Thereupon, the philosopher remarks with portentous gravity:

The least number connoted by "several" is three, and at the time Mr. Mozley wrote the volumes I had published occupied twenty-one inches, or less than a fifth.

Spencer possessed but a faint sense of humor—one of the charms of the work is its unconscious self-revelation in this respect. For example, he writes of a joke he made on a visit to the Isle of Wight:

When sitting down to dinner at Freshwater, I made Lewes laugh by exclaiming, "Dear me, these are very large chops for such a small island."

With me any tendency toward facetiousness is the result of temporary elation, either, as in this case, caused by pleasurable health-giving change, or more commonly by meeting old friends. Habitually I observed that upon seeing the Lotts after a long interval, I was apt to give vent to some witticisms during the first hour or two, and then they became rare.

The second paragraph is deliciously humorous, though it is nothing but a simple statement of fact.

Naturally, in the autobiography of such a man, good stories are few, though he does not fail to record Huxley's *mot* against himself: "Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact." He also tells of Huxley's remark at a dinner party of literary lights when all were discussing the difficulties of composition—trouble of getting a good start, etc. Lewes said:

"I never hesitate; I get up the steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperature." "Well, but," remarked Huxley, "that implies a vacuum in the upper regions."

Despite his humorlessness and seriousness, Spencer set his face like flint against asceticism. He writes:

I have for a long time deliberately opposed that asceticism which makes it an offense to do anything for the pleasure of doing it, and have habitually contended that, so long as no injury is inflicted on others, nor any ulterior injury on self, and so long as the various duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate, and requires no apology. The opposite view is nothing else than a remote sequence of the old devil-worship of the barbarian, who sought to please his god by inflicting pains on himself, and believed his god would be angry if he made himself bappy.

Thus it happened that a Frenchman who came to see the philosopher at the Athenæum Club (where, as Mr. Lang avers, "he occasionally slept in his arm-chair, like a chrisom child, not snoring, as is too much the manner of other honest gentlemen"), and saw him engaged in a game of billiards, "lifted up his hands with an exclamation to the effect that had he not seen it, he would not have believed it."

After this, it will not be surprising to learn that the views of Herbert Spencer and Russell Sage on the subject of work do not jibe. Mr. Spencer was not opposed to vacations. He says:

Daily conversations show that the industrialism of modern life has so strongly associated the ideas of duty and labor that a man has come to be regarded as the more praiseworthy the harder he toils; and, if he relaxes greatly in his activities, it is tacitly assumed that some apology or explanation is needed. But the whole thing is a superstition. Life is not for work, but work is for life; and very often work, when it is carried to the extent of undermining life, or unduly absorbing life, is not praiseworthy, but blameworthy.

Though Spencer had no love for work for its own sake, his pleasures were scarcely of an exciting order. The *grande passion* he never knew; it is certain that a "search for the woman" would be fruitless. Lang ironically alludes to "how he spent his blameless days." Speaking of marriage, the philosopher remarks in a letter:

After all it does not much matter. If as somebody said (Socrates, was it not?) marrying is a thing which, whether you do it or do it not, you will repent, it is pretty clear that you may as well decide by a toss up. It's a choice of evils, and the two sides are pretty nearly balanced. Come, now, confess; is it not true that in respect of bappiness the dif-

ference between married and unmarried life is not so great? As far as my observation goes I can not say that the Benedicks look a bit better in the face than the bachelors.

Spencer's first and last flirtation (that is almost too strong a word) came when he was twenty. It turned out that the young lady's affections had already been placed elsewhere, and she was only playing with the philosopher-to-be. One day, "her young man" called, and they all went out for a walk:

She, taking his arm, looked over her shoulder smilingly and rather mischievously to see what effect was produced on me, there being an evident suspicion that I should not be pleased. The revelation was not agreeable to me, but still it did not give me a shock of a serious kind.

The only other affair concerns George Eliot. Spencer's account of it does not reflect credit on his gallantry. He says:

Of course, as we were frequently seen together, people drew their inferences. Very slight evidence usually suffices the world for positive conclusions, and here the evidence seemed strong. Naturally, therefore, quite definite statements became current. There were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports was true.

This passage must be taken in connection with another further on, "Physical beauty is a *sine qua non* with me, as was once unhappily proved, where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest." Analyzed, these passages can only mean that the reason the friendship between them did not ripen into love and marriage was that the author of "Adam Bede" was not beautiful enough to suit the author of "First Principles." The inference is that she would have "had him" if he had asked her to.

Between Carlyle and Spencer there existed an animosity which amounted almost to hatred. Spencer met Carlyle in 1851, and records that his talk was nothing but a tirade against the "horrible, abominable state of things." Carlyle was then particularly "wroth at the exposure to the public of such disgusting brutes as the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens." Spencer also records that "his wife is intelligent, but quite warped by him," and adds:

I found that I must either listen to his [Carlyle's] absurd dogmas in silence, which it was not in my nature to do, or get into fierce argument with him, which ended with our glaring at one another. As the one alternative was impracticable and the other disagreeable, it resulted that I dropped the acquaintanceship.

Elsewhere Spencer says of Carlyle that "he betrayed neither the temper nor the insight which befit the philosopher," and that he "had a daily secretion of curses, which he had to vent on somebody or something."

That Carlyle heartily reciprocated Spencer's feeling is indicated by this anecdote, not told, of course, by Spencer, but which may properly find place here. It is told on good authority:

A prominent member of the Liberal party when at school was taken by his father to see Carlyle, and was bidden to treasure in the depths of his soul the words of wisdom which would fall from the great man. At first Carlyle was taciturn, and the boy, by way of opening the conversation, suitably said: "I have seen two philosophers to-day, for as we came along papa pointed out Herbert Spencer in a bus." With majestic emphasis Carlyle replied: "And have ye seen Herbert Spencer, laddie? Then ye've seen the most unending ass in Christendom."

It is interesting to note that Spencer, as a boy, had difficulty with his Latin grammar, the cause of which was found to be, as he records, owing to his "want of system!" "I may remark," he says, "that then, as always, my memory was rather below par than above, in respect both of quickness and permanence. . . . Of all the novels I read in boyhood and youth, the greater part have been absolutely forgotten, and of the rest there are but the faintest traces." When Spencer began his career as civil engineer in London, his salary was four hundred dollars a year, and he notes that "during the whole of my sojourn in London, lasting over six months, I never went to a place of amusement." At this period, the philosopher tells us, his spelling was very defective. He bought a dictionary and gradually corrected his orthography. A little later, Spencer tried vegetarianism, but finally gave it up. When his first book, "Social Statics," was published, he guaranteed the publisher against loss to the extent of four hundred dollars, and could never have got the book published otherwise. It is amusing to note that when Spencer visited New York in 1882, he entered in his diary: "Am astonished at the grandeur of New York. We have nothing to compare with Fifth Avenue." The philosopher did not care for society, but sets down that he considered picnics "about the most enjoyable of social gatherings," and he himself gave a picnic every year for quite a period.

The book has, of course, dry spots; but it is of singular interest to the many who care to note the evolution of a great mind. Everything is seen in the dry light of truth. Spencer weighs and values his parents and ancestors with as much impartiality as he would have discussed beetles stuck to cork with pins. The book has a living human interest. His life was a long sacrifice to the search for truth. The atmosphere of philosophic calm which pervails is a relief after the prejudice and passion of most autobiographies.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; two volumes; \$5.50 net.

"With the Hearst money and his own, Mr. Bryan has an income of one hundred thousand dollar a year from his investments," according to a correspondent in the *Sun*.

## IF GOTHAM'S ICE SHOULD MELT.

Ingenuity With Which New Yorkers Combat Heat—Preparations for Hot Weather—A Calamity That Might Occur—Mixed Drinks Without Cooling Adjuncts.

There is one proficiency among the infinituple strategies of life, as practiced in New York, that will never be among San Francisco's accomplishments; and that is the devilish ingenuity with which the Easterner struggles through the heat of summer, hiding his head from the sulphuric sun, pouring into himself many-hued beverages, and adorning himself with the flimsiest (and his wife with the flimsiest excuses for) clothing.

Just now, Peter Minuet's improved site is undergoing a warlike preparation for summer's annual obsession. The heat has already been sensational enough to get into the newspapers. But the flamboyant July sun, that inflicts exhaustion upon the heart and commits incendiarism in the brain, is yet on the calendar. During a third of the year, with little abatement, the people of the beleaguered city will have to protect themselves from the solar foe. Hundreds of the citizens will be slain outright by the sun; and thousands of others, sick of various maladies, will be found in the collateral humidity inept to survive. The majority, of course, toiling along their glittering, sunstruck paths of employment, will save their lives to fall exhausted into the arms of autumn. Until that fall comes, however, the Manhattaners will set their green screens against the gray mosquitoes and the black flies, draw their gray blinds against the flagrant sunlight, jumble their food with ice, go into the streets with umbrellas and fans and perspiring noses, keep their æsophaguses cool with ice-creams, and become enterprised in many other ways that they may feel four degrees cooler than the thermometer says the weather would have them.

The thermometer is a piece of symbolism much looked up to in New York, although there is in the air an unthermometered thing called humidity, which has a metre and an iniquity of its own. The old saying, "Watch a pot and it will not boil," does not apply to the thermometer, because the latter indicates your own boiling-over. The thread of quicksilver rises industriously all day and recedes between 3 and 4 A. M., while one is asleep and can not enjoy its downfall.

Against the conditions for which the thermometer is ambassador, New York's great ammunition is, of course, ice. Were it not for this perishable product, New York would perish. For the city has been brought up on these dripping blocks of water, and without them could not cope with the summer.

It is easily fancied what would happen to this architectural town if for one hot day no ice were to be found in it. If from some abnormal circumstance the storages and factories should become empty and unproductive. Greater New York would seem to be under an evil spell. Perhaps the first thing to be lost in such an emergency would be the cityful of meat. Think of the thermometer performing a high soprano of ninety-five degrees and the humidity accompanying adequately, and not a fan of cool air from the Battery to the Bronx. Of three million pounds of meat, all the red pepper in a Mexican restaurant would not make a slice of it fit to appear in the odors of a cheap *enchilada*.

In that same iceless afternoon a thousand tons of butter would melt, never again to be restored to its natural color or other individualities. Five hundred thousand gallons of milk would suffer defection by noon.

In the predominating stench coming over a city that held within itself this myriad decomposition, there would be a lack of iced drinks to which the populace would naturally wish to resort more than usual. New York is a conservative city. She is well conceited in the principles of doing again what was done before, and any infraction thereof would be a shock, especially where the art of mollifying the thirst is concerned. How New York would droop over the lack of fifteen thousand gallons of ice-cream which she is municipally wont to consume on a cozy day! With what disgust would she lean against a bar and take her *crème de menthe* without the little frozen particles glittering in the green—or miss the tiny iceberg in the northern lights of a claret punch!

No; it should not be thought of. The Statue of Liberty would swoon and drop into the bay if such a scare should become real.

At present an exorbitant summer is expected. There has been scant spring weather. The year turned from cold to warm. The last winter froze out all competing records, and the winter before that was in the champion class. The average temperature has to be made up. An extraordinary summer will do it. The season is already precocious, and a very genius of heat-makers is awaited.

The subtlety with which New York will lie in wait for the shiftless winds, make geometrical breezes of its own with electric fans, filter the air where it can afford to do so, take its enjoyment with vengeance and desperation, and fulfill its employments with the midsummer at its throat, is a set of talents which San Francisco will never completely possess.

To make the weary day a longing for night, and restless night an impatience for the day, will be the work of the next several months in the metropolis. But the New Yorker is game; he will cleave to his duty, and most of him will survive.

LIONEL JOSAPHARE.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1904.



LITERATURE FROM PRISON CELLS.

Arthur Lynch Tells of Literary Composition Under Difficulties.

Arthur Lynch—the journalist, engineer, lecturer on mathematics, and author, of Australian birth, who served on the Boer side in the South African War as colonel of the Irish Brigade, No. II; who was elected member of the English Parliament from Galway during this service, in 1901; who subsequently returned to Paris, and, later, in 1902, set foot in England, where he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death for high treason; but whose sentence was subsequently commuted to life imprisonment; and who was pardoned after being imprisoned for about a year—has written the *Argonaut* the following interesting letter:

ATHOL HOUSE, LONDON, W.,  
June 8, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: My attention has been called to a paragraph relating to my literary efforts while in prison, and as I have had the honor of contributing to the columns of the *Argonaut*, it has been suggested to me that the exact version of the story may be not without interest to you.

From the moment I entered the prison I resolved to devote as much time as possible to intellectual work. I was shut up in a narrow cell, the scanty windows of which were darkened. Here with insufficient food and, for a time, deprived of books, I was left to my own devices. It was then that I composed my sonnets, and as I was unwilling to forget them, I used to repeat them every morning.

Subsequently, when I was allowed books, I was lucky enough to find good works on astronomy and physiology, and I framed a system of mnemonics for memorizing their contents. These also I repeated every morning. I then obtained a volume of Milton, and read the poems again with immense delight. I committed to memory a number of passages from all the poems, and subsequently composed what I called a "Phantasia," brodered on Milton's style. All these I repeated every morning. I also committed to memory passages of Shakespeare which had struck me in a new reading. Subsequently I composed, not an historical novel, but a story cast in the surroundings of my student days in Melbourne, and of which the theme was the thrashing out of an ethical problem amid realistic experiences. This little romance ran to about thirty thousand words, and I repeated them every day.

The number of my sonnets had then reached their maximum of nineteen. You will see, therefore, that I had a good deal of memorizing work, but the task became in the end almost mechanical. It was like pulling an impalpable tape through the brain, and I could carry on the operation at great speed while listening to the singing in the chapel in the morning.

Subsequently I spread the work of memorizing over four days. And then I used to experiment on the memory itself, noting the conditions that favored the recovery in the mind of names, or formulae, or verses learned by heart.

At a later period I was allowed writing material, but only for use in my mathematics, for I had resumed some studies in the higher mathematics which had interested me during my intervals of leisure for the last twenty years.

My gas was turned out at night at about eight o'clock, and from that time till about eleven I occupied my mind with problems in mental science, particularly a scheme of exposition in psychology on which I had also been working for years, and of which I saw the lines more clearly in prison than amid the turmoil of the world.

I observed one or two incidents that may have interest for you. I seemed to read with greater concentration of thought than I had known previously, so much so that I could not help observing all the printer's errors and peculiarities of the kind as I went along. Then in my obscure cell I gradually formed quite an extensive picture gallery. A stain or a splash of paint on the wall would some day assume a perfectly definite form, so that, though I am no artist, if I had had a crayon, I could have made apparent to others exactly what I saw. I could not make these forms take any aspect I desired; they seemed to be there as clearly as if, instead of uncertain hints, the full outline and shading of a drawing were before me. When the day was lit at night new series appeared, the day gallery disappearing.

Immediately after my release I committed to paper the literary material which I had stored in my mind, and then I was astonished to find how great was its extent. Even now, working at it with some interruptions, and having in the meantime translated my novel into French, I have hardly got to the end of all that I had mapped out, while the mathematical and psychological work which I projected will take me many years to reduce to concrete form.

Pardon me if my prison life may have seemed to make me garrulous over these little matters, but I have been inclined to linger on them because the tasks I set myself enabled me to preserve my mind firm and serene, and even, I believe I can say, cheerful, during an imprisonment which had many barbarous incidents.

Very sincerely yours,  
ARTHUR LYNCH.

This letter opens up the interesting subject of great works of literature either written or composed within prison walls. One of the most important of these is Voltaire's "La Bastille." When Voltaire, because of his sonnets and pamphlets aimed at the

king, was thrown into "that royal chateau," the Bastille, he was denied pen, ink, and paper. Nevertheless, he eagerly engaged in the composition of the poem which had previously been planned amid more agreeable surroundings. He composed the first canto in his mind, and the second canto, as Voltaire's amanuensis Wagniere affirms, came to the prisoner in a dream, perfect and entire, just as it now stands in the work—the only canto which he never altered or corrected. Voltaire's experience with his dream-poem differed from that of Coleridge; for Coleridge, it will be recalled, having dreamed a whole poem beginning

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alp, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea,"

woke, wrote down a few lines, was interrupted, returned to his poem after an interval, only to discover that the lines at first clear and distinct were vague and misty.

But that is a digression. Frederick of Prussia, in the funeral oration that he pronounced upon Voltaire, said: "Could you, gentlemen, have imagined that it was in the Bastille that our young bard composed the first two hooks of his 'Henriade'? Though strange, it is true. His prison became his Parnassus, to which the Muses resorted. Not having paper or ink, he learned the verses by rote, and retained them in his memory."

Diderot is another great Frenchman whose body was confined within four walls while his spirit roamed the world. If Voltaire was more of a genius than the first of the Encyclopedists, the latter was more ingenious. He stooped to enter prison doors with only a copy of "Paradise Lost" in his pocket; he made ink for himself by scraping the slate at the side of his window, grinding it fine, and mixing it with wine in a broken glass. A toothpick, happily discovered in his waistcoat pocket, served him for a pen, and on the flyleaves and margins of his Milton, he wrote the thoughts which came to him in his solitude. On the walls of the prison-cell he inscribed, for the benefit of less inventive men than himself, his droll recipe for ink.

Possibly Alexander Dumas, the elder, took a hint from Diderot when he made the Abbe Faria concoct ink from a mixture of wine and, of soot which he found in a deserted fireplace of the dungeon. Readers of Dumas will remember that the old ecclesiast made his pens from the cartilages of the heads of whittings, and that he wrote "A Treatise on the Possibility of a General Monarchy in Italy," a large enough work to make a quarto volume, on two of his shirts, having first invented a preparation to make the linen smooth. It is the same Faria whom Dumas makes to improve himself in the speaking of languages by constructing a vocabulary of all the words he knew; then turning, returning, and arranging them, so as to achieve fluency. It is the learned abbe, also, who replies to Dantes's amazed query: "What would you not have accomplished if you had been free?" with:

Possibly nothing at all; the overflow of my brain would probably, in a state of freedom, have evaporated in a thousand follies; misfortune is needed to bring to light the treasures of the human intellect. Compression is needed to explode gunpowder. Captivity has brought my mental faculties to a focus.

This idea, that a man might possibly achieve more of real value in prison than abroad in the world, receives curious support in the case of James Howell. Howell flourished in the first half of the sixteenth century, and was, says Sidney Lee, "one of the earliest Englishmen who made a living out of literature." He was a friend of Ben Jonson, and had a rare mastery of modern languages. Of a score of works—poems, essays, and political pamphlets—that he wrote, the only one to survive is his "Familiar Letters," written in the Prison of the Fleet. Not one of his other books, we believe, has been reprinted in a century; but the "Familiar Letters" has passed through innumerable editions—there was a new one in 1890, and another but last year.

John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" during one of his terms in prison, which altogether lasted some twelve years. That brilliant Frenchman, Mirabeau, during his three years' imprisonment at Vincennes, wrote many pamphlets and his "Lettres de cachet et prisons d'etat." Luther, while in the solitary Castle of Warthurg, wrote that noble hymn "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott." During his thirteen years' confinement in the Tower of London, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a history of the world from the Creation to 150 B. C. Daniel Defoe, who was imprisoned for two years, for the publication of an ironical pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," produced during his imprisonment several of the two hundred and ten works he is said to have written. The poet Lovelace wrote "Lucasta" while a political prisoner, and the Roman philosopher, Boethius, wrote in prison a work singularly appropriate to his situation—"On the Consolation of Philosophy."

Truly, Mr. Lynch is one of an illustrious company.

H. A. L.

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Virginian," by Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company; 25 cents, paper.

"Heartsease and Rue," by Heloise Soule. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.00.

"The Black Chanter, and Other Highland Stories," by Nimmo Christie. The Macmillan Company.

"Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Book of School and College Sports," by Ralph Henry Barbour. Profusely illustrated from photographs. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

"The New American Navy," by John D. Long. Illustrated from drawings by Henry Reuterdahl and from photographs. Two volumes. The Outlook Company; \$5.00.

"In the Red Hills: A Story of the Carolina Country," by Elliott Crayton McCants. Frontispiece. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a novel dealing with the poor whites and negroes in the South.

"The Virginians: A Tale of the Last Century," by William Makepeace Thackeray. With the author's illustrations. Volume I-II-III. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00 per volume—new volumes in the fine new edition.

"Hill Towns of Italy," by Egerton R. Williams. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$3.00—a charming volume which deals with little-known Italy; not the least interesting feature is the series of illustrations from photographs, numbering half a hundred.

"A Political History of Slavery: Being an Account of the Slave Controversy from the Eastern Agitations in the Eighteenth Century to the Close of the Reconstruction Period in America," by William Henry Smith. Two volumes. Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "The Silent Places," by Steward Edward White.
5. "The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin.
4. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
5. "Katherine Frensham," by Beatrice Harraden.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "The Test," by Mary Tappan Wright.
5. "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen," Anonymous.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Recent Books of Verse.

The first poem in a volume entitled, "My Candles and Other Poems" (Lee & Shepard; \$1.00), by Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, second daughter of the poet John Boyle O'Reilly, seems to deserve the place that has been given it. It runs:

"Once in a seaport on the coast of France  
I found a tranquil church, time-scarred and gray.

High on a hill, a beacon to the bay;  
I saw a rough lad reverently advance,  
Drop his small coin, and, with an upward glance

At the dim altar, light his candle. Yea,  
Amid the wild storm of the ocean spray  
This token had been vowed against mischance.

"O Faith!" I cried, "Thou art a wondrous thing!"

Forthwith I lighted candles that were mine—  
Tapers of trust in purpose, kindness, youth;  
Now, when the beating waves or still calms bring

Discouragement, I bend before the shrine  
Of the dead mighty one who strove for Truth."

Daintily charming are some of the lyrics in a pretty little book called "Reed Notes" (A. M. Robertson; 75 cents), by Blanche M. Burbank. For example, this:

## IN THE CANYON.

Brave with wild asters, clothed in chaparral,  
Beauteous with autumn's lavish store,  
With moss-hung oak, and tasseled sycamore,  
Gray eucalyptus, and green chamisal,  
The canyon flings wide-open doors to all.  
Her walls shut out old Ocean's ceaseless roar,  
Shut out the desolate stretch of sandy shore.  
I enter, and all worldly burdens fall.  
The present holds me in its dreamy spell,  
The past no longer calls me like a sea.  
The spirit of the canyon sets me free!  
Care's voice is hushed, no rankling memories tell  
Of future tasks. On Time's remotest rim  
They loom like distant mountains gray and dim.

The captious might object to this sonnet form as irregular, but not to the following, which strikes a stronger note than most of the gentle lyrics in the book:

## EAGLE ROCK.

I know a charmed valley where expands  
The rose in bright perennial blossoming,  
Where mocking birds melodious magic sing,  
And orchards lift white, fragrant happy hands.  
And in the midst of these Arcadian lands,  
As poised for flight, yet vainly lingering  
Against its will, like some enchanted thing  
Long turned to stone, a huge gray eagle stands.  
Perchance old Perseus with the Gorgon's head  
Surprised this bird with giant wings outspread,  
And so forever by these western seas  
A prisoner of the gods no more he roves,  
Guarding new treasures of Hesperides  
Hung mid the verdurous gloom of orange-groves.

The poems of A. E. Watrous, collected now after his death, touch upon subjects Anacreonic, Swinburnian. "The Body of an Unknown Man" is a poem of satiety; "Vreillesse de Boheme" a song of past kisses, quaffed cups, vanished friends; "A Ballad to Lost Loves" needs no gloss, and the refrain of "While They Played Tres Jolie" is "I wonder where is my lady now?" Watrous wrote verses about wine and women for many years, for various periodicals, but perhaps most of all, during the early 'eighties, for the *Argonaut*. Ten or twelve of the poems in this thin book were first printed in these columns, but strangely enough, some no less good have failed of inclusion. Two or three of these will represent quite as well as those in the book the tenor and quality of Mr. Watrous's verses:

## BETWEEN WALTZES.

What were the value, after all,  
Of these, thy kisses, which to-night  
I, dreading lest forbidding fall,  
Have seized, if they were mine by right?

Would scenes at church, by sober day,  
The time of full possession's pledges,  
Sweet as this breathless, foolish way,  
Beyond the lights, between the hedges

Of close-grown box, whose subtle scent  
Makes here an air of odor fragrant—  
An air which seems in symbol meant  
Of that best loved of Love, the vagrant;

An air which, mingling first with June,  
Endures months three or four at longest,  
And rising in some autumn moon,  
Falls fast on blast the first and strongest.

Think you to taste such pleasure then,  
As here, where lip on lip reposes,  
Warm with the warmth of love, again  
Warm with these heats that wilt the roses;

Where touch or whisper sends a thrill  
From quick heart to thy soft wrist rushing,  
Where feel I in the midnight still  
The blood bound high that brings thy blushing?

Or do you dream that if we stood  
Here, after some linked years together,  
That I would kiss you?—if I should,  
You'd aught but sniff and scold the weather?

Go seek—if such you have—a friend  
Acquaint with wedlock's varied blisses;  
Ask her who bids for, who shall lend  
In Hymen's marts on Cupid's kisses.

Nay, love, I love thee much; but I,  
And he, shall lie when more he sweareth.

I may not love thee when I die,  
Perhaps not when this peach-tree beareth.  
But, oh, I find your kisses sweet;  
And mine—I seem not to misplace them.  
And both shall, when they better meet,  
From heart and lip alike erase them.

## THREE RED ROSES.

There's a rose in the southside garden;  
There's a rose on the wild rose-tree;  
If wrong, I pray their pardon,  
But mine I think they be.  
Yet the rose in the mire that lingers,  
Could I save but the soiling of fingers,  
Were the only rose for me.

## PASSEO TO NEW LODGS.

I was made slave to Pleasure—a goodly mistress she;  
Whose chains knew never measure, whose thralls despised the free;  
Whose toil was others' leisure, whose grief was others' glee;

But, that dear lady dying, possess me in her stead  
Her heirs, and, freedom buying, with tears I eat my bread.

Ah, cold and low she's lying, yet—were I with my dead!

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.10.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

W. L. Alden wants Jack London to drop "Jack" and call himself "John." "These writers," he says, "who sign themselves 'Jack' and 'Will,' suggest altogether too unpleasantly the grown women who sign themselves 'Mamie' and 'Birdie.' I trust yet to be able to note that Mr. London has entirely given up shouting, and has adopted the habit of calling himself John London."

Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin, authors of "The Picaroons" and "The Reign of Queen Isyl," are reported to be meditating a serious novel on San Francisco life. Their efforts so far have been in the comedy spirit, but they believe that San Francisco and the Pacific Coast offer more suggestive literary material to the writer than any other place in the world.

It is announced that Margery Williams's novel, "The Price of Youth," has been dramatized.

Maurice Hewlett is spending the summer in Italy, finishing "The Tuscan Crown," which the Macmillan Company will bring out in the fall with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Mr. Hewlett was born in Shaw Hill, Kent, in 1861, was educated at the London International College, and became a barrister in 1891. His first successful book was "Earthwork Out of Tuscany," issued in 1895. This was followed by "The Masque of Dead Florentines,"

"Songs and Meditations," "The Forest Lovers," "Pan and the Young Shepherd," "Little Novels of Italy," "Richard Yea and Nay," and "New Canterbury Tales." "The Queen's Quair," his latest novel, is his first work since 1901.

Jules Huret's articles on his travels in America have just been published in book-form in Paris, under the title "De New York à la Nouvelle Orléans." Some of his comments on San Francisco were translated for the *Argonaut* some months ago.

"The worse poets are treated in life the better it is for them," said the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, the other day, after thanking Signor Ricci for his lecture on Boccaccio before the London Dante Society. "If there are any poets or poetesses here," he continued, "my advice to you is 'Do not let society spoil you.'"

Editors sometimes receive queer communications. One of the craft opened a letter, the other day, to find this statement from the sender: "I am anxious to know how I can discover, without losing time, whether as a writer I have extraordinary genius or not."

A life of Tom Hood, whose "Song of the Shirt" appeared in *Punch* in 1843, is being written by Walter Jerrold.

Of George Sand it is said that her straight, strong handwriting resembled that of law clerks in the first words of paragraphs or the important words in deeds, which should catch the eye. It varied little in the course of her long career as an author, and it has a Gothic character that reminds one of her Saxon ancestry. No other woman of her time in France wrote such a hand. One might suppose the quill pen she used advanced with the strong, unhurried march of a plow.

W. H. Mallock, whose latest book, "The Veil of the Temple," is the book of the hour in England, is a special favorite with the most prominent American society folk in the metropolis. He is frequently a guest of the Bradley-Martins at their town house in Chesterfield Gardens, and among his most intimate friends is William Waldorf Astor, with whom he often stays at Cliveden.

The title of ex-President Cleveland's forthcoming book is "Presidential Problems."

A book by Professor Brander Matthews, entitled "Recreations of an Anthologist," will be published in the fall. There is one chapter on unwritten books, of which "Edwin Drood" and "Denis Duval" are examples; there is another chapter on the undeveloped plots of great story-tellers; one on "American Epigrams," and "Carols of Cookery" is a fourth.

INDISPENSABLE  
For the Dressing-TableMURRAY & LANMAN'S  
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More lasting and refreshing than Cologne

## Beware of Counterfeits!

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One teacher to every six pupils furnishes excellent opportunities for thorough work. Nearness to Stanford constant inspiration to students. The Lower School has separate dormitory.

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Home and Day School for Girls. Ideal location. Spacious building. Modern equipment. Academic college preparation and special courses. Music, Elocution, Art in charge of specialists. Illustrated catalogue. All departments open September 14, 1903.

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## Barbara's new novel ready to-day

## The Woman Errant

reveals a growing strength which will delight old friends and make many new ones. It is more of a novel than either of its popular predecessors; its keen but kindly wit illumines many a question in women's lives, but its interest is not centered upon any "problem." Phases of the story touch suggestively the insistent challenge of the woman domestic by the modern woman errant, seeking wrongs to right, or in quest of a place and a purpose in life for the restless and unattached.

Illustrated by WILL GREFFÉ

Cloth, \$1.50.

## Winston Churchill's

## THE CROSSING

By the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," who "has contrived to make his book thoroughly interesting. He paints for us a panorama which embraces all manner of picturesqueness, the cabin of the frontiersman, the stately manor of the aristocrat, the virgin forest, and the rapidly growing town. 'The Crossing' is a workmanlike piece of writing, and for that reason, as well as for the interesting nature of the material used in it, holds the attention of the reader from the first page to the last," says the *New York Tribune*

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"A breathing, moving record made to throb with the red blood of life."—*N. Y. Herald*.

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"Notable for originality, irresistibly clever; an ideal book for vacation reading."—*Chicago Post*.

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"Miss Smith is not nearly so singular as is the fact that this deliciously humorous and witty tale was written by a woman."—*New York Evening Post*.

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## ADVENTURES IN RÜGEN

"The charm is infectious enough to delight the common heart and fill the duldest sense with a new touch of gladness."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

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## THE FLAME GATHERERS

"A direct, fascinating love story . . . a strong bit of symbolism."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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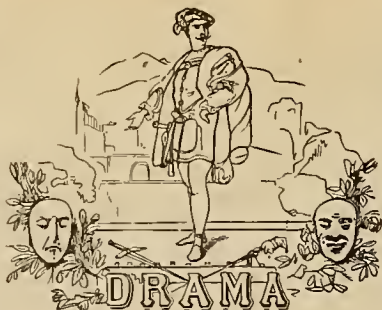
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Of exceptional value in fit, style, and comfort.

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At the Alcazar, White Whittlesey's starring season has been successfully inaugurated this week with a capital performance of "Soldiers of Fortune." Whether it is that one expects less at the Alcazar than at the Columbia, or that the newness of the rôles to the players gives them a consequent gain in vitality, certain it is that the piece seems to improve on a second hearing. It is a play with a great deal of atmosphere—the spectator never forgetting for a moment that the participants in all these exciting events are in South America—and the piece is such a continual rush of lively action, the comedy so deft, so spontaneous, so natural and so characteristically national, that with the pleasant little love-story of Hope and Clay running in parallel lines with the tragic events incident to the South American revolution, the beholder is kept eager, alert, and interested to the last moment.

There are, of course, unctuously sentimental notes here and there that loudly declare themselves to be inspired by Richard Harding Davis—as, for instance, when the dashing, light-hearted Clay refers in a solemn orotund to "a great love that I may not speak," to which Captain Stewart replies, feelingly, "I know." But all the same, he doesn't. If there is anything that is a well established social institution it is the right of a rising young man of the type of Robert Clay, who has made a success of his career, to speak his love to an American heiress. This coyness and self-depreciation on Clay's part, and his idea of renouncing Hope Langham because he has received a few snuffings from her worldlier-minded sister, is not at all American. Why, the American sons-in-law, who have not hesitated to put their fate to the touch and have generally won instantly, patronize their rich fathers-in-law, affably smoke their cigars, and when they hang up their hats daily in their houses often do so with a complacent conviction that they are exceedingly indulgent in granting so much of their society to a superannuated duffer.

It is to Augustus Thomas that Davis is indebted for the freshness and vigor of movement in the piece, and for the admirably easy, unstilted realism of the dialogue. "The Taming of Helen" has shown us what a flashy and boneless thing Davis *sohus* would make of a drama. Davis has, however, from his residence in South America, furnished the warm, local coloring, no effective detail of which Thomas has overlooked. And then, that American thrill of pride that we feel when we see our trim, taut, level-headed, stout-hearted soldier or sailor boys hearing down upon the scene, coming to the rescue of worth or beauty in distress—how quickly and instinctively Augustus Thomas feels it, and how cleverly he utilizes it. When the youthful figure of Ensign McCauley, clad all in snowy duff, appears in the doorway of the dingy Olanchian custom-house, offering all the force of contrast to its dark-skinned and equally dingy occupants—it typifies the whole American navy. We may not have known very much about it, perhaps, unless we have had among its members cousins, brothers, or sons; but the Spanish war greatly enlightened our ignorance, and its events gave impetus to a great wave of national pride in the personnel of our army and navy, which has remained at high-tide ever since.

But the play also makes a strong popular appeal in its glorification of the national type of manhood. For that is what Robert Clay stands for. There is a perceptible element of spread-eagleism in the character, something of a play to the gallery, even while Clay himself seems to decry such a proceeding; but the character suggests force, decision, and resourcefulness all mixed with the chivalry that we flatter ourselves is peculiarly American.

The play is put on and acted with all the needful effect. There are many minor parts in "Soldiers of Fortune," in the greater number of which some skill is necessary in order to give the proper effect: for instance, in the rôles of Manuel and Sandro, the two employees in the custom-house, both being done in a manner to furnish ample suggestion of the South American character, appearance, and accent.

George Barnum gave the character of President Alvarez with due *empressment* and a suitable suggestion of Latin demonstrativeness, and Howard Scott's outward aspect of Mendoza was characterized by the vanity, treachery, and unreliability of that traitor general.

Mr. Maher has the most valuable trait in an actor of never looking like the same man in two plays running. As Burke, the filibuster, he was never Maher for a moment, but all Burke; a type the reality of which is recognized at once. In the break-up of the Alcazar company we are certainly lucky that this skillful, intelligent, and versatile actor is retained.

Fred Butler was MacWilliams, the big-hearted, ungrammatical coadjutor of Robert Clay. MacWilliams, in the right hands, always becomes the pet of the house. He stands for the rough-hewn American whose heart is in the right place, and Mr. Butler succeeded to the fullest degree in causing him to hark in public favor.

George Osbourne and Harry Hilliard needed only to make Langham Senior and Junior natural and likable, a task which the personality of the two men made easy. Conness and Adele Belgrade had the two most stilted rôles in the piece, and neither was quite at ease. The love-affair between Mme. Alvarez and Captain Stewart can only be made capable of inspiring sympathy by placing a graceful and sympathetic actress who is still at the age of romance in the rôle of Mme. la Presidente. In the present cast, the wife appears to be the contemporary of her husband, and in consequence our sympathies are dried up, and we are prone to judge her.

Edna Ellsmere, although an exact and careful speaker, was a rather prim Miss Langham, and her over-frizzed hair looked woolly-Western, instead of severely and irreproachably New Yorkian. Reginald King was more at ease as her languidly correct suitor, and little Virginia Brissac, who has taken a big jump forward in assuming so prominent a rôle, was pleasing and unaffected as Hope Langham. The rôle, in fact, which, when we saw it in other hands, suffered from the inability of the actress to represent the typical American girl, was considerably improved in this respect. Miss Brissac is a nice little actress, whose methods have not become stiffened into the mechanism induced by routine. She is, as yet, too inexperienced to be able to fully express Hope's youthful ebullition of high spirits, and the ardor of sudden resolve with which that young enthusiast plunges into perils to help those that she conceives need help. But her Hope is attractive enough to make Robert Clay's subjugation quite conceivable, and to lend the roseate hue of romance to the love scenes.

White Whittlesey, who has hitherto been particularly identified with purely romantic rôles, has different kind of work cut out for him in "Soldiers of Fortune," and is obliged to depart in some degree from his usual methods. He made a most creditable attempt, and almost succeeded in divesting himself of a sentimental softness of look and tone which yet remains present; a characteristic, no doubt, which is as much a part of himself as the color of his eyes. Nevertheless, there is such a lot of quick work marked out for Robert Clay in the piece, so much planning, manoeuvring, executing, commanding, and fighting, that sentimentality must perforce go for the time, and acting a rôle of the kind will prove valuable experience in acquiring greater versatility.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Ethel Barrymore for Two Weeks.

The season of 1904-5 at the Columbia Theatre will be inaugurated on Monday night, July 11th, with Ethel Barrymore and her New York company as the attraction. Charles Frohman is sending his star here for an engagement of two weeks, during which time she will be seen in her comedy success, "Cousin Kate," in which she appeared during four engagements in New York. The play is from the pen of Hubert Henry Davies, and from all accounts is a charming bit of stage literature. The coming visit of Miss Barrymore will be her first in the capacity of a star. The expectations of the theatre-goers of this city have been aroused by the reports of her success during the four seasons that she has been a star under the direction of Charles Frohman. The advance sale of seats for the engagement commences Thursday.

It needs a trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais to show one what really beautiful scenery we have in California. The view from there is an unsurpassed panorama of hay, cities, ocean, mountains, and valleys. The hospitality and good cheer of the Tavern of Tamalpais are proverbial.

The summer school at the University of California opened on Tuesday morning. Seven hundred and one students enrolled on the first day, and it is expected that about one hundred and fifty more will be added before the session is over.

#### Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

#### North Shore Railroad Over the Fourth.

On July 4th trains and boats over the North Shore Railway (Sausalito Ferry) will run on regular Sunday time. On Saturday, July 2d, an extra train will run as far as Point Reyes, leaving San Francisco at 5:15 P. M.

## The Ocularium



### STATEMENT

OF THE CONDITION AND AFFAIRS

— OF THE —

### Union Central Life Insurance Co.

OF CINCINNATI, IN THE STATE OF OHIO, on the 31st day of December, A. D., 1903, and for the year ending on that day; made to the Insurance Commissioner of the STATE of California, pursuant to the requirements of Section 613 of the Political Code of said State.

#### CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash. \$ 100,000.00

#### ASSETS.

Net value of real estate owned by the company.....	\$ 495,471.81
Amounts of loans secured by bond and mortgage on real estate.....	31,054,239.43
Premium notes and loans in any form taken in payment of premiums on policies now in force.....	1,407,929.88
Cash market value of all stocks and bonds owned by the company.....	10,775.00
Amount of cash on hand in company's office.....	29,387.83
Amount of cash deposited in banks.....	365,443.08
Interest due the company and unpaid.....	89,952.42
Rents due and accrued.....	1,151,916.96
Net amount of premiums in process of collection, and of deferred premiums.....	574,298.74
Loans to policy-holders on company's policies assigned as collateral.....	3,434,418.87
Due from other companies for reinsurance.....	5,000.00
<b>Total assets.....</b>	<b>\$38,621,473.39</b>

#### LIABILITIES.

Claims for death losses and matured endowments, due and unpaid.....	6,087.00
Claims for death losses and matured endowments in process of adjustment, or adjusted but not due.....	59,936.00
Claims resisted by the company.....	39,000.00
Present value of unpaid amounts on matured installment policies.....	143,348.00
Net present value of all the outstanding policies, computed according to the combined experience of rates of mortality, with four per cent. interest.....	31,999,244.00
Amount of all unpaid dividends to policy holders.....	21,024.64
Amount due agents on premium notes when paid.....	193,105.11
All other liabilities.....	134,754.75
<b>Total liabilities.....</b>	<b>\$32,596,499.50</b>

#### INCOME.

Cash received for premiums on new policies during the year.....	\$ 1,048,985.77
Cash received for renewal of premiums during the year.....	5,603,155.00
Cash received for sale of annuities.....	14,932.50
Cash received for interest.....	2,090,826.78
Cash received for rents.....	21,468.48
Cash received from all other sources.....	25,602.32
<b>Total income.....</b>	<b>\$ 8,804,970.85</b>

#### EXPENDITURES.

Cash paid for losses and matured endowments.....	1,801,421.47
Cash paid to annuitants.....	21,162.90
Cash paid for surrendered policies.....	436,035.20
Cash paid for dividends to policy holders.....	449,866.11
Cash paid for dividends to stockholders.....	10,000.00
Commissions paid to agents.....	874,911.45
Salaries and other compensation of officers and employees, except agents and medical examiners.....	144,444.72
Salaries and traveling expenses of managers of agencies.....	38,244.48
Medical examiners' fees and salaries.....	58,017.76
Cash paid for taxes.....	113,152.88
Cash paid for rents.....	28,042.52
Cash paid for commuting commissions.....	341,007.45
<b>Total expenditures during the year.....</b>	<b>\$ 4,314,206.88</b>

#### PREMIUM-NOTE ACCOUNT.

Premium notes and other premium obligations at beginning of the year.....	\$ 1,281,894.77
Premium notes and other premium obligations received during the year.....	2,393,852.44
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$ 3,675,747.21</b>
Deductions during the year, as follows:	
Amount of notes and other premium obligations used in payment of losses and claims.....	9,826.16
Amount of notes and other premium obligations used in purchase of surrendered policies.....	1,765.31
Amount of notes and other premium obligations used in payment of dividends to policy holders.....	1,563.86
Amount of notes and other premium obligations voided by lapse of policies.....	218,925.29
Amount of notes and other premium obligations redeemed by maker in cash.....	2,025,444.80
<b>Total reduction of premium-note account.....</b>	<b>\$ 2,257,525.42</b>
<b>Balance, note assets at end of the year.....</b>	<b>\$ 1,418,221.79</b>

JOHN M. PATTISON, President.  
E. P. MARSHALL, Secretary.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 11th day of February, 1904.  
JOSEPH T. HARRISON,  
Commissioner for California in Ohio.

**ROBERT LEE STEPHENSON, Manager,**  
419 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Third triumphal week of

== ROBIN HOOD ==

With the great cast of new artists and the famous beauty chorus. Extra grand matinee Monday, July 4th.

Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Regular matinee Saturday.

### ALCAZAR THEATRE.

Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Genl. Mgr.

Commencing with special Independence Day matinee, Monday, July 4th, one week, regular matinees Thursday and Saturday, WHITE WHITTLESEY and the Alcazar Stock Company in

== ONE SUMMER'S DAY ==

First appearance of Miss Marie Rawson.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, July 11th—White Whittlesey in *Heartsease*.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, MR. JAMES NEILL and the original Neill Company in

Clyde Fitch's patriotic drama,

== BARBARA PRIETCHIE ==

Special Sunday prices, 15c, 25c, and 50c. Extra matinee Monday, July 4th. Regular matinee, Saturday.

Best reserved seat in orchestra, 50c—no higher.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## An Attractive Bill.

The Orpheum, during a dull week that offers little in the theatrical line, is fortunate in possessing two important attractions. Helen Bertram, the one-time prima donna of the Bostonians, is retained on this week's bill, and Valerie Bergere is presenting a very neat, entertaining one-act playlet, entitled "His Japanese Wife."

Helen Bertram's voice is as pretty as ever, and her selections are well chosen. She begins with "The Lost Chord," sings a showy number that exhibits the trained brilliancy of her method, and concludes with a pretty lullaby that makes a ready appeal to popular tastes. Miss Bertram, however, in spite of all her experience in singing before the public, has not yet completed one part of her training; her inability to control her facial expression showing itself to be a lack in a songstress, with whom it is always a prime requisite that she should please the eye as well as the ears of her public. All the lady needs to show herself the pretty woman she is, is the ability to emit her voice with less obvious effort, and to smile with less constraint. Nor was her selection of costume wholly pleasing, an outdoor dress, however delicate and pretty, not being appropriate at an evening entertainment. The audience is apt to feel as if the singer had strolled in from a dinner or supper at some neighboring hostelry, and that pleasing her public is the secondary consideration in her mind.

"His Japanese Wife" gives no excuse for fault finding, the play being such an amusing little scrap of drama, and Valerie Bergere as O Chicka San presenting such a dainty and diverting bit of foreignism, that the beholder is tickled at everything the little woman says or does. The actress herself is a tiny woman, with large dark eyes and a piquantly featured face, which adapts itself admirably to the Japanese, or, at least, the stage Japanese type. And furthermore, Miss Berger is a skillful actress, with methods quick and dextrous as her movements. Grace Griswold, the writer of the miniature comedy, has turned off merely a trifle, but has done it well, and shows discretion in refraining from precipitating her Japanese heroine into a slough of American sentiment. To some tastes, perhaps, there is an undue amount of American slang utilized for the comedy of the piece, but the deft way in which the little Bergere contrives, without losing her Japanese daintiness, to turn every bit of slangism into a legitimate opportunity for honest laughter from the audience, offers the best excuse in the world for its presence.

A further attraction on the bill too cleverly done to be overlooked, consists of a remarkable exhibition of bicycling by the Zarrow Trio, who can ride anything that rotates, whether it is a grindstone turned upside down, or single wheels strapped to their feet. Two of the trio do some very good clowning, mixed with some brilliant riding, the effect being as casual and spontaneous as it is in reality careful and premeditated. A very good set of pictures on the biograph, illustrating the methods of the San Francisco fire department, closes the entertainment.

J. H. P.

## Back to German Comedy.

"The Mormons," at Fischer's Theatre, will run up to and including Friday night, July 8th. On Saturday night, July 9th, the management will return to German comedy as a means of entertainment. For that purpose it has secured several new people. The two Germans will be Rice and Cady, who for several years have appeared in Weber and Fields burlesques and in vaudeville. Dorothy Morton will be the new leading lady, and Nora Bayes the soubrette. They, with Edwin Clark, Roy Alton, Ben Dillon, Bobby North, the Garrity Sisters, and others, will appear in "The Lucky Stone," written by Collin Davis, with the music by Frank Witmark. The first scene is in the Board of Trade Building, in Chicago. It shifts from there to Market Street, San Francisco, and then to the museum in Golden Gate Park. The burlesque will have many new songs and specialties, and picturesque scenery and costumes are promised. The sale of seats for "The Lucky Stone" is now on. There will be a special matinee performance of "The Mormons" on July 9th.

## An Esmond Comedy at the Alcazar.

White Whittlesey, supported by the Alcazar stock company, will present for the second week of his annual summer engagement, commencing with a special Independence Day matinee (Monday, July 4th), the comedy, "One Summer's Day." R. V. Esmond, who wrote "When We Were Twenty-One," is the author of this play. The theme of the story is English, and the action of the play takes place during a picnic on the banks of the Thames River. The nobility of the British nation are brought in contact with a band of gypsies through a reckless marriage of one of the sons of a noble family with a beautiful girl of the tribe. Mr. Whittlesey will have the rôle of Major Dick Rudyard, the uncle, a quiet, droll character. Others in the cast

will be Luke Conness as Phil Marsden, Dick's friend; John B. Maher as Theodore Bendyshe; Harry D. Byers as Robert Haddesen; Annie Miffin as the gypsy girl, Chiara; and Marie Howe as Mrs. Bendyshe. Two new members of the Alcazar company will make their first appearance in this play. Richard Vivian, the new juvenile man, will be seen in the part of Tom Reid, and Marie Rawson, Mr. Whittlesey's new leading lady, makes her debut with the company in the part of Maysie Linden. The following week a production of "Heartase" will be given, with Mr. Whittlesey as Eric Temple.

## James Neill at the Grand.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will make her last appearances at the Grand Opera House in "Du Barry" this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. At to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee, James Neill, supported by Edythe Chapman and the original Neill company, will begin a season, appearing first in "Barbara Frietchie." Mr. Neill will impersonate Captain Trumbull, and Miss Chapman will play the title-rôle. The other characters are allotted to John W. Burton, Donald Bowles, George Bloomquist, W. H. Harkness, Reginald Travers, J. D. Harrington, Scott Scaton, George D. Berrell, Philip Lord, Katherine Gilman, Francis Slosson, Page Wallace, Alice Eltzman, and Lillian Andrews. During Mr. Neill's engagement special summer prices—fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents—will prevail, the very best seat in the orchestra being obtainable at fifty cents. There will be a special matinee on Monday, July 4th.

## Third Week of "Robin Hood."

The third week of the Tivoli Opera House's production of "Robin Hood" will be inaugurated by a matinee on Independence Day, July 4th. "Robin Hood" is drawing large audiences, who express satisfaction with the Tivoli's new company. There are old favorites and strangers in the cast, and all come in for a share of the approval. The stage is under the direction of Ferris Hartman, who has added much to the attractiveness of the piece. "Robin Hood" will probably have a long run.

## Comedy Drama of Gotham Life.

The Central Theatre will begin the coming week with a Fourth of July matinee, and the attraction will be Theodore Kremer's comedy-drama, "Wedded and Parted." The author also wrote "The King of Detectives." In the four acts eleven sets of scenery are used, and one of these sets is a reproduction of the court-yard at Auburn State Prison, New York. The cast is a heavy one, embracing all the favorites of the Central stock company, and, in addition, a number of people engaged specially for this production. It is said that Theodore Kremer obtained the whole plot of this play from actual circumstances revealed by the police records of New York City, and that the story is hardly an exaggeration of the original facts. "Wedded and Parted" will be elaborately costumed.

One hundred and fifty members of the Sierra Club left on Thursday morning for a tour of the Yosemite Valley.

## HOUSES AND FLAT TO RENT.

HOUSE, six rooms, 1013 Mason Street, near Sacramento (back of the block containing the Flood house); rent, \$13.00.

HOUSE, six rooms, 1015 Mason Street; rent, \$16.00.

LOWER FLAT, 13 Ewer Place, near corner of Mason and Sacramento Streets; rent, \$12.50.

MADISON & BURKE,  
30 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

Lamps, Telephones, Batteries, Bells, etc. Repairs given prompt attention.

## NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

455 Sutter St., San Francisco.  
Telephone Bush 639.

## RUBBER LA ZACUALPA

Rubber Plantation Company  
713 Market St., S.F.

AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING

## Dividend Notices.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, Corner Webb.**—For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 506 California Street.**—For the half year ending with June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710 Market Street.**—For the half year ending June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Streets.**—For the six months ending June 30, 1904, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

**MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK, S. W. CORNER Bush and Montgomery Streets.**—For the half year ending with June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
FREDERICK H. CLARK, Cashier.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter,** has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1904, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1904.  
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

**THE FRENCH SAVINGS BANK, 315 Montgomery Street.**—For the half year ending June 30, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.  
LEON BOCQUERAZ, Secretary.

**OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets, San Francisco, June 27, 1904.**—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this Society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1904, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1904.  
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

## THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Has declared a dividend for the six months ending June 30, 1904, of 5 per cent. on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 8 per cent. to stockholders, free of taxes.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,423,751.69  
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 36,049,491.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFREY.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, January 1, 1904.....\$33,232,908  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 899,519

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Pres.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier. R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903..... 4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BASCOCK, President.  
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Vice-President.  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, JR., Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy, President.  
Arthur Legallat, Vice-President.  
Leon Bocqueraz, Secretary.  
Directors—Sylvain Weil, J. A. Bergeret, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'E. Gunn, President.  
Geo. D. Gray, Vice-President.  
George F. Lyon, Cashier.  
Frederick H. Clark, Secretary.  
W. F. Williamson, Attorney.  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'E. Gunn, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, G. W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JND. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000

Cash Assets..... 5,172,036

Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00

Paid In Capital..... 3,000,000.00

Profit and Reserve..... 400,000.00

Monthly Income Over..... 200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

## BOUND VOLUMES OF THE ARGONAUT

The Index for the six months ending June 30th, is printed with this issue. Bound volumes will be ready for subscribers in a few weeks. Send orders to the office of this paper, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



**VANITY FAIR.**

SHE.

She was very, very beautiful, as no one can deny. When she wore a mannish jacket and her skirts were rather high; She had a jaunty manner and an off-band, easy style, As a trim and pert "good fellow" she was charming for a while. But she's back in fluffs and flounces, she's a dainty thing once more And a thousand times more lovely than she ever was before.

When she crossed her legs, boy-fashion, and took out a cigarette, She was charming—let's admit it—though we looked on with regret; She was luring in those garments that the envied tailors made, There was something rather cunning in the freckles she displayed, But she's put away her swagger, she's returned to fluffy things, And would be a lissom angel if she only had the wings.

She was splendid when, bareheaded and with strongly muscled arms, She appeared before the public, showing off her sunburned charms; She was graceful and bewitching when her boots were like a man's, And she took a pride in having all varieties of tans, But she's ceased to be athletic, 'neath her dainty parasol She's become the lovely lady that we like best, after all.

She has ceased to gambol gayly with her dainty ankles free, But, in skirts that follow trailing, she approaches languidly; She is pink-and-white, she's girlish from her hidden little toes To the highest bits of ribbon, to the farthest puffs and bows; She has put away her swagger, she is feminine once more, And a thousand times more lovely than she ever was before.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago-Record Herald.

Henry Labouchère has been speaking disrespectfully of British baronetries. "The first baronets," he remarks, "were created by James the First, and any one might obtain the hereditary title by the payment of five hundred pounds. Since then, I have rarely heard of any baronet being created for his personal merit. Baronetries are mainly conferred for party services. Any one in the House of Commons who is prepared to vote invariably as his party whips tell him, can receive a baronetcy if he is sufficiently persistent in pushing his 'claim' and does not allow himself to be put off with a knighthood. In some cases he has to contribute to the party funds, but if he bustles about and shows his teeth occasionally, this is not always necessary."

The discovery that the outfit of jewels presented to his wife by the convict Rothschild is of paste stones, and the report that a rich and prominent woman of fashionable society wears imitation jewels by preference, suggests to the *Sun* the question why, after all, it is not better to wear such counterfeits than invite trouble and loss by carrying about the costly real stones. "Jewels," it says, "are for decoration, and the imitation serve that purpose as well as the genuine. Except on close inspection, the false are not distinguishable from the real, and a woman is saved the anxiety and peril of wearing on her person a fortune in jewels. The possession of merely decorative trinkets of enormous cost is not enviable, considering the trouble of mind it causes. If a similar effect of color and brilliancy is produced by artificial stones of relatively trifling cost, why not wear them and get the comfort which relief from fear brings? A rope of pearls which costs a million dollars, for example, may be imitated so that the difference between the real and artificial is discoverable only by an expert."

On the estate, near Perm, in North-East Russia, of a wealthy man named Reshetnikoff, formerly a distiller, a singular marriage took place recently. The bridegroom, Vasilieff, was a handsome, finely developed peasant, the bride a beautiful girl of eighteen, M. Reshetnikoff gave them a large wooden cottage and plot of land, and at the wedding breakfast greeted them as "the second generation of his nurslings who are to make of Holy Russia an earthly Olympus peopled with Apollos and Hebes." At the time of the Russo-Turkish War, M. Reshetnikoff, struck with the inferior, ill-nourished physique of many recruits, set aside annually out of his large fortune the sum of ten thousand rubles for the purpose of eliminating the unfit by encouraging marriage only between young people of exceptional beauty, health, and intelligence. He employed as workers on his estate only the handsomest and healthiest villagers. These, says the London *Daily Chronicle*, he encouraged to enter upon matrimony by free grants of land, payment of all marriage fees, and an annuity of fifty rubles a year for every child born. He removed from his estate the harsh means all deformed and sickly, and attracted handsome giants

from all parts of the province by granting them valuable privileges. Those who refused to marry the partners he selected were unceremoniously deported. Since the institution of his scheme forty marriages have taken place, and over one hundred children have been born, nearly all of them being immensely superior to the average Russian peasant children in strength and beauty. Vasilieff's marriage was celebrated with exceptional display, he and his bride being the first couple, both of whom sprung from unions arranged by M. Reshetnikoff.

Here is a matrimonial advertisement from the Lahore *Tribune*: "WANTED—A suitable match for a high family two and a half Ghar Mehra Khatri girl, aged between eleven and twelve years, educated up to the fifth class, and well up in Hindi and accounts, very docile and respectful in demeanor. Communications with particulars of educational and social qualifications of the proposed match should be addressed to S. L., care of the manager, the *Tribune*, Lahore."

Cabin-passenger traffic from New York to Europe has come to be generally regarded as something of an index as to the prosperity of the land. The *Herald* has made a canvass of the steamship offices, and finds that "the consensus of opinion is that all is well, and that, despite the long period of depression in Wall Street, very nearly as many have gone abroad this year as went out during the corresponding period of the year before. Statistics show that up to June 10th of this year there had sailed from these shores a total of 31,289 saloon passengers, as against the 34,025 who had fared abroad during the corresponding period of the previous year. This shows a decrease of 2,736 voyagers."

Bourke Cockran, the New York congressman, recently told a meeting of the women's federation of clubs "that between polygamy and divorce the difference is all in favor of the former." "Polygamy," he continued, "comprehends a group of wives at one time, while divorce simply means driving them tandem."

"What attributes are most characteristic of la belle Parisienne?" is the question recently put by a Paris review for women to the artists who oftenest portray the women of the Parisian world and half-world. Pierre-Carrier Belleuse answered: "The silhouette of the Parisienne is the result of the arts of her dressmaker, her corset-maker, and her boot-maker. She bends to their will, she is the slave of that tyrannical word, 'fashion.' She comes from her creators like this: Her head and arms are thrust forward, her bosom is prominent, her stomach is flat, and the back of her figure is strongly outlined. If the great sculptors of antiquity could see her they would ask one another, 'Who formed these strange, these curious dolls?'" Monsset thinks her silhouette is more supple, more slender, more elegant than that of other women, and although her walk is quick and rhythmic, it is a little too bold. Her hair is better combed than that of other women, her foot is better shaped, her limbs are more nervous than those of her world-sisters. Louis Picard tries to be exact: "The Parisienne has a very characteristic silhouette. She is neither tall nor short. She has a slender waist, a bust sufficiently developed, small hands and feet, mobile features, and a nose slightly retroussée. Her hair is dark brown. The elegance and grace of her walk identify her."

The editor of the *Mexican Herald* disbelieves in that ancient maxim, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." "It is," he says, "one of those proverbial sayings that are half truth, half lie. People often marry after prolonged courtship only to find that the rest of their lives must be spent in trying to get to rights with each other. And who has not known instances of marriages following upon very short acquaintance turning out admirably? The short courtship gives zest to marriage in giving the married people years of interesting surprises. Nature often mates people who are not wholly congenial, having in her mind the production of children in whom will be harmoniously blended certain qualities, too salient to be agreeable in the parents. A family of singularly well-poised and charming children may result, as we have seen, from the union of a ternagant and an author of the most irritable temper. The awful example of the parents perhaps had a good effect on the children, who were remarkable for their good tempers, serenity of mind, and perfect manners. Nature treats us to such surprises, and apparently cares little about the happiness of the parents, provided she can get the result she has set her heart upon. This is one reason why divorces should not be too lightly granted; the individual is a small matter in comparison with the health, beauty, and general progress of the species. People of any sense, even if they do not love passionately, may learn a genial tolerance, but if thoroughly ill-bred, they are quite hopeless. Nature has a habit of stowing away her rank failures in grave-yards, prisons,

asylums, and the like, or using them as reformers and empire-makers, or as infertile geniuses, and getting her best results out of normal, though morally imperfect, people. She secures handsome children from the ugly, wise children from the foolish, and future saints from the perverse and wrong-headed. Marry in haste, and nature is quite able to take care of the consequences."

A recent number of the Paris *Comos* contains this item: "Messrs. Levrat and Conte, of Lyons, recently caused subcutaneous injections of neutral red to be made into silk-worms ready to spin. Worms thus treated were instantly colored red and gave a light pink silk. Probably multiplied injections administered several days before the spinning would have given rise to a completely red silk."

When the guests of the Hotel Imperial, Atlantic City, sit down to their meals they have placed before them not only a menu enumerating the dishes from which to make a selection, but also have a newspaper on the same bill of fare, which is printed on a small fly-leaf, attached to the left-hand corner of the bill. This paper contains the news of the day condensed. It gives the visitor all the news desired for a day's pleasure. Besides telling of events happening, it gives directions how to get to the piers, when the horse show will take place and where it is to be held; how to get to the railway stations; informs the diner that Atlantic City is fifty years old and will give a jubilee celebration in June, and a fund of other valuable information.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Tesla Bricquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved, Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

**SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER**

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
June 23d.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 24th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	64	48	.00	Clear
" 27th.....	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 28th.....	64	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 29th.....	62	54	Tr.	Pt. Cloudy

**THE FINANCIAL WEEK.**

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, June 29, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%.....	7,000	@ 85	84%	85%
Los An. Pac. Ry.				
Con. 5%.....	5,000	@ 101½	101	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	6,000	@ 107½	107½	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 106½	106½	
N. Cal. Power 5%.....	2,000	@ 98-99	98	101
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	17,000	@ 105	104½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 116½	116½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	5,000	@ 109½	109½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1912.....	12,000	@ 115½	115½	
S. V. Water 6%.....	3,000	@ 105½	105½	
S. V. Water 4%.....	5,000	@ 99-99½	99	

	Water.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley.....	612	@ 37½-38½	37½	38½

**Street R. R.**

California St.....	100	@ 195	194½	200
Presidio.....	25	@ 42	41½	

**Sugars.**

Hawaiian C. S.....	175	@ 50½-51½	51	
Honokaa S. Co.....	25	@ 11½	11½	12
Hutchinson.....	55	@ 7½-7¾	8½	8¾

**Gas and Electric.**

Central L. & P.....	50	@ 3½	3½	3½
Mutual Electric.....	125	@ 12½	12½	14
S. F. Gas & Electric	50	@ 61-61½	60½	61½

**Miscellaneous.**

Alaska Packers.....	30	@ 136½-137	136½	137
Cal. Fruit Cannerys.	130	@ 97½-99	98	99
Oceanic S. Co.....	155	@ 4½	4½	4½

Spring Valley Water was strong and advanced one-half a point to 38½ on sales of 612 shares, closing at 37½ bid, 38½ asked.

The sugars, on sales of about 155 shares, have made fractional gains, and closed in fair demand at the advanced prices.

San Francisco Gas and Electric shaded off one-half a point to 61 on sales of 50 shares, closing at 60½ bid, 61½ asked.

Alaska Packers was weak, selling off one and a quarter points to 136½ on sales of 30 shares.

California Street Cable Railway was quoted at 195; California Fruit Cannerys was quoted at 97½-99; Oceanic Steamship Company at 4½.

**INVESTMENTS.**

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

**A. W. BLOW,**  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

**A SENSIBLE MOTHER**

Proud of her children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

**SOZODONT**  
Liquid and Powder

should be used. The Liquid to penetrate into the little crevices and purify them; the Powder to polish the outer surface and prevent the accumulation of tartar.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.



**THE CLUB**

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
**THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.**  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

**California Northwestern Railway**

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

**ROUND-TRIP TICKETS**

—FOR THE—

**FOURTH OF JULY**

Will be sold from SAN FRANCISCO to the Points Named

**AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,**

As Follows:

FRIDAY, July 1.	SATURDAY, July 2.	SUNDAY, July 3.	MONDAY, July 4.
<b>ROUND TRIP</b>			
Briekyard.....	.75	Healdsburg.....	\$3.40
Millers.....	.75	Lytton.....	3.60
St. Vincent.....	.75	Geyersville.....	3.85
Ignacio.....	.90	Preston.....	5.00
Novato.....	1.05	Fountain.....	5.00
Burdell.....	1.20	Hopland.....	5.00
Petaluma.....	1.50	Ukiah.....	5.00
Penn Grove.....	1.50	Calpella.....	5.50
Coati.....	1.50	Redwood Valley.....	5.80
Santa Rosa.....	2.00	Laughlin.....	6.00
Sebastopol.....	2.40	Ridgewood.....	6.00
Fulton.....	2.50	Willits.....	6.00
Windsor.....	2.95	Sherwood.....	8.00

**RETURN LIMIT, TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1904**

# FOR THE SUMMER SEASON—Special Rates

ROUND TRIP	ROUND TRIP		
Cloverdale.....	\$ 5.00	Sonoma.....	\$1.50
Preston.....	5.20	Verano.....	1.60
Echo.....	5.50	Boyes.....	1.65
Comiskey.....	5.70	Aqua Caliente.....	1.65
Pieta.....	6.20	Watriss.....	1.65
Fountain.....	6.20	Madrone.....	1.65
Hopland.....	6.60	Eldridge.....	1.75
Largo.....	7.00	Glen Ellen.....	1.80
El Robles.....	7.50	Meacham.....	2.50
Ukiah.....	8.00	Olivet.....	2.50
Capella.....	8.50	Trenton.....	2.50
Redwood Valley.....	8.80	Forestville.....	2.50
Laughlin.....	9.00	Mirabel Park.....	2.50
Ridgewood.....	10.00	Green Valley.....	2.50
Willits.....	10.00	Hilton.....	2.50
Sherwood.....	12.00	Korbel.....	2.50
Schellville.....	1.35	Guerneville.....	2.50
Vineyard.....	1.45	Camp Vacation.....	2.50
Buena Vista.....	1.45		

**RETURN LIMIT, SEPTEMBER 30, 1904**

**TAKE BOAT AT TIBURON FERRY.**

Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street. General Office, Mutual Life Building, Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

JAS. L. FRAZIER, R. N. RYAN,  
GEN. MANAGER. GEN. PASS. AGENT.

**EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.**

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

**COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,**  
21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In applying for some additional life insurance recently, William Jennings Bryan had to fill up the usual questions as printed on the application sheet. One query was: "Have you ever suffered from fever of any kind?" To this Mr. Bryan replied: "Yes, from two attacks of Presidential fever, both of which were followed by severe chills. Have completely recovered."

The editor of an English paper recently received a fine chicken, which he, supposing it to be a token of appreciation from a discriminating reader, took home and enjoyed for dinner. The following day he received this letter: "DEAR EDITOR—Yesterday I sent you a chicken in order to settle a dispute which has arisen here. Can you tell us what the chicken died of?"

Like the traditional Englishman, Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, wore home from his first visit to America an expression of amazement which only time could efface. He was at once beset by interviewers, who asked the usual questions. "What was the thing which most impressed you in America?" was one of these. Without a moment's hesitation, Dean Stanley replied: "My own ignorance."

One portrait of a distinguished subject which the late Professor Lenbach began he never finished. The sitter in this case was the Queen of Holland, who, taking umbrage at a suggested change in her costume, sharply rebuked the artist, and ordered him to paint her as she was. Whereupon the spirited artist replied: "Your majesty can command your own subjects, but I am a German," and he took his departure.

Senator Beveridge uses neither railway passes nor telegraph franks. On one occasion he had been speaking at an old settlers' picnic, and in making his way through the crowd was relieved of all his money. He did not discover his loss until he attempted to pay for a hasty lunch at the railway station. He explained to the restaurant-keeper, who said in suspicious tones: "Show your railway passes if you are a senator." "I don't use them," replied Mr. Beveridge. "Then you aint no senator," said the landlord with conviction.

Professor William James, of Harvard, is very popular with the more intelligent and studious of the undergraduates. When these young men, however, make rash or bold or unbecoming assertions, he does not hesitate to take them down. Not long ago, a sophomore aired some rather atheistical views before Professor James. "You," the latter said, "are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe—haw—what I can understand," the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Professor James.

"The car was entirely empty, with the exception of one man, and his condition was exactly the reverse," said Miss Myra Kelly; "as I entered, he rose, made me an unsteady but magnificent bow, and said: 'Madam, please be kind 'nough to assehtp this plashe.' There was nothing else for me to do, so I thanked him, and sat down. And for twenty hlocks that idiot hung from a strap, swaying in the breeze, with not a soul in the car hut ourselves. Occasionally I have been taken for other women; hut I never before had any one think that I was a car-full."

"Matt" Carpenter, the Wisconsin senator, was once pleading a case before the supreme court. Before Carpenter got half through with his argument, the judges made up their minds that he had no case at all, and told him that he might as well cease, as the decision would go against him. He sat down, and his opponent, who was very deaf, arose to speak. The chief-justice said: "I don't think it will be necessary to hear from you." Seeing that he was being addressed, the lawyer turned to Carpenter for aid. "What did the chief-justice say, Matt?" he whispered. "He said he'd rather give you the case than to listen to you," Carpenter bawled in his ear.

Senator Quay once sat as if asleep under a rapid-fire lot of questions from Senator Beveridge, who was attacking him in a debate. He refused to answer a question—in fact, showed no signs of hearing them. "I await the reply of the senator from Pennsylvania," said Senator Beveridge, mopping his brow, when he reached the last of his questions. Senator Quay never stirred. He didn't even appear to be hating his more than half-closed eyes. Senator Dubois, of Idaho, leaned over to his seat-mate, making a funnel of his hands, and said in a whisper that could be heard all around in the silence of the chamber: "Br'er Fox, he aint sayin' a word!" A laugh rippled around the Senate, in which

Senator Beveridge somewhat sheepishly joined. A slow smile spread over Senator Quay's face, but he never moved nor seemed to bat a half-closed eye.

One at least of the lately removed recesses on London Bridge was associated with Bismarck. The following story was told to Sir Charles Dilke by the great German himself: During a visit to London, Bismarck was invited to inspect a famous brewery, and, in acknowledgment of his reputation for beer drinking, an enormous tankard of old ale was set before him. "I seized the tankard," said the Iron Chancellor, "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia, and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers, and succeeded in making my way as far as London Bridge. There I sat down in one of the stone recesses, and for a considerable length of time the great bridge went round and round me."

The "tipper" at a vessel discharging pig iron at the harbor in Glasgow was surprised, one afternoon recently, when a woman with a catch-as-catch-can appearance saluted him at the ship's side with the double-barreled query: "Cun ye tell me, mister, if it's the rule for men tae get knockit aff wurk at this boat if there's nae waggons tae pit th' iron intae, an' dae they no' get payed fur th' time they're waitin' till empty waggons cum?" On hearing informed that such was the case, she said: "Oh, I only wanted tae ken, cos ma man wis workin' here, an' I thoct he wis tryin' tae dae me last nicht wi' a broken pey, sae I jist gied him his coffee. That's th' wey he's no' oot th' day. Am rale vexed aboot it noo, seein' he wis tellin' th' truth."

## Specials from the Scene of Operations.

WASHINGTON, SATURDAY—Miss Alice Roosevelt arose this morning and drank a cup of coffee and ate an egg. It is understood that she will soon visit her milliner.

SUNDAY—Miss Alice Roosevelt passed a very good night, sleeping for nearly eight hours. This morning she attended church; all the congregation rose.

NEW YORK, MONDAY—It is understood that Miss Alice Roosevelt will honor our city with her presence, coming via the Pennsylvania Railway. Yesterday she wore a short skirt.

CONEY ISLAND, TUESDAY—Nearly twenty thousand people saw Miss Alice Roosevelt enter Dreamland this afternoon. The sight was inspiring. She had on a shirt waist. Also hat, skirt, and gloves.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY—Miss Alice Roosevelt rode to the exposition to-day in a friend's automobile. She rode very well. She was seen to talk.

CHICAGO, FRIDAY—Miss Alice Roosevelt is here. She stopped at a drug-store and bought an ice-cream soda. Then she visited a hair-dresser's. She is still there. It is hoped she will not go out the back way and disappoint the crowd.—Life.

## The Hero at the Cashier's Window.

The man who had just rescued a mother and her child from a burning building shouldered his way through the applauding crowd, and took his stand in front of the cashier's window in the Carnegie Hero Fund Building.

"What number?" asked the man within the window.

"Hero No. 18,261; number of heroic deeds, twelve; rescue of woman and child from burning house."

He produced his badge, and the cashier took the numbers.

Stiffing a yawn the clerk shoved the man the amount prescribed in such cases. The hero counted the money carefully, pocketed it, and moved away, with an eye out for No. 13.—Baltimore Sun.

## Nelson's Anycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Bargain Spilled.

"Mom," said little

Johnny Cupp.

"Let's trade baby

For a pup.

"I kin git Bill

Sinks to trade,

Skin 'im in the

Deal thet's made."

When his mother

Said: "No, sir,"

Johnny made a

Face at her.

—Kansas City Times.

## Alternative Readings.

Now the summer

Girl's resorting

To the heach with all her might,

Engaging in All the manly

Engaging to sports in sight.

—New York Sun.

## The Piker's Ruhaiyat.

I.

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight

The Stars that twinkle through the summer

night

Has risen o'er St. Louis, schedule time.

And throws athwart the Pike a shaft of light.

II.

Before the phantom of False Morning died

Methought a Piker in the Tavern cried,

"When rates are Seven-twenty-five per hour,

Why lurk, my fellow-citizens, inside?"

III.

And, as the Cock Crew, those who ceased to

snore

Bolted precipitately for the Door,

And having seen the Pike hut yesterday

Went sneaking hack, intent on seeing More.

IV.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent

Chicago's Midway, most magnificent.

And many a Deacon, yea, and many a Saint

Crept softly through the Door wherein I went.

V.

Some for the Art Exhibits pine, and some

Flock where the Pistons and the Drive Wheels

hum;

Ah, take the Pictures; gaze at the machines.

Give me the Pike—all else is for the Dumb.

VI.

Think, in this canvas Caravanserai

Where Turkish instruments of torture play,

How dancer after dancer from the East

Startles the Spinster and the whiskered Jay!

VII.

Strange, is it not, that of the Deacons who

Before us passed the canvas gateway through

Not one comes forth who tells us of the

Dance

Which, to discover, we must witness too?

VIII.

I asked a Jasper who had strolled within,

"My friend, what means yon Oriental din?"

He only answered, "Wal, hy heck, it's great!"

And pensively he stroked his bearded chin.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He—"We shall have to economize, darling, after we are married." She—"Then why not stay engaged a few years longer?"—Detroit Free Press.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

Philadelphia.....July 16 | New York.....July 30  
St. Louis.....July 23 | St. Paul.....Aug. 6

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Friesland.....July 16, 10 am | Merion.....July 30, 10 am  
Noordland.....July 23, 10 am | Westerland.....Aug. 6, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....July 16, 8 am  
Mesaba.....July 23, 9 am  
Minnetonka.....July 30, 7.30 am  
Minnehaha.....Aug. 6, noon

Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Dominion.....July 16 | Canada.....July 30  
Southark.....July 23 | Vancouver.....Aug. 6

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Potsdam.....July 19 | Ryndam.....Aug. 3  
Rotterdam.....Aug. 2 | Noordam.....Aug. 16

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.

Zeeland.....July 16 | Vaderland.....July 30  
Finland.....July 23 | Kroonland.....Aug. 6

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Baltic.....July 13, 5 pm | Oceanic.....July 27, 5 pm  
Majestic.....July 20, 10 am | Aratic.....July 29, 6 am  
Cedric.....July 27, 1 pm | Teutonic.....Aug. 3, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....July 14, Aug. 18, Sept. 15  
Cyrenic.....July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22  
Republic (new).....Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Canopic.....Aug. 27, Oct. 8, Nov. 19  
Romanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 3

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brauau

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Gaelic.....Thursday, July 14

S. S. Doric.....Thursday, August 18

S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, September 10

S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, July 2, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, July 7, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 16, at 11

A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

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W. E. DARGIE,

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T. T. DARGIE,

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE

a new and original process through which we

are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pic-

tures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film

is developed separately, thus making it possible

to assure the correct treatment for every ex-

posure. There is no increase in cost; simply

more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us de-

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LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS,

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at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best re-

ferences. All city inquiries and appointments by phone

(9 a. m. to 6 p. m.) Black 3723; (evenings) Scott 1070.

ROBT. REMBRANT HILL, 1606 Steiner St.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTAB-

lished 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED

1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTAB-

lished 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223

Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED

June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will

want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit

cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay

you to see our large assortment of these goods,

and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn,

Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.



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Bristol Co.**

Our display of  
**WATCHES**

comprises a complete variety of  
the leading American and Swiss  
makes in every conceivable size  
and style of case.

Prices consistent with highest  
quality.

**104-110 Geary Street**



SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Meeta Campbell Graham, daughter of General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Graham, to Lieutenant Lewis William Cass, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rose Kiefer, daughter of Mrs. Emanuel Kiefer, of New Orleans, to Mr. Edward Livingston.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Jamison, of San José, to Lieutenant John W. Ward, U. S. A., will take place on Tuesday evening, July 12th, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland, San José.

The wedding of Miss Constance Lawrence, daughter of Mrs. M. V. Tingley Lawrence, to Mr. Robert Dean, took place on Monday evening at Calvary Presbyterian Church. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Rev. John Hemphill. Miss Alice Ludlum, of Denver, was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Eugenie Hawes, Miss Irene Ludlum, and Miss Beatrice Splivalo. Mr. Lucien Knight was best man, and Mr. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., Mr. Thomas Denning, and Mr. Ransome Cary Van Fleet acted as ushers. A reception at the residence of the bride's mother on Leavenworth Street followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Rose Ellen Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, to Mr. Simon Walter Frank, of Baltimore, took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Washington and Octavia Streets. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger. Miss Grace Hecht was bridesmaid. A wedding breakfast was served after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Frank have gone to Del Monte on their wedding journey. They will reside in Baltimore.

The wedding of Miss Mary C. Hayes, of Vallejo, to Lieutenant Cary M. Snoddy, Medical Department, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday at the bride's residence, 318 Capitol Street, Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of Miss Mazie Callahan, of Boston. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Helen Wagner, Captain Sydney Cloman, U. S. A., Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. George R. Field.

Miss Pansy Perkins gave a luncheon at "Palm Knoll," Oakland, on Thursday, in honor of her guests, Miss Anita Thomson and Miss Loretta Hanley, of New York.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a luncheon, followed by a gravity-car ride, at the Tavern of Tamapais recently. His guests were Miss Mazie Callahan, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson.

Miss Marie Voorhies gave a theatre-party, followed by a supper, on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Katherine Wright, of Manila.

Mr. Garret McEnerny gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday in honor of Mr. Sidney M. Ebrman.

Talks of His Trip.

A few friends were edified last night by a description of a trip around the world. These frank words began the talk:

This journey, made possible by modern invention, was made pleasurable by the ubiquitous Cook. I say "ubiquitous" because in every part of the world his representatives were on hand to meet me. His interpreters did my talking; his agents took my troubles. The custom-houses, those terrors to travelers, were nothing to me. I can not too strongly emphasize the fact that it is worth while to be a veteran in traveling, as one can by making use of their veteran experience.

The San Francisco office of Thomas Cook & Son is at 621 Market Street. There tours may be arranged and tickets purchased to any part of the world.

Fourth of July at Del Monte.

If you want quiet sport, a game of golf on the links, a dip in the surf, or salmon fishing on Monterey Bay, why not go to Hotel del Monte for your Fourth of July holiday? Round-trip rate, including two days' board at the hotel, ten dollars. Tickets good leaving San Francisco Saturday or Sunday, returning Monday or Tuesday.

Fifteen tons of literature relating to California were shipped to the St. Louis exposition on Tuesday by the California Promotion Committee. About ten tons have previously been sent, and more is to follow. About one thousand pounds of fresh fruit per day will be forwarded from now on. Ten thousand canes made from redwood bark have been sent for gratuitous distribution.

The jinks committee of the Bohemian Club urgently request all members of the club who are willing to join the chorus, and to rehearse the midsummer high jinks music, to give their names to the office. It is desired, as far as possible, to have the chorus composed of club members. All singers therefore are asked to appear for this service.

Bad Season for Drama in London.

A most discouraged view of the theatrical situation is taken by London managers, who report the worst season in twenty-five years. Farces, comedies, dramas, romantic dramas and melodramas, native plays and translations, have been failures.

It used to be said in London that no play could be regarded as a success which did not run for one hundred nights. This may be to some extent an exaggeration, but it is considered that a play whose run does not extend over four weeks may quite safely be written down an entire financial failure. Among the plays produced during the season that did not run a month were Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe"; John Davidson's "A Queen's Romance"; Arthur Law's "The Bride and Bridegroom"; "Love's Carnival," a version of "Rosenmontag"; Frank Stayton's "A Maid from School"; MacDonald's "The Sword of the King"; H. H. Davies's "Cynthia"; Tristan Bernard's "Who's Who"; W. S. Maugham's "A Man of Honor." Two plays whose runs extended very little over four weeks, and both of which can hardly be looked upon as anything but failures, have been Basil Hood's "Love in a Cottage," also R. C. Carton's "The Rich Mrs. Repton."

Against these failures, about the only successes to be recorded are "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Duke of Killiecrankie."

Death of Clement Scott.

Clement Scott, for years regarded as one of the ablest dramatic critics in London, died in that city on Saturday. For twenty years he did the dramatic work for the London Telegraph. He came to San Francisco in 1893, and was married to Miss Brandon, an English girl, who came here from Japan to meet him. In 1897, he made a sensation by an interview in which he declared that no woman could keep her purity and remain on the stage. Such a storm was raised that he retired from the Telegraph, and fled London. The charge was brought against him that, holding such views, he permitted his wife to attempt to secure a theatrical engagement. Afterward he became the editor of a weekly critical paper, the Free Lance. In 1900, he published "The Drama of Yesterday and Today," reminiscences of the English stage for over forty years. Scott was born in London in 1841.

Extra Train on July 4th.

In order to give those who visit the Guerneville and Sonoma branches a good long holiday on July 4th, the California Northwestern Railway will run on that day a special train leaving Camp Vacation at 7:00 P. M., Russian River Heights 7:10 P. M., Guerneville 7:15 P. M., and Guerneville at 7:20 P. M., stopping at Santa Rosa, Petaluma, and all intermediates. The special from the Sonoma branch will leave Glen Ellen at 8:15 P. M., stopping at Sonoma, Vineburg, and other branch points. Both trains will arrive in San Francisco at 10:45 P. M.

The management of the Harriman system of railways have given orders for rails, equipment, and power to the extent of \$4,750,000. These orders include 60,000 tons of steel rails, to cost \$1,680,000. Of this order, 10,000 tons are for the Union Pacific, 10,000 tons for the Oregon Short Line, 20,000 tons for the Houston and Texas Central, and 20,000 for the Southern Pacific. The orders also call for 250 tank-cars for crude petroleum, 1,000 flat-cars, 1,000 box-cars, and 65 locomotives. Ten of these will be passenger locomotives, to be the largest ever constructed in the United States, weighing 180 tons each.

The realty holdings of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in this city will be sold in separate lots. The syndicate of local capitalists who bought most of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's property here also endeavored to secure Mrs. Vanderbilt's share of the Fair estate, but thought the valuation she placed on it (\$2,800,000) was too high. About three months will be occupied in appraising the property and preparing to place it on the market.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

Captain Hugo Gerald de Bathe, formerly of the British army, husband of Lily Langtry, arrived from New Zealand on Monday, en route to England.

—STYLISH ENGRAVING OF WEDDING INVITATIONS, announcements, and visiting cards at Schussler Bros., 119-121 Geary Street.

—CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRTS—waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

"Knox" Spring Styles  
just received at Eugene Korn, the latter, 746 Market.

Army and Navy News.

Colonel T. C. Woodbury, Third Infantry, U. S. A., arrived with his regiment from the East last Monday, and will sail for Alaska on the transport Buford to-day (Saturday). He will be accompanied to his new station by Mrs. Woodbury and Miss Woodbury.

Mrs. Glass, wife of Rear-Admiral Louis Glass, U. S. N., and Miss Frankie Glass are at Santa Cruz.

Colonel C. H. Noble, commanding the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., leaves the Presidio to-day (Saturday) with the first and second battalions of his regiment for American Lake, Wash., to take part in the annual maneuvers of the Department of the Columbia.

Major Cassius E. Gillette, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gillette and family have gone to Berkeley, where they will spend a part of the summer.

Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., and family are sojourning in Sonoma County for the summer.

Major E. H. Plummer, U. S. A., will go from Ord Barracks to Alaska with the Tbird Infantry.

Mrs. Clover will depart shortly for Japan, where she will be joined by her husband, Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. Kilbourne, Deputy Surgeon-General, U. S. A., will sail from the Philippines on July 15th, and upon his arrival at San Francisco will await orders.

Captain Robert Lee Hamilton, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hamilton sailed for the Philippines yesterday.

Captain Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A., will assume his duties as quartermaster at Honolulu on July 26th.

Captain Noble H. Creager, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., has been ordered for duty to Fort Walla Walla.

Captain H. B. Fish, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has relieved Lieutenant W. L. Reed, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., as quartermaster of the infantry cantonment at the Presidio.

Captain E. Ovensbine, U. S. A., and Captain James Romaine, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., leave next week for Portland and Vancouver on duty.

Captain George McK. Williamson, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., has been ordered to San Francisco to take station as assistant to the chief quartermaster in charge of construction work in the vicinity of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Thomas L. Rboads, Medical Corps, U. S. A., left for Philadelphia last week.

Lieutenant William E. Gillmore, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., was here from Ord Barracks the early part of the week.

Lieutenant Edward Robinson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Robinson will be the guests of Mrs. E. A. Crowell until the last of August.

Lieutenant Louis Brechemin, Jr., U. S. A., will accompany the first battalion of the Tenth Infantry to Murry, leaving the Presidio to-day (Saturday).

C. H. Markbam, general manager of the Pacific Coast lines of the Southern Pacific Company, has been made a vice-president of the company, and is now its chief executive and operating official on the Coast, entering upon practically all of the duties and responsibilities previously exercised by Julius Kruttschnitt, but within a smaller jurisdiction.

THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS



GIANT STRIDES!

All Records Broken

The DISTINCTLY HIGH QUALITY

—OF—

MOËT & CHANDON

"White Seal" Champagne

Never Varies

WHY ???

Messrs. Moët & Chandon own more vineyards than all the leading Champagne houses combined and have over 11 miles of cellars, the most extensive in the world.

Their sales during the Year 1903 were

4,013,684

Bottles, a figure never before reached by any Champagne house

This Great House offers its choicest product in

"WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

William Wolf & Co. PACIFIC COAST AGENTS San Francisco, Cal.

THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS





## GOODYEAR'S "GOLD SEAL"

Rubber Goods the best made

### RUBBER HOSE, BELTING, AND PACKINGS

We are headquarters for everything made of Rubber.

### GOODYEAR RUBBER COMPANY

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F. M. SHEPARD, JR., Treasurer.  
C. F. RUNYON, Secretary.

573-575-577-579 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO.

## The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where after-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hôte dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 p. m., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

### Catering a Specialty

F. B. SIGNOR, Manager,

Formerly with Louis Sherry of New York City.



### HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart  
Hartshorn on label.  
Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.



TRADE MARK

## Exceptionally

the most uniform, old, and  
mellow whiskey is

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

In quality and flavor it is the  
finest and maturest whiskey  
made.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
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## CAMPING

We pack Provisions  
and Outfits on short  
notice. Reasonable  
prices for Quality  
Goods.  
Smith's Cash Store Inc.  
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## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

Telephone Bush 12.

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BRANCHES—5a Taylor St. and 200 Montgomery Ave.  
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Laundry on 12th St. between Howard and Folsom.  
ORDINARY MENDING, etc., Free of Charge  
Work called for and delivered Free of Charge.

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FORMERLY SANBORS & JOHNSON

### TAILORS

Phelan Building, Rooms 1, 2, 3

Telephone Main 5387. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis, Miss Daisy Van Ness, and Miss Ethel Tompkins returned last Sunday from their trip to Tahiti.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, and Mr. James W. Reid went to Byron Hot Springs by automobile last week, remaining there over Sunday.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling returned home a few days ago from a year's absence abroad, spent chiefly in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Virginia Joliffe were in Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marian Huntington expect to return from Europe about September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee will be among the guests at the Hotel del Monte over the Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall have been spending the week here, en route to Los Angeles from their trip East.

Mrs. William Morgan and Miss Ella Morgan are at the Hotel Rafael for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle will sojourn during July at Monterey.

Mrs. Andrew Welch and Mrs. Eugene Lent, who have been in Mill Valley for six weeks, have returned to town.

Mr. Allen St. John Bowie has departed for the East. He will be absent for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman have gone to British Columbia for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Sheils will sojourn at Pacific Grove for the next fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield Sanborn have taken a cottage at Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton will spend July in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. George Toy and Miss Mabel Toy will leave in a few days for San Rafael, where they will stay for the remainder of the summer.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, have returned from the East. They spent several weeks at the St. Louis exposition.

Miss Susan Kirkpatrick will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John Johnston, of Los Angeles, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wright are at Pacific Grove for the season.

Mrs. Chandler Howard is expected to arrive from Japan about the middle of July.

Dr. Emmet Rixford has returned from the East, visiting St. Louis on his way home.

Miss Frances McKinstry has been the guest during the past week of Miss Alice Sullivan in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, and Miss Maylita Pease have returned from their visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar (née Huntsman) have returned from their wedding journey, and are at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Chapman are at the Hotel Vendome for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brayton have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. F. H. Buckley Johnson arrived from Australia on Monday, en route to England.

Mrs. J. F. Bermingham leaves to-day (Saturday) for a visit to the East.

Mrs. Andrew Welsh and Mr. and Mrs. Lent and family are at the Hotel Vendome, San José, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quinn (née Hopkins) arrived from Chicago last Saturday.

Miss Bessie Cole expects to depart in August for an extended visit to Washington, D. C.

Miss Gladys Howard is the guest for a few weeks of Miss Jennie Crocker at her country place in San Mateo.

Mr. Emile Bruguière departed on Saturday for a short trip to New York.

Miss Etelka Williar, of Sausalito, is the guest of Miss Elsa Draper at her country place in Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pond were recent visitors to Bryon Hot Springs.

Mr. W. A. Jones, United States commissioner of Indian affairs, registered at the Occidental Hotel Monday.

Judge B. G. Bond, who has been sojourning in San José for some time, will return to New York during the month.

Mr. J. C. Stuhls, president of the University of Nevada, was down from Reno this week.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler returned on Monday from his visit East.

Miss Olga Sutro has returned from abroad, where she has spent two years with Privy Counsellor and Mrs. Goldberger.

Mr. R. P. Schwerin has returned from a six months' trip East.

Count A. de Colonne, of Paris, who has been visiting Tahiti, registered at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. F. C. Havens, of Oakland, took a party to Byron Hot Springs last week in two of his automobiles. In the party were Mrs. F. C. Havens, Mrs. L. R. Mead, Mrs. John C. Klein, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. F. Wickham Havens, Mr. Harold Havens, Mr. W. F.

Kelly, and Mr. J. C. Klein. They made the run from Oakland to Byron in three hours and ten minutes.

Miss Claire Chabot is entertaining a house-party over the Fourth of July at "Villa Remi," near St. Helena.

Mr. A. A. Moore, Miss Ethel Moore, and Miss Margaret Moore depart to-morrow (Sunday) for an extended visit to the East.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer was in Paris when last heard from.

Dr. E. K. Hopkins has returned from his trip East.

Miss Helen Wagner is the guest of Miss Grace Spreckels at Del Monte.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. W. A. Mackay, Mr. Harry T. Hammond, Mr. S. C. Pickering, Mrs. Judge Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Latz, Mr. P. A. McDonald, and Mr. Thomas Denigan.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Miss L. Hollingsworth, of New Jersey, Mr. F. W. Carlyle, of Washington, D. C., Mr. John W. Paine, of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Huddelston, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Merchant, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Merchant, Mr. James P. Sweeney, Mr. A. Faulini, Mr. James H. Graham, Mr. H. W. Crowell, Dr. A. P. Harvey, and Mr. A. Dalton Harrison.

Among the week's guests at Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. B. Schley, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Jr., and Mr. F. H. Palmer, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Salmuz, of Chicago, Mrs. Dexter Belknap, of Louisville, Mr. W. C. Thornbarron of England, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. S. Breslau, Mr. and Mrs. John Garber, Miss Emery, Archdeacon Emery, Mr. A. D. Shepard, and Mr. E. J. Molera.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. G. Wallace Fane, of London, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taussig, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Grover, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Jacobson, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Reinhart, Mrs. A. G. Garratt, Mrs. H. Epstein, Mrs. K. L. Byrne, Mrs. V. S. Murphy, Mrs. E. Mosley, Mrs. J. A. Wiborn, Mrs. C. M. Thurman, Mrs. L. J. Lewis, Mrs. E. Carson, Miss Madeline Borhman, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss A. L. Koepel, Major Ross Cormack, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Dr. E. J. Fraser.

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FROM JUNE 19, 1904.

FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey,.....	7:50 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Elmira and Sacramento.....	7:20 P
7:30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Callotago, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon,.....	8:20 P
7:30 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton,.....	7:20 P
8:00 A	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle,.....	7:50 P
8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville,.....	7:50 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Merced, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville,.....	4:20 P
9:30 A	Port Costa, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Oshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield,.....	4:50 P
9:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff,.....	4:20 P
8:30 A	Oakdale, Chino, Jamestown, Sutter, Colusa, and Angels,.....	4:20 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East,.....	6:20 P
8:30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	8:50 P
10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, Chicago,.....	8:20 P
10:00 A	Vallejo,.....	12:20 P
10:00 A	Los Angeles, Pasadena, Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Oshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	7:20 P
12:00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	3:20 P
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers,.....	11:00 P
3:30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville and way stations,.....	10:50 A
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	7:50 P
3:30 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa,.....	12:20 P
3:30 P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Way Stations,.....	8:50 A
3:30 P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi,.....	10:20 A
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Callotago, Santa Rosa,.....	9:20 A
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi,.....	4:20 P
4:30 P	Bayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore,.....	11:50 A
5:00 P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Merced, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	8:50 A
5:00 P	Port Costa, Tracy, Stockton,.....	12:20 P
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	7:20 A
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	8:50 A
5:30 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and East, via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colusa,.....	12:50 P
6:00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday,.....	7:50 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only,.....	7:50 P
7:00 P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	11:20 A
7:00 P	Reno Passenger—Port Costa, Lodi, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks,.....	7:50 A
8:05 P	Oregonian—Albany, Portland, Redding, Portland, Seaside and East,.....	8:50 A
8:10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only),.....	11:50 A
<b>COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge),</b> Foot of Market Street.		
7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only),.....	8:10 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations,.....	5:55 P
9:15 A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz,.....	6:10 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations,.....	10:55 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos,.....	10:55 A
4:15 P	Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only,.....	10:55 A
<b>COAST LINE (Broad Gauge),</b> Foot of Market Street.		
5:10 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:35 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:40 P
7:15 A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only),.....	10:30 P
8:00 A	New Almaden (Tues, Frid, only),.....	4:10 P
8:00 A	The Coaster—San Jose, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles,.....	10:45 P
8:00 A	Oilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc,.....	10:45 P
8:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations,.....	4:10 P
10:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	1:20 P
11:30 A	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations,.....	7:30 P
1:20 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	6:35 A
1:30 P	Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove,.....	12:15 P
3:30 P	Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Salinas, Pacific Grove,.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	10:00 A
5:00 P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and principal Way Stations (except Sunday),.....	10:00 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations,.....	10:40 A
5:45 P	Sunset Express—Redwood, San Jose, Oilroy, Salinas, Pacific Grove, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York,.....	7:10 A
5:45 P	Pajaro, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove,.....	10:45 P
10:15 P	San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto,.....	10:45 A
8:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	10:15 A
8:00 P	Palo Alto and Way Stations,.....	10:15 A
11:30 P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Bruno, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto,.....	8:45 P
11:50 P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose,.....	19:45 P

A for Morning, P for Afternoon.  
1 Sunday excepted, 1 Sunday only.  
a Saturday only, b Monday only.  
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Parker's middle name is Brooks, but it doesn't seem to be of the babbling sort.—*Ex.*

The lady—"Who would have thought that bull understood French? This gown is cerise!"—*New York Sun.*

Patience—"Does she ever speak of her family tree?" Patrice—"No, I think it was one of the shady sort of trees."—*Yankees Statesman.*

Willing victim: She—"When I set my face against anything I mean it." He—"Would you—er—mind setting your face against mine?"—*Ex.*

Dashaway—"Did you have any trouble making love to Miss Flyer? Clevertan—"None whatever. The trouble came when I tried to break away."—*Life.*

Naybor—"Is that a new hen-house you're building?" Mr. Snappy—"No; this is an old one I'm building to take the place of the new one I tore down last week."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Casey—"An' phat did th' docthor say ailed ye?" Mr. Casey—"Appendicitis." Mrs. Casey—"Och, worral Oi knew he'd say that if ye wore that new Sunday suit."—*Judge.*

"Mr. Richley had nothing but praise for your work for him before the citizens' committee," said the friend. "Yes," replied the lobbyist, gloomily; "nothing but praise."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Heavium—"Did you ever drink any of those substitutes for coffee?" Lightly—"What a foolish question! You know I have sojourned in boarding-houses for the past ten years."—*Chicago News.*

American war-correspondent—"I wish I were back in New York." English war-correspondent—"Why?" American war-correspondent—"I'd be able to learn something about what they're doing here."—*Puck.*

Graphter—"I've got my hooks out for a swell political office; high salary and all that." Jenkins—"Do you think you can fill it?" Graphter—"Never thought of that. What's worrying me is whether I'll be able to get it."—*Ex.*

Silas—"What is old Ruhe so hot about?" Cyrus—"Why, an artist asked if he could paint his cows." Silas—"That didn't hurt the cows, did it?" Cyrus—"Yes, hy heck; he painted a sarsaparilla sign on each one."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Say," remarked the bartender, sarcastically, "what are you tryin' to do, take enough to last you all summer?" "Oh, no," replied the seedy individual, continuing to pour until the glass was full, "one swallow does not make a summer."—*Ex.*

Hastess (to new curate)—"We seem to be talking of nothing but horses, Mr. Soothem. Are you much of a sportsman?" Curate—"Really, Lady Betty, I don't think I ought to say that I am. I used to collect hutterflies; but I have to give up even that now!"—*Punch.*

Strenuous times since: Po—"Now, don't ask me any more questions. I don't see why your history lessons should bother you so. They didn't bother me when I was a boy." Willie—"Well, there wasn't so much history made when you was a boy."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mrs. Farmer—"Josiah, I'm goin' to town to-morrow to buy a new carpet for the parlor. What kind had I better get?" Farmer Prosper—"Any kind ye like, Belindy. It makes no difference—hustles, ex-minister, croquette, or ingrate. Suit yerself."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"So you are looking forward to a good time this summer?" "Yes, sir," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Going out of town?" "No. I'm going to send mother and the girls out of town. Then I'm going to sit in my shirt-sleeves, smoke my pipe in the parlor, and hire a street piano to play all the rag-time I want."—*Washington Star.*

One afternoon little Johnny happened to look up and see the moon, and as he had never seen it before in the daytime, he ran into the house, and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've got a good joke on God." "Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the astonished mother. "He forgot to take the moon in this morning," explained John.—*Ex.*

By removing causes of irritation, and by preserving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation.

"I have you a coat-of-arms?" she asked. "No," he replied, "but I have a forty-horse power automobile."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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WEEK DAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a m.; 12:35, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30 and 11:30 p m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:30 p m.  
SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p m.

#### San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 12:50, 1:20, 3:40, 5:00, 5:25, 6:25 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p m.  
Sundays—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:25, 6:25, 7:50 p m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 1, 1904	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun- days.	Destination.	Sun- days.	Week Days.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Ignacio.	7:45 a m	7:45 a m
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m		8:40 a m	8:40 a m
8:30 a m.	9:30 a m		10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		6:00 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m.	5:10 p m		6:20 p m	7:25 p m
			7:25 p m	
			8:45 p m	
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	7:45 a m	7:45 a m
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m		10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	9:30 a m		6:20 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m.	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	7:25 p m
	5:10 p m		8:45 p m	
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Fulton.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m		7:45 p m	7:45 p m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		8:45 p m	7:25 p m
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	7:25 p m
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	7:25 p m
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Willits. Sherwood.	7:25 p m	7:25 p m
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m		10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		8:45 p m	6:20 p m
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m	Guerneville and Camp Vacation.	8:40 a m	8:40 a m
5:10 p m.	9:30 a m		6:00 p m	6:20 p m
	5:10 p m		8:45 p m	
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	6:20 p m
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m	Sebastopol.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	6:20 p m



# The Argonaut.

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The poet, who is after all only a normal man with no callouses of custom, is fond of speaking through the veil of the virgin forest and the maiden stream. He has the devotion of pure blood to the unexploited. He nourishes a passion for the bud, and flames at the sight of the untouched. In a lesser degree he gropes for romance in the unfamiliar, and each month brings us volumes innumerable telling of lands and peoples yet unhistoric. But the day of this lesser degree is passing. The uttermost parts of the earth are being put down on railway maps, and we can get quotations of sleeping-car rates anywhere from the mines of Ophir to the land of Uz of the Chaldees. And

now there are "tourist rates" to the heart of Africa—to Victoria Falls!

"From the Cape to Cairo" is the way the new railway has it, and the infinitely dim names of Bulawayo, of Omdurman, of Kariba Gorge, are suddenly become distinct in plain letters on sign-boards across the ends of the stations. The brakeman yells "twenty minutes for breakfast" in Fashoda, and the superb porter sets his stool under the step of the Pullman that the dustered globe-trotter may disembark at Khartoum. The Cape to Cairo is two-thirds complete.

Possibly very few people ever connect in their minds Egypt of the Ptolemies and the Africa of Livingston and Stanley. We all know that the sources of the Nile lie in the centre of the Dark Continent. We are aware that the Boers live in the same portion of the earth as the Egyptians. But after all the Sphinx and the fetish don't seem to be akin, and the columns of Thebes don't remind us of the kraal of the Matabele. Between Cape Bon and the Cape of Good Hope there lies the margin of thousands of years, and Lorenzo Marquez and Tunis hardly can be made to meet in one sentence. Yet the miracle has been accomplished on a ticket, and the ticket stands for a feat of diplomacy and engineering that even the tremendous Rhodes seemed unequal to.

Dreams have a queer facility in shifting into a ribbon of fact, and the time-table is the arbiter of fancy in the end. Chicago is firmly established in our minds as being three days' journey away, and now Ujiji and Tabora and Bechuana Land fall by the hand of the engineer into our little table of commonplaces. The railway is built, and the Zambesi at Victoria Falls is to be spanned soon by a steel bridge. Cairo and Cape Town are on the same line. Trunks are checked through on first-class tickets. And Livingston and Stanley are with the Ptolemies.

The first visit of the Panama Canal Commissioners to the scene of future operations has brought out interesting facts and figures. Since their return, they have been hard at work at their Washington headquarters, formulating plans, preparing a system of bookkeeping, and answering inquiries as to what they saw at Panama.

They put in two weeks going over the canal route, and found both encouragement and discouragement. They report the climate less trying than they had been led to believe, and are confident that good sanitary conditions are all that are needed to make the place fairly healthful. Commissioner Grunsky, in an interview, said that he and his associates found evidence all along the route of a great waste of energy on account of lack of system and the use of obsolete tools. He is in favor of paying enough for having the work done so that the contractors will be able properly to equip themselves at the start. The contracts will be let in about a year.

As to how long before the canal will be completed, ten years at the least is the estimate made. A canal with locks seems the only practicable one. To cut the Isthmus through to the sea level would be a prodigious undertaking. Dr. D. C. Stephens has just returned from Panama, and says that the project of putting through a tidal canal would be out of the question. He estimates that it would take thirty thousand laborers thirty-one years to do the work, and that the cost would be \$570,000,000. He does not make quite so favorable a report as the commissioners do regarding the climate, but says that the fatalities attending the French company's work were largely due to the total neglect of the most ordinary sanitary precautions.

Dr. Stephens describes the Culebra cut (the deepest excavation that is to be made) as the greatest thing ever undertaken by man. It will be three-fifths of a mile wide at the top, four hundred feet deep, and one

hundred and fifty feet wide at the bottom. Water to the depth of thirty-five feet will be forced into it from the lake by a dam at Bohio. The temperature in this cut is something fearful. The lofty, bare walls absorb heat like an oven. Add to this the heat from ninety or one hundred steam excavators, and a white man is almost prostrated. The French company has done considerable work here, but much more remains to be done.

The Chagres River has had naught but evil spoken of it, having been described as accursed, deadly, miasmatic, uncontrollable, and torrential. Dr. Stephens, however, says that it is a beautiful stream, bright, sparkling, and altogether charming. Instead of being a hindrance to the canal work, he says that it will be a big help in furnishing water to fill the locks.

The commissioners will visit the canal route again in August.

The Los Angeles Herald is now a maverick. It has been sold to a syndicate, but the owner of the controlling stock will not declare himself. S. A. Perkins, a newspaper publisher of the North-West, negotiated the sale, then went home, leaving a trail of speculation behind him. It is asserted by some that Harrison Gray Otis, of the Times, is the new owner; and that the Citizens' Alliance is behind him, the object of the combination being to crush Hearst, who, it is reported, is losing money on his Los Angeles Examiner. The Graphic, which asserts unequivocally that Otis is the new owner of the Herald, says that, five hours after the sale had been consummated, Hearst's representatives received instructions from their chief to buy the paper. It has the Associated Press service, which Hearst can not secure for his Examiner without the consent of the other papers.

The Express, while not certain, inclines to the belief that Otis controls the syndicate which has acquired the Herald property, and that it will be conducted as a Democratic paper (the Times is Republican) in opposition to every Hearst movement. It is also asserted that Otis wishes to use the Herald as another weapon against the typographical union, which he has successfully fought for years, and to which he thinks he can now put the finishing touch. The names of John D. Spreckels and Henry E. Huntington have been connected with the deal, but apparently without much foundation. Frank J. Finlayson, W. C. Patterson, Frank C. Vale, H. C. Ackery, and William Bryan are directors of the new company—but they are silent as to its head.

The Herald was the leading Los Angeles paper twenty years ago. The Times was not paying then, but gradually it drew ahead. It is said that for the past ten years the Herald has not paid. W. L. Hardison bought it four or five years ago, but is reported to have lost money on the deal. Hitherto the paper has been Republican in politics. Now, according to a preponderance of rumor, it is to be Democratic under Republican ownership. Robert H. Yost, formerly a St. Louis newspaper man, but who for two months past has been a confidential employee of the Times, has succeeded R. H. H. Chapman as editor of the Herald.

Secretary Shaw's statement of June 30th, showing the receipts and disbursements of the government during the fiscal year just ended, is furnishing campaign material for both parties. The Democratic organs assert that the showing is a bad one, while the Republican papers insist that only Democratic sophistry could lead to any such conclusion.

During the period mentioned, the total receipts were \$541,186,745, as against Secretary Shaw's estimate of \$530,000,000. The expenditures were \$583,000,000, as



against the estimate of \$516,000,000, leaving a deficit of nearly \$42,000,000. But this \$582,000,000 includes the \$50,000,000 paid out for the Panama Canal and \$4,600,000 loaned to the St. Louis exposition, neither of which entered into the Secretary's calculations. There would be, leaving out these amounts, a surplus of \$2,000,000, while it was expected that the amount would be \$14,000,000. The available cash on hand is \$166,000,000.

The New York Times (Dem.) sees disaster ahead in these figures. "It is a change for the worse in two years," it says, "leaving out the unusual demands on the Treasury of some \$84,000,000. Including the Panama and exposition payments, the difference to the Treasury is at least \$106,000,000 in two years." It points out that the Panama Canal will call for more heavy payments as time goes on. "It is now absolutely certain," the Times continues, "that we have passed from a period of large surpluses to a period of deficits, which, if the expenditures are not radically modified, are bound to be large." It sees the greatest danger in the alleged fact that changes in either direction are constantly taking place without the government being able to foresee or provide against them.

The New York Evening Post (Ind.) says that the statement is an awkward thing for the Republicans to explain. It asserts that they left office in 1892 with a goodly surplus, but left the Cleveland administration to "pay the penalty for their policy of extravagance. It was the easiest thing in the world to say that their advent to power was the cause of the mischief. That is not going to be an easy game to play twice in a decade. There has been no change in government, and before one can occur, John Sharp Williams and his friends will be sure to exclaim, 'Tell us in advance who is to blame for the situation!'"

The New York Tribune (Rep.) finds the deficit easy to account for, and not at all alarming. "These pessimists [the administration's critics] love a deficit. Since the second Cleveland administration went out of power they have seldom had one to cackle over. . . . It is true that receipts this year have steadily shrunk, while expenditures have steadily advanced. But Congress twice reduced taxation to prevent the continual accumulation of surplus revenue. The whole excess expenditure of which Democratic critics complain has gone to the construction of an Isthmian canal and the enlargement of the navy."

"Most business men like a 'wide open town,'" is the frank statement made by an ex-mayor in a series of articles in the Chicago Record-Herald, and his proofs are immensely interesting. He is so sure that the good citizen has one blind eye. He is so plain and explicit in exemplifying just how this lack of vision affects the good citizen's actions.

The problem, of course, is as old as the Tower of Babel. Since Lot was the reform party in Sodom, there have been two factions in every city, one of them the "clean government party." But somehow we have always trusted in the reformer's proclamations and extolled his virtues till he has come into power. Then, somehow, he gets over into the opposition of the reform party and we take a distaste for his morals, and turn with childlike confidence to the real, genuine "reformer" who happens, through evil fate, to be out of office.

The ex-mayor thinks that it matters a great deal whether one is in office or out of office what one's opinions are. He asserts with blasphemous assurance that the man who does not want reform is the good citizen, the representative man. Before the election this person, according to the cross-eyed ex-mayor, is hot on the trail of vice, and after election discovers a tremendous interest in some one violation of the law. The ex-mayor would even insinuate that your good business man frequently owns property which brings in high rentals for immoral purposes. He fancies in his disordered imagination that many upright citizens would have the city wink at irregularities where private interests are at stake. He audaciously proclaims that public-spirited citizens say: "When a town is wide open, business is lively."

All this is very distressing. It shows how perverted a man may get in the mayoralty, and how political office causes intellectual astigmatism. Fortunately, no one will believe this libel on the good citizen. We all know that the people do not get so good a government as they deserve.

The exposé of municipal secrets avows that his impulse came from the articles in the magazines dealing with corruption and graft. He thinks the other side ought to be told, how the official owes something to the men who elected him, how without patronage he is helpless to do even the good things, how he meets with opposition from all the moment he goes contrary to the interests of one. But we virtuously refuse to believe

his tale. We fear it is the old story of "you ought to see the other fellow." The good citizen is not lightly to be slandered. He is an institution, like the British Female, and it is high treason to insinuate even that his honest pennies rub up against dishonorable dollars. Reformers own property leased for immoral purposes? We say with firmness, never! Like Mr. Potts we shall be frank: we spurn the allegation.

The investigation into the disaster to the Hudson River steamer *General Slocum* is not reassuring. It has called forth the (frequently common type, reluctant) opinions of experts, and among the least comforting of these is an expression in the *Engineering News*, where it is said that the *General Slocum* was "no worse a fire risk than the overage river or sound or horror passenger steamer in use all over the United States." This is plain language, and it looks as if it were very true. As the *Engineering News* says, the fault lies not with the inspectors, who mean to be faithful, but with the Federal laws, which are made only too often in private interests. Wood and canvas and paint are cheaper than steel and copper. Three decks will carry treble the number of passengers that one deck will hold. Light construction means cheapness of operation. Equipment stands no chance against this in time of fire. Life preservers, buoys, and boats need time for their application, and fire, started in a tinderbox, does not heed the cry for time. The remedy can not be compounded instantly. But remedy there must be, and it is high time that the particular interests of the steamboat companies were made subordinate to public safety. What we need is not better protection against fire so much as fewer fires. It is not right that we should gain our knowledge of these things at inquests. It should not take the destruction of a thousand people in twenty minutes to tell us that certain ways of building a boat are not safe.

There is an old story about a philosophic man of science, like as not the direct ancestor of that master of the polysyllable, Linnaeus, who sought to classify the animals of the earth by their outward appendages. All those fortunate beasts who enjoy the distinction of the tail were of the genus caudal, those preëminent in ears, of the genus aural, and so on. But there was one creature that defied this ancient professor: according to his classification the toad and the tadpole were no kin. So he said the toad was accursed and fatal to little children to handle.

Many theories of this antiquary have been gently exploded, but the Department of Agriculture has dissolved his final anathema, and besides added positively to our knowledge. The toad is now domesticated with the *Culex San Franciscensis* and the potato bug. It is not poisonous, it does not wear a jewel in its head, and it is worth the exact sum of nineteen dollars and forty-four cents when in good condition and without disqualifying blemish.

The modern who has so beautifully demonstrated the superiority of our present methods of classification is A. H. Kirtland, of Boston. He has noted the anatomy, the physiology, the complexion, and the abdominal capacity of the Boston toad, and from this specific specimen drawn conclusions of worldwide interest and profit: for example, the toad will consume in twenty-four hours fourfold the capacity of his stomach; he prefers ants to angleworms, and thousand-leggers to either; he has an official record at a sitting of ninety rose-bugs, of eighty-eight house-flies, of seventy-seven thousand-leggers. He is harmless, an agricultural necessity, and of the courage of the lion.

But the fancy of the earnest and thoughtful man will venture farther than the succinct statistics of Mr. Kirtland. We can not assume that his assessed value of nineteen dollars and forty-four cents is without what the astronomers are pleased to call "atmosphere." We must go deeper and look upon the toad, not as an asset, but as a producer.

The toad lays eggs like a hen. Why did not the astute Mr. Kirtland figure out the annual loss in pillows because the toad has no feathers? We are sure this would lower the standard from nineteen dollars and forty-four cents, a sum calculated on the basis that every child can get one cent for each cutworm he destroys, and that the toad destroys one thousand nine hundred and forty-four in one season.

This last consideration abolishes a fond hope that the *Argonaut* entertained when Mr. Kirtland's discovery first came to light. It seemed that if each toad earned nineteen dollars and forty-four cents every ninety days, that here at last was the solution of the mystery of the national debt. It may easily be calculated that the number of toads in existence since the ancestral pair hopped past Adam, each toad entitled to nineteen dollars and forty-four cents in cash, has thrust the world

so deeply into monetary obligations as absolutely to preclude any hope of settlement, were it not for the fact that while laying eggs the toad has steadily refused to contribute to the supply of down. This, though not emphasized by Mr. Kirtland, is undoubtedly another instance of that divine balance which offsets Boston by Chicago.

After all, the clash of arms, the mutations and permutations of politics, the progress of science and invention, disasters by land and wrecks by sea, are not the things of the highest human interest—not the acts of Presidents or the edicts of emperors, not the march of empire or conflicts of civilizations; not even speculations about the Infinite; the endeavor to probe the future, or to draw a lesson from the past. You only touch upon the very quick, you only penetrate to the core of interest, when you venture upon the theme of the relations of men and women, of the Man and the Woman, of sex and sex. You may, if you are one of those who express their views in print, put forth heretical opinions on the tariff, the trusts, the labor question—yes, even upon religion, and those who differ with you may yet differ in silence. But touch upon a question of sex, ah, then the mail-bag bulges with epistles, commendatory and condemnatory, eloquent in praise or violent in abuse.

One of the most revered of divines, one of the most influential of editors, a man of threescore and ten, the successor to the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher, regarded by many as guide, philosopher, and friend, has but lately discovered this fact for himself—or at least has had it demonstrated to him anew. Dr. Lyman Abbott, having been led to reply with candor in his paper, the *Outlook*, to the letter of "a troubled wife," finds himself not only beset by a legion of his own feminine readers, but attacked in the columns of his contemporaries, and even his views the theme of controversy in the "supplements" of the Sunday newspapers.

The letter of the troubled wife and the editorial of the now sorely troubled editor-clergyman have appeared in part in many newspapers, but in the interests of fairness we reprint them again in their entirety. First the letter of the wife:

In great distress of mind and heart, and knowing not where to seek for help, I am impelled to turn to you. My husband and I have lived together for many years of happy wedded life, not without trials and severe ones, but happy in our relationship. He was finally thrown into the company of a woman whose personality soon took a strong hold on him. She was a woman of wealth and station, but sick and unhappy in her married life, and my husband's sympathies went out to her. In purity and goodness, he sought to cheer and brighten her life, and in time her heart clung to him, and before he was aware of his danger, he realized that he loved her, I know not through what compromises with conscience—yet I know he struggled. He fancied he could be true to me and still cherish her.

As such things usually do, in time it came to my knowledge, and was such a blow as seemed to me would surely deprive me of life or reason. I can not tell you the terrible feeling, as though the sun had been blotted out and I wandered in a darkened world. Nothing seemed real, all a dreadful nightmare from which I must awaken some day. I have kept my unhappiness from everybody, although I have often felt as though I could not get up and face another day—and the feeling of unreality is so strong it often seems as though it were some one else and not I who goes about the routine of life.

We were a couple united by true love, by many similarities of taste and disposition, each with our faults, yet both striving to live the Christian life—my husband honored and loved by all who know him, ever trying to realize more fully the ideal of true manhood. Oh, can you tell me how such a horror could come into such a life? Is it possible for a man to hold two women in his heart?—for he insists he loves me as dearly as ever, and strives by every tenderness to win me back to cheerfulness. Yet truth compels him to admit that that other love still claims a place in his heart, though he has tried to banish it, and all intercourse has been broken off. Lest you should receive a wrong impression, I must state that their intimacy extended to declarations of mutual love, but was entirely innocent beyond that.

There are moments when despair overwhelms me. I feel that perhaps this passion is really the deepest, the supreme affection of his life, and in that case, what solution is there to this tragedy? Can you at least send me some one thought to cling to in those dreadful moments when I feel like giving up the struggle?

And here is Dr. Abbott's reply:

When a difficulty arises between two friends, it is always safe for both to assume that there is some wrong on both sides, and it is always wise for each one to endeavor to discover and correct his own fault. It is much easier for you to see your husband's fault than to see your own; but it is much easier for you to correct your own fault than to correct your husband's. Correcting other people's faults is always a delicate, difficult, and frequently a dangerous business. What your husband's fault is in this case we can not judge; nor have we any advice to give him, since he has not asked us for any. But it is easy to see from your letter that you are of a morbid, if not of a jealous, temperament, and that you have made yourself mentally sick by dwelling on circumstances until you have exaggerated them and probably misinterpreted them.

You say that your husband's action has been innocent. Why not assume that his motives also have been innocent? You affirm that for many years he has been honored and loved by



all who knew him, ever trying to realize more fully the ideal of true manhood. Why imagine that he has now ceased to realize this endeavor and ceased to deserve this honor and affection? You affirm that he insists that he loves you as dearly as ever, and strives by every tenderness to win you back to cheerfulness. Why not accept this insistence and go back to cheerfulness?

Is it wrong for a husband to find interest and attraction in the society of a woman other than his own wife? Is it wrong for a wife to find interest and attraction in the society of a man other than her own husband? It may be. It may not be. It depends entirely upon the circumstances, the conditions, the nature, and degree of the interest and the attraction. No one person, not even a faithful and loyal wife, can fill to the full all the life of any other person, though he be a devoted husband. Our lives are complicated; they have many elements in them, and they must get their supply through many avenues and from many springs. All that a wife has any right to ask is that kind of loyalty and devotion which puts her first and supreme in his regard. All that a husband has a right to ask of his wife is similar supreme regard. If your husband were abandoning you for some other companion, it would be right that you should feel the keenest sorrow and indignation. But the reverse is the case. He has discovered that his interest in and attachment to another woman, a woman apparently of uprightness and integrity, is troubling you. He has ceased all social relations with her. Is not this sufficient evidence that you have the supreme place in his affections, and that he gives you the loyalty which you have a right to ask?

Our advice to you, then, is to lay aside your tears, to banish your sorrows, to cease dwelling upon a circumstance which may have been ill, but which it is almost certain you have exaggerated, and to return to your cheerfulness. If your husband has been wrong, your plain duty is to win him back to righteousness; and you will do this, not by self-indulgence in your grief, but by giving to him the love which he asks and the joy which comes with love. Even if you have to pretend to some gladness which you do not feel, it were better than to impose upon him the gloom of a morbid sorrow which you ought not to feel. Stop thinking about yourself and your own sufferings; think about him and what you can do to make him happy. Happiness flees from those who pursue her. Happiness pursues those who forget themselves and think only of others.

The many letters that have been printed in controversy of Dr. Abbott's views are distinguished rather for intensity of feeling than by logic of argument. But a fair statement of their case might run somewhat after this fashion:

When a pure woman, proud in her young womanhood, surrenders herself in marriage to the man she loves and whom she believes loves her, she gives him her all. She gives more than the man; she capitulates; his is no capitulation. And giving greatly, she greatly asks that he shall keep himself in thought and word and deed, true.

To such a woman, the knowledge that she no longer has her husband's love is a tragedy. It matters not that duty and convention call him back to her; that he reluctantly dissolves his relationship with the other woman; that he protests that he loves her as "dearly as ever." Love, that is neither pity, nor friendship, nor loyalty, but the very passion of passions, has vanished. Nothing can bring it back.

And the pity of it is that the finer the woman the greater her tragedy. The prouder she is—and a woman should be proud—the deeper must be her shame. As a delicate machine is most easily injured, so the woman of high fine spirit, whose senses are keen, whose heart is pure, whose instincts are most true, must suffer most. Only in the sunshine of love does such a woman bloom; when love's sun sets, she droops, wilts, dies. It is a tragedy of tragedies.

To say to such an one in the hour of her sorrow "Be cheerful," is mere mockery. Does the surgeon say "Be cheerful" to the wounded soldier as his life flows out through the severed arteries? Does the wise man say "Be cheerful" to the mother whose son lies dead upon her knees? It is right that the woman should sorrow. The measure of her pain is the measure of her womanhood. She may hide her grief, she may face the world with steady eye and lip that trembles not, but if she grieves not then hers was a little love—a paltry passion. She is no kin of the great brave spirits that the poets love.

A great passion is always admirable. It is only the great wrath of a man that forms the subject of the supreme poem, the Iliad. Despicable are only they who, servile, bow to each passing wind of circumstance. A pure woman, justly jealous, righteously an angered, is no pitiful figure. A pure woman, proudly sorrowing for a vanished love, compromising not on friendship or a pale affection begot by association, is more worthy of admiration than she who weakly gathers the crumbs that fall from the table where she once sat mistress.

To encourage friendship between a husband and a woman not his wife is madness. It betrays in Dr. Abbott a profound ignorance of the nature of the heart of man that he countenances such relationships. Human experience declares with no uncertain voice that the sole safe way for a man to preserve the integrity of his love is to enter upon no warm friendship with women not his wife, to seek neither feminine sympathy, consolation, nor affection outside the walls of his home.

Such as the above, in its general lines, is the argu-

ment that the feminine opponents of Dr. Abbott make. But there is much to be said on the other side.

It is fine to be heroic. It is fine to make a great sacrifice for a principle. They are honored by the world who march out to die for an idea. But not all of us are so constituted. We are not all cast in heroic mold. With most of us life is a series of compromises. For comfort, we sacrifice a principle. Often it is that which is expedient, not that which is right, which we do. We capitulate to circumstance. Knowing in our hearts that we should declare war to save honor, we weakly submit to a dishonorable peace. It may not be fine so to do, but who is guiltless?

So it may be with "the troubled wife." Only the strong soul rises superior to circumstance, and if she be weak, dependent, helpless, the best advice after all may be "lay aside your tears and banish your sorrows." If she be not strong enough to breast the waves and touch some other shore, why struggle at all against the current? Time is a great healer. To preserve the integrity of the family, though love abides there no longer, may be no small recompense. The wise know to what evils that she knows not of the woman flies when she leaves husband (even though he be unloving), friends, and associations, to battle with the world again, alone.

Such, superficially, are the two sides of the problem put by the letter of "a troubled wife" and the reply of Dr. Abbott. But, in fact, the problem in its protean forms is as old as the race. Who shall have the hardihood to say: "Thus and so and thus and so only doth the answer read?"

Political platforms are not distinguished for their veracity, but even the hardest politician will find it difficult to repress a smile when he reads in the Democratic

platform (as reported by the committee) that the trusts and combinations . . . fostered and promoted under Republican rule, are a menace," etc., and then bethinks him that the candidate who stands on that platform is the creature of "Dave" Hill, of Albany, and William F. Sheehan, of New York, ably assisted by the funds furnished by August Belmont—Syndicate Belmont—of Wall Street. The nomination of Theodore Roosevelt at Chicago was in response to the unanimous demand of the plain people, and was even secretly opposed by the professional politicians. The nomination of Parker, the Sphinx of Esopus, at St. Louis, is, on the other hand, dictated by three politicians of unsavory reputation. At the hour when we write, the formal balloting has not taken place, but we assume that Parker is the nominee ere these lines are read.

The convention has so far been marked by many spectacular features. Silence—not a cheer—greeted Bryan when he took his seat. Later, however, he was given a ripple of cheers, and just as the convention adjourned the first day, there came some cries of "Bryan!" "Bryan!" from over the hall, the demonstration lasting nearly a minute. Considering that, when all is said, 6,300,000 Democrats voted for Bryan for President of the United States in 1900, he presented, on the first day of the convention, a mournful and disconsolate spectacle. On the second day, he got cheers, but few votes, and according to the reports the demonstration was largely upon the initiative of the gallery. The cheering for Bryan lasted twenty minutes, and exceeded in volume the counter-cheering for Parker. But when the contest for the Illinois delegation—in which Bryan and Hearst were ranged on one side and the Parker forces on the other—came to a vote, 647 ballots represented the strength of Parker, and only 299 the strength of Hearst and Bryan. It was a decisive defeat.

The Cleveland demonstration was significant. When, on Wednesday, his name was mentioned by Temporary Chairman Williams, wild cheering began, and continued for ten minutes. Two enthusiastic enthusiasts were thrown out of the hall. There were fist fights on the floor. We observed last week that many Democrats were apparently in profound ignorance of their own minds, but we never expected such confirmation of the fact as that a delegate from Iowa instructed for Hearst should rise and shout for Grover Cleveland! It is very evident from the Cleveland enthusiasm manifested that had not Hill and Belmont engineered the Parker boom so shrewdly, the sage of Princeton would in all likelihood have been tendered the nomination.

Another surprise of the first day's session was the failure of John Sharp Williams to make a favorable impression upon the convention. His leadership of the House during the past year was brilliant. There is said to have been every desire on the part of the convention to lionize him. But his slight figure, unkempt hair, spectacles, light voice, and lack of magnetism, lost him the attention of the assembly. He lost his temper, and, despite general confusion and cries of "Time!" spoke

for an hour and twenty minutes. When he finished there were no cheers.

Despite his failure as an orator, however, the speech reads well. It is mostly sophistry, of course, but still good sophistry. He spoke of "Rooseveltism and its volcanic, eruptive, and reckless character." He cleverly quoted the President on Root and Root on the President, speaking of the two as forming a "mutual admiration society of me, too, Teddy, and me, too, Elihu." He said the two had also been suspected of "unconscious identity of cerebration," and went on to quote identical passages in speeches of Roosevelt and Root. He took full advantage of the refusal of the Republican leaders in the House to permit an investigation of the postal scandals. He was cheered when he said, in commenting on the assertion in the Republican platform, "We fought a quick, victorious war with Spain," that "Dewey was a Democrat, Miles was a Democrat, and Schley was a Democrat," and that a Republican administration "snubbed the first, tried to disgrace the second, and insulted the third."

Hearst seems to cut a not very imposing figure in the convention. The principle, "Claim everything," which does very well for journalistic purposes, is not a principle to command respect when carried into effect in a national convention. The California delegation has made itself conspicuous by marching about shouting,

California, California,  
First, First, First,  
California, California,  
Hearst, Hearst, Hearst,

a political yell more rhythmical than sensible.

The naval situation in the Far East has within a fortnight altogether changed. From the very outbreak of the war up to a recent date the Japanese have been absolute masters of the sea. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur was believed to have been so seriously shattered that it was comparatively useless, and the four cruisers at Vladivostok were believed to be overawed by Admiral Kamimura's fleet. The Japanese have not admitted that any of their battle-ships and cruisers, with one or two notable exceptions, have been injured. In brief, all signs pointed to the continued Japanese control of the sea and consequent easy and safe transport of troops and supplies.

But events of the past week have rendered this doubtful. We know, according to Admiral Togo's own report, that six battle-ships, five cruisers, and fourteen torpedo-boat destroyers, all seaworthy, sailed out of Port Arthur Harbor on June 23d. We know, by the same authority, that Togo retired and refused to give battle with his big ships. He says that his destroyers damaged two cruisers and sank a battle-ship, but, though two weeks have elapsed, the Russians still maintain that no battle-ship was sunk, and it is indeed doubtful. From Vladivostok, three destructive raids have been made by the three cruisers there, and Admiral Kamimura has been totally unable to prevent their safe return to port. Furthermore, it is reported that Russian torpedo-boats from Port Arthur have attacked Japanese transports on the west coast of the Liao Tung Peninsula, and also that a torpedo-boat has ventured from Port Arthur to Newchang with dispatches, and has safely returned. The suspicion grows, therefore, that something is wrong with the Japanese fleet. It has ceased to be aggressive; its hold upon the situation has relaxed. This, it would seem, can only be due to weakness, either through the damage to the vessels by Russian guns, or to deterioration resulting from the arduous campaign of the last five months. Captain Mahan has significantly pointed out that the huge guns on the battle-ships can only be fired some one hundred and fifty times, when they become practically useless. Admiral Togo has been bombarding Port Arthur for a long time, and it may be that he begins to feel keenly the necessity for husbanding his strength. Besides, in the conflict that is bound to come between the Japanese and Russian fleets, it is absolutely necessary not only that the former shall win, but that it shall win without great damage to itself. For if in this battle the Japanese fleet be greatly weakened, the Russian Baltic fleet, now being slowly put in fighting trim, might sail for the Far East with good hope of driving the Japanese vessels into the shelter of their harbors, and interrupting the transport of men and of the supplies so necessary for the subsistence of the Japanese army in Manchuria.

As to the land operations, it seems the present policy of the Japanese absolutely to prevent knowledge of the situation about Port Arthur, and to send out misleading reports about the manœuvres incident to the great battle yet to be fought between the troops of Kuropatkin and Kuroki. Rumor says that the Japanese troops have driven and are driving back the Russian troops in the north, and that some of the forts about Port Arthur have been captured. Both rumors seem probable, but still they are only rumors.



## COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE.

The Murder on the Black Island.

The California sun cast its net of fine gold on the Orange County court-house, and the hundred yards of wide, green lawn. The glistening mesh of that same net clung to magnolias and acacia trees, which, lining the great square, border it with a tunnel of waxen green. In vain the rose lifted its red blush to the white magnolia blooms, for they, dreaming of California's far blue sky, saw it not.

Over the blinding cement walk, with pallor on his lined and scornful face, strode counsel for the defense, slowly, slowly. The sun was the sun of early afternoon; and on him, too, and on his wide forehead and his long gray hair, it wove its sorceries. The world was a dream. To the stone steps, under the sheer red walls of Arizona sandstone, strode counsel for the defense.

There he paused and turned, and with an air of strange solemnity he gazed upon the golden sward and on the golden trees; and like the eye of the eagle his eye was raised and stared into the California sun. When he had done thus, and flung a wayward look of gray from off his brow, counsel for the defense went in.

The audience in the court-room was quiet. The furnishings of polished oak were ponderous and new. Aloft the pale judge sat far down in his chair, his fingers halted as though they would twist his sandy mustache, but twisting it not. The attorney for the prosecution, young and fat, strode to and fro. And here sat a woman; and yonder sat a man. The jury wore a rural and unkempt air, and the history of California's long, unlovely struggle with the soil was writ heavy, heavy in deep marks along the jury's brow.

Counsel for the defense, tossing his mane, wrapped in thought, and clutching the fingers of his left hand with his right, stood tall before the jury-box, like a eucalyptus tree that has bent a thousand times to the breath of the Pacific, and a thousand times sprung back, throwing out its grandly ragged plumage to the sun.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to make it simple; I want to clear away all haze. I wouldn't if I could throw round the naked limbs of this great tragedy a veil of words confusing; as my friend, counsel for the prosecution," he drew a long, cool breath, "has did."

"A fitter from the prosecuting counsel, who, with his hands flapping under the tail of his coat, strode to and fro. A smile went flickering round. And like a beast, wrapped in the power of a beast's subjective mentality, counsel for the defense turned his face of unutterable scorn about. Long was that countenance, shaven and bony, and time had anchored down one whole lower quarter of it into an expression of incredible contempt. Yet in his eyes rose for a moment some ghost of dead humor, and he said, wearily:

"They smile at my grammar. Gentlemen, they stand before this naked tragedy and smile. They mean that I should say 'has done.' Yet with that very grammar, gentleman of the jury, have I won more cases, in a life somewhat long, and somewhat stormy, and freed more innocent men from punishment iniquitous, than counsel for the prosecution is likely ever to win with his, or by his harnessed language send the guiltless to the grave. And now," he swept again the jury with his eye, and fell again into his profound subjectivity, "now, when I stand, like some old trunk, not far from the immeasurable precipice; now, when the liquid years have solidified, and the strata of my soul have saw their liquid days; and hardened into layers geologic, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't a-going to change my grammar now."

The fearful face of the woman was ever turned upon him. He had not looked at her.

"What then are the fundamental elements of this case? A woman," he seemed to dream over the word, "dwells in a tiny rented cottage on an island in the centre of Newport Bay, with a man—her husband or her paramour. On the night of May 29th that man was shot, and died. On that same night two witnesses saw, hurrying across the water in a boat, then running on toward Newport Beach, this defendant."

Without turning his head he flung out his arm, toward the prisoner, a man of sneering and treacherous face, fine features, small hands, and careful dress.

"Aside from medical testimony," continued counsel for the defense, "the State has but three witnesses. First, those two who saw this man flee; and know and saw no more. Their testimony you may, in sifting this case to its simplest form, dismiss from your minds; because all that they say, defendant admits. There remains then, as opposed to the testimony of the defense, one witness only."

A film came over the eyes of counsel for the defense; upon his brow was a dampness cold. Slow and mechanical was his turning of the body toward her, whereupon the film departed and the steel of his eye struck suddenly upon hers, as he said: "That single witness is—the woman."

Hers was a face of tragedy and appeal. Its anguish was its beauty. She gazed on counsel for the defense as though he were some miracle of terror and of consolation. Her less than forty years were young. He turned away. "And as opposed," he said, "to

her explicit statement that this defendant slew the victim in her very presence, defense has only the testimony of two witnesses. First, the story of a man who, standing on a part of the shore distant from the spot where this defendant landed when he fled, there heard in that same hour the grating of another boat upon the rocks. The spot from which the sound arose was hid from him; but, walking thither, he beheld the boat itself, where no boat had been a quarter of an hour before, drifting away. An oar was flung upon the ground, and witness thinks he heard the sound of running feet, as of one escaping."

He paused and wiped his brow; the scorn upon his face was luminous.

"Second, the testimony of defendant, unshaken by the scorching rhetoric of my honorable opponent for the prosecution. Defendant says that he has known the woman and the man for many years; that he is in possession of the secret of their lives, and refuses to divulge it; that he had made visits to the island before this night; and that on this night he, rowing toward it, heard noises from the cottage leading him to believe that another man, beside this woman's companion, was therein, and that a fearful quarrel was then in progress. Defendant therefore retreated; defendant heard a shot, and fearing that he, as the only known visitor to that spot, might be entangled in a tragedy, he fled.

"Behold then two contradictory souls facing each other: the woman's soul and the man's, swearing to opposites; and in the bosom of each is the truth; and on the lips of one a lie. Consider first the defendant's testimony. Gentlemen of the jury, if it is false, is it not likewise childish? Is it not too childishly simple to be false? Look at his face!—look at his face!—as he crouches there in that unspeakable dread that hounds the falsely accused. See the intelligence of that brow, the fire of that inscrutable eye, the cunning of those cultured lips, and tell me, tell me, is that the face of one who, guilty and driven to deceit, could invent no likelier tale than this? Far from it, gentlemen, far from it! That mask is the mask of one who, if guilty and driven to bay, could fabricate a lie so perfect and ingenious that the simple, childish tale he tells would be but a flimsy veil beside it.

"If he had slain the victim; if he had fled; if on the shore he had saw the witness (as he did) who saw his flight, and known therefore that the establishment of an alibi was practically impossible, gentlemen, would he have dared to face you with so idle a tale as this?"

Counsel for the defense flung up his hand and, his gaunt face was lifted as he cried:

"Never! Never! Knowing himself guilty; knowing his flight witnessed; knowing an alibi impossible; unaware of any other visitor to the island on whom to fasten guilt; ignorant of any other boat drifting in mute testimony of that midnight crime; and, finally, well aware that a cause for the victim's hatred against himself could be adduced in court—I say, gentlemen of the jury, no such flimsy tale as this would have come to the mind behind yon cold and cunning countenance. His plea in such a case would inevitably have been—self-defense."

The speaker paused; he grew weary, weary; he had a pallid, lonely face; and over his eyes he passed his long and ugly hand.

"No," he said; "the very simplicity of his story is its truth. The very unlikeliness of his defense is its likeness. It is not clever; it is queer—so queer that it is natural, for nature's law is the law of the unexpected. And gentlemen," he slowly shook his head, "it seems to me to be the truest story from the lips of man accused of murder, that ever I—that ever I—"

Counsel for the defense sighed heavily; he let his yearning eye fall on the jurors one by one; and forgot.

At length he finished. "That ever I seen," he said.

The prosecuting attorney, who, in his rapid walking to and fro, had now and then halted and fixed on the speaker a fiery look of rebellion, and seemed about to start from his very shoes with objections, now continued his promenade, and chuckled and flapped his hands under the diverted tails of his coat.

The woman had leaned further and further over the polished oak table toward counsel for the defense, her body strained against it, her elbow upon it, her blue-white hand supporting her chin. Still, as though she stared at both a horror and a fascination, her suffering eyes were bent upon the speaker.

He had for a moment bowed and gazed upon the floor; now he lifted his head as though there were a great weight upon it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this woman."

Her fingers drew up tight along her cheek, and were clinched. He paused long.

"I come to the conclusion," counsel said, "that she lied. Why? Perchance for the noblest of a woman's reasons, to shield another!"

He grew intense and terrible; he swept the whole room with his burning eye of scorn, and cried:

"Let me recall, then, her testimony, her sacrifice, the hallowed perjury of her woman's heart. She does not deny that the murdered man was not her husband. She swears that this defendant knew her secret, and was forever hounding her and her companion in their hiding, demanding and receiving from

the murdered man a tribute for his silence. She swears that on the fatal night this prisoner's intrusions had gone so far beyond endurance that her paramour rebelled; and when defendant once again demanded tribute for his silence, there then ensued a bitter quarrel, leading to a struggle, in the midst of which this prisoner drew his weapon from his pocket, and before her eyes fired the fatal shot, and fled.

"Gentlemen, is there not in this very tale an admission which explains her reason for inventing it? Secret? Aha!—" He shook his hand in air; his face was deathly pale, and his eye was again the daring one that had looked into the California sun. "What secret? What secret is this that lurks behind the painted canvas of her fabrication, holding within itself the germs of murder! Silence. No answer. That secret, locked in the bosom of this woman, sealed by the thin and cunning lips of this defendant, you will never know. But see! He wrested from them tribute for his silence. Who, who, gentlemen of the jury, could ever wrest such tribute unless the payers feared? And if they feared, and feared to such degree that they would pay thus heavily for safety, was there not then pursuing them, or ready to pursue, some being who inspired that fear, some being," counsel's voice was hoarse and his tall body bent far over toward the jury, "some being whom these two had wronged, ready for vengeance; breathing out of the black night of this unfathomable mystery fire of hate and death, like pursuing lightnings from the bosom of the midnight storm—ready, therefore, to slay?"

Flung upward like the eucalyptus tree when the wind has passed, his tall form straightened. The woman had gripped the table's edge; she seemed stunned.

"And if pursuing," continued counsel for defense, again with great weariness, "perhaps finding at last. In spite of concealment, in spite of tribute, in spite of shame, repentance, misery, and woman's anguish—perhaps successful at last! Who knows what form of man emerges at length from out the shadows behind them, man loving her still, loving her still with all his soul, trampled and poisoned though it be? Who knows what lonely figure stands upon the shore of Newport Bay at night, the goal before him, and the wreck of life behind! See; yonder is the island, small blacker spot in his world's blackness, yet thereupon, for him, the lurid fires of hell. He enters his boat and rows thither; the night breathes damply on his ruin; the night envelopes him in clinging veils of gentleness; yet here upon this island, here in these lonely cottage walls, still glow for him the lurid fires of hell. He lands. He walks straight up the height. A beam of light issues through a crack of the door; he opens; and stalks in."

Counsel for the defense was trembling; over the face of counsel for the defense fled horrid pallor. The woman seemed as though, at the very moment when she must scream, she was turned to stone.

"The lamplight falls upon him. The door is closed. Behold revenge! Behold the mighty retribution, glaring upon them, its eyes set in rock. Yet even as she gazes on him, dumb, there rushes into her woman's orbs a flood of terrible relief. To the bottom of the pit has her suffering and her shame descended, and up out of the bottom thereof her repentance and her love arise. Behold, with all her heart, still she loves him. And he, glaring upon them with the eyes that are set in rock, with all his wrecked and poisoned soul, he loves her still:

"And as he stands, the wretch who stabbed them both springs up, and fearing death, plunges upon the dreaded apparition. And the apparition, drawing his weapon, fires, and slays her slavery and breaks her chains, and flees."

The jury marked how the fingers of his hand, raised high above his head, shook like the fingers of a palm leaf in the desert wind. Counsel for the defense was haggard. And some saw with curiosity, then with alarm, that the woman, sitting rigid in her chair, had lost all consciousness.

He stood with his back upon her, staring at the wall, while they revived, her. They wished to lead her away, but she would not go. She was all right now, she said. Her mind again gathering up the broken pieces of her life, and the beauty of her anguish again upon her face, she turned to hear the rest.

"Denounce her for the lie?" he cried; and here a ghostly, curious smile went past his face, and left it placid. "No; rather am I here to defend her for it. Am I not, then, counsel for the defense? For that lie, gentlemen of the jury, I hallow her. Here, with what tenderness I may, I place her naked soul upon the utmost pinnacle of honor; and see, in this her lying, that soul's most beautiful product and most lovely fruit. Told though it was to send a guiltless villain to the gallows, it is the ripe juice of the tangled vine of her torn heart, pressed out, bleeding its loveliness and its repentance, for the saving of him who dares not save himself! See her problem; see the struggle that rends her! And she nerves herself," he wheeled upon her with a look of adoration, "a heroine stained and wretched, nerves herself to sacrifice the guiltless wicked for the guilty and the beloved. And I honor her for it.

"No admiration from me for a pale and systematized



morality; for truth that is true only because tied to some old rule that prohibits a lie. Rather than morality I honor that which calls for a soul to rise when caught between two millstones, and hurl down one. And so this woman, caught as she was between the millstones of the problem, now breaks upon my view with something of grandeur. She has did the noblest thing that woman's heart could do: she has lied."

Now his form went through its last agitation; on her he turned his solemn eyes, and seemed to dream.

"If I were that man who loved her, and who, because his love would not be slain and would not die, stained his hand in blood to break her chain; if I were that miserable wretch, haunted, hiding, suffering day and night the tortures of the damned, worshipping her still, brooding on the scattered embers of his life, fearing that the innocent might suffer for his crime, yet daring not to come forth and drag himself, and her, to death; if I were that crushed and pitiable being, I would see in this lie a light upon her love, and know that it answered mine and lived yet and sprang up pure and repentant out of the dregs. And with all my soul," he raised his face as though he threw the great weight off, "with all my soul I would forgive her."

He paused and stood; at length he turned to look about, as though dazed. And then he sat him down. As he did so the terror departed from her eyes. She melted; she flung down her head upon the polished oak, and broke into sobs.

The jury sighed, as with a strain relieved, and sank into strange, hypnotic torpor, from which not even the hottest blasts of eloquence from the prosecuting attorney, who (having saved his objections till now) poured out refutation for an hour, could rouse them. A bitterness was in the words of counsel for the prosecution; the flush of embattled failure was on his brow. During his speech, counsel for the defense sat motionless; and the woman raised not her head. Toward evening a verdict was rendered—not guilty.

Most of the audience had departed long since. Counsel for the defense, whose eye had seemed to pierce the panels of the jury's door, arose, and threw back his shoulders and breathed a long, long sigh. He took his hat, and seeing no one, stalked toward the door with a sedate tread.

Suddenly the freed man was before him; his face a mixture of gratitude and dastardliness. He was pale with relief, and thrust out a clean, nervous hand.

Counsel for the defense looked through him; counsel for the defense looked over him; the shadow of his unutterable scorn was on the lawyer's face—and disappeared. He left the hand untaken, and stalked out.

The California sky was red with the dying fires of day; flushed were the magnolia blooms, and all the trees were still like waxen things in the hush of evening. Away yonder down the straight and level streets, new with the bright enterprise of Western newness, walked the woman. And here strode he.

The railway station was far away; but she walked thither. A train was leaving for Newport Beach, and boarding it she sat down. The past, the present, the future, were as a veil woven between the world and her set face.

Through the rear door of the car came counsel for the defense, and likewise sat him down, a dozen seats behind her. Amid walnut groves, then over the wide barley fields of the San Joaquin ranch, rushed the train. The distant mountains were losing the last pink flush; the air of ocean fluttered in. The woman's head leaned back, and she stared at the roof of the car.

Out on the wharf, as though it would cool its steamy fury in the waters of the sea, the train rushed and halted. She came out, and passing her hand across her wide, dumb eyes, gazed at the little resort, beautiful in the first shades of dusk, at the sea roaring up the wide, flat beach, and at some bathers leaping in its breakers.

From them she turned, and going down to the sea's edge, walked away from the town, along the damp, firm sand, the sea running up to worship at her feet.

Behind her at a distance, over the same sand, over her footsteps washed away, came counsel for the defense. The dusk was deepening, a lonely and a sounding universe was this, and they two were in the empty middle of it, alone.

One long, hollow mile, and the waters and the sands; then she turned inward over the dunes, and struggling across them, came to an arm of Newport Bay, and stood by its quiet waters on a deserted shore.

He, too, came over the dunes, and approached the bay. He saw her standing alone beside a boat, gazing across to yonder little island, with woman's everlasting hunger on her face. And so—counsel for the defense came near.

"Mary," he said.

She turned. He had taken off his hat, and the seawind blew his iron-gray hair about his face. She shut her eyes.

"Mary—" he cried, her anguish passing into him; "haven't I—said enough?"

But she stood with her eyes shut. So—counsel for the defense came nearer.

"Mary," he cried; his voice was hoarse. "Can't you take it?"

But she still stood with her eyes shut. And therefore counsel for the defense stretched out his arms and took her back to him.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1904.

## THE PROGRESS WITH RADIUM

How to Discover Radio-Activity—Failure of Radium as a Cancer Cure—The Transmutation Theory—Its Bearing on the Philosophy of the Universe.

One of the most interesting new facts about that most interesting of substances, radium, is that it is very widely distributed, though perhaps in quantities of inconceivable minuteness. Professor Henry Andrews Bumstead, of the Sheffield Scientific School, has demonstrated absolutely that radio-active gas is to be found in the ground and surface water about New Haven, Conn. This gas is apparently identical with the emanation from radium. In the paper embodying his results, he says: "As rain water does not contain a radio-active gas, although it does contain an active solid residue, the only hypothesis which seemed to be left to account for the presence of the gas in this surface water was that the water had come in contact with the gas in its passage through the ground and had dissolved some of it."

Abroad, it has been discovered by Lord Blythwood and H. Stanley Allen, working jointly, that the waters of the hot mineral springs of Bath are similarly radio-active. This is also true of the ordinary tap water at Cambridge, England.

Many minerals are likewise radio-active. Radio-activity has been observed in slag, tailings from concentrators, slimes, chemical wastes, deep well waters, and petroleum. If any substance is moderately radio-active, the fact is discoverable by any one possessing a knowledge of photography. The method is simple. The substance suspected of radio-activity should be placed on a sensitive photographic plate, from which the enclosing black paper has not been removed, and underneath should be placed a small metal object. The whole should be permitted to remain for some time in a dark room. Then the plate should be developed, and if the specimen tested has radio-active powers, a photograph of the metal object will be produced on the plate exactly as if the plate had been exposed to the sun's rays.

The use of radium in medicine, of which so much was heard a few months ago, has been abandoned for the present, as most sensible people expected would be the case. At the London Cancer Hospital, where extensive experiments were carried on, there was no benefit in any case, and positive injury in some. The surface of the skin became inflamed, a blister formed and dried up, but that was all. At the Berlin University Eye and Ear Hospital, Professor Greef reported, after many experiments, that "it is absolutely certain that the blind at present can not expect the slightest help from radium." Professor Etnier, of Vienna, also failed utterly in his experiments on cancer with radium. Nor has anything further been heard of the wondrous things that Dr. Morton, of New York, was to accomplish with his "liquid sunshine," to which the Sunday newspapers gave such liberal space.

The enormous cost of procuring radium bromide (pure radium has not yet been procured) still handicaps the chemists of the world in their attempts to solve the mystery of the radiations. The great chemists are still divided into two schools—those who believe that transmutation of the elements has been witnessed, and those who believe that there "is some mistake" about the experiments of the transmutationists.

As explained by Sir Oliver Lodge, the new school of chemists hold that matter and force are forms of the same thing. Every chemical atom is composed of thousands and thousands of *electrons*, positive and negative, in a state of violent movement. In the case of most "elements"—iron and steel, for example—the *electrons* composing the atom are sufficiently stable so that no change is discoverable in the substance, even when observed through a long period of time. The *electrons* that compose an atom of radium, however, are constantly being ejected at an amazing speed (one hundred thousand miles a second) and they rapidly rearrange themselves into other atoms, no longer atoms of radium, but atoms of a totally different substance, helium. This operation is not affected by temperature, proceeding with the same rapidity at red heat as at the temperature of liquid air. An enormous amount of heat is dissipated by radium in this process of dissolution, and Professor Rutherford, of Montreal University, has suggested, in view of the fact that radium is widely diffused through the earth, and presumably is constantly disintegrating and producing heat, that the heat of the earth and sun are in part maintained by radium. In such case, the famous calculation of Lord Kelvin as to the age of the earth, based on loss of the initial heat, would be seriously vitiated.

But the most important consequence of the alleged discovery of the mutability of matter is in its extension of the principle of evolution to the chemical world, it having been already recognized in every other department of cosmic activity. To quote from the summary of an address by Sir Oliver Lodge in the *London Times*:

Activity was the rule through the whole world of life through the solar system and the stellar universe also. Birth, culmination, and decay was the rule, whether it were for a plant or an animal, or for a nation, or a planet, or a sun.

Twenty years ago it was thought that the atoms of matter were exempt from this liability to change. The form or grouping of the visible material aggregates changed, indeed, but, as Maxwell said, the atoms themselves "remained constant . . . they were the foundation stones of the material universe, and were perfect in size and number and weight, un-

changed and unchangeable, not capable of wear, but as true to-day as when they were coined at the mint of the mighty Artificer in some inconceivable dawn of creation." Not so; the process of change had now been found to reach to these also. Nothing material was permanent. Millions and billions, ay, trillions of years it might last, but it was slowly changing, not merely the groupings, but the foundation stones themselves. The atoms were crumbling and decaying; must they not also be forming and coming to the birth? This last they did not know as yet; it was the next thing to be looked for. Decay only, without birth and culmination, could not be the last word.

As is to be expected, the revolutionary transmutation theory of Sir Oliver, Ramsay, Crookes, and others is combatted by chemists both in this country and on the Continent. Professor Trowbridge, of Washington, for example, mildly suggests that it is more likely that the helium, supposed by Ramsay to have been produced by the "disintegration" of radium, was associated with it all the time, being at first undiscovered. Professor Clemens Winkler, one of the foremost chemists of Germany, even goes so far as seriously to contend that the evidence for the very existence of such an element as radium is still not sufficient to warrant entire acceptance. On the other hand, Dr. Oswald, another almost equally famous German, tentatively agrees with Sir William Ramsay that all substances have a common basis.

The trouble is, the extreme difficulty with which radium may be obtained baffles investigators. Working with infinitely small quantities the results can only be somewhat inconclusive. What is needed is an Andrew Carnegie to endow a laboratory solely for the purpose of elucidating the secret of radium, which may go far toward solving "the riddle of the painful earth."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Rosenberg, of Galveston, Tex., bequeathed funds for the erection of a library to be used for negroes exclusively. This is the first instance of the kind in the South.

Emperor William has not yet taken to golf, but his brother, Prince Henry, plays a good deal, and has founded an excellent course of his own at Kiel. The emperor was once asked by a leading member of the English Golf Club of Berlin whether he approved of the game, and whether his Cabinet ministers would not do well to take to it. His answer was characteristic. "What? I suggest to my ministers that they should play games? No, thank you. They have work enough to do. Let them stay at home and do it."

Senator Fairbanks is peculiarly of the type of men who reach high positions in this country. Starting as a poor boy, he worked hard on the farm in his early days. Later he became a carpenter, but found himself ill fitted for a trade. He then went to college, and then to Pittsburg, and became a newspaper reporter, and, notwithstanding the arduous and exacting duties of that occupation, he found, or made, the time to study law, and was soon admitted to the bar. Then he went to Indianapolis, and there built up a lucrative practice, his suave manner but reticent habit serving him in excellent stead in that profession.

Paul Morton, the new Secretary of the Navy, who, in his capacity as vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, is numbered among the leading Western railway men of the younger generation, is the eldest son of the late J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's second Cabinet. He was born in 1857, and for the last few years has been a citizen of Illinois. In 1896, Mr. Morton cast in his lot with the Palmer and Buckner Democrats. When McKinley's second campaign was being carried on, he joined the Republican forces, and has been an ardent Republican ever since. He was appointed alternate to Speaker Cannon in the national convention this year.

William F. G. Shanks, a noted war-correspondent in the Civil War, says that he can recall the names of only eight other correspondents of that period who are still living. They are Whitelaw Reid, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, now editor-in-chief of the *Tribune*; Edmund C. Stedman, of the *World*, now editing a history of the New York Stock Exchange; George Alfred Townsend, of the *World*, now farming in Maryland; Joseph Howard, Jr., of the *Times*, now correspondent of the *Boston Globe*; George F. Williams, of the *Times*, now disconnected; George W. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, now of the *London Times*; Henry Waterson, of the *Chatanooga Rebel*, now editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*; Cadwallader, of the *Herald*, now retired in California.

Howard Chandler Christy was defendant before Magistrate Whitman, in Yorkville police court, the other day, on a charge of assault preferred by James Cooney, a cabman, who appeared in court with both eyes blackened and his face bruised, the result of a fight on a ferry-boat. According to the cabman's story, Christy and a friend were in an automobile. Christy was amusing himself by tooting the horn, which caused the cabman's horse to plunge. He remonstrated. Christy told him to "shut up!" The cabby showed fight, and Christy and his friend made a football out of him on the deck of the ferry-boat. Christy struck him in the face, knocking him down and blacking his eyes, while both men kicked him. Christy was, however, discharged by the judge.



## FRANCE'S LATEST SCANDAL.

The Carthusian Bribery Case Revived—Premier Combes's Sensational Revelation—Violent Scenes Follow His Speech—Investigators Appointed—Who was the Intermediary?

Although the Carthusian monks (makers of the famous *liqueur*, chartreuse), have been ordered expelled, along with other Roman catholic religious orders, from France, the echoes of their order of expulsion are almost as loud as was the original uproar. The story of bribery has been revived, and it has created a scandal, with an accompaniment of violent talk, and accusations and counter-accusations, such as make it worth while for a Frenchman to be a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

It was in March, 1903, that the first mention of bribery was made. At that time Abbé Lemire appeared before the Chamber and made a plea that the Carthusians be allowed to remain in France, urging on their behalf that, as they were engaged in the manufacture of cordials, they formed, in a large measure, an organization different from the other religious orders and entitled to more consideration. He also set forth that their benefactions were many, and that their withdrawal would mean a serious financial loss to the department of the Isere. There was a long debate over the matter. M. Combes, who was upheld by a large majority, insisted that the Carthusians be treated as the other monks were, and asserted that they had been working against the government. M. Combes took occasion, at the same time, to denounce M. Besson, editor of the *Petit Dauphinois*, who asserted that he had been approached by M. Combes's son with an offer to secure legislation favorable to the Carthusians for the sum of one million francs.

There was a judicial inquiry at the time into the affair, but nothing ever came of it, and the public seemed to consider that M. Combes had not made a very satisfactory explanation of his or his son's connection with the alleged bribery. Now, more than a year later, M. Combes has vehemently unburdened himself of his secret, declaring that, through his son, Edgar Combes, the Carthusians had offered him two million francs if he would see that they were not driven from France.

The occasion that brought out Premier Combes's accusation against the monks was a tariff debate. The ministry was under fire on account of having increased, instead of decreased, the amount to be spent on the department of litigation. M. Millerand, the socialist, had attacked the Cabinet in general, and Premier Combes in particular. The latter was defending himself, when suddenly some one shouted, "Tell us of the Carthusian millions."

To all appearances the words were but a fleeting taunt, but they brought about a dramatic scene. Premier Combes immediately dropped the subject on hand, and, without any preliminary, said that that affair was one of the most painful recollections of his life. He asserted that, for high political reasons, he sacrificed proof that would have cleared his son of the accusations brought against him, continuing as follows:

In December, 1902, the secretary of the minister of the interior [Edgar Combes] informed me that he had received a visit from a person offering two millions if I would bring in a bill authorizing the Carthusian monks to remain at Grande Chartreuse. I replied that the person had better not enter my room unless he wanted to go out the window, and I attached no further importance to the incident until a few months later, after a bill refusing an authorization to the Carthusians had been brought in. The newspapers accused the secretary of having asked a million for me to make a speech in favor of the Carthusians. An investigation was made, and the intermediary, who was M. Lagrave, the commissioner of France to the St. Louis exposition, was examined, but he refused to name the person for whom he had acted. The minister of commerce cabled to M. Lagrave, ordering him to give the name. He replied that he had communicated it to M. Millerand, his former chief. M. Millerand sought me and begged me not to divulge the name, for important political reasons. The matter was then dropped.

Heated words followed this speech. M. Millerand replied by a violent attack on the past record of the premier. The Chamber was in an uproar for a while, then it was resolved to appoint a committee to investigate the whole affair, which was immediately done. M. Lagrave has arrived from the United States, and his testimony, if he has any to offer, may be important.

The indications are that both parties were victims of some officious meddler, who, thinking that the Carthusians would be willing to pay a large sum to be allowed to stay in France, approached them as well as M. Combes on the subject, and I do not doubt that, when the matter is sifted down, there will be found to be nothing more serious or sensational. But the incident has furnished as much food for discussion, accusation, and revival of political enmities as would a dozen real bribes. And it has furnished a mystery even more interesting and absorbing than the main feature of the scandal: What was the supreme reason of state interest which M. Combes declared justified him in withholding the names of the alleged corrupters?

The Carthusians, the cause of this scandal, date back to the year 1084, when the order of Chartreuse was founded by St. Bruno. The monks who joined him adopted very stringent rules for their own guidance, choosing a miserably insufficient costume, which included the harshest hair shirts. In order to discourage avarice, they limited the number of cattle, sheep, and goats they owned and the amount of ground they tilled. They had but one meal a day, generally of vegetables and coarse bread, and never tasted meat. As the cen-

turies have passed, their rules have been modified, and now the Carthusians wear comfortable costumes and are more liberal with themselves in the matter of diet. They had at one time one hundred and seventy-five monasteries in France, but always, up to the time of their expulsion, the principal establishment was at Grande Chartreuse, fourteen miles from Grenoble, in one of the upper valleys of the mountains, from which spring the Guiers Mort and the Guiers Vif, two tributaries of the Rhone. The first convent on the present site was erected in 1137, and most of the other buildings are of a date later than 1676. This settlement is in a large meadow, over four thousand feet above the sea level. The principal occupation of the Carthusians living there was the manufacture of one or two pharmaceutical preparations, and the famous aromatic *liqueur*, chartreuse, which was made by a secret process from carnations, absinthium, and the young buds of pine trees.

PARIS, June 20, 1904.

## President Roosevelt and a Story.

It has just leaked out that a famous "White House" story of last year was given out by the President himself. He was then on his trip. One evening, as the train was rushing through Western Kansas, the President sent for the newspaper man, and exclaimed: "I think I've got a good story for you, boys, if you will promise not to let it be known that it came from me. I have just got a letter from Mrs. Roosevelt. Algonquin, the little calico pony, which, you know, is Archie's companion, has made a round trip in the White House elevator. Archie has been suffering from the measles, and has not been able to go out to see Algonquin. So Archie persuaded Charley, the colored coachman, to take Algonquin to see him. I think that story is too good to keep. But for goodness sake," exclaimed the President, "don't let Mrs. Roosevelt know that I gave the story away." So the newspaper correspondents all sent out the news with the caution: "Be sure to use Washington-date line on this story." When the account was printed, the newspaper correspondents of the capital all wondered "who had sent it out." Inquiry at the White House developed the fact that the news was true, but no one around the historic mansion could imagine by what means it had reached the light of publicity.

Improved machinery has greatly facilitated tunnel work. The Mt. Cenis tunnel in France, the first to be excavated, is nearly eight miles long, and was fourteen years in construction—the digging being completed on December 25, 1870. The St. Gothard tunnel, nine and a quarter miles long, was pierced through on February 29, 1880, after nine and a half years of work. The Arlberg, six and a half miles long, celebrated the end of its excavation on November 19, 1883, three and a half years after the work was begun. The Simplon, twelve and a half miles long, was pierced on May 4, 1904, after five and a half years of work, and it is expected to be ready for trains next April, or after six and a half years of tunneling. The labor in it has been very arduous, on account of the heat, and also on account of water pouring in.

The mother of Elmer Brown, who was shot and killed in a quarrel by Walter Hall, had the following epitaph chiseled on the tombstone, which was erected in New Albany, Ind., recently:

ELMER BROWN.  
Born December 12, 1873.  
Was murdered by Walter Hall,  
July 9, 1903.  
VENGEANCE IS MINE, I  
WILL REPAY, SAITH THE LORD.

Hall was tried and acquitted on the plea of self-defense.

One of the worst disasters in the history of the Atlantic occurred on the morning of Tuesday, June 28th, when the Scandinavian-American steamer *Norge*, with 774 souls on board, mostly Danish, Swedish, Finnish, and Norwegian emigrants, struck a sunken rock, some eighteen miles south of Rockall Reef, 290 miles from the west coast of Scotland, and sank in twelve minutes. Nine life-boats were launched, but six foundered or were smashed against the ship's side. One, containing 26 persons, was picked up by the *Sylvia*, and two others, with 102 persons, have reached St. Kilda.

At Belleville, a suburb of France, is a large, hilly field, where biograph pictures of the Russian-Japanese war are prepared. About sixty men are employed, and, in either Russian or Japanese costumes, as the occasion demands, they charge, and retreat, and appear to die, while a long film records it all as stirring events in the Far East. Huge painted canvasses, representing Port Arthur, the Yalu River, and other scenes of battle, are employed to give the pictures realism.

The most notable addition to the faculty of Stanford University during the past year is Professor William F. Durand, of Cornell, who has been appointed as head of the department of mechanical engineering to succeed Professor A. W. Smith. In his particular line of marine engineering and naval architecture, Professor Durand is regarded as the leading man in the United States.

## OLD FAVORITES.

CHICAGO, May 30, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Could you kindly inform me, through your paper, the name of the author, also the name of the poem in which the line, "And my heart's to-night in Texas, down on the Rio Grande," appears? By doing so you would greatly oblige. Yours respectfully, F. R. POND.

## Lasca.

It's all very well to write reviews,  
And carry umbrellas, and keep dry shoes,  
And say what every one's saying here  
And wear what every one else must wear;  
But to-night I'm sick of the whole affair,  
I want free life and I want fresh air;  
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,  
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,  
The melody of horns and hoofs and heads  
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;  
The green beneath, and the blue above;  
And dash and danger, and life and love,  
And Lasca!

## Lasca used to ride

On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side.  
With blue serape and bright-helled spur;  
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!  
Little knew she of hooks or of creeds—  
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;  
Little she cared, save to be by my side,  
To ride with me, and ever to ride,  
From San Saha's shore to Lavaca's tide.  
She was as bold as the hillows that heat,  
She was as wild as the breezes that blow,  
From her little head to her little feet.

She was swayed in her suppleness to an fro  
By each gust of passion: a sapling pine,  
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,  
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,  
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.  
She was alive in every limb  
With feeling, to the finger-tips;  
And when the sun is like a fire,  
And sky one shining soft sapphire,  
One does not drink in little sips.

Why did I leave the fresh and the free,  
That suited her and suited me?  
Listen awhile, and you will see;  
But this he sure—in earth or air,  
God and God's laws are everywhere,  
And Nemesis comes with a foot as fleet  
On the Texas trail as in Regent Street.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,  
I sat by her side and quite forgot;  
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,  
Forgot that the air was close oppress.  
That the Texas north comes sudden and soon,  
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;  
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,  
Nothing on earth can stop their flight;  
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,  
Who fall in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? No, hy the Lord!  
I spring to my saddle without a word.  
One foot on mine, and she clung behind,  
Away! on a wild chase down the wind!  
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,  
And never was steed so little spared,  
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on:  
There was one chance left, and you have hut one:  
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;  
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;  
And if the steers in their frantic course  
Don't hatter you both to pieces at once,  
You may thank your stars; if not, good-by  
To the open air and the open sky,  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt  
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,  
Down came the mustang, and down came we,  
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?  
A body that spread itself on my breast,  
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,  
Then came thunder in my ears,  
As over us surged the sea of steers,  
Blows that heat blood into my eyes,  
And when I could rise,  
Lasca was dead.

I hollowed a grave a few feet deep,  
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;  
And there she is lying, and no one knows,  
And the summer shines and the winter snows;  
For many a day the flowers have spread  
A pall of petals o'er her head;  
And I wonder why I do not care  
For things that are like the things that were.  
Does half my life lie buried there  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

—Frank Despres.

In the British House of Commons, as soon as the question to be decided is put from the chair, a clerk at the table sets in motion a huge sand glass, familiarly known to members as the "egg boiler," probably because it takes three minutes to run out. As the last sand runs through the glass, the sergeant-at-arms instantly locks the massive oak doors of the chamber, and only those members who have succeeded in getting through the doorway can vote.

Although it is not generally known, even in London, a man may be sent by mail in that city. If he is unfamiliar with the way to the part of the city he wishes to visit, he may call at a branch post-office, and a postal messenger-boy will accompany him at a fee of three-pence a mile. The boy is provided with a printed slip, on which, under the heading, "Article to be delivered," is written a description of his charge and the destination.



## THE UNKNOWN PHILIPPINES.

Landor Explores Dark Corners of Our Asian Possessions—Strange Tribes and Stranger Customs—The White Race of Mindanao—Comments on the Administration.

On foot and horseback, by canoe, raft, and steamer, A. H. Savage Landor toured the Philippine Archipelago in 1902, covering sixteen thousand miles in two hundred and fifty days' continual traveling. In his book, "The Gems of the East," he gives a record of the trip. Of political conditions he has little to say; he spent only a day in Manila; the volume consists almost entirely of descriptions of the savage tribes in little-known corners of the Archipelago. He visited islands never before visited by a white man; he penetrated Mindanao, discovering there a previously undescribed white race. The book as a whole is an exceedingly interesting one.

Leaving Manila in the government cruiser *Balabac*, Mr. Landor went southward through Mindoro Strait (a map will be found useful by readers of this review). He notes that owing to the monsoons, ever blowing either from the north-east or the south-west, and the general shallowness of the sea, it is always terribly rough cruising about among the islands. The first stop was at Cuyo Island in Sulu Sea—a beautiful little island with town of the same name. In the course of his comments on this town, Mr. Landor takes occasion to pay his compliments to the American style of house-building. "Say what you will," he says—"and no matter what imaginative civilized people may import at greater cost—the native style of house is decidedly the only one adapted to the climate. . . . Naturally, corrugated iron roofs last longer, but not so the people who have to live under them." The native houses are, of course, built of wood or bamboo, raised on supports from six to fourteen feet high, with floors of split bamboo.

A particularly curious use of the bamboo at Cuyo is as a crab-trap. The jointed bamboo is stuck into the ground. Each piece has a little bow half way up, and a string set at tension to shoot off an arrow, passed through an aperture in the lower part of the cylinder. It is set at the mouth of crab-holes, and when the poor crab proceeds to climb up to the upper part of the tube, a delicately set hook releases the broad arrow, which closes the lower aperture and imprisons the crab.

At Cuyo, also, Mr. Landor found the native children playing an ancient sort of football, the ball being made of wicker.

At this place, Mr. Landor was much struck by the musical ability of native Filipino boys. Three boys, one twelve, one thirteen, and another older, played two violins and a guitar at a dance with, says the author, "the entrain of old Hungarian musicians":

"Where did you learn this Spanish and American music?" I inquired of the younger boy.

"I have heard it played."

"Heard it played? Have you not learned it with notes?"

"No, sir; I can not read music."

One or all these boys—if I remember right—was or were the son or sons of the native provincial secretary. He told me that many boys and girls, even younger than his sons, can pick up any tune by ear, or soon learn to play any instrument, musical talent being inborn in the race. This was quite true, as I had ample opportunity to ascertain.

On this island, an official report places the male population at ten per cent., the female at ninety, the men being migratory. Mr. Landor took anthropometrical measurements of these, as of nearly all, people that he visited, finding the average male weight to be 114½ pounds, and the height 5 feet 4 inches. Curiously enough, the Cuyonos have no "little toe," the "big toe" being very large, and the other four of uniform size, the last two even being sometimes larger than the two middle ones. Venereal diseases have greatly spread since the occupation of the islands by American troops.

From Cuyo, Mr. Landor went on the government boat to two little islands, Culion and Coron. The latter has sheer walls of rock fronting the sea, in which are deep holes where a certain sea swallow builds its nest. The wild aborigines, Tagbanouas, collect the nests from the cliffs by means of long vine ropes, selling them to Chinese traders, who export them to their own country, where they are considered a great delicacy. The nests are three inches long and bring twelve dollars (Mex.) for bunches of ten or twelve, according to size. Mr. Landor is in error in stating that the material composing the nests is a "gum from certain trees." On the contrary, it is a secretion from the salivary glands of the swallows.

On Coron Island, Mr. Landor explored six lakes situated in the craters of extinct volcanoes. One of them has a subterranean communication with the sea, and in another, so the natives swore to the traveler, there were five or six enormous octopi, of great age, and with arms twenty-four feet long. They had drawn down many people. The aborigines on this island have feet curved inward to assist them in climbing the sharp rocks.

Just north of Coron is the Island of Busuanga, where is situated the "best-conducted farm in the Philippines"—a farm of several thousand acres, with thousands of profitable coconut trees. Mr. Landor has great faith in the agricultural future of the islands, if the Americans will go to work patiently and systematically to reclaim the wilderness.

From Busuanga, the vessel turned south, and, owing to a storm, was obliged to seek shelter under Kaisian Island. When morning came, the voyagers observed

white flags stuck upon shore, and presently a trembling youth—the school-master—came off to the vessel:

He earnestly and modestly inquired whether the Spaniards or Americans had been victorious in the war, as he had not heard yet. He once understood from some one, a long time ago, that there had been a war going on between the two countries, and that was why he had put up the white flags in case we had come to bombard the place. He was glad, very glad, the Americans had won. Where was America?

Balabac Island, further south, proved to have interesting features. Here the women distort their ears, and some of them, by preference, carry little bundles of tobacco-leaf in the large lobe-holes. Curiously enough, both the sight and hearing of the Balabac women was found to be less acute than with white persons. An amusing incident occurred:

After they got over their first fright, the natives took much interest in being measured all over, and they firmly believed it was done in admiration of their great beauty. One lady, having undergone measurement, I noticed, suddenly became quite sulky. Having inquired the reason, she remarked that I had measured her friend's forearm and not hers. In comparing the measurements in my note-book, I found the omission had inadvertently occurred, and as a reward for her keen power of observation, she was instantly restored to her former bappiness by having the measurement taken, and a looking-glass given to her as a present.

Balabac is principally known for its dwarf mouse-deer, no taller than one foot.

Of the Tagbanoua, a tribe on the long narrow island, called Palanwan, Mr. Landor writes:

Most musicians of other nationalities play wind instruments by applying them to the mouth. The Tagbanoua plays them with his nose! The *lantui*, a reed-flute of *caño bujo*, has two holes, and one nose-piece at one end of the cane, at the joint. The *lantui* is pressed by the thumb against the left nostril, the right nostril being held tightly closed by the first finger of the hand. The Tagbanoua nose is so flattened at the base, and has such expanded nostrils, elongated at the side, that it is especially adapted for this purpose. The Tagbanoua musician can get in this fashion some sweetly pathetic sounds—by far the most melodious sounds I have ever heard from anybody's nose—and he is even bold enough to attempt—with success, too—a trill.

Parts of Palanwan Island are infested by man-eating crocodiles, which attack men on the shores at night. They have been known to climb into boats. Once, while the author was in a boat in a shallow bay, one was seen:

On the most northerly islet of the barrier, a huge crocodile, some fourteen or fifteen feet long, was sleeping soundly on the beach. Lieutenant Boren sent a bullet into him, which woke up the brute with a start. It ran at a terrific pace toward us—not dragging its body, as most people would imagine—upon the ground, but with outstretched limbs supporting its entire body and tail high up in the air; then it gave a splendid leap into space and disappeared with a big splash into the water.

On other rivers, palisades are built around bathing places in the stream to keep out the crocodiles. Palanwan also boasts of having a species of scaly armadillo and a long-nosed ant-eater which exhales noxious gases in its own defense; also boa-constrictors, wild peacocks, monkeys, and wild hogs. One of the chief foods of the inhabitants is honey, which they preserve in jars with salt. They believe that honey eaten with meat has great strengthening qualities.

Leaving this island, Landor cruised on the government vessel among the Malay Islands, some of which had never before been visited by white men. The Sultan of Jolo exercises authority over most of them. The town of Jolo, according to Mr. Landor, is a pretty and clean settlement. It has a masonry pier and a light-house. The author tells how some soldiers played a practical joke on the Sultan at the time of his visit:

The soldiers of the escort had given some Sulu boys three or four small lumps of clear ice—a thing they had never seen nor heard about before. Believing them to be precious crystals of great value, they wrapped them up carefully in pieces of silk and hid them in their pockets. As their clothing was thin, their astonishment was great on experiencing a curious "burning" feeling against their ribs next to where the precious gifts lay, and on discovering, when they opened the handkerchief, that the "precious crystal" had vanished, leaving a wet handkerchief and jacket. Their amazement at this incomprehensible phenomenon was amusing to watch. They became quite perplexed, and for some time the entire assembly was greatly excited by it. The Sultan begged to be given some ice, too, and one high personage wished to know how he could preserve his piece, as he wanted to set it in a ring!

We pass over the description of the Sultan of Jolo, as he has been "written up" quite often. It is, however, somewhat surprising to note that a small breed of wild elephant was formerly found on the Island of Jolo.

Mr. Landor next explored Mindanao, the second largest island (45,356 square miles) of the whole Archipelago. The people are mostly Mohammedan Malays, and in their language are many Arabic words, introduced by the Koran. The graves all have their heads facing toward Mecca; the people do not eat pork, or have more than four wives; and they follow the teachings of the Koran in some other particulars. Some have made pilgrimages to Mecca, and these are greatly looked up to. A peculiarity of the women of south Mindanao is that they wear switches to make their hair seem more abundant.

Mr. Landor accompanied the military expedition under Pershing against Fort Bacolod. He thinks much of the fighting against these Moros, so-called, might have been avoided if more tact had been used in dealing with them at first. The mistakes had been made, however, and there was at that time nothing for Pershing to do but to reply to the insulting letters, constantly being sent, with a military force. Mr. Landor gives one of the letters from the Panandungan:

"We ask you to return to the sea, because you should not be here among circumcised Malanaos, for you are not like us. You are marauders, and we do not want to follow your religion. You eat pork. If you do not wish to leave this re-

gion, come here and live in Bacolod, under the Sultan and Panandungan, who will practice circumcision upon you."

Captain Pershing's strategy is given high praise by the author. After the campaign, the events of which are more or less familiar, Landor headed a most remarkable expedition into the heart of unknown Mindanao. One of the first tribes he encountered was the Tirurays, whose dental practices he thus describes:

They all chew betel-nut and file their teeth—to such a degree that artificial teeth have to be manufactured of brass or silver or wood. Anything more terribly ghastly than these artificial sets, made by the local blacksmith and dentist, it is difficult to imagine; while the operation of fitting them gives one the creeps. When hopelessly broken, the teeth are filed level down to the gum and two holes drilled with a nail or the point of a knife in the two end teeth. The new set having been made with sharply pointed imitation teeth, is inserted by two corresponding wedges into the holes of the original teeth, where it remains more or less firmly, according to the delicacy with which the work has been accomplished by the blacksmith. On my examining a young lady, she removed the set and placed it in my hand; she was willing to part with it for a fifty-cent coin, but nothing in the world would induce me to possess such a terrible remembrance.

Not the least wonderful thing that Landor tells of his journey through Mindanao is his meeting a *datto* with whom he conversed through the *datto's* priest and chief adviser, Sherif Abdul, from Bokara, the common language of Landor and the priest being Hindustani!

In this region were encountered lakes covered with beautiful lotus blossoms, other lakes in which were floating islands with trees and houses. The most striking feature of the fauna was a semi-amphibious black crane, which swam all under water except the head, which resembled that of a snake.

One of the *datto's* was asked by Landor if he had heard of America. "Merika?" he queried. "No, there was no such tribe about." He had never heard of Spain, either.

The most remarkable of all the tribes that were encountered was the white tree-dwelling tribe discovered in the very heart of the dense tropical forests of Mindanao:

My men in the meantime had gone about and captured a number of fellows for me to examine. I was amazed. These Mansakas were indeed as white as, in fact, whiter than, Europeans. It was the ivory white of Latin races and not the pinky complexion of Anglo-Saxons, but that they were white there could be not the slightest doubt. This does not mean that they came from the same stock as we do, nor is their color derived from stray wrecked European crews which have dwindled in the interior and intermarried. Far from it. It is mainly due to these people living in the dark forest or in dark bums and being seldom exposed to the light of the sun. . . . When young they were beautiful people, with eyes in perfect condition, of warm and most magnetic deep brown. The eyes are perfectly straight, like those of Aryans, large, with heavy upper lids and fine eyelashes. . . . The women, very shy, had sentimental faces, very white—almost like wax—and with such nicely chiseled cheek-bones and lips and un-wrinkled, smooth skin, so well fitting the anatomical facial detail below, that they were quite attractive. They spoke softly and in a sort of sing-song like birds, and, indeed, there was much in the general appearance of these white folks to remind one of birds.

Mr. Landor's explorations in Mindanao were cut short. He was bitten by a small, but very poisonous, green snake, and suffered intensely for days, feeling the effects even at the time of writing, ten months afterwards. Leeches—which, previously, had annoyed him greatly, leaping from the damp vegetation on which they live, and attaching themselves to hands and face, and even getting inside the clothing—now were useful in sucking the wound and reducing the swelling.

When he had partly recovered, Mr. Landor visited Sebu, Negros, Panay, Leite, Samar, Mindoro, and Luzon, but devotes to them only a hundred pages out of the five hundred and fifty that the book contains.

The general impression that one gets from the volume as a whole is that Mr. Landor thinks the American officials sanitation-mad; leprosy, he holds (having had much experience) is not contagious except by inoculation or carnal intercourse, and the elaborate and expensive measures taken against it in the Philippines are, he thinks, useless. He ridicules the stringent regulations regarding drinking water, saying in one place: "But no one is allowed to drink this deliciously pure water until it has been distilled and boiled and made most unpalatable—for everything that is unnatural is good, according to modern science—and hence arise numbers of dysentery, typhoid, and fever cases among those who take scientific care of themselves." Still elsewhere he writes:

Uncle Sam's soldiers seem to entertain a love for ham and for a red liquid with mysterious seeds in it, called "canned tomatoes"—as deadly a diet, I think, as human beings can devise for a tropical climate.

He himself ate hardtack on the Moro campaign (he never eats pork under any circumstances) and knew not a single sick day then, or in the Philippines, except when due to accident. It is Landor's practice never to carry weapons—not even a penknife—his power over the native mind being something marvelous.

Education of the natives, the author thinks, is being overdone; he would prefer to see industrial rather than academic training given them; the agricultural resources of the islands are magnificent; wages are too high, but will become lower; the constabulary Mr. Landor praises, and has confidence in the Filipino character; he hopes the natives will not suffer from "that worst of all pests—missionaries." The concluding paragraph runs:

I may say that in some eighteen years' traveling I have never enjoyed and been interested more than I was in the journey over these most enchanting islands—really and truly, to any one with an unbiased mind, "the gems of the East."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York: \$3.00.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Best of the New Novels.

"The Crossing" is an extraordinarily capable novel, and one of extraordinary length. It is panoramic. Mr. Churchill has endeavored—and successfully—to picture to the imagination, not the isolated experience of a few persons in "the dark and bloody ground" that Kentucky was called in revolutionary days, but to sketch for you the salient features of a whole phase of civilization, with all its currents and counter-currents, eddies, and rapids. It was a tremendous task, and Mr. Churchill has greatly succeeded. "The Crossing" is a true type of what the historical novel ought to be. In "The Crossing," when historical personages are introduced—Clark, Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson—they are not lugged in by the heels, but come upon the stage with swinging stride. Yet, it must be admitted that the diffusion of interest and the large number of characters rob the book of some of the poignancy of interest that less complex, and less important, novels frequently have. Mr. Churchill is no Dumas or Hugo, and in "The Crossing" there is no over-mastering idea, as in "Les Misérables" or "Monte Cristo," to give vitality to every part, no matter how far it may stray from the main thread of narrative.

Mr. Churchill explains that the book is called "The Crossing" because he has "tried to express in it the beginnings of that great movement across the mountains which swept resistless over the continent until at last it saw the Pacific itself." We get a glimpse of Charleston during the war, of a typical Carolina plantation, with its burly negroes fresh brought from Africa, of the dangers of the "wilderness trail," of the spirit of the pioneers, of the Indian wars and political dissensions in Kentucky, and finally of St. Louis in the day of its cession to the United States.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Perhaps the cleverest element in this clever story, "The Lure of Gold," by Bailey Millard, literary editor of the *Examiner*, is the placing of all of the characters of the story in the actual pictures of daily life, still preserving the atmosphere of romance. After reading of the struggles of the good ship *Modesto* off San Francisco Harbor, one is tempted to take the glass and search the Golden Gate for any dismantled craft that may be coming in—so real seems the narrative. The touches of "local color" are not put in, but are of the very substance of the story, so that, when the brave lad and his stanch friend step from the stage of their romance and hoard a cable-car on Market Street, there is no sense of incongruity, no coming down to matter-of-fact, every-day life. The story has to do with the bringing of a box containing forty-one thousand dollars in Klondike gold to San Francisco by ship, its felonious disappearance, and recovery. The ship on which the treasure is brought runs out of coal and is dismantled in order to find fuel for the engines and reach port. The story is a bit of good clean adventure, told with artful simplicity. Like "Treasure Island," there is no love interest, and like "Treasure Island" it is a story that will appeal especially to youth. But it will also appeal to all those, of whatever age, in whom the spirit of youth remains unquenched. We look to see the book—which is admirably illustrated by Arthur William Brown—have a fine success. It is Mr. Millard's second venture with a volume of fiction; he has certainly achieved something of which any writer might well be proud.

Published by E. J. Clode, New York; \$1.50.

"It appears to the writer that there is urgent need of more 'nature books'—books that are scraped clear of fiction and which display only the carefully articulated skeleton of fact. . . . the writer trusts that this book may inspire enthusiasm for natural and scientific research, and inculcate a passion for accurate observation among the young."—so runs the preface to Robert W. Chambers's preposterous volume, "In Search of the Unknown," dealing with the adventures of the "general superintendent of the waterfowl department" of the New York Zoo. He meets with great auks, an amphibious human with gills and scales, a monodactyl, called a dingue, a mammoth, and something else—always in company with some fair maiden. It is all very good fooling, well suited to the good old summer time. You will like it.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

We think marital infidelity in Indiana, while probably not uncommon in fact, is rather fresh in fiction. It is one of the elements of interest in David Graham Phillips's "The Cost," a tale with a beginning in the educational college at Battle Field, Ind., and ending on Wall Street. There is an account of an election in which a hustler must figures, while he will indeed be a reader who does not thrill to the

struggle for fortune on Wall Street, which is the theme of the second half of "The Cost." Harrison Fisher has drawn for the book a number of very pleasing pictures.

Published by the Bohls-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

Much intellectual divertimento is in store for readers of W. H. Mallock's "The Veil of the Temple." The author is reckoned one of the first among English philosophical thinkers. In this novel, he has introduced easily recognizable caricatures of Herbert Spencer, Premier Balfour, and other equally notable Englishmen. The burlesque on Spencer's ponderous style of speech is really delicious, and the whole work is playfully brilliant. There is little "action," and no plot to speak of, the interest of the work lying principally in lengthy and animated discussions of the deeper problems of religion and science engaged in by the guests at a Cabinet minister's country place. The tentative conclusion is very like that arrived at in Mr. Mallock's "Religion as a Credible Doctrine," a volume which appeared last year:

Science compels us to accept what are for the intellect contradictions. . . . If we find any good reason for assenting to the doctrines of religion, though these are absolutely contradicted by the detailed demonstrations of science, we do no more violence to our intellect by simultaneously accepting both, than we do by accepting the demonstrations of science itself which have their root in contradiction, equally, or even more, unmanageable.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

"Olive Latham" is a novel of dramatic force and artistic proportion, written by a past master of the "terrible," E. L. Voynich, author of "The Gadfly" and "Jack Raymond." Nothing in modern political situations so stirs and fires the unimaginative as conditions in Russia to-day; the very words "Nihilist," "proscribed," "doomed families," "police surveillance," "Siberia" carry a weight of tragedy and grim romance. Mrs. Voynich is scathing and unflinching in her portrayal of the Czar's realm, and her attack gains force by circumlocution. She puts Olive Latham, a fine, normal, well-poised English girl, reared under a democratic government, untrammelled by superstitions, into a very hot-bed of social tragedy. Olive goes to Russia in order to nurse her lover, a revolutionist, belonging to a "doomed family," and himself under police surveillance. The unfairness, cruelty, and diabolical ingenuity of the secret police expose her, an innocent victim, to such suffering that her life is wrecked and her reason all but shattered. The story is a character study, and one in which cause and effect are shown in bold relief. In no more perfect way could the terrors of such conditions be brought home to a liberty-loving public. But the book is, of course, not "pleasant" reading.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

A good story of adventure by sea is "The Pillar of Light," by Louis Tracy, author of a very successful book published last year, "The Wings of the Morning." Both stories are of shipwreck and miraculous escape under decidedly unusual, but quite probable, conditions. The interest in "The Wings of the Morning" is concentrated on two individuals (haply man and maid) cast upon a lonely isle in a southern sea; the later story, however, has some half-dozen heroes and heroines, besides threescore and more supernumeraries, so that the attention and sympathies are dispersed, and something of force lost to the narrative.

"The Pillar of Light" is an isolated light-house off the coast of England; the keeper has here isolated himself for reasons duly explained in the story; during a terrific storm a ship is wrecked off the lighthouse rocks, and part of the crew rescued by means of the breeches buoy, and secured in the tower. But there are provisions enough for only three men for two months, and there are over one hundred to feed for several days. No relief can reach them until the storm abates. Fair maids and brave youths lighten the gloom by making love on half a biscuit a day. But tides turn; the sun shines; eight bells, and all is well on the starboard watch!

Published by E. J. Clode, New York; \$1.50.

"There's a good deal said about the literary women who continue to write over their own names after they marry, or who do not become known by their husband's names, even if they begin writing after marriage," says a New York publisher. "Now, the average woman writer usually wants to use her husband's name in advertisements, press notices, etc., but the publishers won't have it. If she has made a name for herself before, the publisher wants the value of previous advertising. If she is a new writer, he thinks the public will be less interested in a staid matron than in a young and single woman. Mrs. Humphry Ward fought the thing out at the start, and is about the only woman writer of prominence who insisted upon using her husband's name, and carried her point."

## Swinburne's Parodies of Swinburne.

In the new collected edition of Swinburne's works, the "Heptalogia" is to be acknowledged and included. This book of parodies appeared anonymously in 1886, and the "Seven Against Sense," who unwittingly furnished the humor, were Tennyson, Browning, Patmore, Rossetti, "Owen Meredith," a woman poet who stood for a combination of Mrs. Browning and Jean Ingelow, and Swinburne. Swinburne's parodies of himself were admirably good, as will be seen from this extract from one of them:

"Mild is the mink and monotonous music of memory, melodiously mute as it may be, While the hope in the heart of a hero is bruised by the breach of men's rapiers, resigned to the rod;  
Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,  
As they grope through the graveyard of creeds under skies glowing green at a groan for the grimness of God.  
Blank is the book of his bounty beholden of old, and its binding is blacker than blue:  
Out of blue into black is the scheme of the skies, and their dew is the wine of the bloodshed of things;  
Till the darkling desire of delight shall be free, as a fawn that is freed from the fangs that pursue her,  
Till the heart-beats of bell shall be hushed by a hymn from the hunt that has harried the kennel of kings."

## "Editing" a Poem.

A writer in the New York *Evening Post* tells an amusing story connected with Walter Savage Landor's brief and beautiful poem, "Rose Aylmer":

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race,  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine."

"Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee."

"An eminent scholar," says the *Post*, "in fact the professor of English in a great German university, once tried his emendatorial skill on this little flower of song, with curious results. Said the learned man: 'It is absurd to limit deep affection to a "night" of tears; this is manifestly an error in the text.' He amended the line accordingly to

'A life of memories and of sighs.'

Worse than that pedantry has seldom done."

## New Publications.

"Perronelle," by Valentina Hawtrey. John Lane; \$1.50—a romantic story of bohemian life in France at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

"The Philosophy of Education: Being the Foundations of Education in the Related, Natural, and Mental Sciences," by Herman H. Horne, Ph. D. The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

"The Great Adventurer," by Robert Shackleton. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—the story of a man who forms the trust of trusts, and of what finally happens to him and it.

"The Alternate Sex," by Charles Godfrey Leland. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.00 net—a curious speculative psycho-medical study having to do with the feminine element in man and the masculine element in women; also with the "subliminal self."

"Huldah: Proprietor of the Wagon-Tire House and Genial Philosopher of the Cattle Country," by Grace Macgowan Cooke and Alice Macgowan. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory. The Bohls-Merrill Company—a homely story of a Western town. Aunt Huldah is a feminine David Harum.

"The Republican Party: A History of Its Fifty Years' Existence and a Record of Its Measures and Leaders, 1854-1904," by Francis Curtis. Foreword by President Roosevelt. Introductions by William P. Frye and J. G. Cannon. Two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons—an exhaustive, interesting, and valuable work.

The works of Thackeray: "The Adventures of Philip, on His Way Through the World, Showing Who Robbed Him, Who Helped Him, and Who Passed Him By, to Which is Prefixed a Shabby Genteel Story." Two volumes. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. Published only by subscription; \$2.00 per volume—books belonging to one of the best editions of Thackeray extant.

"History of the Expedition Under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clark to the Sources of the Missouri, Thence Across the Rocky Mountains, and Down the River Columbia to the Pacific Ocean, Performed During the Years 1804-5-6, by Order of the Government of the United States." A complete reprint of the Biddle Edition of 1814, to which all members of the expedition contributed. Introduction by John Bach McMaster. Illustrations and maps. A. S. Barnes & Co.—a neat reprint in three volumes.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jeremiah Lynch, author of "Three Years in the Klondyke," reviewed recently in the *Argonaut*, has been elected a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain.

Paul Elder & Co. have in preparation four new volumes by May E. Southworth, author of "101 Sandwiches." These will each contain one hundred and one salad, beverage, candy, and chafing-dish recipes.

The illustrations of Gouverneur Morris's forthcoming novel, "The Pagan's Progress," have required so much time and attention that the publication of the book has been postponed until the late summer or early autumn. Mr. Morris is a Californian, and resides at Burlingame.

Col. D. Streater, the author of the delightful "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," has long been known to be an officer of the Coldstream Guards, from which organization he has ingeniously derived his pen name, which is merely "Coldstreamer," with a slight change in capitalization and punctuation. In real life he is Captain Harry Graham, and is at present aid-de-camp to Lord Minto, the governor-general of Canada. He has lately written another book of verses called "Misrepresentative Men."

Booth Tarkington was noted while in college for his ability as a draughtsman, and it is seriously stated that he contemplates illustrating some of his stories which are to be published in the near future.

Curiosity and interest will be excited by the announcement of a new novel by the well-known French painter and illustrator, André Castaigne. The story is said to be highly romantic; it deals with the Parisian private and class atelier, the boulevard, the student restaurant, the circus, and the Latin Quarter. M. Castaigne will illustrate it as Du Maurier illustrated his "Trilby."

Let W. B. Yeats and his associates in the regeneration of Irish literature and the Irish stage beware lest they get on the nerves of the Irish. One Irishman, at least, has already attempted to bring them to book. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, in a volume called "The Stage Irishman and the Pseudo-Celtic Drama," says of the Irish national theatre that "it is not Irish; it is not national, and it has very amateurish claims to be a theatre."

A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of issuing a complete critical edition of Rousseau, compiling a bibliography of his works and publishing a periodical record of Rousseau studies. Many of the leading men of letters in France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, and Denmark are interesting themselves in the project.

May Irwin, the popular actress, has devoted some of her spare time since her temporary retirement from the stage to preparing a cook book devoted to home cooking. There will be a recipe on one page, surrounded by humorous illustrations. On the back of each page will be some humorous quotation selected by Miss Irwin.

Miss Braddon is still writing novels of the same good old romantic sort in the sixty-seventh year of her age. Her first novel, "The Trail of the Serpent," was published in 1860. Her fame was established two years later with "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd" (both published in 1862), and strengthened in 1864 by "Henry Dunbar." From 1862 to 1900, she published new novels every year except two, 1870 and 1885. But many of these years she put forth two books, and in some three.

A brand new edition of Tolstoy, in twenty volumes, translated by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, and arranged chronologically, is soon to be published.

Lord Avebury has recently revised his famous list of the one hundred best books, prepared twenty years ago, striking out Jane Austen, Lucretius, Comte, and Spinoza to make room for Tennyson, Ruskin, Schiller, and the Hindoo author of "Sakuntala."

Lord Byron's hair has become a somewhat rare commodity. A considerable price has to be paid even for small locks. At Puttick's, London, recently, there was put up one for sale, together with a letter from his sister, Lady Augusta Leigh, sending the lock to her friend.

"If you hear," says Andrew Lang, "that Mr. Howells and I have fallen by each other's hands, he is not surprised. The University of Oxford having chosen to make both of us doctors of letters on the same occasion, there is likely to be a hostile meeting. We shall argue with small swords, rapier, and dagger, or, case of falcions, in Merton Gardens, in the glimmering dawn, unless Mr. Howells admits that Romance is a fairer dame than Realism; and Scott a better novelist than Tolstoy. 'As he certainly will sign no such cartel 'hilbo is the word,' unless the proctors intervene. What a strange end for a realist,

to perish in single combat, while the thrushes salute the morning, between the two gray old towers of Merton and Magdalene! But one must not count one's chickens before they are hatched, and Mr. Howells may have learned the art of fence in the heroic school of Alexander Dumas."

In view of the approaching centenary of George Sand, it is thought probable that some of her hitherto unpublished writings will be printed soon. They include two complete plays and several fragments of stories.

## A Napoleon Letter.

On May 20, 1816, Sir Stanford Raffles, British governor of Java, wrote a long letter to his friend, Sholto V. Hare, describing a visit to Napoleon at St. Helena. The letter had never been published until a few weeks ago, when it appeared in the *London Daily Mail*. From it is extracted the following description of Napoleon:

Our first view of him was from the window across the lawn, where we beheld, not what we expected, an interesting, animated, and martial figure, but a heavy, clumsy-looking man, moving with a very awkward gait, and reminding us of a citizen lounging in the tea-gardens about London on a Sunday afternoon. He was dressed in a large, but plain, cocked hat, a dark-green hunting coat, with a star, etc., on the left breast, white kerseymer breeches, and white silk stockings. He had no sooner passed in review than the Count Lascazas quitted the party, and came to inform me that the emperor would receive me. Now, then, behold me in the presence of certainly the greatest man of the age. I will not attempt to describe to you the feelings with which I approached him; let it suffice that I say they were in every way favorable to him. His talents had always demanded my admiration, and in the brilliancy of his public career I felt every disposition to forget the unfavorable side of his character. In a word, I felt compassion for his present situation. On my nearer approach he stopped, took off his hat, and slightly bowed, then, placing his hat under his left arm, commenced a string of questions, which he put in quick succession, and in a tone and manner as unexpected as authoritative. Your name? Where are you from? What country? You are from Java; did you accompany the expedition against it? Had the Dutch taken possession? How do the kings of the islands conduct themselves? Are the Spice Islands also ceded? In what ship did you come? What cargo? Is the Java coffee better than the Bourbon? Does Batavia continue as unhealthy as ever? Then, looking toward the gentlemen forming my suite, Who are these? I then introduced Gainham. Your name? Your regiment? Have you been wounded? Travers was next introduced, when he in like manner demanded his name and regiment. On introducing Sir Thomas, Silvestre as a *chirurgien*, he repeated "surgeon," "surgeon," and, making an inclination to move, we mutually bowed, put on our hats, and turning back to back, withdrew from each other. Count de Bertrand followed us, and invited us to partake of refreshments, which we had the honor of receiving off the imperial silver, and then, mounting our horses, made the best of our way to the valley, which we reached just before sunset, and just in time to embark.

Bonaparte must either be very different in his present appearance and demeanor to what he once was, or we have all been in a great measure deceived. In person he is more like old Wardemaat, of Batavia, than any man I can name. This resemblance struck us all. To be sure, he has not quite so large a belly, but in other points he does not fall short in size. His face is square, his color sallow, and his eyes jaundiced without reflecting one ray of light. His visage, in general, was not unlike that of a Brazilian-Portuguese. Though still deficient in animation, his manner was abrupt, rude, and authoritative, and the most ungentlemanly that I ever witnessed. While speaking he took snuff, or rather seemed to take it, for there was none in his box, and altogether treated us in the same manner, as in his worst humor he was wont to do his own inferiors. Believe me, Hare, this man is a monster.

## Glimpses of Great Men.

Miss Henrietta Corkran, in a recently published volume entitled "Oddities, Others, and I," gives amusing impressions of some of her contemporaries. Andrew Lang struck her as being "rather superciliously despondent" and "languidly sorry for nine-tenths of the human race." She says he is very handsome, with his dark eyes and snowy hair. Once she heard some one asking him the way to his house in Marloes Road. "Go up Cromwell Road till you drop," he replied, "and then turn to the right." Miss Corkran thus sketches Lang at a dinner with an American acquaintance at the Cheshire Cheese:

It was a broiling hot day, and the dinner was extremely British—steak pudding and all the heavy concomitants. Perhaps the fastidious and spiritual Andrew Lang was a little irritated, for when the American, who rejoiced in the name of Luther, exclaimed, "And this was one of the haunts of Dr. Johnson?" "Who was Dr. Johnson?" asked Lang in his high, drawing voice.

Miss Corkran, who is an artist, has a Whistler story of her own. She told him that Sir Frederick Leighton, speaking of her work, had remarked that she did not "finish enough." "Oh!" retorted Whistler, fixing his eye-glass, staring at her, the white lock

erect like a feather. Then making a queer sound, something between a grunt and a jeer, he remarked, "You ought to have answered by retorting, 'Why did you ever begin?'" Miss Corkran has this note on an American author:

Henry James has a big, intellectual head, his features are well chiseled, his expression keen and searching. He is close shaven, and reminds me of a French abbé I met in Paris. His walk is still remarkably rapid and resolute, his voice is clear and resonant. Though some people in Rye consider him shy and nervous, I found him interesting, outspoken, sound, sane, logical, trenchant, and his manner is kindly. He is, perhaps, more on the side of reason than sentiment. Greater sympathy with humanity, its weakness and absurdities, would give him even truer insight; but his "tone is his value and his identity." He is a flux of moods.

## No "Toning Down" of "Poems and Ballads."

"When a man has nothing to regret and nothing to recant, when he finds nothing that he could wish to cancel, to alter, or to unsay in any page he has ever laid before his reader, he need not be seriously troubled by the inevitable consciousness that the work of his early youth is not and can not be unnaturally unlike the work of a very young man." With this striking confession, Mr. Swinburne prefaces the eagerly awaited collected edition of his poems. "Bothwell" Mr. Swinburne considers "an ambitious, conscientious, and comprehensive piece of work," with which he took as much care and pains as though he had been writing a history of the period. "It is nothing to me," he says, with characteristic independence, "that what I write should find immediate or general acceptance." As an apology for attempting to review his own work, he affirms that "as long as the writer can succeed in evading the kindred charges and the cognate risks of vanity and humility, there can be no reason why he should not undertake it."

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
2. "The Grafters," by Francis Lynde.
3. "The Cost," by D. G. Phillips.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland.
4. "Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin.
5. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "The Lightning Conductor," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson.
4. "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow.
5. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.

## In Boccaccio's Country.

Maurice Hewlett has been visiting Certaldo, where Boccaccio was born and died. That merry author's own house remains, part of it being a fine tower. There is nothing to be seen in the house, the Englishman says, "but what is outside it, so to say—the great open view of the downs, the incidents of the cheerful street." Of the Certaldesi, Mr. Hewlett writes: "Their women are handsome, as they ought to be, with green eyes, dusky skins, fair, tangled hair. They carry themselves bolt upright, like all mountaineers, but with better reason than most, for their figures are remarkable. The men sing gay songs, are happy and free mannered, and if Boccaccio is not at the bottom of it the mischief is. If you set these deductions down to my fancy you will be wrong. I saw here what I have never seen elsewhere in all long Italy, a man stop and kiss a girl in open street. No offense, either. He was a baker, who came—a flouy *amorino*—saw, and considered the bend of her industrious head, and stooped and kissed her as she sat sewing at her door. Her lovers and acquaintances about her saw nothing amiss, nor was she at all put out. After so flagrant an achievement, the madcap went a whole progress of gallantry down the street, none resenting his freedom. He danced with one good wife, chucked another's chin, and lifted a third bodily into the air, singing all the while."

W. Davenport Adams has been for a long time engaged upon a comprehensive "Dictionary of the Drama." The first volume, carrying the record from A to G, will soon be issued, and the second is promised for the autumn.

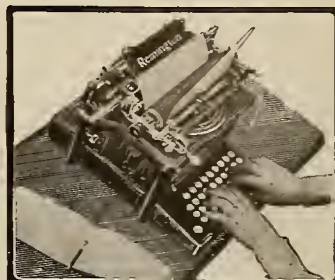
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One of the strongest instincts noticeable in the social human is the love of a good story. The raconteur, provided he belong not to the race of bores, is always sure of his audience. The newspaper column of anecdotes is invariably read, relished, and frequently memorized for the delectation of others. The monologist on the vaudeville programme goes through the world like a ravening wolf, hungry to snatch at any morsel of a humorously anecdotal nature that will piece out his turn. The writers of magazine short stories command a market as long as their inventiveness holds out, and novels and tales of adventure were never so numerous or so extensively read as at present.

And what is drama but a story acted out? Avid as the world is for fiction, nothing in the line of entertainment appeals so powerfully to the universal taste as the legitimate drama. By legitimate I mean orderly, consecutive, full-length plays as opposed to vaudeville and musical comedy. The reason for this universal preference is not far to seek. The play represents human nature in action, and there is nothing in the world of men that is so interesting to its inhabitants as the conflict of human interests and the emotions that result. Each play is a reflex of some human experience in the concrete, and as we watch its development, breathlessly or not, according to the interest of the theme, our intelligence and our sympathies play an active part in the struggle. For, all unconsciously, perhaps, we dramatize ourselves when we are at the play. We understand and enter into the thoughts, the motives, the resolves, the acts, of the characters in the drama because we are fellow-humans and can fancy ourselves, or ourselves with glorified attributes, in similar situations. The rich man, the poor man, the beggar-man, and the thief all applaud the chivalrous actions that they see represented on the stage, animated by one unconscious involuntary instinct—a conviction each has that he, under similar circumstances, would do likewise. For the time, too, the sufferings and struggles of the hero's sweetheart are the sufferings and struggles of his own, even though he may have long since renounced romance, and become a stout, florid, settled Benedict. And similarly, faded spinsters and middle-aged wives in the audience are able to extend to the heroine the sympathy and fellow-feeling that springs from a perception that they, too, under happier auspices, might have been thus graceful and beautiful, the worshiped centre of exquisite romance. True, there are the blasé ones and the cynics, whose jaded fancy refuses to respond. But in the theatre they do not count. They are so much useless lumber to the dramatist, who confidently appeals to an eager imagination, and that much abused but unconquerable ego without which life is scarcely worth while.

There is, to be sure, a class of dramatic literature which makes appeal to the more highly trained and sophisticated receptivities of the cynic. But its limitations bar it from general appreciation, and it seldom has more than a transient vitality. It is for these reasons that, in spite of passing fads and fancies in the dramatic world, the theatre with the stock company always holds its own. French farces have had their day. The burlesque opera, in its unadulterated state, has suffered an obscuration in favor of musical comedy. Once upon a time musical comedy did not exist, and there are even now occasional prophecies of its future extinction. Vaudeville, too, is a new-comer, and that formless style of entertainment which is a combination of the two has its flickerings and flutterings in the wind of public favor. Negro minstrelsy, as in its early state, when it made up the "whole show," is almost extinct. But the play proper goes steadily on. All the large cities have their established stock companies, although generally of second rank, the system of starrng having tended to disintegrate all first-class stock companies. But those of the second, and frequently of the third class, are depended upon by the play-going public to furnish them their regular draughts of excitement, the vicarious emotions of the theatre. To them, also, they look for a running acquaintance with plays of the moment, and for constant revivals of old stand-bys, famous melodramas, the most popular Shakespearean plays, and old comedies whose merits are too great to permit of oblivion.

At the Central Theatre, for instance, within a comparatively recent period, they have produced "The Count of Monte Cristo," "A

Celebrated Case," "The Three Musketeers," and "The Octoroon." As variants with the revival of such pieces, they run a succession of plays which contain merit only in the regard of the very young, or those theatre-goers who swallow everything that is offered them without discrimination, always provided it gives them a due proportion of thrills and laughter. Last week they ran a piece which was a pure specimen of dramatic carpentry. There was not a line, a situation, a character, which had not done stage duty on hundreds of previous occasions. The heart of the villain was as black as Pluto's whiskers; the rural heroine, who eloped without any baggage, as idiotically artless as Simple Simon. The country clergyman was constructed on such badly traditional lines that he might have been a clerical dummy endowed with power of locomotion. The tramp was a combination of the Weary Willies of the newspaper, intermingled with a large slab of stage sentiment of the most artless description. Comedy and pathos trip each other up smartly by the heels, so quickly does one follow the other, but the audience, which is largely composed of young things in their teens, accepts each phase simply and seriously. It's all in the story, and they know right well that during the progress of the piece the bad man is going to horrify them by a peculiarly brutal exhibition of villainy. They would, indeed, feel thoroughly cheated if the blackness of his villainy were mitigated by any palliating shade of gray. Sure enough he comes prepared for the darkest deeds. The audience leans forward, and half-grown girls utter excited squawks of sympathy, as the wretch endeavors to press his soiled embraces on virtuous beauty. Then the sense of thoroughly relished horror reaching its culmination, the hisses begin, and, as the hero rushes in to save, the curtain falls, and rises again to show the abandoned brute of a moment before suddenly transformed to a worthy, well-intentioned actor, hastening with honest zeal to offer to the lovely innocent he has just profaned with his embraces flowers that have been handed over the footlights.

The curious thing is that the preferences of the more fastidious public are so thoroughly ignored by theatrical managers. Stock companies of the first rank practically exist no longer, a fact which puts money in the Alcazarean purse. One hears more frequently of the Alcazar nowadays outside the ranks of its regular clientele. The standard, not only of its players, but of the plays presented there, has apparently been raised. At all events, it seems more than chance that an unusually number of bright plays, written by dramatists of high standing, have been performed within the year by a company transcending in general merit any that I remember since my Alcazar-going days began.

Some idea of the character of "One Summer's Day," the light little piece by H. V. Esmond that is running at the Alcazar this week, may be gained from its title. It begins, appropriately enough, with a picnic, evolves in its course a matrimonial engagement, and the subsequent rupture of the same, and closes with a second betrothal under the light of a beneficent moon.

Since the success of "When We Were Twenty-One," Mr. Esmond has been one of the notable English dramatists, and we therefore expect something of extra quality from his pen. Wholesome and innocuous the piece certainly is, but its flavor is almost too mild. It is a pretty trifle, pleasing to the taste that can readily assimilate the pink and white eates of a skillful confectioner. I confess to a liking for sweets when they are as attractively garnished and flavored as is Mr. Esmond's pretty bit of froth; but I can imagine a vigorous masculine appetite pishing and psbawing over its unsubstantialities, and demanding good red beef in place of this dish of sweet soufflé.

Mr. Esmond has carefully considered the presentation of his scenes with a suitable and attractive environment. The picnic referred to takes place on an island in the Thames, and

the whole scene is vivid with the verdure that springs from the perennial moisture of merrie England. We in California are not familiar with the gypsy type that is always cropping up in English fiction, but I fancy that the gypsies in "One Summer's Day" are rather wide of the mark. Their presence, however, is not merely given as an accessory to an English picnic, for an invisible "kiddie" in the piece, who is the real nephew and adopted son of the hero, has a gypsy mother, and thereby hangs a tale; not a sufficiently striking one to bear telling; but the relationship serves to show up the warm heart and manly dependableness of Dick Rudyard, who eschews marriage with a pretty girl that he may devote all of his major's pay that he can spare to the rearing of the "kiddie." Hence he encourages the suit of his chum, and an affectionate altercation takes place between the two, full of the sentiment that is so characteristic of Esmond, who has a liking for portraying the warmth and closeness of men's friendships. It is, too, very English in sentiment, the two men, during their good-natured sparring, continually masking the depth of their feeling by such remarks as "Oh, shut up, Dick," "Don't be an ass," "Ob, will you shut up," "You blundering ass," etc.

So a proposal and a rejection take place, both done extremely well by Marie Rawson and Luke Conness. A proposal, either on the stage or off, is always a delightfully interesting affair to overlook, and Esmond has put it and the rejection that ensues in brief, broken phrases that ring true. And so, when the picnic lunch is over, there is a rejected lover, a piqued maiden who has been proposed to by the wrong man, a sulky school-boy, a detached girl, an uneasy husband, and a pair of sleepy valetudinarians to indicate that after-taste of dust and ashes which the unsuccessful picnic leaves behind. There are many good little points in the piece which tickle the risibles agreeably; the exit of the punt, for instance, with its overturned occupants, and the small gypsy philosopher, improbable as his precocity seems in an urchin of his age, is cleverly played and greatly appreciated by an amused audience. The dialogue is entertaining, and Major Dick's attitude toward a pretty girl, and the easy authority with which he orders her around, waves aside her "juvenile tantrums," and indicates the man whom she is to marry is quite piquant. The part is very well suited to White Whittlesey, whose temperament likewise fits him for the bath of woe into which Major Dick is plunged in the last act, and which an actor of more robust type would hark at. Indeed, even the romance-loving spectator here is apt to recall the Weber and Fields burlesque, "I'm going a-woy from here," so many changes are rung on Major Dick's projected departure. The pathos of the "kiddie's" death, too, is so suggestive of a device to bring Dick and Maisie together, and we are so thoroughly aware that the dramatist has decreed his exit from this earthly scene on account of the base gypsy blood in his veins, that we are relieved instead of moved. The piece is rather less capably acted than "Soldiers of Fortune," a fact which, perhaps, is due to lack of opportunity. Marie Rawson, White Whittlesey's leading lady, is a pretty and attractive blonde, whose status as an actress does not seem such as to entitle her as yet to the heavier work of leading lady. She is very uneven, but has in the lighter work moments of charming sincerity. She has that frequent defect in beginners, an unmodulated voice which rasps in emotional scenes, and she has not yet acquired, in spite of manifest effort, that elegance and refinement of speech and accent which is so indispensable in the class of English comedy to which "One Summer's Day" belongs.

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Evenings at eight sharp. Fourth triumphal week of  
**ROBIN HOOD**  
With Edith Mason, Kate Condon, Dora de Fillippe, Bessie Tannehill, Barron Berthold, Willard Simms, Arthur Cunningham, John Dunsmure, Teddy Webb, William Schuster.

Promenade Circle, third floor, smoker's paradise. Elevator always running.  
Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Seats always selling. Only matinee Saturday.

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Opening of the new season next Monday, July 11th, matinee Saturday only. Charles Frohman presents  
**ETHEL BARRYMORE**  
In Hubert Henry Davis's comedy,  
-- **COUSIN KATE** --  
Original New York cast and production.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar."  
BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr.  
Monday, July 11th, one week. Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday, **WHITE WHITTLESEY** and the Alcazar Stock Company in the romantic comedy,  
**HEARTSEASE**  
By Charles Klein and J. I. C. Clarke.

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.  
Monday, July 11th, White Whittlesey in **The Prisoner of Zenda**.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
Tremendous success of Mr. James Neill and the original Neill Company. Week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, **MR. NEILL** in a magnificent production of Archibald Claverling Gunther's dramatization of his own famous story  
**MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK**  
Special summer prices, 15c, 25c, and 50c. Best reserved seat in the orchestra, 50c. Regular matinee, Saturday.  
Sunday matinee, July 17th—**The Cowboy and the Lady**.

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Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.  
Week starting Monday evening, July 11th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, the tremendously successful comedy-drama,  
-- **ALONG THE MOHAWK** --  
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.  
Next—**Robert Emmett**.

**Orpheum**  
Week commencing Sunday matinee, July 10th. A stupendous show! Le Roy and Clayton: Estelle and Bahette D'Arville; Cunningham and Smith; Harry Seback; Leigh Brothers; Gillman and Murray; Green and Werner; Lower; and last week of Valerie Bergere and Company presenting up to and including Wednesday evening, "Billie's First Love," and for the remainder of the engagement, "His Japanese Wife."

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

**Fischers Theatre**  
Triumphant success of  
**A LUCKY STONE**  
A musical cocktail in two acts, by Collin Davis and Frank Witmark. Uproariously funny. Filled with novelties and this remarkable cast: Dorothy Morton, Nora Bayes, Garrity Sisters, Rice and Cady, Bobby North, Edwin Clark, Ben Dillon. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Same popular prices.  
Next play—**Whirl of the Town**.

**HOUSES AND FLAT TO RENT.**  
HOUSE, six rooms, 1013 Mason Street, near Sacramento (back of the block containing the Flood house); rent, \$13.00.  
HOUSE, six rooms, 1015 Mason Street; rent, \$16.00.  
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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Miss Barrymore as a Star.

"Cousin Kate," in which Ethel Barrymore opens her two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, is described as a comedy, telling an idyllic love-story of the "Old Lavender" type. It was written by Huhert Henry Davies, and had its first production in London. It was also the attraction for the opening of the new Hudson Theatre in New York last season, with Miss Barrymore in the title-role. The comedy element in "Cousin Kate" is said to be very strong, and the love scene in the second act between Miss Barrymore as Kate Curtis and Bruce McRae as Heath Desmond is given high praise, being pronounced the daintiest thing of its kind to be found in modern comedy. The New York cast and production will be seen here. Among the people in support of Miss Barrymore are Bruce McRae, Grant Stewart, Augustin Daly Wilkes, Fanny Addison Pitt, Beatrice Agnew, and Anita Rothe.

## New People in a New Burlesque.

There are a number of new people in "The Lucky Stone," the medium through which Fischer's Theatre will return to German burlesque. Dorothy Morton is the new leading lady, Nora Bayes the souhrette, while Rice and Cady do the German comedy part, and Bobby North is the Hebrew character impersonator. There are seventeen new song numbers in "The Lucky Stone," the scenes of which are in Chicago and San Francisco. There are a number of dances for the Garrity Sisters, and the chorus is to be put through new evolutions. "The Lucky Stone" has its first presentation to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

## James Neill's Second Week.

James Neill will begin the second week of his season to-morrow (Sunday) matinee with a production of Archibald Clavering Gunther's dramatization of his own novel, "Mr. Barnes of New York." Mr. Neill will appear for the first time in this city in the name character. He has been awarded great praise for it elsewhere. Edythe Chapman will play the fiery Corsican, Marino Paoli, and the remaining roles are judiciously distributed among the other members of the Neill company. The special summer prices—fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents—are a popular innovation. At the Sunday matinee, July 17th, Mr. Neill will appear in "The Cowboy and the Lady."

## Rural Drama at the Central.

On Monday evening the Central Theatre will present, for the first time in San Francisco, the picturesque comedy-drama of home life, "Along the Mohawk." The hero of this play is the editor of the Mohawk Beacon, which plays a star part in an election war between embittered factions. The plot to destroy the Beacon press and prevent the publication of the sheet on the eve of election is one of the principal scenes. A newspaper office, with presses, type, and all, is shown. The heroine of the play is a girl reporter, who has an up-hill struggle, and who is befriended by the Beacon editor. The scenery illustrates one of the most romantic localities in the Western world.

## Romantic Plays at the Alcazar.

"Heartsease," with its laces and satins, its jeweled swords and powdered wigs, will be the bill at the Alcazar Theatre next week. White Whittlesey will be seen as Eric Temple, the rôle played so often by Henry Miller. Oza Waldorp will make her reappearance after a year's absence. The original "Heartsease" music will be interpreted by singers under the direction of S. Homer Henley. On July 18th, "The Prisoner of Zenda" will be revived, to be followed by the natural sequel, "Rupert of Hentzau." After this will come several plays entirely new here.

## "Robin Hood" Continues.

On Monday night "Robin Hood" enters upon its fourth successful week at the Tivoli Opera House. Everything indicates a very long run of the opera, which is attracting large crowds. As yet, there is no talk of changing the bill. The singers, chorus, and orchestra work in harmony in this production. Simms, Berthald, Dunsmore, Cunningham, Edith Mason, Dora de Philippe, Bessie Tannehill, Kate Condon, and others make up an excellent cast.

## Many New Turns at the Orpheum.

Walter Le Roy and Florence Clayton, who were seen here two years ago in "Hogan of the Hansons," will return to the Orpheum this coming week. This time they will present an original Irish comedy entitled "A Horse on Hogan," said to be even funnier than their first effort. Estelle and Babette d'Arville, acrobatic dancing girls, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They are announced as pretty and limber-limbed. George W. Cunningham, one of the original "Brutal Brothers," and Geneva Smith, a

comedienne, will present, with the assistance of their trained dog, Zero, a rapid-fire talking and comedy act, entitled "A Perfect Paradise." Zero sings a duet with Mr. Cunningham, and takes part in a dramatic hit taken from one of the recent Frohman productions. Harry Seehack, the bag-puncher, will make his initial appearance in this city. For her third and last week, Valerie Bergere will present up to and including Wednesday evening, "Billie's First Love," and for the remainder of her engagement "His Japanese Wife." The Leigh Brothers will continue their acrobatic act; and Green and Werner, the "Babes of the Jungle"; Gillihan and Murray, the sweet Southern singers and talking comedians; and Lowe, the xylophonist, will complete the programme.

## Novelist and Playwright.

Max Pemberton, the novelist, has written a play, "The Finishing School," which has been well received in London. The action takes place one hundred years ago, and the heroine, Dorothy Melville, a hoyden, falls in love with her guardian's son, Murray Vane, and elopes with him to Gretina Green, where they are caught by the young man's father just in time to prevent the marriage. Dorothy is packed off to a finishing school kept by two old maids, and there she is a source of constant trouble on account of her adventures. A day or two before the year is up, Vane's regiment is ordered away to war, and Dorothy, determined to say good-by to him, disguises herself as a boy and goes to the barracks, where she is challenged to fight a duel, and meets with other mishaps before she and Vane are united. The London papers describe the play as containing a pretty love-story, brightly told, and in a picturesque setting.

Plans have been drawn for a theatre to be erected at Mission and Twenty-Second Streets. The structure will be on a lot 80 x 122.6 feet. It will be finished on the exterior after the Spanish style in stucco, with an ornamental façade topped with Moorsque towers for the theatre, and an effective treatment for the stores. There will be seats in the theatre for eight hundred persons—all on the ground floor—and if the patronage of the house warrants it, balconies will be built.

Saint-Saëns's opera, "Hélène," has been produced at Covent Garden, London, four months after the first performance at Monte Carlo. The critics say that the music is not remarkably for melody, but there is no sign of decadence of the veteran composer's art. The opera was splendidly staged, but Melba was not at her best in singing or acting.

Putnam Griswold, of Oakland, is to sing Gurnemanz in Henry Savage's production of "Parsifal" in English. He is a basso, and has been singing with much success at Frankfurt. He is a pupil of Bouley. Savage will produce the work several weeks ahead of Conried's German production.

It is announced that Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the veteran actress, will make a farewell tour of the United States next year in "Granny," a play written for her by Clyde Fitch. Mrs. Gilbert is eighty-two years old, and has been on the American stage for over fifty years.

Charles Flockton, a member of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company, died at St. Joseph's Hospital on July 1st. Flockton was a distinguished old English actor. He was seventy-six years of age, and a man of much literary ability.

Ada Rehan has signed a contract with Lee Shubert to appear for five seasons in Shakespearean rôles.

## Moore's Poison-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

## Napoleon and the Players.

James O'Donnell Bennett, writing in the Chicago Record-Herald, tells of Napoleon Bonaparte's love for the stage, and says, in part:

General Gourgaud records that they read plays at St. Helena, and one day when the company of exiles finished a tragedy that had Caesar as a leading character—perhaps it was Corneille's "La Mort de Pompee"—the emperor said: "When I was young I wanted to write something about Caesar."

Often in that dreary island he would recall fondly the gayety and splendor of the Paris theatres. He said that he could have lived very well in France on twelve francs a day, that he "could have dined for thirty sous, haunted literary men and publishers and libraries, and have gone to the parquet of the theatres."

Once he used a theatrical figure in driving home a reflection on the duty of a father to his sons. "To deprive one's self of a fortune for their sakes is mere folly. You may have economized all your life for them, and then the bright eyes of a ballet girl . . . will in a moment dissipate your fortune."

It still happens. Again and again he was wont to muse over the joys of distant, beloved Paris, but it was not for the throne-rooms and the pageantry he yearned, only for the simple pleasures any prosperous shopkeeper might enjoy. "There is nothing superior to Paris," he said, "with its public gardens and its libraries. You can go to all the theatres for a very small sum. One might even say that in Paris one loses all consciousness of rain or of snow. Everything always is so beautiful."

When one remembers where he was as he pondered thus, and what he had lost, his life seems the supreme tragedy. Rousing himself from these memories of the play-house, of beautiful women, of great dramas presented under his patronage, he would say, wearily, "Gentlemen, let us go to bed."

Napoleon in his relation to the stage of his time and country—a stage he ruled with a rod of iron, though generously—is worth study because in that relation we see one more proof of the dazzling many-sidedness of this man's genius.

IT'S FUNNY how so many men act. They toil, and labor, and struggle,

AND NEVER for a moment think of rest, or recreation, or pleasure.

AND HOW FOOLISH for those residing in this vicinity, when right at their door lies the playground, quickly and cheaply reached.

IF YOU WILL NOT occasionally give up the daily grind,

DO NOT make your wife and children continually walk the treadmill,

AT LEAST give them a chance for a little change of air that will bring some color to their cheeks.

PERHAPS then you will find time to visit them over Sunday,

AND FORGET yourself as your children poke grass down your neck, and in your nose, and eyes, and ears.

GET OUT once in a while and romp,

BREAK AWAY and give your family a chance to get acquainted with you,

AND CALL or write for

## "VACATION, 1904,"

A book of 160 pages issued by the California Northwestern Railway Company (the Picturesque Route of California), giving camping locations, hotels, mineral spring resorts, and a long list of country homes where board for the summer can be secured at from \$7.00 per week up.

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## Dividend Notices.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1904, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 to 10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1904.

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## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets  
Safe Deposit Building. SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinbart, Emil Rohte, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....200,000.00  
Deposits, Dec. 31, 1903.....4,196,122.55  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
S. L. AMER, JR.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, J. D. Warren, D. Clark, E. J. McCutcheon, O. D. Baldwin.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallat.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## Mechanics Savings Bank

S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush Sts.

CAPITAL STOCK PAID UP.....\$250,000.00

Jas. O'B. Gann.....President  
Geo. D. Gray.....Vice-President  
George F. Lyon.....Vice-President  
Frederick H. Clark.....Cashier  
W. F. Williamson.....Attorney  
Directors—F. W. Dohrmann, Jr., Geo. D. Gray, Jas. O'B. Gann, Geo. F. Lyon, Chas. C. Moore, Marshall Hale, F. M. Greenwood, W. Kline, Geo. M. Mitchell, Henry T. Scott, W. F. Williamson.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIFMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid in Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.  
WM. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

## ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

230 CALIFORNIA STREET, S. F.

Newspaper Clippings from Press of State, Coast, Country on any Topic—Business, Personal, or Political. Advance Reports on Contracting Work. Coast Agents of best Bureaus in America and Europe. Telephone M. 1043.



## VANITY FAIR.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, writing from London, gives the *Argonaut* the following account of some of her experiences in crossing the Atlantic on a German boat: "To cross the ocean on a German liner when one has not one word of German in one's vocabulary is a doubtful joy. On an enormous ship, crowded to its utmost capacity, we forged on for nine cold, wet, foggy days, hearing the language of the Fatherland on every side, and struggling with the problem of responding to it when we did not have one phrase wherewith to respond. My room-mate, who was sick, and most of the time lay in her berth in a limp and speechless condition, had a sort of unconscious reversion toward French. When she roused enough for articulation, she murmured broken French phrases to the attendants that ministered to her. After she had begun to improve, she told me that an irresistible tendency to call the stewardess the *blanchisseuse* still remained with her. It was only natural that I should revert to the pigeon English of my California days. I found myself using it glibly and fluently on all occasions, and, all things considered, it met with some measure of success. We had a very nice steward—Charles Guame—young, intelligent, bright, and brisk. Charles had just enough English to say, 'Very well,' 'No, thanks,' and 'All right.' At first you did not suspect the meagreness of his knowledge, because he looked so understandingly at you with his small, sharp eyes. The only thing about him that might have given you a suspicion that a comprehension of the English language was not his strong point was that his invariable response was a brief, smiling 'Please.' Charles said 'please' to nearly everything. You gave forth a sentence like this: 'Now, Charles, do not shut the ventilator. I want it open.' To which Charles would reply, bright and smiling, 'Please,' jump upon the sofa, shut the ventilator tight, and then look at you with the proud eye of one who has honestly earned a good tip. I found the pigeon English answered very nicely with Charles. If I said to him in the morning, when I was too sunk in the stupefying slumbers of ship-board to get up to breakfast, 'Go top-side and get me blifflus,' he always did it quickly and satisfactorily. After an interval of sleep and silence, through which the creaking and groaning of the great laboring steamer made itself faintly heard, I would be roused by Charles setting down a tray on the shelf below the washstand, the dishes clattering to his arranging hand, and when all was ready, Charles's voice, a little raised, but cheerful and persuasive, pronouncing the inevitable 'Please.'

"But all the attendants were not as intelligently comprehending as Charles. The stewardess did not seem to understand at all. Pigeon English ran off her like water off a duck, not a phrase sinking in. Fortunately I had not much to do with her, as the stewardess is the especial prerogative of seasick ladies, and I am a good sailor. All that she does for the well ladies is to run the water for their baths. As all the well ladies want to take baths at the same hour, the stewardess—in smooth weather—finds her hands full with a crowd of wrapped females, all clamoring for baths. In rough weather the clamoring subsides. A few kimono-clad figures—a decimated army—go rolling unsteadily up the passageways, and you have your pick of bath-rooms. Also you don't see the stewardess at all, unless a sudden, uncertain glimpse of her whisking across the end of a corridor, thrown as she goes, first against one hand-rail and then against the other.

"Hot salt-water baths are a great luxury at sea, but beware of them if you don't know any German. I took my first in the evening, late, as it being fair weather, the morning hours were too crowded. It was all comfortable and beautiful, except that the water was so hot, fearfully hot! I stuck my head gingerly out of the door, but there was no stewardess. A great silence lay on the once crowded and noisy bath-rooms. So I trusted myself to the heated elements, thinking perhaps the effect of being parboiled would soon wear off. But it did not. It was becoming worse. Close at hand, in the middle of the wall, were three taps, one marked 'kalt,' one 'warm,' and one 'brause.' I meditatively studied these. Which would be the right one? After some pondering, I decided on *kalt*, and hopefully turned it on. A boiling stream flowed into the bath, and I turned *kalt* off. With a decline of hope, I decided on *warm*. It did not seem promising, but you never could tell from the sound of words in these foreign languages. *Warm* was worse, quite boiling, I decided, after holding my finger under the pipe. It was evidently *brause*, though there was nothing about the word to suggest it. So, sitting expectant in the steaming bath, I turned on *brause*, and an ice-cold shower fell on my head, and before I could recover from the shock, soaked my hair. As so cold and so surprising that I screamed, and the stewardess came and hammered at the door, shouting long German sentences through the crack, and when I would not answer, shouting them louder. I do not know what she thought had happened, probably that the heat of the bath had killed me, and she had heard my dying wail."

An ungallant London glove manufacturer has disclosed the fact that women's hands are becoming broader and longer. The development is attributed to the masculine exercises now indulged in by girls of the period. The hand of the average woman, it is affirmed, has been enlarged a quarter of an inch in five years, and the size of the glove has increased accordingly, but in order to satisfy fair woman's vanity the glove has still to be marked six when in reality it is six and a quarter.

Professor James L. Ward, who holds the chair of mental philosophy in the University of Cambridge, England, and who is to lecture at Berkeley this summer, pays an interesting tribute to California politeness. He says: "I have not had time as yet to see much of California, but as far as I have seen the State and its people, I am charmed with both. There is one thing that I have noticed already, however, and that is that the people here are more polite than the people in the East. This was especially noticeable when I came to deal with the officials of the railways. In the East the majority of the employees, to whom a traveler must look for information, had manners most brusque. On more than one occasion I was treated with discourtesy and rudeness. In California the railway people are much more courteous." Another thing that has made an impression upon Professor Ward is the temperance of the American people. "Everywhere I went," he says, "it seemed to be taken for granted that I would drink water unless I signified otherwise. Even on the American steamer on which I crossed the ocean this was true, and to a greater extent in the Eastern hotels and eating-houses. At Iowa City, where I was invited to deliver a lecture before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, there seemed to be a total absence of wines and liquors. Now in England, whether in the hotels or the restaurants, almost the first question the waiter asks is, 'What will you have to drink?' and at the same time he shoves a wine list into your hand. If you say 'water' he will pull a wry face and otherwise show his displeasure, for most of the profit is made off the wines. The absence of this in America was most noticeable to me."

In support of what no male disputes—namely, that woman is a creature of contradictions—a writer in the *Philadelphia Bulletin* cites these instances: "She will sit in a draught in a low-necked gown with her arms and shoulders bare. But she will go out on the hottest afternoon with her head and neck tied up in a thick chiffon veil. She will forget to pay a bill of five dollars for months. But she will make herself conspicuous in a street car squabbling to pay for her friend a five-cent piece which she doesn't owe. She will wear a skirt about six inches longer than it ought to be for walking. But she will hold it up about six inches higher than any walking-skirt that ever was made. She is up in arms when she sees a horse whipped. But she will drag a poor little dog on a shopping bout that would enfeeble a good-sized man. She has a will that no power on earth can bend. Yet she would rather the world should come to an end than that she should be caught doing differently from her neighbors."

People who recall the *Argonaut's* editorial of a couple of years ago on "Learning Not to Play the Piano," may be pleased to note that, according to the *New York Times*, this article of usual household furniture is, in fact, passing into innocuous desuetude. "There are still several pianos sold annually, no doubt," says this paper, "but the proportion of those in nominal use which remain silent from three hundred to three hundred and sixty-five days in the year is steadily increasing. The business of teaching children and young persons to play on the piano is declining. The conviction is growing in the minds of parents that it does not pay to expend considerable sums of money to enable children, without musical talent, to acquire such superficial knowledge of this instrument as will enable them to disturb the peace and quiet of home without contributing anything to its pleasures. Real piano playing has been brought to a plane so high that one who has not acquired proficiency by long and arduous study hesitates to confess to any knowledge of it. Amateur work has been further discouraged by the multiplication of mechanical devices which, by the agency of strips of paper punched full of holes and wound on spools, can make music in more or less successful imitation of great compositions or trivial ones, so far beyond the ability of the average amateur piano player as to discourage effort. The mastery of the instrument, which is the possession of the few, has flooded the market with compositions requiring half a lifetime of hard and unremunerative work to comprehend and interpret. The futile little Bird Waltzes, Battles of Prague, and Maidens' Prayers, with varia-

tions, mastered with no great difficulty by the school-girl after one or two quarters of instruction, are things of the past. The net result is one of the vast advantage to the average citizen. This year he can sit at his open window in a populous neighborhood and perhaps not hear the sound of a piano once in an evening. A few years ago he would have heard a dozen under like conditions, variously tortured and each contributing differently from the others to his mental and physical misery."

Numerous recent reports of encounters between young women and prowling burglars, in which the latter have been handled as they are customarily "done for" only in melodrama—another like incident in Newport was told recently—have raised the question, "Is the young woman of the present period steadier of nerve and physically stronger because of her indulgence in outdoor sports?" "Not a doubt of it," exclaims the *New York Herald* in reply. "In our grandmothers' day, Miss Lydia Languish would have swooned had she heard the awful announcement that there was a 'man in the room,' and it is doubtful if a spinster a few decades ago on hearing the intelligence could have summoned strength to prevent his flight. But Miss Vassar, Miss Baltusrol, and the other healthy sport enthusiasts of to-day are quite able to take care of themselves in an emergency. In fact, the 'burglar's lot is not a happy one' in any community where golf links and tennis courts abound."

In a recent issue of the *London Times* was printed this advertisement: "The late Mr. Herbert Spencer's lady housekeeper desires to meet with a similar position. Highest references. Address, etc."

It is easier to live within your income than without it.—*Ex.*

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Tesla Bricquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAfee, District Forecaster.

		Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
June 30th	.....	60	52	Tr.	Pt. Cloudy
July 1st	.....	58	50	..	Clear
" 2d	.....	58	50	..	Clear
" 3d	.....	56	50	..	Cloudy
" 4th	.....	62	50	..	Clear
" 5th	.....	60	52	..	Clear
" 6th	.....	56	50	..	Cloudy

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 6, 1904, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 112 3/4	112		
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000	@ 104 3/4-104 1/2	104 1/2		
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	2,000	@ 117 1/2	117 1/2		
Pacific Gas Imp't 4%.....	5,000	@ 92 1/2	92 1/2	96	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 105	102 1/2	104 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 117 1/2	117		
S. F. R. of Arizona 6% 1099.....	1,000	@ 106	106		
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	2,000	@ 107	106 3/4		
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	11,000	@ 108 1/2-108 3/4	108 3/4		
S. V. Water 6%.....	16,000	@ 105 1/2-105 3/4	105 3/4	105 1/2	
S. V. Water 4%.....	21,000	@ 99	98 1/2	99 1/2	
		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	100	@ 34 1/2-35	34		
Spring Valley.....	160	@ 37 1/2-38 1/4	38 1/4	38 1/2	
		SUGARS.			
Hawallah C. S. Co.....	85	@ 51-51 1/4	51	51 1/4	
Honokaa S. Co.....	25	@ 11 1/2	11 1/2		
Makaweli S. Co.....	50	@ 21 1/2	21 1/2		
Pauhaui S. Co.....	10	@ 13	12 1/2	13 1/4	
		GAS & ELECTRIC.			
S. F. Gas & Electric Miscellaneous.....	45	@ 59 1/2-59 3/4	59 1/2	59 3/4	
Alaska Packers.....	35	@ 137-138 1/2	137	139 1/4	

The business for the week was small. Spring Valley Water was strong, selling up three-eighths of a point to 38 1/4, closing at 38 1/2 bid, 38 3/4 asked.

The sugars were quiet, with no change in prices. Alaska Packers on sales of 35 shares advanced one and three-quarters points to 138 1/2, closing at 137 bid, 139 1/4 asked.

Sales of San Francisco Gas and Electric were made at 59 1/2-59 3/4. This company paid a quarterly dividend of \$1.25 per share on June 30, 1904.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

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the most uniform, old, and mellow whiskey is

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

In quality and flavor it is the finest and purest whiskey made.

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Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

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THE

## Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.50
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

William C. Gotshall, president of the New York and Port Chester Railway, was recently a dinner guest at the Authors' Club. One of Mr. Gotshall's literary friends had previously volunteered to send Mr. Gotshall one of Gilbert Parker's most interesting hooks. "Have you received 'The Right of Way' as yet?" inquired the litterateur. "No," responded Mr. Gotshall, sadly, thinking of his franchise grant, held up by the board of aldermen, "the board of aldermen hasn't passed it yet."

"Now, children," said a teacher in a Germantown school not long since, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one; who can tell me what that one is?" No one answered. "It has bristly hair, likes the dirt, and is fond of getting into the mud," hinted the teacher, helpfully; "can't you think, Tommy?" she asked, encouragingly, of a small boy. "It's me," said Tommy, reflectively.

The late George Francis Train was once dining in a fashionable restaurant where the insistent attentions of a colored waiter were very annoying. "Say," said Mr. Train, "if you don't bother me for the next fifteen minutes I'll place something beneath my plate that'll make your mouth water." The colored gentleman bowed courteously, and anticipatorily waited in the rear. After Mr. Train had left his seat, the waiter turned the plate, and there found something which not only made his mouth water, but his teeth grate—a piece of chewing gum.

An English paper is printing pulp stories, chiefly hulls and undecided metaphors. Some gayety might also be found in the little misadventures of foreigners, preaching in English, but these take place mostly in Roman Catholic churches, and are not so well known. One for example, told by the London *Chronicle*, was the lot of an anxious Italian priest, accustomed to a language which, in one instance, has a single word where English has two. "We have three enemies to overcome," he said; "the first, my brethren, is the world; the second is the meat—"

Senator Quay and a friend were talking about a young man who was leading a rather gay life. The senator insisted that the boy was all right at heart. "And I have no doubt," he added, "that Tom will pull up when he reaches the age of discretion." "Yes," rejoined Quay's friend, "but what would you call the age of discretion?" "As a rule," answered the senator, "I should say that a young fellow has reached the age of discretion when he removes from his walls the pictures of actresses, and substitutes therefor a portrait of his wealthy bachelor uncle."

A friend of Philip Verrill Mighels, author of "Brüver Jim's Baby," tells this story of him. Mr. Mighels was in London at the time, and one morning he informed Mrs. Mighels that he had several errands, and would not be back for some hours. He was going to see a lawyer, a doctor, and a literary agent, and after his business was attended to, he would gratify an old wish of his and go to see Goldsmith's grave. After a very brief period, to Mrs. Mighels's surprise, he returned. "Why," exclaimed his wife, "how did you accomplish so much in such a short time?" "Because," said Mr. Mighels, "the lawyer, the doctor, and the literary agent were all out. The only one in was Goldsmith."

In connection with Lord Curzon's return to England, this story is being told in London: An American globe-trotter dining with some English friends in Calcutta was asked if Americans took any interest in India. "Oh, yes," was the American's reply, "and they have some reason to do so. One day I met a lady I knew in a railway carriage, and I handed her a newspaper in which was a paragraph headed, 'India and Lady Curzon.' She settled down to read it with close attention, and when she had finished, I remarked to her: 'You seem interested in that item about India.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I am. When that young man came out here and married little Mary Leiter I always said she would make a man of him, and so she has.'"

It is related that recently Russell Sage bought a paper of a newsboy, then, discovering that it was of the vintage of the day before, demanded and received his cent back. The newsboy indulged in bitter reminiscence as follows: "Say, wasn't that the limit? Can't hunko that old feller, with all his money, but he bunkoed me, 'other day, and I wanted to get square. Tell you how it was. The old man came along, took a paper off me, then dips down in his pocket and fishes out a coin. He opens me hand, puts the coin in it, closes me fingers over the coin, and gives

me hand a pat. Well, say! I tought sure I had a dime or a quarter, but when I opens me hand dere's nothin' but a cent, just the price of the paper! Wasn't that a bunko game? An' I couldn't get square."

Prince Pu Lun and the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, attended the races at Gravesend early in the month. They were among a group of New Yorkers who were telling dog stories, when Sir Chentung said: "I am reminded of a Chinese dog story. There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening, he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped them, and drove them forth. The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch, and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping. The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."

William Dean Howells spoke highly of Mark Twain at a London dinner-party, and repeated one of his stories as illustrative of his great humor. As Twain had told it to him, there was a great fire, and an old man leaned out of an upper window screaming for help. "Everybody in the crowd seemed paralyzed," said Mark; "no ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death, and if he jumped he would be crushed flat. But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Fool Ruster.

Foolishest thing I ever see,  
At home or anywhere—  
A ruster standin' on one laig  
When he hez got a pair.  
—Joe Cone in New York Sun.

## The Woman and the Rib.

Adam gave his rib  
To make woman's shape;  
(Thus the story's writ,  
There is no escape!)

Many an Arctic whale,  
Witless of the blame,  
Also gives his rib  
For to make the same.

I sorrow not for man—  
He gets his ribbet back;  
But for the poor old whale,  
Alack, my friends, alack!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## The Heathen's Defense.

There once was a Hottentot tot  
Who said, "If I oughtn't, why not?  
For were I to dress  
I'd be, I confess,  
A very hot Hottentot tot."—E.R.

## By the Sad Sea Waves.

There was once a pair of young beaux  
Who sported the loudest of clothes,  
And the noise that they made  
Put the sea in the shade,  
By the sound of the serge, I suppose.  
—Punch Bowl.

## A Romance of To-Day.

He met her where the people came and went  
In busy troops,  
Where the never weary newsboys filled the air  
With madd'ning whoops;  
She was fair to see and sweetly said: "You're lookin' out of sight."  
"Well I guess," said he, "you wouldn't make a clock run down for spite."  
There where the people hurried in the busy thoroughfare  
He asked: "Say, what's the matter with us drawin' to a pair?"  
She glanced up coyly at him, while her dimpled cheeks grew red,  
"Chase yourself around this evening and we'll frame it up," she said.  
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

A gloomy prospect: "So long as mother is willing that I should marry you," said the sweet thing, "papa can easily be won over." "Er—ah—do the womenfolk always rule in your family?" asked the young man, timidly.  
—London Tit-Bits.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; its reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## LILLIAN RUSSELL'S IMPROVING PICTURES.

## Also Her Garden Fertilized by Wine Corks.

Miss Lillian Russell's new home is in Bay Ridge, on the Shore road, near Ninety-Fourth Street. It is an old Brooklyn homestead which she hired all furnished, with its hair-cloth furniture, peacock-feather screens, and ancient and improving pictures on the walls.

Miss Russell dotes on raising vegetables. As everybody knows, she has had a farm for the last five years down in Cedarhurst, Queens, but at the end of season before last a careless servant threw a lot of corks out on the garden patch and they got plowed in and ruined the soil so last year the beets wouldn't come up at all. That's why Lillian decided to stake a claim somewhere else.

"It's all so restful," said Miss Russell recently, as she leaned back in a haircloth rocking-chair and put her red and gold slippers feet up on a faded blue and green crocheted foot-rest of the fashion of the early sixties. "There is really nothing to say about my being here. I have just moved from Manhattan to Brooklyn for a rest, and have taken this house just as it is, all furnished. I wouldn't change anything in it for the world. What, for instance, could be more soothing than these pictures? There, just above your head, is that fine old engraving of Eliza crossing the Delaware. No, I don't mean Eliza, but Washington. I got that picture confused with the one over the whatnot in the corner. That is Eliza crossing some other river on the cracked ice with the bull terriers after her. Just to the right of the sofa there is Little Eva teaching Uncle Tom to read, as a sort of companion piece to Eliza."

"I have taken a great fancy to that picture over the divan, of a woman with the straight, damp hair hanging down her back as she comes out from a plunge. It is called the 'Rocks of Ages.' No, I read that wrong; the printing under the picture is so faded out. It is just one rock. The 'Rock of Ages.' That picture reminds me of James O'Neill coming out of a stage ocean and telling the gallery that the world is his. There is another rather pretty marine view over the mantel called the 'Landing of the Pilgrims.' Oh, this furniture and these pictures are so restful."

"There is a very lively turf picture over there called 'Paul Revere's Ride.' The action of the horse is fine, but according to our modern notions the jockey is sitting altogether too far back to ever get away from the hunch. I should say that Revere's method was the very antithesis of Tod Sloan's, for instance."

"Not only are the pictures in my new home soothing and restful, but so are all the other ornaments. There are those beautiful wall flowers and the tropical birds under the glass globe. The flowers never fade and the birds never chirp. And what could be more peaceful after a hard day at the races than that motto 'Home, Sweet Home,' done in worsted over the door, or that crocheted word 'Rest,' in green letters on that nice white tidy on the arm-chair."

"But come into my garden. I just love green things, and nothing pleases me more than working among them."

"Here," she said, "in the front centre are my early peas. I planted every aisle of them myself. Over there in the right rear, where you see the earth all ridged up or sort of corrugated like the metal ceiling of a Broadway restaurant, are my later peas. They are not up yet, and won't come on till the middle or last of August."

"That's the corn, over there in the deep centre, extending in a kind of semicircle from the right front around to the left front as a high background for the peas and limas and beans. I got the idea from the opening formation of the Amazon chorus in the old 'Black Crook.'"

"I think the heasts are horrid," exclaimed Miss Russell, as she suddenly squatted down in her potato patch and made a raid on hugs, her fingers loaded with the diamonds which Joe Weber once described as "Tiffany's window."

"Some friend of mine," she said, "had a lot of government agricultural reports sent to me as soon as he learned that I had moved out here in the country. I suppose that he did it for a joke, but they are real interesting. One report said that the quail is useful for a farmer, and told how many worms and things were found in one quail's stomach."

"Now, I know that in almost any normal human stomach that had been hungry you might find five or six quails after one little luncheon, but who would ever suppose that you would ever find fifty-nine cut worms and thirteen caterpillars in the stomach of just one small hot bird like a quail? I'm going to get some quails the very next time I go to Sherry's, and bring them out here to my garden, for I do hate to pick off hugs."

"Those Agricultural Department reports are just full of good things. I don't see why one of them shouldn't be dramatized some time."—New York Sun.

## Nelson's Amyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....July 16 | New York.....July 30  
St. Louis.....July 23 | St. Paul.....Aug. 6  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....July 16, 10 a.m. | Merion.....July 30, 10 a.m.  
Noordland.....July 23, 10 a.m. | Westerland.....Aug. 6, 10 a.m.

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis.....July 16, 8 a.m.  
Mesaba.....July 23, 9 a.m.  
Munietonka.....July 30, 7.30 a.m.  
Minnehaha.....Aug. 6, noon  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....July 16 | Canada.....July 30  
Southwark.....July 23 | Vancouver.....Aug. 6

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Potsdam.....July 19 | Ryndam.....Aug. 3  
Rotterdam.....Aug. 2 | Noordam.....Aug. 16

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a.m.  
Zeeland.....July 16 | Vaderland.....July 30  
Finland.....July 23 | Kroonland.....Aug. 6

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Baltic.....July 13, 5 p.m. | Oceanic.....July 27, 5 p.m.  
Majestic.....July 20, 10 a.m. | Arabic.....July 29, 6 a.m.  
Cedric.....July 24, 1 p.m. | Teutonic.....Aug. 3, 10 a.m.  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric.....July 14, Aug. 18, Sept. 15  
Cretic.....July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22  
Republic (new).....Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Canopic.....July 16, Aug. 27, Oct. 8, Nov. 19  
Romanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 3  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, July 16  
S. S. Doric.....Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, September 10  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 16, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, July 28, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Aug. 9, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

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W. E. DARGIE, President. T. T. DARGIE, Secretary.

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DEVELOPING PLATES AND FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS, etc. Reliable instruction in horoscope writing given at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best references. All city inquiries and appointments by phone (9 a.m. to 6 p.m.) Black 3723; (evenings) Scott 1070. ROBERT REMBRANDT HILL, 1606 Steiner St.

## LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.  
LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1855—38,000 volumes.  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—145,297 volumes.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay you to see our large assortment of these goods, and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mary Bright Wallace, daughter of Mrs. James Maxwell Wallace, to Lieutenant Gilbert A. McElroy, U. S. A., will take place on Wednesday afternoon, July 13th, at half after four at the Swedenborgian Church.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Leonora Neuman, daughter of the late Paul Neuman and Mrs. Neuman, of Honolulu, to Mr. Robert McDonald Bird, of London, will take place in London on July 28th.

The wedding of Miss Mary Caldwell, daughter of Mrs. Lucy Caldwell, to Lieutenant Peyton G. Clark, U. S. A., took place on Thursday at the residence of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Caldwell Zimmerman, 1321 Sutter Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Father Hannigan. Miss Helen Hough and Miss Lanette Hough, of Stockton, were bridesmaids. Lieutenant Frank R. Curtis, U. S. A., acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Marion Preston Sperry, daughter of Mrs. James Leverett Sperry, of New York, to Mr. James Morrill Marsh, of Lynn, Mass., took place in New York on June 27th.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday in honor of Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey. Others at table were Miss Jennie Crocker, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Alice Burke, Mr. Richard Burke, and Mr. Willie Burke.

## Le Conte Memorial Dedicated.

The building erected in Yosemite Valley to the memory of Joseph Le Conte, the scientist, was formally dedicated on Sunday morning under the auspices of the Sierra Club, Secretary William E. Colby presiding. The invocation was given by Rev. C. T. Brown, of San Diego. Songs, recitations, and speeches completed the ceremony.

The building, or lodge, is situated at the upper end of the valley, immediately under Glacier Point. It faces the Royal Arches, North Dome, and Half Dome, and looks up Toneya Cañon to Cloud's Rest, Professor Le Conte's favorite view in the valley. The lodge has one large room, 25 x 36 feet, with a large open stone fireplace at one end, and two smaller rooms flanking the entrance opposite the fireplace. Books, guides, and maps of the high Sierras have been placed there, and the custodian will give information to parties wishing to make more extended trips from the Yosemite into the higher Sierras. The lodge is entirely free to all visitors to the valley, and copies of the daily papers and the magazines will be kept on file for their use. The building cost five thousand dollars, most of which was contributed by the Sierra Club.

The present main entrance to the campus of the Stanford University is to have a massive arch, to replace the old one. Laborers have torn down the huge stone pillars supporting the two bronze sphinxes which have guarded the entrance. The new arch will be of huff sandstone, with heavy decorations of wrought iron. It will cost about thirty thousand dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Watanabe arrived on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Gaelic* on Saturday, en route to London, where Mr. Watanabe will take charge of one of the departments of the Yokohama specie bank. He is a son of Viscount Watanabe, one of the great financiers of Japan. Mrs. Watanabe is a daughter of Field-Marshal Marquis Oyama.

Elizabeth Tyree, the actress, and James S. Metcalf, dramatic critic of *Life*, are to be married in New York on July 14th. Miss Tyree has had a successful stage career, while Mr. Metcalf's contributions to the dramatic pages of *Life* have constituted some of the best and most trenchant of contemporary theatrical criticism.

The Poniatowski golf cup, which has been contested for during the past six years, has been passed into the possession of Miss Florence Whittell through her having won it the second time. The final contest for it took place on the Burlingame golf links.

Miss Eleanor Kessler, a Pennsylvania girl, who has been studying abroad, will sing in opera at the Stadt Theatre in Lucbeck. The Berlin critics predict a brilliant career for her. She is a dramatic soprano, and commands eleven rôles.

The new Carnegie library building at Valjeo was dedicated on July 4th. It is of granite, brick, and concrete, and cost twenty thousand dollars.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The Henry Miller company left New York for San Francisco on Wednesday.

## The Largest Steamship in the World.

The *Baltic*, the latest steamer turned out for the White Star Line, and the largest one in the world, is expected to arrive at New York from Liverpool on July 7th. She registers 24,000 tons. Her capacity for cargo is about 28,000 tons, and the displacement at her load draft about 40,000 tons. She is 726 feet in length, or 26 feet longer than the *Cedric* and the *Celtic*, which, with her two great funnels and four-pole masts, she strongly resembles.

The *Baltic* can carry 3,000 passengers, besides a crew of about 350. All her first-class accommodation is amidships. The grand dining saloon, situated on the upper deck, is a very handsome apartment, and extends the full width of the ship—75 feet. It has seating accommodation for 370 people, is exceptionally lofty and airy, and with its effective scheme of decoration, which unites artistic taste and brightness of aspect, can claim to be one of the most palatial saloons on the Atlantic.

The first-class smoke-room and library on the upper promenade deck are also luxurious apartments, wherein everything that tends to the comfort of passengers is apparent, while the state-rooms have been devised to meet the wants of the most fastidious traveler. They consist among others of single berth-rooms—of which type, it may be noted, the White Star Line was the originator—and rooms en suite, these latter consisting of bed, sitting, and bath-rooms, for such as are prepared to pay for the extra privacy enjoyed.

The command of this latest wonder of the seas has been entrusted to Lieutenant E. J. Smith, R. N. R., an officer of ripe experience, who is well known to travelers across the Atlantic as having hitherto had charge of the popular *Majestic*.

With the addition of the *Baltic*, the White Star Line's magnificent fleet now consists of 31 steamers—besides tenders—the aggregate tonnage of which amounts to the huge total of just 360,000 tons. Of these 31 steamers, no fewer than 27 are fitted with twin screws, while 21 are each over 10,000 tons, as a result of which latter fact, the average tonnage of White Star steamers is immeasurably greater than that of any other line. It possesses in the *Baltic*, *Cedric*, and *Celtic* the three largest vessels afloat.

## Death of E. C. Dake.

E. C. Dake, the pioneer advertising man, died at his residence, 1709 Turk Street, on July 1st. Mr. Dake was a pioneer, having come here from Watertown, N. Y., in 1852. For a while he was in the clothing business, but in 1878, he established E. C. Dake's Advertising Agency, which he developed into a well-known institution, having business with newspapers all over the world. His business sagacity and integrity won him an enviable place in the community. Mr. Dake was sixty-nine years of age. A widow and two sons, Edmund and Leland Dake, survive him.

The old historic oak near Monterey, under which Sebastian Viscano landed three hundred and two years ago, is dead. Father Serra landed under this tree on June 3, 1779, and celebrated the first mass. Another great tree, the "Giant Grizzly," of Mariposa Grove, is dying, and now leans eighteen feet from its centre axis. Efforts will be made to hold the giant in its proper attitude by cables. The Giant Grizzly stands 244 feet high and measures 109 feet in circumference.

Chickens, pigs, and cats are suffering from the ravages of a pack of wild dogs that make Suto Forest their rendezvous. They come out at night and raid suburban poultry yards, and have extended their depredations to Golden Gate Park, where they have killed several peacocks. A poultry-yard watchman who has seen the pack says that it is composed of about forty dogs, mostly mongrels, with a huge grayhound as leader.

The visitors who go to the top of Mt. Tamalpais have but one opinion—that the view from there is unsurpassed in variety and beauty. It embraces the best in California scenery. There is much enjoyment, also, in the ride up the mountain, over the crookedest railway in the world. The Tavern of Tamalpais is noted everywhere for its good cheer.

The fourth excursion of the California Promotion Committee commences to-day (Saturday). The route will be overland, by rail and stage, to Eureka, returning by steamer. They will return on July 15th. While in Eureka the party will be entertained by the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at greatly reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application to Carlton C. Crane, Pacific Coast agent, 637 Market Street.

The Sempervirens Club will go on an excursion to Big Basin, leaving here on July 16th, and returning on the eighteenth.

## Theatrical Heredity.

Sidney Dark, writing in the London *Express*, points out that acting is largely a matter of heredity, citing many instances. He calls attention to Viola Tree's great success, despite the opposition of her father, Beer-bohm Tree, to a stage career for her. Henry B. Irving, son of Sir Henry, was to have been a barrister, but the allurements of the stage were too strong for him, and he deserted the Temple for the glare of the footlights. His other sons, Harry and Laurence, are actors.

Ellen Terry is the daughter and the granddaughter of players. Three of her sisters—Kate, Marion, and Florence—have won great stage reputations, as have her brother, Fred Terry, and her nieces, Beatrice Terry, Minnie Terry, and Marion Terry-Lewis.

Mrs. Kendal, who made her first appearance at the mature age of four, was also born in a stage family. Her brother was T. W. Robertson, the dramatist, and her sister, Mrs. Hunter, was an admirable actress. Mrs. Kendal's daughter and son are both on the stage. John Hare's genius for the playing of "old men" parts is rivaled by that of his son, Gilbert Hare.

Winifred Emery is the daughter of the famous Sam Emery, and Ben Webster and Lizzie Webster are descendants of the even more famous Ben Webster.

Lionel Brough is the best known of a large theatrical family, his brothers, sisters, sons, and daughters all belonging to the stage.

Nina Boucicault, whose fame will always be associated with "Little Mary," and her brothers, Dion and Aubrey, are the children of the great Dion Boucicault, author of many Irish dramas; and himself an actor; while H. B. Warner and Grace Warner are the son and daughter of Charles Warner, the famous impersonator of Coupeau in "Drink."

The daughter of the dramatist carries on the tradition by becoming an actress. Thus Lily Grundy is now playing in "His Excellency the Governor" at the Duke of York's; Winifred Arthur Jones is in the cast of her father's "Joseph Entangled" at the Haymarket, and her sister Ethelwyn is acting in the same play in the provinces.

Maxine Elliott and her sister, Gertrude Elliott, are American actresses well known to English play-goers. Gertrude Elliott is the wife of Forbes Robertson, who has two brothers, Ian Robertson and Norman Forbes, and one niece, Beatrice Forbes Robertson, on the stage.

The *Express* writer concludes by saying that "it would seem that acting must be a contagious disease, and that probably one of the many doctors who are first-night habitués will one day succeed in discovering the bacillus."

The instances that he has cited have many parallels in our own country, notable among them being the Drew and Barrymore families, in which the ability or inclination to act does not die out in succeeding generations. Ethel Barrymore is a daughter of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew Barrymore, and has several relatives of her name in the profession; while John Drew, son of an actor and an actress, has a daughter on the stage.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, and visiting cards engraved. English Madras paperies, all tints. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

—THE LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Spend Your Vacation



A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.



## At Hotel Del Monte

Hotel Vendome  
SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.



## A Large Bathing Pavillion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

35th St., bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway

## NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.  
Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS

## GIANT STRIDES!

## All Records Broken

## 5th DISTINCTLY HIGH QUALITY

—OF—

## MOËT &amp; CHANDON

## "White Seal" Champagne

Never Varies

## WHY ???

Messrs. Moët & Chandon own more vineyards than all the leading Champagne houses combined and have over 11 miles of cellars, the most extensive in the world.

Their sales during the Year 1903 were

4,013,684

Bottles, a figure never before reached by any Champagne house

This Great House offers its choicest product in

## "WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

William Wolf & Co. PACIFIC COAST AGENTS San Francisco, Cal.

## THE REQUISITE AT SMART FUNCTIONS





## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and family have returned from Europe, and are at their country place at Burlingame.

Mrs. Irvine and Mr. John W. Byrne were recent visitors to Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Silvester, of New York, formerly of San Rafael, have arrived in California, and are stopping at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita Pease, Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., and Mrs. R. L. Ogden, of Oakland, will depart for Portland, Or., July 16th to remain about two months.

Mrs. Austin Sperry, Miss Sperry, and Mrs. Horace Sperry departed on Saturday's Oceanic steamship *Mariposa* for a month's visit to Tahiti.

Mr. John D. Spreckels and Miss Grace Spreckels spent the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray have been spending a few days at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. Richard Burke, Mr. William Burke, Miss Alice Burke, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin were guests of Baroness von Schroeder, of San Rafael, over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Miss Gertrude Dutton, and Mr. Josiah Howell returned on Wednesday from an automobile trip to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Miss Bessie Wilson, and Miss Bernice Wilson were at Del Monte over the Fourth.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson have returned from a trip through British Columbia and Canada and to the St. Louis exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bishop have been spending the past week in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Pöbli were among recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill are sojourning at Del Monte for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin are spending several weeks in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne are at Del Monte for July and August.

Miss-Blanche Bates departed last week for St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort Boardman spent the Fourth of July with Mr. G. C. Boardman at San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Hunsicker have returned from their visit to Boston and St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Merrill have gone to Independence Lake for the months of July and August.

Miss Jeannette Hooper and Miss Florence Starr were among the guests at the Hotel del Monte over the Fourth of July.

Miss Ursula Stone is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. L. L. Baker, at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke has returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Seales have been sojourning at Del Monte for a few days.

Mrs. F. O. Deming will spend the month of July at Santa Monica.

Mr. George W. Lewis was in Germany when last heard from.

Mrs. Callaghan and Miss Ida Callaghan have departed for Santa Barbara for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Pease, Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. Arthur Watson, and Mr. Stanley Page arrived at Byron Hot Springs in their automobiles Saturday evening, returning by way of San José.

Mrs. E. G. Lyons, who has been spending June at the Hotel Rafael, will be at Santa Barbara for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck have been sojourning during the last week at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Martell are the guests of Miss Adele Martell at her residence on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore are spending a few days at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. James J. Rahy has arrived from China on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Daniel Callaghan, 1900 Washington Street, and will remain until early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, of Oakland, have returned from their visit to Honolulu.

Mrs. Elizabeth Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Raymond, and Dr. O. O. Burgess are spending the month of July together at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins and family, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Miss Jeanette Wright, and Miss Marian Wright are at Menlo Park for the months of July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. West (née Terry) have returned from their wedding journey, and have gone to their home in Sacramento.

Mrs. George L. Bradley, Mrs. Hippolyte Dillard, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mrs. Philip Lonsdale, and the Misses Smith were at Carlsbad when last heard from.

Bixby and Miss Susan Bixby have de-

their home at Long Beach.

and Miss Frankie Glass

and Mrs. H. P. Gale

are spending the month of July at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mann have been the guests of Mrs. Edward Allen at her country place, "La Lomerta," in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Johnson are in Switzerland for the summer months.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son, of Los Angeles, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg, 1950 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Fee have returned from their trip East.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dohle, Dr. and Mrs. Sanhorn, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rigby, Mrs. Coope, Mrs. J. C. Lee, Miss Kate E. Whitaker, Miss B. Mitchell, Miss Florence Hayes, Miss Alice Owens, Miss Isabelle O'Connor, Miss Harris, Miss Coope, and Mr. Lovell White.

Among the recent visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Hilbert, Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Luigi Del Orto, Mr. and Mrs. H. Granz, Mrs. Truman G. Hart, Mrs. James A. Smiley, Mrs. Claude Waltz, Miss W. Ragland, Miss Louise Ellis, Miss Josephine Cereghino, Miss Adelaide Granz, Miss Clara Granz, Mr. Charles F. Fletter, Mr. M. W. Simpson, Mr. A. Andrews, Mr. J. E. Wetmore, Mr. J. Danieri, Mr. W. F. Burke, Mr. W. H. Martson, Mr. John Martin, Mr. Colin M. Boyd, Mr. D. Webster, Mr. D. W. Hughs, Mr. E. H. Shibley, Mr. D. Dalzell, Mr. Thomas J. Coleman, Mr. Samuel Braunhart, and Mr. Louis Roesch.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Mink, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Shields, Mr. N. Cristobal and Mr. H. R. Zimmer, of Los Angeles, Mrs. M. M. Ure and Miss Lila Lewis, of Louisville, Miss Thorpe, Miss Van Dusen, Mr. A. S. Van Dusen, Mr. C. W. Van Dusen, and Mr. C. N. Thorpe, of Philadelphia, Mr. L. M. Snow, of England, Mr. F. W. Carlyle, of Washington, Mr. H. G. Lamson, of Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, Mr. and Mrs. Triest, Mr. and Mrs. Girvin, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. B. Converse, Mrs. J. Katz, Miss Frances E. Lederman, Mr. Rolla V. Watt, Mr. John P. Merrill, Mr. Charles H. Merrill, Mr. Charles H. Wood, Mr. C. N. Baker, Mr. Frank A. Clough, and Mr. George E. Fairchild.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tetley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mandel, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Howe, Mrs. Long, Mrs. G. Selfridge, Mrs. M. B. Rohson, Miss H. Rohson, Miss C. Wilson, Miss E. J. Wilson, Miss M. Russell, Miss Cahrera, Miss R. S. Heaton, Mr. R. W. Harrison, Mr. A. H. Weis, Mr. G. Carrington, Mr. W. G. Stone, Mr. A. H. Brabant, Mr. C. Cameron, Mr. R. Cabrera, Mr. W. A. Miller, Dr. A. J. Younger, Mr. C. B. Russell, Mr. C. Poma, Mr. B. Watkins, Mr. B. Cornell, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. I. O. Upham, Mr. A. Farchini, Mr. J. Hart, Mr. J. H. Fallis, Mr. Hoffeumner, Mr. R. Schubert, Dr. H. Brunn, Mr. M. H. Bremer, Mr. E. Elliott, Mr. G. S. Elliott, Mr. M. A. Edwards, Mr. J. F. Bowie, Mr. E. Dubedat, Mr. W. Barlon, Mr. L. Bocqueraz, Mr. H. Long, Mr. P. S. Baker, Mr. G. J. Jones, Mr. C. G. Kuehn, Mr. J. F. Cassell, Mr. G. E. Crothers, Mr. E. H. Kinney, Mr. E. Gayness, and Mr. H. C. Pendleton.

## Army and Navy News.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by his aid, Major Parker W. West, U. S. A., left for American Lake, Wash., Friday, to take part in the annual manoeuvres of the Department of the Columbia.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., and Miss Cornelia Kempff have gone to Menlo Park, where they will remain until October, when they will go to Washington, D. C., for the winter.

General A. W. Vogdes, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Vogdes arrived from the East last Saturday.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., and the Misses Stephenson have returned from their visit to Yosemite Valley.

Colonel George H. Tormey, U. S. A., has returned from the East, and is on duty at the Presidio General Hospital.

Captain Macker Bahh, U. S. M. C., has been ordered from the marine barracks at Mare Island to the San Francisco naval training school at Yerba Buena for duty there.

Lieutenant Milton A. Elliott, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., will be at the Bonita camp during the target practice there.

Lieutenant Alexander N. Mitchell, U. S. N., has relieved Lieutenant James C. Gilmore, U. S. N., of his duty on board the receiving ship *Independence* at the Mare Island navy-yard.

Lieutenant S. G. Talbot, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., who sailed on the transport *Sherman* for Manila, expects to be back in San Francisco early in October.

Mrs. Hale (née Harrington) is expected to arrive about the fifteenth of July from Manila, where Captain Newton Hale, U. S. M.

C., is stationed, on a visit to her relatives in California, returning to the Philippines in August.

Mrs. Long, wife of Brigadier-General Oscar Fitz-Allen Long, U. S. A., retired, has returned to Oakland from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Lieutenant Gilbert M. Allen, is here from Fort Wright on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Kent.

Mrs. Holmes, wife of Lieutenant Urban T. Holmes, U. S. N., left for her home in Washington, D. C., last Monday, where she will await the arrival of the United States steamer *Tacoma*, on which her husband is engineer officer.

## New Buildings in the Past Year.

Clerk M. E. Cummings, of the city architect's office, has prepared the following report as to total figures of building operations in San Francisco during the fiscal year, which closed June 30th:

New buildings erected, 1,756.  
Estimated cost, \$13,559,427.  
Alterations of buildings, 601.  
Estimated cost, \$2,030,031.  
Free permits issued, \$451,088.  
Total of building operations, \$16,040,546.  
Fees collected for permits, \$21,339.50.

The total building operations for 1902-03 were \$17,047,748.50. In this figure was included the permits for the St. Francis Hotel and the Flood Building, at Powell and Market Streets, giving the record of that year an unusual advantage in its showing.

A London critic, writing of Bernhardt's appearance there in "La Sorcière," says that she played the principal emotional scene "with an intensity and a power which, considering the years she has been before the public, were absolutely amazing. She held the audience spellbound, and the enthusiasm at the fall of the curtain was as unbounded as it was deserved. All through the performance she was at her best. Her voice has still its beautiful silver tone, her diction is still perfection, her personality has lost none of its fascination." Her appearance at His Majesty's Theatre was made a great event, the king and queen attending.

M. B. Leavett, once a prominent theatrical manager, arrived on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Gaelic* on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Leavett, and will remain here for a few weeks. Mr. Leavett brought the first theatrical company from England to the United States, and was also the first to bring an Eastern company to San Francisco. He has been seven years ago as manager of the old Bush Street Theatre. Since then he has traveled extensively. Mr. Leavett announces that he is writing a book reminiscent of his forty years' experiences.

Traces of another new type of extinct animal have been found in the limestone caves of Shasta County, which are being explored for the benefit of the University of California. Eustace L. Furlong, of the paleontology department, who found the famous cave bear, has unearthed part of the skeleton of a large animal resembling the present-day mountain sheep. The animal, in life, was a trifle smaller than a cow, and lived in the quaternary, an age that is anywhere more than a million years back.

New York is to have a huge indoor circus. It will be on Sixth Avenue, between Forty-Third and Forty-Fourth Streets. There will be two rings and a huge stage, with a proscenium arch two hundred feet wide. Charles Frohman is also considering a project to turn the New York Theatre into an indoor circus.

Enrico Caruso will be Corried's principal singer during the next grand-opera season in New York, and will have entirely Italian support.

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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# The Argonaut.

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Is it not a remarkable thing that the man who, in the Democratic convention, occupied a position of the greatest conspicuousness; who was repeatedly and enthusiastically cheered on floor and in gallery; to whom the convention listened with attention and respect; who was a member of the platform committee, and played no insignificant part in the formulation of the declaration of principles, should, two days after the adjournment of the convention, openly declare that the Republican platform is the equal of the Democratic platform on the most vital and important issues, and that the nomination of the Democratic candidate for President of

the United States was achieved by "crooked and indefensible methods"? Yet that is precisely what William J. Bryan to-day declares.

But no more remarkable is it than other features of a most remarkable convention. Where does the Democratic party to-day stand? At first glance it might seem that the party had gone over absolutely to what is called "conservatism"—that the convention was controlled by those intimately acquainted with the desires of Wall Street, and eager to fulfill them. The best evidence that Judge Parker is eminently satisfactory to syndicated capital is that his campaign has been financially boosted by August Belmont, director in thirty-five different trusts. As to the platform, when it was proposed to insert therein an income-tax plank, Mr. Hill objected that it would antagonize the rich men of New York, and the plank was forthwith thrown out. The nomination for Vice-President of an octogenarian, wealthy, and identified with mines and railways, is another evidence of subserviency to corporate influence. Finally, the acquiescence of the convention in Judge Parker's gold-standard views, so dramatically expressed, might lead to the belief that the Democracy had really returned to what is called "safety and sanity."

But, on the other hand, there is almost as much evidence to show that the party rank and file is still, in fact, radical. No man was more loudly cheered than Bryan, after the first day, and that he was clearly the favorite of the galleries shows that he still has an unrelaxed grasp on the affections of the masses. The enthusiasm when Bryan's ally, Hearst, was mentioned at the end of the eloquent and smooth-flowing speech of Mr. Delmas, almost equaled in volume and surpassed in duration that exhibited when Parker was nominated. There was more enthusiasm when the band played "Dixie" than when Parker was named. And when all is said about the failure of Hearst, the fact remains that he had a majority of the votes from sixteen States and Territories, and received votes from twenty-two States and Territories, which total—of two hundred—would have been largely increased had not the unit rule been enforced in most of the States.

But the power of the radicals was shown more clearly in the committee on resolutions. Hill and his clan wanted an out and out gold plank. Mr. Bryan opposed it. Mr. Bryan won by the decisive vote of fifteen to thirty-five, and the Democratic platform contains no reference to the money question. Upon other planks in the platform Mr. Bryan put his impress. Principle was sacrificed to policy. And Mr. Hill dared not take his fight for a conservative declaration on the money question into the convention because, according to Walter Wellman, it would not only have made certain the probable loss of the Western States, but also would have lost to the party "the two Carolinas, Kentucky, perhaps Texas, possibly Indiana, and almost surely Ohio."

It may be said that the convention's reply to Judge Parker's telegram makes everything right, and brings the party safely into the ways of sanity. But does it? Is there not something "in" Mr. Bryan's charge of nomination by "crooked and indefensible methods"?

It is the conviction of most men of sense that Parker's silence was not due to "a delicate sense of propriety," but to "astute calculations of political policy." The New York platform is admittedly a wavering and ambiguous instrument. It seems to have been intended to conceal rather than to reveal the position of the person chiefly concerned, Judge Parker. Everything was done that could be done to keep the country in ignorance of his position. Now Mr. Bryan charges that all this was for the purpose of "securing

votes from among the people who would have opposed his views had they known them." This seems not far wrong. For, considering that delegates from thirty-five States and Territories voted with Bryan and against Hill in the matter of the gold-standard plank, it is reasonable to suppose that, had it been known from the beginning that Judge Parker was a gold-standard man, he would have failed of securing the necessary two-thirds vote of the convention. In short, he secured the nomination under false pretenses.

Then came the great coup. The more it is studied the more astute does it appear. Parker had the nomination. The convention was almost ready to adjourn. A harmonizing platform had been adopted. Then appeared the telegram:

I regard the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my views should be made known to the convention, and if it proves to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.

The kernel of this telegram is contained in the words "the majority." Parker's managers were absolutely certain that they had a majority in the convention. But it is not certain, and indeed improbable, that they would have had two-thirds majority, the number necessary to nominate, if Judge Parker had let it be known a few hours before his actual nomination that he would not stand upon the platform which had at that time been adopted. The vote of the platform committee, it can not be too often said, was thirty-five to fifteen against Hill's plank. Had it been known ten minutes after that vote had been taken that Parker would affront the thirty-five States and Territories represented by the thirty-five delegates, he might never have got the nomination. But when he had once secured it, it was eternally too late for the convention to do anything but submit to his wishes, and submit it did. Upon a party which is still in a large degree radical was forced, by cunning tactics, a thoroughly conservative candidate. In such anomalous position does the Democracy to-day stand. Instead of having returned to "safety and sanity" it is as much a house divided against itself as ever it was. The dissatisfaction seems almost as strong among the conservatives as among the radicals. As Senator Pettigrew puts it: "In the East they will not believe that the Democratic party has declared for the gold standard, and in the West they will believe that it has done nothing else." Bryan declares that he will vote for Parker and Davis, but very evidently he will do no more. Hearst has promised his support to the ticket, but it is difficult to see how it can be whole-hearted, or even effective. The Chicago Chronicle, the strongest Cleveland Democrat paper in the West, sees clearly enough that the conflict between the two wings of the Democratic party is irrepressible, and therefore declares that it will support Theodore Roosevelt for President.

The Democracy is not a party. It is a conglomerous conglomeration of deafening discordances.

Just as no drift goes as fast as the tide that bears it, so there is always a small difference between the progress of an institution and its idea. If the idea is ahead, we may take it as the moving power, the tide. This philosophic observation is anent the rise and fall of United States District Judge Purnell, of North Carolina. This learned gentleman charged Editor Daniells, of the Raleigh News and Observer, with contempt of court, found him guilty, fined him \$2,000, and informed the unfortunate editor that there was no appeal, and it was either pay up or serve \$2,000 worth of time in the county jail. Judge J. C. Pritchard, of the United

JOURNALISTIC  
CONTEMPT  
OF COURT.



Circuit Court, has just upset Judge Purnell's decree, and, in an opinion rendered on the merits of the case, has laid down the fundamental principles which govern courts in their endeavor to maintain their dignity and newspapers in their struggle to be impartial.

Judge Purnell, who, as insinuated above, is hardly keeping up with the lofty ideals of his high calling, made out a good case against the editor, so far as what is vulgarly known as "contempt" goes. The doughty scribe spoke of "decent citizens," "property of the people," "free election and choice," "liberty and equality," in one end of his sentences, and in the other the "honorable judge," "mistakes," "wrongs," "hostility and alien recommendations" rub caudal consonants with each other. The editor's spirit was unmistakable. It was a railway case, and Judge Purnell had appointed a receiver. His action seems to have been, to say the least, arbitrary. The *News and Observer* represented the feeling of the good citizens.

To return to the profound and illuminative dictum enunciated at the beginning of this disquisition, a miss of judicial inch in measuring up to the standard of the ideal is sometimes as good as a mile of positive evil-doing. We always think of justice as serene, as clear-eyed, as patient, and as merciful. The judge, nowadays, is not so much considered a wig block full of Latin sound and ponderous verbosity as he is thought of as a man strangely calm in the whirl of modern life, as a man who will, spite of passion and intrigue, suddenly come out with an honest and instructive commonplace, who will listen politely and attentively to the intellectual gyrations of a keen attorney, and then put the finger of sobriety into the whirling works and bring it to a stop at the dead centre of equity without amazement. We feel much like the man who gambles on the revolving wheels of the nickle-in-the-slot machine: we are immensely injured if anybody knocks on the table while we are playing; we want no jars, nothing to interfere with the accurate labors of chance.

And Judge Purnell did not preserve his equipoise. He flew off at a tangent, and Editor Daniell's rebuke was not an offense to the dignity of the court, but a gentle reminder to the croupier of justice that he was not playing the game as our ideas now demand.

Judge Pritchard's decision runs down into a single sentence: "If a judge charged with the administration of the law is not to be criticised on account of his official conduct, the liberty of the press is abridged and the rights of individuals imperiled."

This is wisdom, and what is more, it is every-day practice. The newspaper stands for the individual in his collective personality. One man, saying a thing on Grant Avenue to a crowd around a flaring lamp, is a crank. Ten men make a rescue mission of indefinite purpose and mysterious merit. One hundred create the impression of prodigious respectability, like Browning or Emerson societies, but one thousand, speaking through a newspaper—an honest newspaper—move civilizations. It is as if nine hundred and ninety-nine lent their throats to the one. His chest is swelled with the inspirations of a regiment. Possibly his thought in the case of Editor Daniell partook of the greatness of his partnership. At any rate it is settled now, on high authority, that a man may speak his mind even about the courts without being thrust into prison—so long as he preserves the decencies.

There are two great strikes on in the East at present. One of them, the contest between the employers and the employees of the 5,000 clothing factories and tailor shops in New York and Brooklyn, involves, according to the latest New York exchanges, over 50,000 people. It is a fight against the open shop, and affects only New York directly. But the strike of the butchers and meat-packers has spread to many cities, and may result in a meat famine.

A demand for an increased wage scale has precipitated the trouble. Negotiations between the employing butchers and packers and their men had been going on for some time, and culminated Monday in an order for a general strike, which involves firms in Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, Fort Worth, St. Paul, and New York City.

At the present time there are about 50,000 workers on strike, and about 35,000 others idle in consequence. Although some work goes on in the slaughter-houses, it is at a disadvantage. Cattle shipments have stopped almost entirely. There are threats that the cutters in the retail shops will go out; but the indications are that if the present state of affairs continues they will have to quit work for lack of material. There is a shortage of meat in all the big cities. Naturally, prices are advancing rapidly. At Washington, D. C., it is thirty-five cents a pound, an advance of from eight to ten cents over the price of a week ago. The same figures apply to Philadelphia. St. Paul has a

plentiful supply on hand. Prices have advanced slightly in Omaha, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Syracuse, Boston, and Pittsburg. The supply in St. Louis is short. Prices are rapidly going up in New York, where the supply is very short. Efforts are being made to end the strike by arbitration.

A regrettable lack of enthusiasm was shown this year in the celebration of the Glorious Fourth. Last year the nation's sacrifice on the altar of patriotism was the fairly satisfactory number of 53 killed outright, and 3,665 injured. This year, a notable diminution in patriotic spirit resulted in there being but 3,049 injured, a loss of over six hundred. Besides, the killed were one fewer. This will never do. We call upon the Republic not to let die the martyr-spirit, not to permit itself to sink into an unpatriotic lethargy. We view with alarm the marked falling off in the number of wounded. What if next year and the next should show further decreases! We repeat, such a contingency must be avoided at all hazards.

There is only one bright phase of the matter. That interesting disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, sometimes does not make itself apparent for some time, and death may occur several weeks after the Fourth. Last year, 406 young persons died of this disease as the result of wounds inflicted during the celebration of the day. There is still a possibility that this record may be beaten this year. Of this we live in hope. Numbers of boys and girls, whose hands were lacerated on the Fourth by toy-pistols or giant-crackers, may yet be affected with tetanus—which begins, we may remark, with a slight stiffness of the neck, with a feeling of tightness in the jaws, and a difficulty in swallowing; rapidly extends to other muscles, effecting a curious rigidity. There is usually acute pain at the bottom of the stomach, and in the interesting paroxysms that follow the body is often oddly curved backward. Later, spasms of the muscles of the face occur, the brow becoming knit, the eyes wide open, fixed, and staring, the nostrils disfigured, and the angles of the mouth drawn back, exposing the clinched teeth, and producing a curious expression called *risus sardonius*. It is said to remain immitigably fixed in the memory of any one who has ever seen it. It is an interesting fact that so intense are the spasms that teeth are known to have been broken, bones fractured, and muscles torn across. It is seldom that persons affected with tetanus recover. Of all the cases among young people reported last year, there were only seven who escaped death. So, as we say, there is a bright prospect that the record of 406 deaths last year may yet be exceeded. This would make up for the falling off in killed or injured. Needless to say, we have no sympathy with those misguided people who, by preventing the indiscriminate sale of toy-pistols and giant-crackers, would lessen the number of deaths from tetanus. In this view, our city's supervisors evidently agree with us, for they have paid no attention to the petitions of soft-hearted women that some regulative measures be passed. They are quite right. History supports them. In ancient times, there used to be erected an altar to the God Moloch, before which babes were burned. This affords an historic parallel to, and precedent for, our sacrifice on the altar of militant patriotism some half a thousand children yearly. In fact, it is probable that deaths from tetanus are more agonizing than deaths by burning, and thus we even surpass the ancients in the ardor of our feeling. Considering this, we may indeed feel flattered.

The sensation of the week in local politics is the announcement by George A. Knight, of San Francisco, of his candidacy to the United States Senate. He says he does

not want the county conventions to instruct their candidates for the senate and assembly to vote for him, but he solicits the unpledged vote of the members of the legislature, based upon their good judgment, when they meet in January. In the south, another senatorial candidate has appeared in the person of Frank P. Flint, who, during the past two years, has been chief counsel of the Southern Pacific in Southern California, and who is supposed to be in close touch with the Southern "machine." Judge McKinley has said that he favors Flint, and thinks that Flint will have the support of the Los Angeles delegation. Senator Bard, however, does not take these candidacies very seriously—at least, apparently. He expressed to the reporters on Wednesday the opinion that, in Ventura County, where both he and Mr. Oxnard reside, his friends would have no difficulty in electing his friend, Perkins, to the assembly. Mr. Bard also expresses the opinion that he "will prove the strongest candidate for reelection." He does not think Flint "will be seriously considered." It is thought that Mr. Knight's election would be very agree-

able to Mr. Roosevelt, who is even said to have ventured the hope that Mr. Bard would not be returned. Oxnard, however, is also a *persona grata* at the White House, and when he called there, the other day, he assured the President that California would give him a big majority, and presumably received the President's good wishes in his senatorial campaign in return. Some criticism of Oxnard has risen because he is but a late comer in the State. This will not decrease if the fact vouched for by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* proves to be true—namely, that Oxnard "took up his residence in South Dakota some years ago, hoping, through 'the magnetic influence of wealth,' to break into the United States Senate from that State. But the South Dakotans weren't so easily magnetized; so he turned to California." Mr. Knight says he has not approached any "organization" with regard to his candidacy, but makes his announcement to the people. State Senators W. C. Ralston, of Calaveras, Frank W. Leavitt, of Alameda, and Thomas H. Selvage, of Humboldt (who expects to get another term), are already said to be for Knight. One of the chief arguments that will be urged against him is that, should he be elected, the vicinity of San Francisco Bay will have far more than its share of political honors. Governor, senator, and Cabinet member from Oakland and the other senator from San Francisco would be, say the Southrons altogether too much of a good thing. But Knight will certainly make a strong campaign. He has been a party wheel-horse for twenty years, seldom asking for favors, and when he stumps the State this fall for Roosevelt he is bound to make many a leader wonder if Knight is not the man California ought to send to the Senate. Mr. Knight's opportunity lies in the quarrels between Flint, Oxnard, and Bard in the south. If the south can not get together on one of them, then there is a chance for the San Franciscan.

Casually viewing the way we do things in this world,

it would bear out to the sober mind the assertion that reason is no factor. We build roofs over our houses, and then sigh for the sun. We divide ourselves into political parties, and then advocate an independent attitude. We speak of a Merciful Providence, and then busy ourselves in getting enough to eat and drink. We teach our offspring to walk, and straightway buy carriages and automobiles to ride in without effort. We call four weeks a month, and find no arithmetical difficulty in making twelve times four equal fifty-two. We state that a man's actions are questionable, and then refuse to speak to him at all. We assert that the day has twenty-four hours, and never get further than twelve o'clock.

Naturally the methodical scientists of to-day can not mend all these oddities and illogical manners, but sometimes common sense, aided by vulgar fractions, sees a way out of a solecism. Since the sun-dial and the sand-glass first vexed the heart of man there has been trouble with the division of the day. For a while we thought that night and day were as separate as fire and water. When it was dark it certainly was not day. Therefore it was enough to call it night and day, like Genesis. But as dinners grew more complex and party calls more exacting, there was need of some division, and so some wisacre said, "Let's divide sunlit time into twelve parts." So we did, and then some early riser, getting up before the dawn, was unable to say how belated his neighbors were, and did not like to wait till the sun rose before it was something o'clock. The night carouser aided this matutinal rascal, and before an ignorant world really knew what was happening, there we were, a night and a day, each divided into twelve fractions. How it was ever bungled so that twelve o'clock came in the middle of the day and squarely in the middle of the night, only that ancient blockhead knows. But so it is. We only get well started when we are at the end of our string, and have to commence all over again in our count with a good half unnumbered as yet.

But the Italians have solved this difficulty, and it is surely worthy of adoption. In fact, a painstaking gentleman writes all the way from Salsomaggiore to urge us to such course in this country. In Salsomaggiore and elsewhere in Italy they commence at midnight and thenceforward count twenty-four, the real and accepted number of hours till a new day begins. This system is in actual use in Italy, and has been for some time employed on the Canadian roads.

The advantages are obvious: there is no P. M. and no A. M. A man doesn't have to inquire of his neighbor of a summer's day whether it is four in the afternoon or four in the morning. We don't have to have both breakfast and dinner at seven o'clock, a digestive impossibility. A man doesn't have to go to his office at nine o'clock, and then be at the theatre at the same hour. When a man is told to catch the three-thirty train, he doesn't have to blink and make inquiries about what he



must be called or whether he can get his luncheon. On the other hand, we shall find it quite natural to go calling at sixteen o'clock, and dinner at half-past eighteen will relieve us from overeating. We shan't have to puzzle over our watches or stare fatuously at the clock. Curfew will be more firmly impressed on the youthful mind when the village bell tolls nineteen, instead of nine, and midnight will have an increased charm when the town clock strikes twenty-four distinct and easily counted strokes.

Further, and foremost, we shall no longer be bothered about keeping our watches in such prime repair. Having to go round the dial but once, naturally they will have to go only half as fast—a tremendous saving of energy and delicate machinery. With training they may be made to take in forty-eight hours at a stretch, and thus by degrees we shall attain the millennium where, we are told on blessed authority, a thousand years are a day.

Elsewhere we have discussed some of the phases of the Democratic convention. Here the platform may be briefly summarized. It declares for the "supremacy of the civil over the military authority," and affirms that "constitutional guarantees are violated whenever any citizen is denied the right to labor, acquire and enjoy property, or reside where interest or inclination may determine." It "unqualifiedly condemns" the employment of the militia "for the summary banishment of citizens." All these planks refer, of course, to the Colorado trouble, and were inserted in an effort to wrest the State from Republican control. The platform favors internal improvements, demands economy of administration, asks for trust legislation, denounces executive "usurpation," favors the promise of independence to the Filipinos, demands "gradual reduction of the tariff," takes credit for irrigation legislation, favors election of senators by direct vote, promises Statehood to the Territories, condemns polygamy, favors the up-building of the merchant marine, upholds the Monroe Doctrine, and favors the reduction of army and navy expenditures. It closes with an arraignment of Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

Assessor Dodge has been pleasantly surprised. He expected that the large increase, this and the charter year, in the assessed valuation of property in this city would bring swarms of irate property-owners before the board of supervisors with pleas for reductions. As a matter of fact, the protestants are comparatively few, and that people are well content with Dr. Dodge's work seems evident. The total assessment has been increased \$83,500,000, much of the increase being upon unimproved land. It is the assessor's policy to assess improvements less rigorously. The tendency of this course is, naturally, to induce owners of bare lots to build or sell. By increasing the general valuation it is also hoped that the State Board of Equalization will this year impose no extra burden upon San Francisco. In his letter of transmittal to the board, Dr. Dodge points out that if the municipal expenditures this year had been no greater than last, the tax-rate would have been but 85 cents, instead of \$1 as provided for in the charter. In normal years the dollar rate will furnish a surplus. It is this fact that has led Supervisor Braunhart to offer a resolution to the board to amend the charter so that the rate of taxation will be reduced. He proposes that the maximum rate for current expenses be fixed at 85 cents. This would bring in some six millions of dollars. This income would be adequate. In addition, Mr. Braunhart proposes that the charter be amended to permit a tax of 15 cents on the \$100 for permanent improvements. The whole purpose of the amendment is to provide against wasteful expenditure, in running expenses, by a thriftless board of supervisors. As the charter stands now, a wasteful board may spend all the money raised by the dollar rate, though much less might do if economically distributed. The board agrees with Mr. Braunhart, and the charter amendments will be submitted to the people at the November election. The idea seems to meet with general approval. The dailies—*Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, and *Examiner*—favor the plan. Nobody appears openly to oppose it.

Captain F. V. Keesling, N. G. C., writing for the *Merchants' Association Review*, deplores the fact that the National Guard spirit is distinctly on the wane in California, and that the organization is dwindling to a remarkable degree. He points out some of the causes of this decline, and suggests and urges remedies.

Captain Keesling affirms that up to 1894 (the year of the great railway strike) the National Guard of California was a flourishing organization. But since that

time disintegration has been rapidly progressing. When the First Regiment recruited its full strength in 1898 to go to the Philippines, there were many gaps to fill. When it was mustered out and took its place again as the First Regiment, N. G. C., it was but a mere skeleton of its former self. Matters have steadily been growing worse. Members now take little interest in their organization, and so apathetic has become the general feeling, and so poorly is the attendance kept up, that there is serious danger that the Federal government will refuse to continue its allowances.

Captain Keesling does not hesitate to say that the attitude of the labor unions toward the National Guard has much to do with its present condition. "Whatever may be the outspoken attitude of the unions," he writes, "their secret attitude is against the guard, to prevent their men joining it. Of this there is cumulative proof." Captain Keesling also lays blame upon merchants, business men, and large employers generally. He calls attention to the fact that they, more than any one else, would benefit, in case of trouble, by a thoroughly organized and equipped militia. For that reason, he thinks, they should encourage their men to join the guard, instead of being indifferent or hostile toward such action. He urges them not only to do this, but cheerfully to grant the vacations necessary for the annual encampments, and not to grumble at the time taken for drills and parades. He refers to the flourishing condition of the guard in other States, particularly New York. There, he says, the most influential men take the most interest in it, doing all they can to promote its advancement. He thinks that State pride, if nothing else, should impel the people of California to do likewise.

California's oil production is one of the wonders of the world. It is not only extravagant but prodigious. And the least commonplace thing about it is the fact that of the 25,000,000 barrels that flow every year from California's oil wells, 16,000,000 come from the Kern River fields, four miles from Bakersfield. It is something like \$5,000,000 running out into a few large tanks. It is 876 wells spouting motive power and light and heat and gold.

The daily shipments from Bakersfield, according to the *Scientific American*, amount to 60,000 barrels, and the home consumption is very large in addition. The Standard Oil Company keeps nothing less than 6,000,000 barrels in storage, not to speak of the various stores held by operating companies.

All this means a tremendous exercise of ingenuity on the part of the engineers of the companies. Adequate facilities for so great a volume are not easy to make. The Standard Oil Company has one reservoir of the capacity of 500,000 barrels, and this is but one of a series. These reservoirs are circular in form, with depths of from fourteen to sixteen feet, merely holes in the earth with tamped sides and bottoms. They represent the rudest manner of saving the earth's voluntary flow.

Prices of this oil differ greatly. Twenty cents a barrel is a common quotation, but as low as fourteen cents has been accepted. Consequently there is some desire on the part of the companies to limit production. Some wells will be closed down, and others will not be pumped beyond their normal flow. As this oil is not of the illuminating kind, and is a heavy oil with an asphalt base, its uses are confined. It is an excellent fuel, a good lubricant, and is rapidly taking the place of coal on railway and steamship lines. This alone is enough to make a great quantity necessary, and California is beginning to supply herself more copiously than before. It may not be gold in the bar, but oil comes very close to the standard set by that metal in old days. Nowadays a man is not yellow with lucre. He is said, by the commonalty, to "smell of oil."

Another week, in the war, of many rumors and few facts. At this writing the report that 30,000 Japanese and 1,800 Russians were killed in a battle on the fortifications of Port Arthur lacks confirmation—and probability. If such a battle has been fought it would rank with some of the notable ones of history. At Hohenlinden, the French loss was only 20,000, the Austrian 5,000; at Inkermann, the Russian 9,000, the allies 2,500; at Chancellorsville, the Union 16,000, the Confederate 17,804; at the Wilderness, the Union 12,469, the Confederate 11,400. A loss of 30,000 men also exceeds those in the battles of Petersburg, Shiloh, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Chattanooga, and Bull Run. But it is the consensus of opinion that the news of a Port Arthur disaster was given out by the Japanese themselves to mislead General Kuropatkin. Notable successes have marked the Japanese advance against Kuropatkin. On Friday,

July 8th, after severe fighting, the town of Kaichou was taken. On July 14th, according to reports from Tokio, Yinkow, to the north and west of Kaichou, was occupied. The next point in the line of advance is Ta Che Kiao, and upon this place the armies of Oku and Nodzu are moving cautiously, while Kuropatkin threatens Kuropatkin from the north-east. One hundred and thirty thousand to 180,000 men—a vast army—are involved in the movements, and, since the Japanese are apparently undeterred by the heavy rains and muddy roads, either a great battle or a Russian retreat appear to be the probabilities for the immediate future. On sea, there have been no events of consequence. Considerable interest lies in the fact that vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet, presumably laden with coal, have passed through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, where they wait. This gives color to the supposition that the Baltic fleet is at last getting ready to sail for the Far East. Such a move would be in the highest degree spectacular, and threatens to electrify the diplomatic atmosphere in Europe, since France will be under strong temptation to assist her ally by permitting, in violation of international law, these vessels to coal at her stations on the way to Eastern waters.

All lovers of strenuous politics may find entertainment in the commonwealth of Wisconsin, which just now harbors the bitterest of factional contests. The Republican party there is twins. It has two candidates for governor: the present incumbent, Robert Marion La Follette, champion of the "half-breeds," or anti-corporation people; and Samuel A. Cook, the chosen of the "stalwarts," who strongly oppose La Follette's fight against the railways. La Follette was nominated in regular convention, but the "stalwarts," declaring that he had decided the different delegates' contests unfairly in his own favor, bolted, and nominated Cook. The fight that has resulted is a fierce one, and one that has a considerable bearing on national politics. Wisconsin has thirteen electors, and the Republican party feels that it needs them in November. Whether or not it will receive them is debatable enough to be very disturbing.

The Wisconsin ballot law provides that a candidate for elector may choose the party head under which his name is to appear, but that it must be printed but once upon the ballot. So, even if the Republican electors decide to go in a body under the standard of either La Follette or Cook, it will cause the loss of votes. Many "stalwarts" would not vote for electors in the first premise, while if their names were in the Cook Republican column, some of the "half-breeds" would desert them. If the electors scatter into both columns, the confusion will be worse, and the chances of Democratic success still better.

La Follette, the central figure in this imbroglio, is now serving his second term as governor of Wisconsin. He is an anti-railway man of the most determined type, and is described as a reformer who uses the most approved methods of machine politics in order to bring about his reforms. He began his war against the railways as soon as he was elected, and has kept it up steadily, meeting victory and sustaining defeat. He fought for a raise in the railways' license fee tax, and won. Then he suggested a board of railway commissioners to determine freight rates, and it is that proposition that the railways, with the "stalwarts" back of them, are fighting. Business men have been on the side of the railways, and it is asserted that their assistance was secured by a threat on the part of the corporations to raise freight rates if La Follette's measures won. The governor is not at all backward in stating that certain business men are receiving big rebates on freight rates for their support. He says that he has names, dates, and figures, and that he proposes to disclose them. Even with the corporations, business men, and newspapers against him, La Follette's chances seem not at all desperate. He has many voters back of him, and is hurling defiance and threats at his enemies, the leaders among whom are United States Senators Spooner and Quarles. Spooner was one of the "stalwart" delegates who went to the Republican convention at Chicago. The "half-breeds" also sent a body of delegates and alternates, but the committee on credentials decided against seating them.

The National Republican Committee's chief source of worry is that the fighters will be not so much interested in the national fight as in their own State contest. The "half-breeds" assert that the election of La Follette is their chief concern. The "stalwarts" admit that they are for Roosevelt; but the battle-glare comes into their eyes at the mention of La Follette, and they declare that he must be beaten at all hazards. So far, President Roosevelt has not interfered in the fight; and, naturally, the Democrats are willing that it should flourish.



## JUST OFF GOAT ISLAND.

The Face that Beckoned from the Water.

Maggie Colbath was peeling peaches at the end of a long bench, half way between the door and the syruping kettle. It was a sultry night, and the flaring lights of the big, shed-like cannery added to the almost insufferable heat. But to-night Maggie did not notice that nor the babel of laughter, jesting, and fault-finding around her.

She was oblivious of her surroundings, and as her fingers guided the knife automatically around the split halves of the fruit and tossed each sticky hemisphere into its appointed bucket of water, her thoughts strayed in pleasanter fields. At last she was to be of some importance in her world. She, Maggie Colbath—a waif from the foundlings' home, brought up by Miss Philura Colbath so strictly that the harmless pleasures of other girls were not proper for her—was to marry the prince in her story to-morrow and live happily forever after.

Miss Philura had told her often enough that no one knew what sort of worthless parents she had had, but whatever they were, she meant to raise Maggie so that she should be a credit to her—a brand plucked from the burning that would shine in her crown as a star forever and ever. When Maggie was little she got the idea fixed in her head that Miss Philura's crown in heaven was to be ornamented in front with a live coal, and the picture never really left her mind.

She was naturally shy and sensitive, and all her childhood training had accentuated those traits. She loved pretty things, but her dresses were always of dark-blue calico in the summer, because it didn't show the dirt and did up well, and of dark-blue serge in the winter, because it wore well. They were made very plainly, a little too large for her and with two tucks in the skirt, so she would not outgrow them. Her hair was brushed smoothly back and braided tightly in two braids, tied with a black cord.

Miss Philura did not believe in humoring children, and all Maggie's longings for things like other girls—for white dresses, ribbons, and even flowers—were sternly repressed. She was a quiet, uncomplaining little girl, and perhaps Miss Philura never knew how passionately she hated her sordid surroundings.

The object of Maggie's most intense desire was a gold ring, and when she was seven years old she succumbed to a temptation so awful that she never forgot the consequences. She had gone to Sunday-school as usual one hot Sunday, dressed in a little blue frock so painfully stiff with starch that her tender neck and arms were tortured, and with a five-cent piece to send to the heathen tightly grasped in her small, moist hand. Next to her in the class sat a child with a ring on her finger—a gilt ring from a prize package—gorgeous with a red glass setting. When Maggie went home the ring adorned her own chubby finger, and she joyfully related to Miss Philura how she had given her five cents to Annie McGilvery, who had none for the poor heathen, and Annie had given her the ring.

She had had the full enormity of her crime revealed to her—the probable fate of a girl who would sell the souls of the heathen children for a brass ring was dwelt upon, the ring was consigned to the well, and the small culprit herself was sent supperless to bed to repent and ask God to forgive such a wicked heart. Her tearful explanation that if the heathen children got the money she thought it didn't matter who put it in the box, was ignored, and the fact that she was wicked beyond all other children was so impressed upon her youthful mind, that she never outgrew the feeling that God was especially angry with her, and liable to inflict dire punishment upon her any dark night.

At fourteen she was taken from school and told that she must work to earn her clothes, and in a measure repay her benefactress for the love and care lavished upon one who had no right to such blessings. So she worked in the cannery and the hop-fields in the summer, and in the one small hotel the place afforded in the winter.

She had grown up a slender, rather tall girl, with pretty, long-lashed gray eyes and a delicate, refined face. Her sensitive mouth and cleft chin gave her a pathetic expression, and her smoothly brushed, tightly coiled dark hair made her look quaint and old-fashioned.

At eighteen she thought herself old enough to have a sweetheart of her own, but like all the belongings of the other girls, she had none. She was never allowed to go to parties or dances, and no one ever seemed to notice her. Often she had sat on Miss Philura's porch in the evening and wistfully watched more fortunate girls walking or driving with their lovers—"philandering," Miss Philura called it—and wondered why she was so hopelessly left out of everything. Then she would look at herself in the small, cracked mirror that made her appear one-sided, and try to see why she was less attractive than the other girls.

But now all was changed. A man from the city—a drummer, handsome, and earning a fabulous salary—had seen her, admired her, and loved her. Miss Philura knew nothing of it yet, but as soon as she was married, Maggie would write to her, and some time she would come home for a little visit, beautifully dressed, and with presents for Miss Philura.

In the train the next morning, in the chill, gray dawn, she gave no hint of the heat that was to follow in a

few hours, Maggie felt that it must be only a splendid dream. Surely she would soon wake up in her bare little room to the old dreary life. But the dream, if it was one, was heavenly while it lasted, and she settled herself to enjoy it.

Her shabby blue dress was brightened with a broad lace collar from George's sample-case. She had curled her hair so that even her plain sailor hat looked almost stylish, and beyond everything else she wore a diamond ring. Just to watch its scintillation in the varying light was rapture, and she was to have all the other things her soul had longed for. Dresses that were not blue and not even "durable," hats trimmed with a wilderness of roses, kid gloves and dainty shoes—not heavy "serviceable" ones that made her feet look so big and clumsy—all were to be hers as soon as they reached San Francisco. She wondered if they were to live in a hotel. Think of living in a hotel (not just working in one), of going to the theatre at night, and in the morning coming down late to breakfast, wearing, possibly, a pink tea-gown!

George bought magazines, candy, soda-water—everything that the train-boy had to offer—for her, and the four hours' journey to the city was one long dream of perfect happiness. For the first time in all her life Maggie was a person to be pleased, deferred to, and waited upon. It was the life she had lived in her air castles, built whenever she had an hour's leisure to spend "mooning around," as Miss Philura said. But now it was all real. She—not some other girl, but her own self—was to be Mrs. George Smith; was to be loved and petted always, and maybe—her imagination took an unprecedented leap—maybe some time she might have a little daughter of her own. Possibly her hair would curl in long ringlets. Anyway she should be dressed always in white or pink, and have dolls and gold rings galore.

On the boat crossing the bay, George pointed out the towns clustering around it, the big ships riding at anchor, and when they passed Goat Island told her how many persons, weary of life, had drowned themselves there.

"Guess they see something right by the island that draws them overboard," he said, laughing.

She leaned over the railing to look down. "Do you suppose it hurts much to drown?" she asked, shuddering a little.

"No—you bet it's an easy way to go, all right," he said. "I was as good as drowned myself once, and it's just like going to sleep, but I tell you it's tough when they bring you back."

San Francisco was a revelation to Maggie. On one ardently anticipated and long remembered occasion, Miss Philura had taken her to the county seat, about fifteen miles away, where she did her annual shopping. It was a prosperous town, calling itself a city, and thereafter Maggie's dreams were woven about her memories of that day. But this great, splendid place, with its crowds of people, its busy streets, and its marvelous stores, went far beyond her ideas of heaven. They had lunch in a gorgeous restaurant at the top of a lofty building, and from the windows Maggie could see a wonderful panorama of delight which she was to explore. George outlined trips for her amusement—visits to Chinatown, the old missions, and the Presidio, and excursions around the bay, and laughed at her amazement that he should have seen and known so much.

After lunch they went to the Park, and she marveled at the size and beauty of the city's playground. George told her that when he was away she could come out alone and stay all day if she chose, and she mentally decided that she would always go first to the children's corner and find some baby that would let her play with him. All her life she had hungered for the companionship of children that Miss Philura "couldn't abide to have messing around and cluttering up the place."

Then they went on to the Cliff House for Maggie's first glimpse of the real ocean. It awed and fascinated her, and she said she would never tire of watching it, but that it seemed cruel and made her feel afraid. The seals out on the rocks interested her, and she laughed at their awkwardness, and speculated as to which were the mothers and which the young ones; but when George took her to see the trained seals she did not want to stay. It was not fair, she said, for them to be shut up and made to work while the others were free and happy. So they went back to the gallery and drank tea at a little table by the window and watched the waves, and George bought pictures and shells and all sorts of souvenirs for her. On the car going back to town he said they would go to see a good play that evening, and the next day he would take her to the Chutes. Maggie liked best of all the great city itself, the shop windows and the hurrying people, the rush and bustle of life. It held for her all the joy of living that hitherto she had missed. The day had been absolutely happy—a fairy-story had come to life—only for one thing that worried Maggie. All day she had been trying to ask George a question, and now, at almost six o'clock, she could delay no longer, so with a mighty effort she began—"Shall we be married in a church, George?"

"Now see here, dear, I meant to have explained that to you before. You know this marriage business is all superstition. We couldn't love each other any better because a minister said a lot of stuff over us, could we? I'll take care of you, sweetheart, and be

just as good to you as any one could be, and you mustn't worry a bit about it. Now let's see what's on at the theatres to-night."

He unfolded a paper he bought of a newsboy on the corner, and they walked on toward the hotel.

For a moment she did not understand, and then, like a dissolving view, instantly her rainbow castle vanished, leaving the cold, gray reality of her life as it had been and was to be. It was her own fault—her own mistake. She might have known such bliss was not for her. Love and home and happiness, a husband to protect her and children to care for, were for the other girls—not for her. George did not love her, he only pitied her and wanted to take her away from the hard work and barren life. Why should she have thought he would want her to be his wife when there were so many other girls that he could choose from? But she wished he had told her before. She did not know just what to do. She would like to explain that she was grateful for the happy day he had given her, but that she could not stay with him that way. Perhaps if she asked him—but no, she could not do that—it was her own mistake, that was all. Always she had been taught that an orphan, dependent upon charity for the very necessities of life, could not expect to be treated as were girls who had a father and mother. It was only one of her day dreams that was more vivid than the rest, but she could not hope for it to last—they never did.

The dominant thought in her mind was that he must not know how she had misunderstood him. She could not bear it if he laughed at her, and so she did not speak at all for a minute or two, and he congratulated himself that she was going to be sensible about it. Then she began to talk cheerfully again, and offered to wait downstairs while he went to his room for his coat, but when he came down she was gone, and apparently no one had seen her. Her inconspicuousness had stood her in good stead at last, and alone and friendless in the great city, she passed unnoticed in the throng hurrying to dinner and to the play afterward.

A week later a very slender young girl, dressed in dark blue, stood in the bow of the ferry-boat crossing to Oakland. She was waiting to reach Goat Island. In her purse was ten cents, all there was left of the little store of money she had when she came to San Francisco with the man she believed she was to marry.

She had tried to be good. All that Miss Philura had taught her had stayed insistently in her mind. If she had been like other girls she could have lived and been happy, but she could not be like them. She had walked until her shoes were in holes, vainly looking for work. Everywhere she was told of hard times; of discharging rather than taking on new help. In places where she might have obtained work she failed through lack of experience. She had passed unscathed through questionable quarters, her innate purity protecting her from insult, and the suggestions of men who offered her employment at far less than living wages, that she find a "friend" to help her, had been but half understood.

But now she had given up. George had said it did not hurt to drown, there was no one to care, and surely God must know she had tried to be good. She knew she could not go to heaven, but He would be willing to let her rest in the cool water. She wondered what it was that drew people over just at Goat Island.

She had had no food all day and felt weak and giddy, and maybe she imagined it, but it seemed to her that she saw her mother. Of course that was foolish, for she never knew her mother, but it was a pleasant fancy. Just then they neared the island, and she leaned over the side to look down, and there—just ahead of the boat—she did see her. It could be no fancy; she knew it was her real mother beckoning to her, and with a happy little sob of relief she slipped over the rail and sank at once.

The evening papers had a brief account of "another unfortunate who had found death in the waters of the bay." Miss Philura told her sympathizing friends that it was a thankless task to bring up a foundling, "for blood will tell, do what you will." MAUDE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1904.

Nearly fifteen years ago a man entered the First National Bank of Denver and walked into the office of David H. Moffatt, the president of the bank. He had a bottle in his hand that he said contained nitroglycerine, and threatened to blow up the bank unless he was given a large sum of money. Mr. Moffatt sent for the money, and among the bills was one of \$10,000 denomination. Recently the government called in all \$10,000 bills, and the one given by Mr. Moffatt is the only one that has not been presented for redemption. No trace of the man who got the money was ever found.

A slim, pretty Armenian girl who landed at Ellis Island, a few days ago, returned to her native land rather than marry the man she had come to wed, and whom she had not seen for four years. He had grown fat, and the change did not please her, and she said she would not marry him. She was told that if she did not she would have to return to Armenia. She looked over her fat lover once more, and then, shaking her head with some appearance of sadness, remarked: "No; I can not do it; I would rather go back to Armenia."



## THE GRAY TWILIGHT OF LONDON.

The Smell of Its Streets—Its Old, Low Buildings—Evening Pleasure-  
Seekers—Elaborate Costumes in Open Carriages—  
Wonderfully Made-Up Dowagers.

Among the smells of all the cities of the world, the smell of London is the most pungent and individual. It would call up a picture of that vast and sprawling colossus of towns if it blew into one's nostrils in the most distant corners of the earth. It is compounded of many things—pitch and asphalt, smoke, stables, straw, the mold of small, damp gardens, the soft, mossy coatings of soot on old, gray walls.

There is, too, that sense of heaviness in the air of London, characteristic as its smell. To an American it is singularly soporific after the champagne exhilaration of his native atmosphere. It is like another expression of the soft, moist grayness of the sky which is so seldom deeply and radiantly blue. It is suitable that beneath this sober sky, encompassed by this soothing, unexciting ether, the streets should be quiet and uncrowded, the pedestrians move at a leisurely gait, the roar of a great city be dim and muffled, with the *clip-clop* of the cab horses' hoofs the loudest note on the ear.

There is no city in the world that seems to combine the immensity of a huge metropolis with the small, compact intimacy of a little town as London does—the heart of it, where people shop and meet and go to clubs and dine at restaurants, is pressed into so small an area. The business part—that they call "the city"—is far away, as the suburbs are where unknown aborigines marry and breed offspring and die. Just this core that centres round the parks and Piccadilly and Regent Street, is really London. Here is concentrated what is the multicolored, characteristic life of it—that life to which so many Americans have taken so kindly, a life of leisure or of preoccupations in society and politics, but not of business or commercial enterprise.

Its suggestion of a sort of informal intimacy comes from the absence of anything enormous or overpowering. It is all on a small, friendly scale. There are no gigantic buildings or huge department stores, villages in themselves. The narrow streets and rims of sidewalk are those of some old, quaint town which has held out against the terrific, expanding impulses of modern progression. The shops are low in height and modest; some very good ones are not more pretentious on the outside than the shops in little Western American towns. Others of them have flower-boxes decorating their two and three-story façades, like villas at a seaside resort. There is not a great pressure of people within them. The work of the shopper is an unhurried performance, broken by meetings with friends and leisurely conferences with saleswomen. In its slowness and informality, there is something of a village deliberateness and importance about it.

One notices this, too, in the character of the street traffic. It is essentially the traffic of social life, close by, not withdrawn by huge tides of over-sweeping commerce. The rich and great are not shut away in solemn splendor. The foot passengers' skirts are almost brushed by their heels. Their carriages are open, and they sit therein, radiantly attired for all the world to see, fulfilling, in that very stolidity under the multitudes' stares, part of their duty as leaders and aristocrats.

In the long twilights—those strange, luminously gray evening hours—you see them going to the theatre and opera in open barouches and hansoms. Our millionaires and beauties would be hidden away behind closed doors and drawn windows, disliking—possibly resenting—the curiosity of the passerby. The Englishwoman seems indifferent to it. She lolls back in the open carriage for all the world to gaze at. One sees her night after night, her elaborate, uncovered coiffure sparkling with jewels, her evening cloak open, disclosing a delicately thin white neck, bare to an astonishing extent, and hung with strings of beads and necklaces of odd design.

She is part of the highway's crowded vista in that mysterious, pallid gloaming which is the most picturesque hour of the London day. The narrow streets take on a look of pale, silvery mistiness, through which the low, dark houses, soot-grimed and rain-worn into an air of crusted ancientness, loom crowding and grim. The toppling forms of omnibuses, covered with a harlequin coat of advertisements and crowned with vague shapes, rise above the lower vehicles. These are almost all private carriages or hired cabs, all bent pleasureward. Nearly every one of them has as its freight one or more ladies, their half-covered necks gleaming between the folds of their cloaks, jewels and wreaths of leaves shining in the waves and braids and coils of their hair. Many of those who are no longer young are made up, quite frankly and recklessly. Others are young, fresh, and fair, with the glossy hair and rose-leaf skin of the healthy English girl.

Every time I have been in London I have been struck with amazement by the numbers of old women who are dressed as if they were still in their rosy teens. I am of the opinion that these are the most astonishing old women in the world. There is nothing like them in our country, and I never saw anything of the kind in France. They appear to be well supplied with this world's goods, for they are always to be seen in sumptuous carriages, or trailing back and forth, in and out,

of the best Bond Street shops. They reach their highest and most flamboyant point at about seventy years of age. Their faces are covered with paint, laid on over a network of wrinkles and the flabby softness of aged cheeks. Their heads are encased in entire wigs, generally a rich auburn, much *onduléd* and coiled. A youthful hat of the palest hues crowns the wig, and over all a thin white veil is tied, subduing the vivid tints of the rose-colored cheeks and carmine lips. A dress of virginal muslin or chiffon, inset with cobweb laces, clothes the form which the best *corsettières* can not make slender and girlish. High-heeled slippers and semi-transparent silk stockings are on the feet that the coquettishly raised skirts permit one to see for an admiring moment.

They are the most incredible old ladies! Sometimes they are accompanied by well-groomed, dignified-looking, elderly men, whom I should take to be their sons. The sons seem to be able to bear it, at least they show no open signs of revolt; but it must be a dreadful thing to have a mother who looks like a badly restored Italian fresco. They are evidently an old institution, these reluctant dowagers. Does not one remember Thackeray often mentioning them?—speaking of their cheeks "raddled with rouge" and their youthful coquettishness. Dickens painted one in Mrs. Skewton. And farther back than that, Lady Bellaston in "Tom Jones" must have been of that brand, only probably a little more so.

Among the younger women whom one sees in London in the season there is much beauty. I think that the handsome Englishwoman has more regular features than the American, belongs to a more classic type. One sees quantities of faces here where the features are almost perfect, the brow is low and white, the large, well-opened gray or blue eyes are arched by delicate black brows, fine as a penciled line. Complexions are also beautiful, almost always with a high, bright color. The hair is glossy and healthy looking. Very few women have a good deal. A thick head of hair that falls to the waist is quite a rarity. Probably this is due to the fact that nearly every woman has her hair elaborately curled and *onduléd* with the tongs. Then some liquid is put on it to make it smooth, and over all an invisible net is fastened.

Where the American woman is superior is in the matter of figure. She is better made, larger, fuller, more muscular, and also more graceful. The English ideal is the acme of slenderness. They have the smallest waists and the narrowest hips I have ever seen. Where they store away in these serpentine bodies all the vital organs that go to the making of the human female I can not imagine. They also hold themselves badly, the shoulders drooped and the chest hollowed. One notices this particularly in the lower classes. Women who are naturally vigorous and robust, like servants and country girls, have rounded shoulders and long backs to an exaggerated extent.

Nothing could be gay and more festive than the dressing in London at this time of the year. Almost everybody wears light clothes, though the skies are gray, the weather often cold. Pale-hued muslins and organdies let in with lace, and with bare shoulders showing through a lace guimpe, are favorite costumes. Big hats full of plumes or flowers go with them, and almost invariably wide, scarf-shaped boas of white or brown marabou feathers. A tailor suit, as we understand the word, is never seen except on a traveling American.

In the carriages the costumes are astonishingly elaborate and fragile. Whole dresses of the lightest shades of chiffon, trimmed with exquisite laces, and whole dresses of mist-like gauzes and all-over laces, are often seen. The other afternoon on Bond Street I saw a girl dressed entirely in the palest pink sitting in an extremely splendid carriage. She was young and pretty, and sat immovable in the midst of a vaporous cloud of millinery. Her dress was thin and frothed at the edges into innumerable edges and frillings of lace. A large ruche of pink floated about her shoulders. Her diaphanous skirts spread half over the carriage. Her hat was a mist-like halo of pink; her parasol a thistle-down tent of it. Her long gloves were pink, and so were her cheeks. The only strong note of color in her whole figure was her lips, which were what Solomon, that tried and seasoned judge of beauty, would have described as "a thread of scarlet." These little red lips were quite startlingly deep and living in all this pallor of delicate millinery. They made her human—a woman to be kissed, not a dressmaker's lay figure.

LONDON, June 23, 1904. GERALDINE BONNER.

"There never will be another silver dollar coined in this country," said George T. Roberts, director of the United States Mint, in an interview with a representative of the *Oregonian*; "no, there will be no more new silver dollars turned out by the government mint plates unless, by some chance, a sixteen-to-one Congress should be elected, for the supply of silver bullion purchased under the Sherman act is exhausted."

The *African Review* says that in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, if the present rate of intermarriage between Briton and Boers is kept up, within twenty years the two races will be so welded together as to be indistinguishable. The only bitterness now existing is between two sections of the Dutch, the Bitterenders and the Scouts.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is stated in a London dispatch that Mrs. Maybrick will be released at the end of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin are spending the summer automobiling in the neighborhood of London.

It is stated that Prince Obolensky, formerly governor of Kharkoff, will be chosen to succeed the late General Bobrikoff as governor-general of Finland.

When Mr. Roosevelt was Vice-President, Paul Morton, the new Secretary of the Navy, accompanied him on two trips to the South-West to attend the Rough Rider Regiment reunions, one at Oklahoma City and the other at Las Vegas. The two men, who are similar in characteristics and mental activities, were attracted to each other, and the friendship has remained close to the present time.

Senator Fairbanks was born in Ohio, in Union County. His nomination preserves the long-established rule, as recognized among Republicans, of having one Ohio man on their national ticket. Since the close of the Civil War this rule has been deviated from on two occasions only—in 1884, when neither of the candidates was a native of Ohio, and in 1892, when both candidates were natives of Ohio. On the Republican national ticket in 1868, 1872, 1876, 1880, 1888, 1892, 1896, and 1900, the candidate for President was a native of Ohio.

Yale University has conferred the degree of doctor of music on Frank Damrosch, supervisor of music in the public schools of New York. The *Sun* says that "no other man has done as much as Mr. Damrosch for the spread of musical taste and intelligence in that city. His Saturday afternoon concerts, with explanatory lectures, and his singing classes for the people have brought many thousands into close communion with great and refining works of art. And withal Mr. Damrosch is so modest that honor has to seek him, for he has never courted notoriety."

Charles Glidden, accompanied by his wife, is making a tour of the world in a twenty-four horse-power automobile. They have been away from America two years, and have traveled 16,200 miles. In August, while in Norway, they made the first trip ever undertaken in an automobile into the Arctic zone. They will leave Boston in August and journey to San Francisco, whence they will take ship to Hawaii and the Philippines. They will then go to Asia. They expect to complete their trip in 1907, and estimate that they will then have traveled in their auto about 40,000 miles.

Florence Nightingale's celebration of her eighty-fourth birthday last month is another proof added to the list of facts which go to show that there is nothing more conducive to longevity than plenty of work, mental and physical. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is another Englishwoman who, at ninety, is still actively working, looking after her philanthropies and her large fortune. In America, Julia Ward Howe is a beautiful old lady at eighty-five after a lifetime of effort. Susan B. Anthony is now eighty-four. Hetty Green, the world's most famous woman financier, and said to be the richest woman, is sixty-nine.

Official announcement is made of the fact that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has hopes once more of presenting to the nation an heir to the throne, whose advent will dispel the fear which the Dutch now entertain of seeing the crown of the Netherlands pass to a German prince or princess, which would mean, of course, that the kingdom would become to all intents and purposes a part of the confederation known as the German Empire. A good deal of anxiety is entertained with regard to the queen. She has been in a frail condition of health ever since her premature confinement, two years ago. Three other women occupying thrones are looking forward to the birth of children in the present summer: the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Italy, and the Crown Princess of Luxemburg.

Henry Gassaway Davis, who has been nominated for Vice-President by the Democrats, was born in Baltimore, Md., November 16, 1823. As a mere lad he evinced great interest in railroading, and after the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway he secured a position as a brakeman. After short service he was made a conductor. He left railway work, engaging in a general business. He conceived and executed the plan of a railway giving access to coal and timber lands of immense value in West Virginia, and he became a very prominent figure in the affairs of that State. He became president of the road he had built, and, in succession, president of the Piedmont and Cumberland Railway and the Davis National Bank of Piedmont. In addition he is a very large shareholder in the Davis Coal and Coke Company and a host of other commercial and banking enterprises, and is a man of great wealth. Davis first entered politics in 1865, when he was elected as a Democrat to a seat in the house of delegates of West Virginia. From 1867 to 1869, he served in the senate of his State, and, in 1871, was elected to represent West Virginia in the United States Senate. At the expiration of his second term in the United States Senate, in 1883, he declined to again be a candidate, and retired to private life. In 1853, Mr. Davis was married to Kate A. Bantz, and they have five children.



## THROWING OFF A THOUSAND.

New Yorkers Resist the Ten-Cent Fare to Coney Island — Bounced from Cars in Consequence—Exciting and Amusing Scenes—Bouncers Meet Their Match.

It's a hard walk from New York to Coney Island; and on Sunday, July 3d, the riding was even worse. Ten cents is the fare, but recently the appellate division of the supreme court decided that it was illegal for a street-car company to collect more than five cents for a ride over its original or leased lines. The public seized upon this as an excuse for riding to Coney Island for five cents. The street railway companies had decided views on the matter, and hired a lot of special policemen, or bouncers, to enforce their demands for the extra five cents. The results were picturesque, exciting, and amusing.

The trouble really began on Saturday on the Brooklyn and Coney Island Railway Company's line, which charges five cents at all times except Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. But it was on Sunday that the storm broke. People started for Coney Island looking for trouble, and had no difficulty in finding it. It met them more than half way, and smote them grievously. It left them with torn clothing, battered faces, bruised bodies, and an exhausted vocabulary. The railway companies, profiting by their experience of the day before, had men ready to throw off passengers who refused to pay the extra fare, and the police department sent many officers to the scene.

There was little preliminary discussion between the bouncers and the passengers. When the cars reached the points at which the second fare is usually collected, some of the passengers refused to pay it. On the Brooklyn Rapid Transit road, the second fare becomes due at King's Highway. But Neck Road, a quarter of a mile farther east, was selected as the battle-ground. At this point the conductors pointed out the recalcitrant passengers, and the bouncers proceeded, with neither ceremony nor gentleness, literally to throw them from the cars. They met resistance, sometimes feeble, sometimes fierce. They did not discriminate as to age or sex, but seized men, women, and children. One brawny blacksmith wound his legs and arms around the standards of the seat. He was a complete wreck, minus many square inches of skin, by the time he was dislodged. The police looked on, sometimes interfering, and in most cases showing sympathy with the railway company. At Avenue U and Coney Island Avenue, on the Brooklyn and Coney Island road, similar rioting took place all through the day.

Naturally, there were amusing incidents. One fat, pompous man, important in demeanor, held up a warning hand when the bouncers started to force him from the car. Then he pulled from his pocket a copy of the decision made by the appellate division. "According to this decision—" he began.

"To — with the decision!" the bouncers shouted, and before the stout individual had time to gasp at this traitorous profanity, he had been forcibly made to join the protesting passengers who, driven back by the police, stood yelling at the bouncers and encouraging the resisters.

There were plenty of scenes of violence. Many passengers fought hard for what they considered their rights, but as a rule the force of numbers was too much for them. There was one case in which the ejectors got the worst of it. A car came along with seven large, anarchistic-looking Italians aboard. They were asked for an extra fare, and refused to pay it. The railway company's hired men started for them. The leader received a furious right-hander that stunned him. His companions rallied to his support, and the Italians stood their ground. The fight began on the car and ended on the street. It was fierce and bloody. The dust was thick, and about all the howling spectators could see was a wild tangle of arms and legs. The Italians were largely outnumbered, but they fought like demons. Some outsiders came to their assistance, and finally the bouncers were routed. The triumphant Italians climbed aboard the car again, and rode clear through on one fare. By this time there was a long row of cars in waiting, and in order to relieve the jam they were allowed to pass unmolested. Then the hold-ups and the rioting began again.

Women suffered severely during the day, some of them having their clothing badly torn and their arms and shoulders bruised. One woman showed fight, and threatened to use her fists if hands were laid on her. A man, to save her the beating he had reason to believe she would receive, paid her fare. Many children were hurt during the scuffles, and one baby, dropped by its mother as she was jerked from the car, was picked up by a bystander just in time to be saved from being trampled to death.

The result of it all will be a big lot of suits against the railway companies, as over one thousand people were ejected from the cars during Sunday. The appellate division of the supreme court, in the case referred to, fined the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company fifty dollars for refusing to give a passenger a transfer. The majority of those who were ejected on Sunday had damages in mind before leaving home. They were passive resisters, leaving the cars as soon as hands had been laid upon them, and going methodically to work at taking down the numbers of the cars and the conductors, and the names of witnesses. Lawyers, sec-

ing fees in prospect, were at the scene of the trouble before trouble commenced, and flocked around the ejected, tendering professional cards and legal advice. Spectators also thrust cards upon them, offering to be witnesses.

It seems to be a settled thing that fifty dollars for the laying on of hands without violence will be the amount that the railway companies will have to pay as balm in each case of injured feelings if the cases go against them. This was amusingly brought out by one young man and his sweetheart, who, as soon as the bouncers laid hands on them, hastily scrambled off the car. As they started on their mile walk to Coney, the man yelled back at the railway employees: "We'll get married on the one hundred dollars that your company will have to pay us for this." FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1904.

## Death of Paul Kruger.

Ex-President Paul Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, died at Clarens, Switzerland, on Thursday morning.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, as he was christened, was born at Vaalbank Farm, in the Colesburg district, Cape Colony (since 1806 under British rule), October 10, 1825. He was the third child of Caspar Jan Hendrick Kruger and Elisa Steyn, his wife. His ancestors were not from Holland, as has often been stated, but from Germany. When he was ten years old he marched with his father into Natal, and later back over the Drakensberg Mountains to the Orange Free State. As he grew up he distinguished himself for bravery in fighting the Zulus, Kaffirs, and other natives. At the age of seventeen he was made a magistrate, under the title of field cornet.

When the Orange Free State was annexed in 1839, Kruger and others crossed the Vaal River, and laid the foundation of the Transvaal, or South African Republic. He rapidly advanced in the affairs of the republic, and, in 1853, was made commandant of the army, a position he held during the civil war of 1860, and while the republic was warring with native tribes. In 1876, he was made vice-president. In 1877, he stood out against the proposition to annex the Transvaal to England. He led in the revolt of 1880-81, and was actively engaged in directing the Battle of Majuba Hill. When the war was over he helped reorganize the republic, and in 1883, was selected president. He held that office until the final defeat of the Boers by the British in 1902. In 1900, he left the Transvaal, and sought refuge in Europe, where he remained until his death.

The committee that investigated the Carthusian bribery case, which was discussed by the *Argonaut's* Paris correspondent last week, has reported that the charges were not sustained, and regrets that Premier Combes charged that he had been offered two millions of francs to allow the Carthusian monks to remain in France. The report raised a tumult in the Chamber of Deputies, and after a heated debate, the report was, in effect, rejected, and a resolution was unanimously adopted declaring Premier Combes and the government above suspicion. During the tumultuous debate, a member attempted to place a mock crown of laurel upon the premier's head.

Says the New York *Tribune*: "Forty-three hundred automobile licenses have been issued in a neighboring State. The number of these machines is becoming like unto the swarms of locusts in Oriental countries. Was not this state of affairs foreseen in the vision of Nahum the prophet when he wrote: 'The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings?'"

The Princess Louise is the most artistic of all King Edward's sisters. She not only paints well, but is quite celebrated as a sculptor. She has a fine studio in the old palace, and it is here that she has designed and completed her bronze memorial to the Colonials who fell in the South African War.

According to an ancient custom, the officers who took part in the first unsuccessful attempt to block Port Arthur, shaved their heads in token of failure. The idea is that they have done with the ambitions of this world, and are fit only for the Buddhist cloister.

A notice of insolvency of the estate of Mary O'Brien, wet nurse, recently appeared in an Australian newspaper. The liabilities were stated to be £74, 10s, 7d, the assets £15, the deficiency £59, 10s, 7d; and the cause of the deficiency, the decline in the birth rate.

The Maison Lafitte, the famous chateau in which the Comte Artois gave banquets to Louis the Sixteenth and Antoinette, has been offered for sale for 300,000 francs. It cost 6,000,000 francs two hundred and fifty years ago.

There is a picture in the billiard-room of the London Army and Navy Club which represents two skeletons playing billiards while a crowd of other skeletons look on, smoking cigars and drinking from long tumblers.

## CONVENTION VERSE.

## The Lady Who Attended.

She went to the big convention  
And saw the great men there,  
Not knowing one from another,  
Of their names all unaware.  
She saw the bald heads bobbing,  
She heard the buzz and roar,  
She cheered and claimed she never  
Had been so glad before.

She wondered if the chairman  
Was the one who owned the hall;  
She cheered when others did so,  
And waved her parasol.  
She asked which man was Teddy,  
And couldn't understand  
Why they had "their old convention  
Since he was not on hand."

She listened to the statesman  
From down in Tennessee,  
Who spoke for half an hour;  
"How wonderful!" said she;  
"Has he been nominated?"  
Just hear the people shout!  
Oh, dear, it's so exciting—  
What did he speak about?"

She asked if all the people  
Upon the platform there  
Were getting nominated;  
She said: "Well, I don't care,  
It's mean to not let Teddy  
Have any show at all—  
Please show me which is Bryan,  
Will he be it, this fall?"

"And tell me which is Cleveland—  
I just think Grover's great!"  
Oh, yes, I keep forgetting,  
He's not a delegate.  
Are these men all in office?  
Where's Secretary Hay?  
And, really, is that Fairbanks—  
Who is he, anyway?"

"Which did you say was Cannon?  
Oh, yes—there on the stand—  
I'm awful glad you showed me—  
Say, isn't it just grand?  
I wish that we were closer  
And had a better view—  
Is Cannon nominated?  
Well, then, what does he do?"

"Why is it they are cheering—  
Who's nominated now?  
Oh! Dear old, funny Chauncey—  
See there! he's made a bow!  
I'm awful glad I've seen him—  
Where, which one did you say  
Was Herrick, of Ohio?  
Is he to run to-day?"

She went to the big convention  
And there had many a thrill;  
She cheered for everybody,  
They couldn't keep her still.  
And when the session ended  
She said: "Twas lots of fun,"  
Then bought herself a paper,  
To learn what had been done.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## After the Convention.

A year ago they sought me out to learn my views on this  
and that;  
They asked me what I thought about high tariff, also stand-  
ing pat.  
My silence only urged them on; bewilderedly to me they  
turned—  
But all my high estate is gone since they've adjourned.

A month ago they said of me (although I firmly shook my  
head),  
"He is a possibility," and paid no heed to what I said;  
For I—I was so dignified, and hinted that high place I  
spurned.

Well, now I walk—I used to ride—since they've adjourned.  
A week ago 'most all the bands were playing in my neigh-  
borhood,  
And I was always shaking hands and telling folks they were  
too good.  
I can't begin to tell you how the rockets whizzed and bon-  
fires burned;  
But all is mighty silent now, since they've adjourned.

A dark horse I—and that was all. Most cautiously I had  
been groomed  
And carefully kept in my stall, and by an "undercurrent"  
boomed.  
Oh, well, it's over. As for me, one solid lesson I have  
learned—  
I'm not a possibility since they've adjourned.

—W. D. Nesbit in Judge.

## Comstock, of Spring Haven.

## THE START.

When Comstock, of Spring Haven, started as an alternate  
The band was at the depot—Comstock felt that he was great;  
His neighbors loudly cheered him, flags were fluttered in the  
air,  
He was eloquent concerning the grave trust put in his care.

## THE ARRIVAL.

When Comstock, of Spring Haven, reached the busy scene at  
last  
He was left to stand in corners while the big guns hurried  
past;  
No one asked him where he'd come from, he was roughly  
pushed about,  
And his breast was full of longings and his mind was full of  
doubt.

## THE RETURN.

When Comstock, of Spring Haven, with his satchel in his  
hand,  
Stepped upon the old board platform there was music by the  
band,  
There was cheering by his neighbors and a great joy filled him  
then,  
For Comstock, of Spring Haven, was a mighty man again.  
—S. E. Kiser in Ex.



## RUSSIA.

New Books About the Czar's Empire—Is Russia "on the Road to National Perdition"?—Views of Schierbrand and Reich—Pictures from Russian Life.

Four books, dealing in a greater or less degree with the Russian Empire, are among recent publications. They are:

"Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness," by Wolf von Schierbrand. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Success Among the Nations," by Emil Reich, LL. D. Harper & Brothers; \$2.00.

"Russia as Seen and Described by Great Writers," by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.00.

"Slav or Saxon?" by William Dudley Foulke. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The first of these books, Dr. von Schierbrand's, supports by a really imposing array of facts, figures, and arguments, the author's belief that "by pursuing for another considerable length of time the present policy of foreign aggression and utter disregard of internal needs, Russia is on the road to national perdition."

Dr. von Schierbrand contends that Russia now stands on the verge of bankruptcy, owing no less than 8,500,000,000 roubles, or about \$4,250,000,000. He says:

In the event of Russia's defeat in this present war her financial position will be nothing less than frightful. She would be utterly incapable of raising a large war indemnity such as Japan doubtless would exact, except at unheard-of sacrifice. Her industry has practically collapsed even now. Foreign investors have lost in Russian industrial ventures during the past six or seven years sums aggregating 600,000,000 or 700,000,000 roubles, and new foreign capital will be more cautious in the future. With every national resource strained to the last point under the strenuous financial policy of M. de Witte in times of deep peace, the delicate fabric which it has taken him ten years to erect will surely be shaken to its foundations or topple over during a long and costly war in far Asia. This much indeed seems certain now. Will France and the other foreign creditors throw other billions of good money into the wreck?

One of the principal causes of the alleged distressing financial condition of the empire is the decline of the prosperity of the peasant under the commercial system, which rose into being in 1861 upon the emancipation of the serfs. We read:

Since then the Russian peasantry have doubled in number, and the land which they hold has not increased in size. Division and subdivision have been going on these many years, and to-day the simple fact is that there is not enough land per head of the peasant population to yield adequate returns. . . . One of the great drawbacks to the ceaseless subdivision of peasant lands that has been going on is the splitting up into small fragments, usually long and narrow and lying far apart, being not infrequently a number of miles distant from the peasant's home, necessitating a tremendous loss of time and labor in the tilling. In fact, many of these fragments lie twelve or fifteen miles away from the village itself, and consist of lengthy strips, in many cases five or ten of them, each ten or twenty feet wide (sometimes as low as three and a half feet wide), thus forcing the starved horse to drag the plow for half a day in one direction to draw a furrow, and the other half to draw it back again.

"Rational progress in rural communities under such conditions, is simply impossible," concludes Dr. von Schierbrand.

It is the author's opinion that defeat in the present war would be a benefit. Speaking of the Crimean War, he says:

Another similar defeat would be a rude awakener to Russia and to the men responsible for her present retrograde system of government. The lesson would be harsh but salutary. From being puffed up with vain-glory and a sense of supposed illimitable power and irresponsibility, Russia would then become imbued with a spirit of healthy repentance for past misdeeds, for wrongs committed against civilization. She might then find time to devote herself seriously to the task so long neglected, the task of entering on a programme of internal reform, rousing the nation for the first time to intelligent and joint effort in behalf of the true ideals of civilization.

Dr. von Schierbrand's views to a certain extent agree with those of the distinguished Hungarian historian, Emil Reich. He says:

Russia's power is overrated. But the exaggerated conception of the invincible and resistless might of Russia shows no signs of waning. Although almost every historical event of the last century in which Russia has had a hand might seem to have been especially designed to relieve Europe of the bugbear of a Muscovite terror, the myth of Russia's hostile intentions toward the West, and of her capacity for carrying her inimical designs into execution, has been steadily gaining ground. Its origin has been attributed to Napoleon, who is represented to have said that within fifty years from his time the whole of Europe would be republican or Muscovite. Very possibly the dictum may be apocryphal: we are not concerned with proving its authenticity. All we would wish to indicate is that the idea had already gained currency during the latter years of Napoleon, and has continued ever since.

It will be obvious to the reader that the above-quoted words were written before the present war had far progressed. For certainly its effect has markedly been to lessen the fear of Russia. Of Russian military power, Professor Reich offers these pregnant reflections and facts:

For warfare on this grandiose and regular scale Russia is in no wise prepared. Her armies are filled with excellent recruits, who have proved themselves, time after time, endowed with all the essential fighting qualities, dogged perseverance, resistance, and unflinching bravery in time of defeat. The figures of modern military statisticians will give some idea of the sterling worth of the Russian rank and file. The comparison of the losses sustained by Russian troops in battle against an enemy of equal strength, with the casualties of Italian forces under like circumstances, is peculiarly instructive, and will show immediately that, as far as the courage of the common soldier is concerned, Russia has no reason to be dissatisfied. At the Battle of Zorndorf (1758), 45 per cent. of the Russian army was left upon the field, and the losses at Kunersdorf (1759) were equally heavy. Here are the percentages of Russian casualties in several other famous engagements: Austerlitz (1805), 15 per cent.; Eylau (1807), 28 per

cent.; Friedland (1807), 24 per cent.; Borodino (1812), 31 per cent.; Warsaw (1813), 18 per cent.; Inkermann (1854), 24 per cent.; Plevna (I) (1877), 28 per cent.; Plevna (II), 28 per cent.; Plevna (III), 17 per cent. Observe now the Italian lists, and the striking contrast which they show: St. Lucia (1848), 2 per cent.; Custoza (1848), 1.2 per cent.; Mortara (1849), 2.2 per cent.; Novara (1849), 5 per cent.; Solferino (1859), 8 per cent.; Custoza (1866), 4 per cent. But physical bravery alone will not suffice unless it is directed by first-class strategic ability, and the Russian generals have not by any means shone so brightly as have the men under their command. In the Caucasus it was only after thirty-five years of almost uninterrupted fighting, with vast resources of men and money at their disposal, a free hand to use any repressive measures against the enemy, and after sustaining many defeats and enormous losses, that the Russians were eventually successful in partially pacifying the heroic mountain tribes who were opposed to them (1820-64). The story of the Crimean War (1854-56) and of the Russo-Turkish War (1877-78) is so well known that we hardly need say that Russian generalship was anything but an unmitigated success. Nor is this incapacity difficult of explanation. In modern warfare more than the weapon is needed; the intelligent initiative of each individual officer is required in the first place, and although this may be increased to a great extent by a special military training, it is more largely the result of the national moral and intellectual education.

Russia would be even more handicapped in a European war by her lack of money. She is really a poverty-stricken country, and what capital she has at her disposal is almost entirely absorbed by her nascent industrial development. She has none of the hoarded wealth of Western countries to fall back upon in time of need, and the funds to which she owes her present financial position have been drawn to a considerable extent from the surplus riches of France, her ally.

In concluding his chapter on Russia, Professor Reich says:

Russia is still mediæval, although possibly her mediævalism may be slightly tintured with humanity, borrowed from Western states. Serfdom may be abolished, but Russia has still to live through her Middle Ages, and we may well be permitted to doubt whether she will attain to a parallel degree of culture with the great European countries, unless she first passes through the stages through which those countries have passed. There is no royal road to civilization.

Esther Singleton's volume, "Russia," is, unlike the foregoing, not controversial. It is merely a compilation from the works of writers on Russia, and is in tone largely descriptive. Here, for example, is a description of St. Petersburg as seen from the River Neva:

As the boat advances the imperial city grows in scale and pomp. The river view becomes imposing, the banks are lined on either side by granite quays, which for solidity, strength, and area, have no parallel in Europe. Beneath the bridges the unruly river rushes, bearing along rafts and merchandise, and in the broad-laid streets people hurry to and fro, as if the day were too short for the press of business: only in great commercial capitals, the centres of large populations, is life thus rapid and overburdened. Throughout Russia generally time hangs heavily, but here at the seat of empire, the focus of commerce, life under high pressure moves at full speed. I know of no European capital, excepting, perhaps, London and Vienna, which leaves on the mind so strong an impression of power, wealth, and ostentation, as the city of St. Petersburg. Possibly the first idea which may strike the stranger on driving from the steamer to the hotel, is the large scale on which the city has been planned; the area of squares and streets seems proportioned to the vast dimensions of the Russian Empire; indeed, the silent solitudes of the city may be said to symbolize the desert tracks of central Russia and Siberia.

Perhaps one may get a hint as to the Russian character from comparison of the foregoing and the following paragraphs:

Few cities are so pretentious in outside appearances as St. Petersburg, and yet the show she makes is that of the whitened sepulchre: false construction and rottenness of material, façades of empty parade, and plaster which feigns to be stone, constitute an accumulative dishonesty which has few parallels in the history of architecture. Classic pillars and porticos, which have been thrust in everywhere on slightest pretext, are often built up of brick covered with cement and colored yellow. Columns, here the common and constant expedient, are mostly mismanaged; they are, as it were, gratuitous intrusions, they seem to be stuck on, they fail to compose with the rest of the building. Neither do the architects of St. Petersburg understand moldings or the value of shadow, there is scarcely a molding in the city which casts a deep, broad, or delicate shadow; hence the façades look flat and thin as if built of cards. In the same way the details are poor and treated without knowledge; it thus happens that conceptions bold and grand are carried out incompletely.

Here are the same traveler's remarks on the foundations, roads, and consequent curious social customs of St. Petersburg:

St. Petersburg was once a swamp, and so rotten is the ground that it would be quite possible for a monolith (like the sixty-foot columns for St. Isaac's) to sink out of sight and never more be heard of. To provide against such contingencies a forest of piles was driven into the earth at the cost of £200,000 as the foundation of St. Isaac's, and yet the cathedral sinks. Like causes render the roads of St. Petersburg the worst in Europe; winter frosts, which penetrate several feet below the surface, seize on the imprisoned waters and tear up the streets. The surface thus broken is so destructive to wheels that I have known an Englishman who, though he kept four carriages, had not one in a condition to use. The jolting on the roads is so great as to make it wise for a traveler to hold on fast, and when a lady and gentleman ride side by side, it is usual for the gentleman to protect the lady by throwing his arm round his companion's waist. This delicate attention is so much of a utilitarian necessity as in no way to imply further obligations.

The society in St. Petersburg is said by the Countess of Galloway, who is quoted in Miss Singleton's volume, to be incomparably brilliant. She writes of one of the great functions thus interestingly:

At these court balls, besides the royal family of grand dukes and duchesses, with gorgeous jewels, may be seen many of the great generals and governors of the provinces, who come to St. Petersburg to do homage to their sovereign; a splendid-looking Circassian prince, whose costume of fur and velvet is covered with chains of jewels and gold; the commander of the Cossack Guard, Tcherevine, who watches over the emperor's safety, dressed in what resembles a well-fitting scarlet dressing-gown, with a huge scimitar in his belt, sparkling with precious stones; Prince Doudnikoff Korsakoff, the governor of the Caucasus, also in Cossack attire, with the beard which is the privilege of the Cossack birth. M. de Giers, whose civilian blue coat with gold buttons is remarkable among the numberless brilliant uniforms, talks to the ambassadors with the wearied anxious expression habitual to his countenance. The empress dances, but not the emperor; he does not sit down

to supper either, but walks about, after the Russian fashion of hospitality, to see that all his guests are served.

After such a picture of grandeur, the description of the ordinary peasant's life comes in striking contrast:

The outward aspect of a Russian village is not attractive, and there is little choice in the surrounding country between a wide gray plain with a distance of scrubby pine forest, or the scrubby pine forest with distant gray plains. The peasants' houses are scattered up and down without any order or arrangement, and with no roads between, built of trunks of trees, unsecured, and mortised into each other at the corners, the interstices filled with moss and mud, a mode of building warmer than it sounds. In the interior there is always an enormous brick stove, five or six feet high, on which and on the floor the whole family sleep in their rags. The heat and the stench are frightful. No one undresses, washing is unknown, and sheepskin pelisses with the wool inside are not conducive to cleanliness.

Here is another paragraph about the remarkable stoves of the Russians of all classes:

The Russian stoves, however, are, in fact, thick, hollow party-walls, built of brick, and sometimes separating, or connecting, as many as three or four rooms, and heating them all from one common centre. The outer sides of these lofty intramural furnaces are usually faced with a kind of white porcelain, though in some houses they are papered like the rest of the wall, so that the presence of the stove is only known in summer by two or three apertures like port-holes, which have been made for the purpose of admitting the hot air, and which, when there is no heat within, are closed with round metal covers like the tops of canisters. Sometimes, especially in country houses, the stove, or *peitchka* as it is called, is not only a wall, but a wall which, toward the bottom, projects so as to form a kind of dresser or sofa, and which the lazier of the inmates use not infrequently in the latter capacity. When a stove is being heated, the port-holes are kept carefully shut, to prevent the egress of carbonic-acid gas. But after the wood has become thoroughly charred, and every vestige of flame has disappeared, the chimney is closed on a level with the garret floor, the covers are removed from the apertures in the side of the stove, and the hot air is allowed to penetrate freely into the room; which, if enough wood has been put into the *peitchka*, and the lid of the chimney closes hermetically, will, by this one fire, be kept warm for twelve or fourteen hours.

The fourth of the books mentioned at the beginning of this article—Mr. Foulke's "Slav or Saxon?"—is a reprint with a chapter of additions of the edition of 1887. He takes, of course, the view precisely opposite to that taken by Professor Reich and Dr. von Schierbrand. He believes in the Russian peril.

## The Largest Salaried Men.

President Roosevelt is not by any means the largest-salaried man in the country. More than one bank president has a salary equal to his, and railway presidents and guiding spirits in industrial affairs receive as much, and many of them far more. A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railway, James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, and L. F. Loree, of the Rock Island, each draw \$75,000 per year. F. D. Underwood is manager of the Erie at \$50,000 per year. S. C. T. Dodd, general solicitor of the Standard Oil Company, receives \$250,000 a year. Rockefeller's salary as president of the same corporation is not known. Charles Schwab drew \$100,000 a year, besides commissions, as president of the United States Steel Corporation. S. R. Callaway resigned a \$40,000 position with the New York Central Railway to become president of the American Locomotive Company at a salary of \$100,000. Henry O. Havemeyer's yearly salary as president of the American Sugar Company is said to be \$100,000. There are some large salaries paid presidents of the insurance companies. President McCall, of the New York Life, draws \$150,000, while three other officials of the same company draw \$50,000 each per annum.

Carrasallo, the name of a New Jersey lake, has a Spanish sound, but it comes from a combination of the names of the three daughters of the man who named the lake—Carrie, Sallie, and Josephine. Bucoda, Wash., was named from three settlers—Buckley, Coloton, and Davis; Kenova, W. Va., from Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia, near the intersection of which the town is; Delmar, Del., from Delaware and Maryland; Texarkana, Ark., from Texas and Arkansas; and Cynthia, a county seat of Harrison County, Ky., is named for the two daughters—Cynthia and Anna—of Colonel Harrison, for whom the county was named. Nebraska has a town called Ohiowa, the derivation of which is easily seen.

John D. Rockefeller's estate in the Pocanito hills now consists of over 5,000 acres, and is being turned into one vast park. Rockefeller has, it is estimated, spent \$10,000,000 in acquiring and improving the property thus far. He recently bought 10,000 maple trees, and his other outlay for the estate is on a proportionate scale. Chains of lakes and forty-six miles of roads have been built, and a magnificent mansion and stables are projected. A great electric plant will light the entire estate.

A suit brought in London by Mrs. Josephine Beecham, who charges her attorneys with neglecting to secure her sufficient alimony, has brought out the fact that her ex-husband, the manufacturer of the famous Beecham's pills, receives an income of four hundred thousand dollars through the sale of the patent medicine that is advertised as "worth a guinea a box."

By the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Geese at Lewes, England loses its only woman grave-digger. On the death of her husband, in 1879, she was appointed to carry on his duties at the Lewes Cemetery. She was seventy-six years of age.



## GEORGE SAND.

## Notes on Her Life and Work.

To understand the character of George Sand you have to begin with her great-grandfather. He was Marshal Saxe, himself a natural son of the King of Poland. Mlle. Verrières bore Marshal Saxe a daughter, and this daughter, having been well brought up, was married off by the Marshal to a handsome official of the government. A son born of this marriage turned out badly, married a bird-catcher's daughter, who already had a couple of children, and, having enlisted in the army, was followed by his wife and several children, including the future novelist, on the trail of the troops through Spain.

Of George Sand's birth, which happened just a century ago this month, it is related that her mother had been dancing in a rose-colored gown, while her father was playing the violin for their guests, when, not feeling well, she left the room. When the fiddling father had been told of his fortune, he exclaimed that the girl should be called Aurora, and her aunt added: "Aurora is born amid music and rose-color. Surely she will be happy!"

Certainly it was not to have been expected that the girl of such ancestry and such nativity would settle down to a quiet life as wife of a rough army officer like M. Casimir Dudevant. What is more natural than that, after a few years in the little village of Nohant where, she wrote, "the men are superficial, the women uninteresting," she should have fled Parisward (bearing with her "very light baggage," her daughter's cradle and some manuscripts), willing to make snuff-boxes and cigar-cases in Spa wood, with birds and flowers painted on them, if only she might be free of the marital yoke.

It is not profitable to give a list with specifications of George Sand's amours. She may not have had "forty lovers," as Gertrude Atherton avers, but they were rather numerous. The first was Jules Sandeau; then there was Alfred de Musset, Dr. Pagello, Michel de Bourges, Chopin, and others. During these first Paris years, when she struggled with literature for a livelihood, masquerading as a "literary Amazon," she was, says Heinrich Heine, "beautiful as the Venus of Milo. Her features were regular, her forehead low, shaded by rich bands of chestnut hair; her eyes were dim, perhaps because of the many tears she had shed, or because their brilliancy had been expended on her novels."

One writer remarks: "Mme. Dudevant never had access to the cultivated and polished society of France." It is no wonder. For not only did she practice and preach that, if the woman loves her lover, she is right in being unfaithful to her husband, since love is from heaven, and obedience to its dictates is a duty, but she at that time scandalized even the literary bohemia, with whom lack of conventional virtue was a mere peccadillo, by wearing men's clothes. "A long gray overcoat," she herself tells us that she wore, "a woolen tie, and—and—a pair of boots!" These boots were her joy. "I longed to sleep with them. On their little iron-shod heels I was firm on my feet, and trotted from one end of Paris to the other." She also smoked in public cigarettes, even cigars, so that her teeth were much discolored. It was this outward mannishness that won for her the title of "illustrious hybrid." However, her hands were beautifully feminine. "It was," says one who knew her, "a delicate hand, all grace, tact, firmness, and flexibility. One could not dream of a more perfect combination of the French working class woman's and the aristocratic or royal lady's hand." It will be recalled that George Sand boasted: "The blood of kings is mixed in my veins with the blood of the poor and lowly." She was, as she termed it, "astride" of the two classes, the peasantry and the aristocracy.

The first of George Sand's lover-collaborators was Jules Sandeau. Together they produced "Rose et Blanche," and sent it forth under the name of Jules Sand. But this was by no means the novelist's first effort. When she was only a girl at school in a convent, she wrote a whole novel—"very pious and edifying," as she tells us. Singularly enough, considering her subsequent life and work, her great difficulty was to make her lovers fall in love. "The hero and heroine," she writes in her "Convent Life," "met in the dusk of evening, in the country, at the foot of a shrine, where they had come to say their prayers. They admired and exhorted each other by turns. I knew that they ought to fall in love, but I could not manage it. When I had described them both as beautiful and perfect beings, when I had brought them together in an enchanting spot, at the entrance of a Gothic chapel, under the shade of lofty oaks, I never could get any further. It was not possible for me to describe the emotions of love; I had not a word to say, and gave it up. I only succeeded in making them ardently pious." Subsequently, in her girlhood, George Sand wrote poems and plays, but "Rose et Blanche" was the first book to be published.

Regarding Mme. Dudevant's pseudonym,

there are conflicting stories. The following is given currency in a late number of the *Bookman*:

There [in Paris] she met Sandeau, and together they agreed to write a novel. Before they could begin the work, however, Sandeau was obliged to make a trip to Italy, so, before his departure, it was planned that he should do one part and she the other. On his return, after an absence of many weeks, he asked her what she had accomplished. "I have finished my part," she replied, "and you, what have you done?" Thereupon he was obliged to confess that he had done absolutely nothing. "Very well," she said, "it makes no difference, because I have done your part also." "So much the better. What name shall we sign to it? Suppose you take mine." At this she demurred, finally agreeing to make use of the first half of his name. Then it was a question of a first name. "That is easily solved," said Sandeau, pointing up to the calendar, "to-day is St. George's Day. Let us sign the novel George Sand."

This is almost too neat to be true. And Caro, the Academician, says that the "George" "was the synonym of a native of Berry."

From this time on, George Sand produced more than two books a year for over forty years, earning a million francs with her pen, of which she saved only twenty thousand. Of these novels the world has forgotten most, and even their author could not remember them. This is a curious fact. She once wrote to the younger Dumas that she was in the act of renewing her acquaintance with some of her own most celebrated novels. "I have forgotten even the names of the characters," she told him, "and retain the recollection only of the subject—none whatever of the method of execution. I have not at all been satisfied—far from it." Perhaps the only novels of Sand that are now widely read in this country are her first, "Indiana" and "Consuelo" and "The Countess of Rudolstadt." But the influence of George Sand in the world is nevertheless profound, for it is only necessary to impress your own generation in order to impress all subsequent generations.

It is interesting to note what great writers have said of George Sand. Matthew Arnold declared:

The immense vibration of George Sand's voice upon the ear of Europe will not soon die away. Her passions and her errors have been abundantly talked of. She left them behind her, and men's memory of her will leave them behind also. There will remain of her to mankind the sense of benefit and stimulus from the passage upon earth of that large and frank nature, of that large and pure utterance—the large utterance of the early gods.

Mrs. Browning wrote two sonnets to George Sand, one entitled "A Desire," and the other "A Recognition." The first begins:

"Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man,  
Self-called George Sand! whose soul, amid the lions  
Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance  
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can."

George Eliot's tribute has been quoted in these columns lately, but it is worth reprinting:

I can not read six pages of George Sand without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results, and some of the moral instincts and their tendencies, with such truthfulness, such nicety of discrimination, such tragic power, and with such loving humor, that one might live a century with nothing but one's own dull faculties, and not know so much as those six will suggest.

It is too much to expect that, at this time, in this country, there should be a renaissance of interest in George Sand. But yet the creed that she consistently preached interests us. She was ever a dreamer. "Throughout all the changes of her real life and of her literary life," says M. Caro, "George Sand kept alive her faith in the ideal—she remained the poet!" The same writer declares that she had three sources of inspiration—love, the humanitarian passion, the sentiment of nature. Of these three the greatest was love. She held that before having loved, one does not live; when one no longer loves or is loved, one has scarcely the right to live on. She makes one of her characters say: "When I felt my love expiring, I said so without shame and without remorse, and I obeyed Providence, which drew me elsewhere." The novelist cried out upon "the sluggish virtue of base souls." She once said "there is in me nothing good save the need of loving." In all her loves she never felt that there was anything to conceal, but discusses the state of her heart, with her friends, with the utmost candor. In her later years the maternal instinct, always strong, strengthened, and she was all but the slave of her children and her grandchildren. When M. Ulbach, in the early seventies, proposed writing a sketch of her life, she assured him that it had been for twenty-five years very commonplace. "I am simply a plain woman," she said, "to whom have been attributed quite fantastic ferocities of disposition." To another she wrote: "The individual named George Sand picks flowers, classifies plants, sews frocks and capes for little people, reads music, but above all, spends hours with his grandchildren." So she died, quite peacefully, aged seventy-two.

H. A. L.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## New Publications.

"Friends Hither and Yon," by L. F. S. Barnard. Poems. Richard G. Badger.

"Modern Civic Art," by Charles Mulford Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

"Strenuous Epigrams of Theodore Roosevelt." Frontispiece. H. M. Caldwell Company.

"Mr. Salt," by Will Payne. Illustrated by Charles H. White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Story of the Atlantic Cable," by Charles Bright. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00.

"How to do Beadwork," by Mary White. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"Carlyle's Essay on Burns." Edited by Edwin Mims, Ph. D. Frontispiece. American Book Company.

"La Chronique de France." 1903. Published under the direction of Pierre de Coubertin, Paris.

"By the Good Sainte Anne: A Story of Modern Quebec," by Anna Chapin Ray. Frontispiece. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

"The Heart of Rome: A Tale of the 'Lost Water,'" by Francis Marion Crawford. Paper. The Macmillan Company; 25 cents.

"First Lessons in the New Thought; or, the Way to the Ideal Life," by J. W. Winkley, M. D. James H. West Company; 60 cents.

"A Selection from the World's Great Orations," by Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.00—excellent typographically and otherwise.

"The Dark Ages," by W. P. Ker, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Periods of European Literature Series. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

"The Poultry Book," by Harrison Weir, F. R. H. S. Complete in eighteen parts. Color and other plates. Part X. Doubleday, Page & Co.; 60 cents.

"The Penobscot Man," by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Frontispiece. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25—short stories of old-time lumbermen and guides of Maine.

"The Tower of London: An Historical Romance," by William Harrison Ainsworth. Profusely illustrated. Reprinted from the edition of 1840. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," by Colonel William F. Cody. Frontispiece. Harper & Brothers; 60 cents—a dime novel in everything except that it is all true.

"The Woodcarver of 'Lympos," by M. E. Waller. Frontispiece. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a charming idyl of the Green Mountain country, a sincere and vigorous story.

"American Yachting," by W. P. Stephens. Illustrated. American Sportman's Library. Edited by Caspar Whitney. The Macmillan Company; \$2.00 net—a satisfactory book so far as the Atlantic Coast is concerned, but it totally ignores the Pacific.

"The Fugitive: Being Memoirs of a Wanderer in Search of a Home," by Ezra S. Rudno. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—an extremely well-written novel of Jews, by a Jew, telling of the early life of the fugitive in Lithuania and subsequent emigration and wanderings.

"William Hickling Prescott," by Rollo Ogden. Frontispiece. American Men of Letters Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10 net—a well-written book, showing how genius and hard work triumph over adversities, physical and financial, in the case of one of our greatest historians.

"North America," by Israel C. Russell, professor of geology in the University of Michigan. Maps and diagrams. Appleton's World Series. D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50 net—"The aim of this book," says the author, "is to give a condensed and readable account of the leading facts concerning the North American continent, which, from the point of view of the geographer, seem most instructive and interesting."

"Napoleon: A History of the Art of War from the Beginning of the French Revolution to the End of the Eighteenth Century, with a Detailed Account of the Wars of the Revolution," by Theodore Ayrault Dodge, brevet lieutenant-colonel, U. S. A. Great Captains' Series. Four volumes. Vol. I: two hundred and two charts, maps, plans of battles, and tactical manoeuvres of battles, portraits, cuts of uniforms, arms, and weapons. Vol. II: one hundred and seventy-three charts, maps, etc. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$4.00 net per volume—this great work, of which two volumes, amounting to thirteen hundred pages, are at hand, deals only with the military life of Napoleon, being based largely on Napoleon's letters, orders, and bulletins, and a personal study of the battle-fields.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Alice Prescott Smith, of San Francisco, author of "The Legatee," has another novel in preparation for publication in the fall.

The grave of Frank Norris is in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. It is marked by a simple white granite column, on the smooth surface of which are chiseled three stalks of wheat, with the name below. Near the grave is a cluster of tall maples. The plot commands a sweeping view of the bay, the hills, and the valleys.

Paul Elder & Co. will publish in the fall "Upland Pastures," a series of out-of-door essays by Adeline Knapp, dealing with the beautiful things of spring and summer in California. The edition will be limited to 1,200, 1,100 of which will be for sale. The book will be printed from a special type, with rubricated titles and initials, and a photograph of a painting by William Keith.

The title of Barbara's new novel, "The Woman Errant," which the Macmillan Company reports went into two editions before publication, is explained by Dr. Russell, Barbara's father: "The woman errant, God help her, it seems to me, is she who either from choice, hazard, or necessity, seeks a cause outside the protecting wall of her natural affections." She enters business life for the fun of it, and does not care how she reduces the pay of others.

Charles Scribner's Sons will import the new edition of Swinburne.

An item of interest to American publishers comes from Berlin. It is that Herr Schulz, who is now undergoing trial in Germany for irregularities connected with his bank directorship, has in his possession the diaries which Emin Pasha kept during his sojourn in the Sudan. These diaries were purchased some four or five years ago for three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, but with the proviso that they were not to be allowed to go out of the country. It is reported that on account of Herr Schulz's misfortune this stipulation is not likely to be adhered to.

The present prominence of Joseph Conrad recalls attention to his earliest book, "Almayer's Folly," which is more a novel and less an adventure story than his later works. This "story of an Eastern river" tells of a young Englishman married to a woman of Malay extraction, of their parting, of Almayer's devotion to their daughter, of her suitor among her mother's people, of Almayer's determination to make his fortune and return with the girl to London, and how it all ended for "the only white man on the East Coast."

Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," will confine his visit to this country in October and November to the territory east of Chicago and north of Washington. He will write a book of "impressions" of America when he returns to Europe.

The publication of Lord Avebury's revised list of one hundred books has led to the inevitable array of criticism and objection. The *Pull Mall Gazette* prints communications from Andrew Lang, Frederick Greenwood, Max Beerbohm, and others. Mr. Lang wonders at the omission of Pindar, Theocritus, the Greek Anthology, all of Tacitus except the "Germania," Keats and Coleridge, Molière, Omar Khayyám, and Matthew Arnold's poems, when "Hesiod," all of Livy, Southey, Charles Kingsley, and the "Maha Bharata" are in the list. Mr. Greenwood regrets the absence of Jane Austen, and would prefer Sir Thomas Browne, Charles Lamb, and Samuel Pepys to Emerson, Sheridan, and Smiles.

Brentano's Paris bouse has issued a luxuriously bound souvenir of the Ville de Lumière, entitled "Paris in Pen and Picture." The text is by John N. Rabbael, and it is effectively illustrated by Chatrain with numberless pen and ink sketches of Parisian types. General Horace Porter has accepted the dedication of the work, which American tourists will find to have an especially timely interest.

Mrs. Craigie has taken a new departure, and has astonished literary London with the announcement that she is writing an historical tale with Warren Hastings as its leading character. She is filling up her time by retouching a play for Nat Goodwin.

Margaret Horton Potter, the author of "The Flame Gatherers," is in private life Mrs. John D. Black, of Chicago. She is the daughter of Orrin W. Potter, of that city, was educated at Bryn Mawr, and was married on January 1, 1902. Her husband is a son of General J. C. Black. Although she is only twenty-three years old, she is the author of five published books.

Jules Verne has just completed his hundredth book.

"The controversy which has been raging about the American book," says H. B. Marriott-Watson in the London *Daily Mail*, "is

a little superfluous. Surely American publishers do not seriously believe that American books are received with prejudice on this side. Conspicuous proof to the contrary is at hand. Who were the first to appreciate Bret Harte? Who 'invented' Stephen Crane? Who are the warmest admirers of Poe, Americans or English? Who welcomed the work of the late Frank Norris?"

One of the unpublished tales in Rudyard Kipling's new collection, "Traffics and Discoveries," to be published shortly, is a long story entitled "The Army of a Dream."

## "Dixie" and Its Author.

"Dan" Emmett, the old-time minstrel, and famous as the man who wrote "Dixie," died at Mount Vernon, O., on June 28th, aged eighty-eight years. According to the New York *Tribune*, Daniel Decatur Emmett, known to most men as "Dan" Emmett, wrote "Dixie" under compulsion. He was a member of a minstrel company which was playing in New York City in the winter of 1859 at Bryant's Theatre, at 472 Broadway. It was his duty not alone to sing and dance on the stage, but also to compose a song and set it to music whenever ordered to do so.

One Saturday night, after the performance, when, tired from his horseplay before the footlights, he had cloaked himself for the cold winds without, the manager called after him: "Dan, we've got to have a new 'walk-around' for next Monday night."

It was in vain that the minstrel remonstrated; in vain that he said he must have more time. The manager insisted that the next week's programme should have a new feature, and "Dan" must "fix it up."

"The next day it rained," as Mr. Emmett once said in telling of his writing the song, "and I stayed indoors. At first, when I went at it I couldn't get anything. But a line, 'I wish I was in Dixie,' kept repeating itself in my mind, and I finally took it for my start. The rest wasn't long in coming. I suppose that line came into my mind because the day was so dreary, and we minstrels often used to say, when playing in the North in the bleak winter time, we wished we were in Dixie land."

Next Monday Emmett handed the song and music to Mr. Bryant, and that night New York heard for the first time the melody, which has become a part of American history. As it was first sung, "Dixie" was as follows:

I wish I was in de land ob cotton; old times dar are not forgotten;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! In Dixie land, whar I was born in, early on one frosty mornin';

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

## CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray! In Dixie land I'll took my stand, to lib and die in Dixie.

Away, away, away down South in Dixie! Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

Ole missus marry "Will-de-weaver"; Willum was a gay deceiver;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! But when he put his arm around her, he smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver, but dat did not seem to greab 'er;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! Ole missus acted de foolish part, and died for a man dat broke her heart;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Now, here's health to de next ole missus, an' all de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, come and hear dis song to-morrow;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter, makes you fat or a little fatter;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabbel; to Dixie's land I'm bound to trappel;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

In spite of the hit which "Dixie" made in

New York, it might have gone the way of other such ballads had it not been selected some time afterward as the "feature" of a big performance in New Orleans. Each part of the show had been filled; all that was lacking was a national march and song for the grand chorus, a part the leader had omitted till the very last moment. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon. "Dixie" was suggested and tried, and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. Immediately it was taken up by the populace and sung in the streets, in homes, and concert-halls daily. It was taken to the battle-fields, and there established as the Southern Confederacy war song.

All that Mr. Emmett realized from "Dixie" was five hundred dollars, paid to him for its copyright.

"Dan" Emmett died in the little Ohio town of Mount Vernon where he was born on October 29, 1815.

In the last years of his life Mr. Emmett lived alone in a little cottage. Though one of the Beau Brummels of other days, he was satisfied to go about with his coat fastened in at his waist with a piece of rope, and his head sheltered by a shabby-looking skull-cap.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland.
4. "He that Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell-Keays.
5. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "Anna the Adventuress," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A feature of the August *Sunset* is an entertaining article by A. J. Waterhouse concerning Victor H. Metcalf, the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor. A number of anecdotes showing the characteristics of the new official, as well as pictures of his home and family, are given. The number contains also a sprightly story by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, an announcement concerning Camp Atascadero, the army encampment to be held near Paso Robles during August, and a picture of the Le Conte Lodge, the building dedicated by the Sierra Club in the Yosemite in memory of Dr. Joseph Le Conte.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is said to be a writer who takes much pains with his work before it goes to the public. He often has his books completely set up in type, and the type distributed after two or three sets of proofs have been taken, on which he will work for months. His "Youth of Washington" was put into type eighteen months ago, and when it was ready for publication Dr. Mitchell wanted it to appear in book-form, but he was persuaded to allow it to appear serially.

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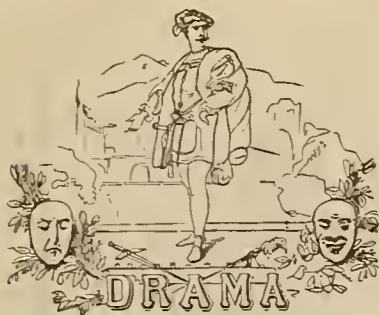
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Is Miss Barrymore a fine actress? you ask. Somehow, with her, that is not the main point. Everything goes before her peculiarly individual charm. Is she pretty? She is better than pretty. She is so irresistible and delightful to look upon that you can not remove your gaze from her for a single moment. She takes you by storm. Or, no—she steals upon your delighted sensibilities like the abounding freshness and delicate joyousness of a morning in spring. She is a bud of youth expanding so rapidly in the balmy atmosphere of public favor that she will soon be a splendid flower. Perhaps—for it takes a steady head to stand all the oblations that are being spilled before the shrine of this young goddess—perhaps the flower will spread its bloom and beauty a little too self-consciously.

Miss Barrymore is extremely tall and willowy, reminding one of the Burne-Jones beauties, with her long, graceful throat and full-fronted burnished hair, and already she is given to stained-glass attitudes. But their deliberation is atoned for by their exceeding grace and picturesqueness of outline. Miss Barrymore's small, *mignonne* face, which is proportioned to her unusual slenderness, contains some of the Drew characteristic irregularities of profile, is animated by a bewildering play of expression, and made lovely by a pair of large, long-lashed, laughing, melting dark eyes. Her abundant, bronze-brown hair is rolled in a broad, rich, drooping wave all around her head, forming an enchanting background to her changeable, ivory-tinted face. Her varying, flexible voice, although so soft and sighing, is pitched on those low, melodious, carrying notes that fall firmly and pleasantly upon the ear. Like Annie Russell, she frequently utters her words almost with pure breath, but, unlike Annie Russell, she is always audible.

The first act of "Cousin Kate" permits Miss Barrymore to make her impression at once. She is the popular relative of a small family, who rely upon her counsel in all the emergencies of life. For a time the audience is uncertain, from one or two allusions, whether Cousin Kate, in spite of her manifest youth, is supposed to be in the late thirties or even the early forties, but in the second act we learn, to our relief, that she is but twenty-nine. By a vigorous, a very vigorous, stretch of the imagination, Miss Barrymore might be supposed to have attained to the age of twenty-nine. Her actual age appears to be somewhere about twenty-two.

Cousin Kate writes cynical novels decrying sentimentality, and even scoffing at marriage, but when she first appears she is all rosy, reminiscent smiles over a delightful stranger with whom she has fraternized on the train. Plainly, Cousin Kate's cynical heart is captured, and the audience, noting with infatuated gaze her grace, her roguishness, the delicious little inflections with which she utters sparkling nothings, finds itself unconsciously sympathizing with the equally infatuated condition of the delightful stranger.

The second act is a charming idyl of fanciful courtship. Cousin Kate, to oblige her relatives, who are somewhat demoralized by the unexplained absence of Henth Desmond, an artist who is to marry the daughter of the house in a couple of days, comes to inspect the future home of the betrothed couple, and see that everything in the empty house is all safe. Of course, the delightful stranger happens along, and proves at once that Cousin Kate has excellent judgment. She shows, however, for a novelist a great lack of perspicacity in never for a moment guessing that this pleasant companion is the missing artist, who, fortunately for our opinion of him, has been justified in his course by some unforgivable snippiness and more than a hint of disloyalty on the part of his priggish little betrothed. The scene that now ensues amounts to a charming little duel of sentiment between a couple who are worthy of each other's steel. The man presses impetuously forward; the woman fences, parries, advances, retreats, and at last sweetly surrenders. Lucky it is for Hubert Henry Davies the author of the piece, that his airy structure of sentiment has its graces sustained by the presence of such a pair.

For Bruce McRae, the leading man in Miss Barrymore's support, carries out the part in a spirit of completest sympathy. Mr. Davies has succeeded in outlining a very engaging character for his hero, and Mr. McRae invests him with the buoyancy, the audacity, the gay Celtic sentiment, and the quick, racy speech which a man must have in order to sweep a woman of the Cousin Kate type off her feet into a willing capitulation on a second meeting.

This act, the core of the play, is very ably written. Here we have all the accompaniments of romance. A couple who are plainly made for each other, meet, unawares, in an unoccupied house—the act is entitled "The Empty House." They yield, after some conventional scruples on the lady's part, to a mood of gay fantasy. A thunder-shower comes up, they draw the curtains, light the fire, make all snug within, drink tea, and make love—and all with a most picturesque setting of dark paneled walls, diamond-paned windows, and a red-litten fireplace.

"Cousin Kate," as a play, can make no pretensions to being more than a light, charming, idyllic sort of comedy. The text is well written, tickling the ear agreeably with a number of witty scintillations. "What assurance," says Cousin Kate, when Desmond captures her hat to prevent her flight; and "To make assurance doubly sure!" replies the unruffled suitor, as he hangs it on the antlers of a deer's head high above the lady's head and out of her reach. I wondered sometimes, during Cousin Kate's rapid rushes of repartee, whether their intrinsic wit was magnified by a way Miss Barrymore has of stamping everything she says with her own individuality.

These felicitous little sayings show Miss Barrymore at her best, her charm being less triumphantly sustained during the graver moments. Her emotion is indicated quietly, her reliance being placed almost altogether upon suggestion; possibly because she is not yet sufficiently sure of herself to loosen the reins of modern repression.

Miss Barrymore's support is of good quality. There are only seven characters all told in the play, one of them a boy in Eton roundabouts—a real boy, whose voice is still in the changing stage, and over whom boy-loving mothers cooed maternally in a way that would have infuriated a youth of Master Wilks's years.

The most notable member of the company, aside from Ethel Barrymore and Bruce McRae, is Grant Stewart, whom we saw several years ago in the New York company accompanying Hilda Spong in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" and "Wheels Within Wheels." Mr. Stewart's stage *métier* seems to be that of a clergyman, his clerically correct demeanor, his precise method of speech, and his gift for happily blending unconscious comedy with a consciously sermonizing air, causing him to be particularly well-placed in the part of Rev. James Bartlett.

The life of the ephemeral play is curiously compounded of transitoriness and tenacity. It has a more or less brief career as a much-advertised novelty, and then sinks from popular sight, to be placed on the lengthy list of availables held in reserve by the managers of stock companies.

To this custom as well as to the drawing power of a widely disseminated name. "Mr. Barnes of New York" is indebted for his week's resurrection at the Grand Opera House.

Never having had the pleasure of a previous acquaintanceship with Mr. Barnes, I was surprised to find that this popular New Yorker spent all of his time abroad. The synopsis of scenes is sprinkled freely with such names as Paris, Nice, Dijon, Marseilles, Lyons, Monte Carlo, and aside from Mr. Barnes's rapid-transit courtship, the story proper is taken up with a Corsican vendetta, in which Mr. Barnes, with his Yankee propensity for putting a finger in the pie, gets thoroughly mixed up.

Mr. Gunther used to make a specialty, I believe, of running comedy and tragedy in pairs. This calm American disdain for precedent seemed to pay, in spite of a certain mental confusion induced in the looker-on by such mixed conditions. The result, naturally, is that the comedy remains amusing, while the tragedy is intrusive. Nevertheless, the two members of the Neill family hold up their respective ends of the two dramatic extremes with unruffled zeal, and, with the aid of a conscientious company, put considerable vim into a play that might justly be regarded as a has-been.

Mrs. Neill, or Edythe Chapman as she always appears on the bill, has in the part of the Corsican girl, who vows to follow up the vendetta, some very lively work in the emotional style cut out for her, and does it with her customary thoroughness. Mr. Neill, as a rather subdued Barnes of New York, makes some of his points rather faintly, but he is always likeable, and when, at the close of the run from Paris to Lyons, Mr. Barnes enters to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with his fair British prize on his arm, he wins a burst of sympathetic applause. Indeed, the trip from Paris to Nice, as indicated by the change of stations, the noisy ringing of the engine bells,

and the exits and entrances of agitated passengers, is rather a neat bit of stagecraft, and entirely effective for the purpose in hand.

The play has a tawdry, melodramatic finale, but if an author takes up a Corsican vendetta for his theme, somebody has got to get hurt, and perhaps, on the whole, only two deaths during the whole course of the play is a moderate allowance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Jean de Reszké has set to work on his Paris singing school with such enthusiasm that he is not likely to be tempted to return to the stage by any salary that may be offered to him. As a matter of fact, his new enterprise promises to be a source of great income to him. The rates are forty dollars an hour, and that is not for a private lesson. The pupils are taken in classes of four, and each pays ten dollars. M. de Reszké gives a lesson to each pupil alternately, and the other three listen. As he has as many pupils as he can receive now, it will be seen that his school will soon be as much a source of profit to him as his singing, even at the rates he used to be paid.

Some interesting German theatrical and musical autographs were lately sold at auction in Berlin. A letter from Richard Wagner on the political situation in 1848 brought \$80. A two-page manuscript by Schiller brought \$151, a poem of twelve lines by Goethe \$77.50, and a musical score by Beethoven, four beautifully written pages, \$235. Three of Schubert's songs in manuscript, "Der Wanderer," "Greisengesang," and "Du Liebst Mich Nicht," were bought at \$225 for the city of Vienna. A mazurka by Chopin brought \$150, and a manuscript by Schumann \$162.50.

Mme. Marie Roze cherishes among her many treasures two strangely contrasted memorials. One is a programme printed in gold letters on white satin of the songs she once sang before Queen Victoria, and the other is a beautifully executed testimonial presented to her by a convict forger when she sang to the inmates of Auburn Prison, New York.

A production in English of Jacob Gordin's "Kreutzer Sonata," with Blanche Walsh in the leading rôle, will be given in Chicago in December.

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Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Another Week of "Cousin Kate."

The Columbia Theatre inaugurated its new season last Monday night with Ethel Barrymore in her production of "Cousin Kate" as the attraction. Miss Barrymore will appear in this piece for another week, closing her successful engagement on Saturday night, the 23d inst. Surrounding the star are Bruce MacRae, Grant Stewart, A. D. Wilkes, Fanny Addison Pitt, Beatrice Agnew, and Anita Rothe. Matinees during the Barrymore engagement are given on Saturdays only. Henry Miller and his company will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for a limited season, commencing with Monday night, July 25th. "Nice and Men," the first play to be staged here, is a distinct novelty, and comes with a record of long and successful runs in London and New York. It will be produced here with a cast including the following: Hilda Spong, Jessie Busley, John Glendinning, Walter Allen, Grace Heyer, Maggie Holloway Fisher, J. Hartley Manners, Stanley Dark, Frederick Tyler, Charles W. Butler, Frank Willard, Bertram Harrison, Frederick Tieden, and others. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

## Revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The romanticism of the past and the prosaic of the present are blended in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the romantic play that is to be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week with White Whittlesey in the double rôle of the Red Elphberg King and the English gentleman. The present revival is limited to a single week, and is to be followed by "Rupert of Hentzau." The characters are almost identical in the two plays, but the situations are entirely different. Both have plenty of stirring adventure, and are full of the glitter of court life.

## Many New Songs at Fischer's.

The return to German burlesque at Fischer's Theatre seems to have struck the popular fancy. The new people are working their hardest to please the public, and seem to be succeeding. "The Lucky Stone" is pure burlesque, and has an unusual number of songs, among them "Follow the Crowd on Sunday," by Nora Bayes; "A Bit of Blarney," by Dorothy Morton; and "It's a Habit," by Rice, Cady, and North. When this burlesque has had its run, "The Whirl of the Town," a scenic burlesque which has been successful in the East, will be put on.

## Irish Drama and Specialties.

The Central Theatre has made preparations for a production, beginning Monday night, of the Irish historical drama, "Robert Emmet." Herschel Mayall will have the title rôle, and the performance will introduce many specialties. Among the features will be Irish jig and reel dancing by dancers of the Gaelic Dancing Club, including Kelleher and O'Connell and the Allen Sisters, and the Central management has offered a special trophy for a competition during the week in which all Irish dancers are challenged to meet those above mentioned for championship honors. There will be an Irish kitchen, modeled on the typical kitchens of the Irish peasantry, and a panorama of Irish views, showing famous spots in the land of the Shamrock. The music of the Irish haggips will be heard, and Irish melodies will be discoursed. The ever-popular songs of the Green Isle will be sung, and there will be both solos and choruses. The management announces that "Robert Emmet" will be the best production of the summer.

## "Robin Hood" Still Popular.

At the Tivoli Opera House "Robin Hood" will begin its fifth week on Monday. The audiences do not seem to tire of this Smith and De Koven opera. It is well rendered at the Tivoli. There are no flaws in the cast, the chorus works well, and the scenery and costumes are entirely adequate. "The Toreador" is the next opera to be given, but no date for its presentation has yet been announced. The opera is entirely new here, but has been well received in the East.

## To Play Goodwin's Rôle.

James Neill will begin the third week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, the programme for which will be Clyde Fitch's comedy drama, "The Cowboy and the Lady," in which Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott scored a success in the East. Mr. Neill will play Nat Goodwin's part, Teddy North, Harvard, '86, and Edythe Chapman should be well suited to the rôle of Mrs. Weston. The production will be an elaborate one, and the cast will include the entire Neill company. At the Sunday matinee, July 24th, Mr. Neill will appear in "A Gentleman of France."

## Rose Coghlan in Vaudeville.

Rose Coghlan will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week, supported by Lynn Pratt, Agnes Roslyn, and Helen Barton. She will present a sketch, "Between Matinée and

Night," in which she has achieved an Eastern success. Miss Coghlan plays Mrs. Sheldon, an actress, and the action takes place in her dressing-room in Wallack's Theatre, New York. Julian Rose. "Our Hebrew Friend," who was here last year, will reappear. His stories abound in an unctuous humor. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Zancig, who have just arrived from South Africa, India, and the Orient, will make their initial bow in this city. They give an exhibition of telepathy that is said to be incomprehensible. Musical Kleist, who offers an electrical novelty, promises a distinct surprise. He combines music, mirth, and mystery, and offers a few moments of black art in addition. Walter Le Roy and Florence Clayton, in "Hogan of the Hansom," will appear for their second and last week; Estelle and Babette d'Arville, the dancing girls, will continue their terpsichorean acrobatic evolutions; and George W. Cunningham and Geneva Smith, presenting "A Perfect Paradise"; Harry Seebach, the bag-puncher; and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## London's Latest Dramatic Sensation.

Just as the wail is arising from London that there are no more playwrights, and that the stage is doomed, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, wife of the colonial secretary, and a figure in English political, cultivated, and smart society, has written "Warp and Woof," which set the course of fashionable travel toward the remote suburb of Camden Town, where Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been taking the leading rôle in the play. It was afterward removed to the Vaudeville. An exchange, speaking of the Camden Town performance, says:

Night after night, society that is political, society that is interested in letters and the stage, and society that is satisfied to be smart, has crowded the theatre that never before knew such magnificence of clothes nor had in its audience any one above the degree of alderman. The triple alliance of Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Lyttelton, and society, has nearly overwhelmed the work-a-day folk of Camden Town. Instead of going into the theatre to see the play, they have gathered by hundreds about its doors to see Belgravia and Mayfair and Kensington alight from broughams and cabs and rustle into the theatre in all the glory of opera cloaks and evening clothes. A modest reviewer for a morning paper was even mistaken for the colonial secretary, and, for the first time in his life, knew what it was to be cheered.

"Warp and Woof" seeks to reveal certain social and industrial conditions among the very poor. It has four acts, of which the second is the notable one. The scene of the principal part of the play is the shop of Mme. Stefanie, a fashionable French dressmaker, who, when she becomes excited, drops into cockney English. Her customers are of the smartest. Mrs. Lyttelton devotes the first act to portraying and emphasizing the thoughtlessness and selfishness of most of Stefanie's patrons. "The drivel that they have put into the silliest of slang it is hard to believe ever came out of the mouths of human beings," says one critic. "Yet Mrs. Lyttelton knows the set that calls itself smart, and likes to call itself society." There is a fancy-dress hall on hand, and in order to have the costumes finished on time, Stefanie is driving her girls to the limit of endurance. Government inspectors come to see that the factory is not being run after the legal hours. Stefanie switches off the lights and herds the girls into a back room. But the inspectors unmask her subterfuge, and question the girls as to the hours they have worked. One of them faints under the strain; then Theodosia (Mrs. Campbell) arraigns Stefanie, and tells the inspectors of her slave-driving. This is the great scene of the play, and the rest deals with the tribulations and final triumph of Theodosia, who, for her frankness, has been discharged.

As will be seen, there is little of plot in the play. Its success comes from the grim and realistic picture presented. "Mrs. Lyttelton paints it with all the truth and all the feeling

that has been pent up in her," says one writer. "She is not theatrical. She does not know how to be. She does not stop to explain or analyze. And yet, as the curtain falls, one starts, when the lights flare up, with the unusual feeling that he has seen a bit of life on the stage—life as it really is."

Of Mrs. Campbell, one critic says: "Poor Mrs. Campbell! Since her return from America she has found no play to suit her or to interest the public." He says that the play overshadows her in a part that gives little scope for her talents. Another critic writes: "Mrs. Patrick Campbell has completely caught the dramatist's conception of the character of Theo Hemming, and she presents her with masterful restraint and subdued intensity of feeling."

## Mr. Carton's Epigrams.

The following are some of the epigrams from R. C. Carton's comedy, "The Rich Mrs. Repton":

"Faith is like whisky: it needs to be taken with a good deal of soda, and the soda is common sense."

By Charlie's valet: "Forgetfulness is a part of my professional duties."

By the playwright, after a failure: "I know it's a bad play; I've read the papers."

By Mrs. Repton: "People are like matches: you must rub them lightly."

By the same: "I don't care for public opinion, but I do for the way it spreads."

By the playwright, who has been dining with a flattering friend: "He began to perjure himself at the *hors d'oeuvres*. At the game he was in the perfection of sham enthusiasm. With the coffee he began to have doubts of 'Hamlet.'"

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## VANITY FAIR.

Views of New York ladies on the Presidential campaign are the theme for discussion by the *Argonaut's* correspondent, Lionel Josephare, who is now in New York. He writes: "Of the many far-fetched ideas that become part of a Presidential campaign, New York City has a distinctive, high-toned solicitude of its own, though differing from that of other cities perhaps only in degree of earnestness. The metropolis, in a strict, step-motherly way, exerts a censorship over Presidential gossip. This is a superior, ultra-violet phase of politics quite outside the usual partisan policy, and is the influence of a non-voting class, to wit: woman. At the psychological moment the metropolitan woman in her official womanhood is seldom forgetful of the fact that she lives in the very largest city of the United States. Whether she be one of the sacred ihises or only a brown sparrow in the social aviary, she has a noble respect for the rights of the smart minority to have an accredited one of themselves presented with the votes of the unsmart majority. Few muddles at the capital would so disgust the patriotic matron as knowing that the man who invites your foreign ambassadors and members of the Cabinet to toast one another's health in the White House dining-room might be at the time socially unenthusiastic in his privilege. That he be the applause of the convention and the pride of the ballot-box is not to the point. New York women desire that the voting sex elect to the White House an alumnus of those places where the wine is thicker than water, and the tenets of society too sacred for higher criticism. Yet if such a hoon be refused by the unromantic, practical fates of politics, then give, O Jove, a pretty-minded President, who is in sympathy, at least, if not accustomed with the delights of good society and the approved morality of feminine approval.

"The present candidates have already their unfranchised adherents, forming a kind of spiritual constituency which a costumed actor might well be proud of. And the murmur of opinion goes from teacup to teacup with as much wistfulness if not the practicality that in other precincts floats from foam to foam of the beer-glass. New York women are not sweet on Bryanism. They think the sixteen-to-one man a horrisantan pretender. But Roosevelt's reputation goes favorably through the gossip of the wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of Fifth Avenue, because, like the revered McKinley, he never expressly or impliedly delivered himself of a thought ohnoxious to the amiable duties of society and the recognized principles of individual morality. He never censured anything that a woman admired as a part of the fashionable system of living. Now here is where Hearst made himself impossible to the women. Hearst would not get a complimentary or even a charity vote in a convention of New York society damsels and dames. They intone his monosyllabic name with balusters of sneering exclamation points in their voices, and so dispose of him. Then the fair (or is she the unfair?) politician will cite an occasion when she once employed a plumber, whose charges were systematic and whose work was foolish, and who was impudent when spoken to; and she blames Mr. Hearst for it. Besides, the ladies feel, in the most feelingful place in their hearts, that the President's wife is the better half of the election. To elect to the station of First Lady in the Land a matron whose maiden name they can not recall would surely require the investigation of details and names and events, the tedium of introductions throughout the visiting list, and he an inconvenience in many ways. Judge Parker has something intensely magnificent in his repose. There never was a fear for his candidacy being otherwise than gentlemanly and orthodox. He is an evening dress in the way of standard reliability. Should he be elected, the ladies have thought there would be no protest from the wife of the Democratic Vice-President nor the third, fourth, fifth, and other ladies of the land. Perhaps this feminine circumstance is not wittingly observed by the business-like politician, but it is acceded to nevertheless in a subtle way, and many of the editorials and cartoons are (without being expressly so) agreeable to it."

A matrimonial scandal in the inner ring of diplomatic life in Paris, in which another pearl necklace plays a prominent rôle, has (according to the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune*) been hushed up as quickly as it burst upon the public. The details, so far as they are known, place in a somewhat melodramatic light those dazzling marriages where American millions are wedded to the needy sprigs of European nobility. "In the story which has startled the American colony," says the correspondent, "and given a most unpleasant shock to a certain embassy, the most curious feature is the action of the woman who is the offended party. The Comtesse de X, comes from a well-known family of Americans of wealth, and is the wife of an attaché at the embassy of an important European power. The Comte de X, nothing to the establishment but the

numerous quarterings of his shield, being entirely dependent on his wife for money. So sure, however, does he appear to have been of her readiness to meet any hills which might be presented in his name, that he recently ordered from a jeweler in the Rue de la Paix a fine pearl necklace, valued at forty-six thousand francs, to be sent in the count's name to a beautiful actress in whose cause he fought a duel recently. Unluckily, some indiscreet friend informed the countess of both duel and necklace, and, without considering what might be diplomatic etiquette under such trying domestic circumstances, the outraged wife repaired to the jeweler. Clearly explaining her husband's financial position, she recommended to the jeweler to endeavor to get back the pearls for which she did not intend to pay, adding that she was about to institute divorce proceedings, and that, as her money was strictly settled on herself, the count would be unable to touch a penny from henceforth. The jeweler hastened to place the matter in the hands of the police, who, armed with a search warrant, went to the apartment of the Parisian star to take back the necklace forthwith. Mlle. L. had, however, not waited for this move. The pearls were not to be found, and no trace of them has as yet been obtained by the distracted tradesman.

"Hereupon, like a bolt from the blue, there came to the unsuspecting count a summons from the police court to answer to a charge of obtaining goods on false pretenses. He was, of course, able to refute this by explaining the circumstances, and was immediately released, with a request to hold himself in readiness to appear when called upon again. It is not surprising that his wife's methods have seriously hurt the feelings of the attaché, and he has withdrawn from Paris for the moment, retiring in dudgeon to the banks of the Loire, where he occupies one of the finest of the historical châteaux with which Touraine is dotted. The sequel is to come, for, though proceedings have, for the moment, been dropped, the divorce will probably not be long in coming. Meantime, the count's position in his embassy is seriously endangered, scandals being looked upon with great disfavor in such high places. The actress comes off best in the affair, for she holds the pearls."

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's Newport cottage, "Rosecliff," is being improved by the addition of a gallery in the hall-room. Here the orchestra will be stationed, and there will also be room for fifty to seventy-five guests. This hall-room is done in white and gold in Louis the Sixteenth fashion. "Rosecliff" rejoices in the possession of a number of old-fashioned rose-bushes planted by the late George Bancroft, the famous historian.

A physical beauty test is the latest ordeal for Chicago teachers. A rule of the board of education that applicants shall satisfy the medical examiners that they are of "proper size, height, and weight." According to the directors of the child study, laboratory mentality and physical beauty are closely related. Experimental, as much of the investigation of the child study department has been, the research has yielded data from which the directors have deduced a new axiom. Dr. Charles C. Krauskopf, assistant director, who is recognized as an authority at the board rooms, phrased it this way: "The healthy person develops symmetrically. Beauty and brains go together. In the test specimens it is found that a fine mind generally goes with a well-proportioned body."

It is said that only four per cent. of the inmates of the insane asylums of the United States are blondes, and only two per cent. have blue eyes. Figures obtained from 68 asylums, located in nearly every State in the Union, and a few in Canada and England, show that the number of patients in these institutions is 16,512, of whom 703 have light hair, and only 66 red or auburn locks. In other words, ninety-six per cent. of the inmates are brunettes, with black or brown hair, the latter in varying shades. In one asylum in New England there is not a single inmate who is not a brunette. A peculiar feature about the facts is that the percentage of those regarded as incurably insane is much greater among the blondes than among the brunettes. The totals show that among the dark-haired inmates only fifty-three per cent. are marked hopelessly insane, while among the blondes eighty-one per cent. are put in this category, and only three among the red-haired patients escaped the same classification.

Another international marriage, into which an American girl of good birth and breeding was lured by a title, has been dissolved by a French court, and Miss Helen Morton, daughter of a former Vice-President of the United States, has been given her freedom from matrimonial bonds that became too irksome to be borne. She was not allowed even the poor recompense of retaining the title of "Duchess Valencay," for which she bartered her happiness and abandoned her American

home, the French courts requiring this relinquishment when a divorce is granted. "The case," comments the *Oregonian*, "has been a sad one, but not more so than many similar ones that have preceded it. Since there was no warning that was heeded by Miss Morton in the many disastrous marriages of her countrywomen to men of alien birth and habits of life, it is not likely that her experience will serve as a wholesome object-lesson to deter others. As long as American money attracts foreign mercenaries by its glitter, and American girls yearn for titles, the exchange will be made, regardless of the sad experience of Miss Morton and many of her predecessors in the foreign matrimonial market."

"Who was it," shouted the suffrage leader, "who was it that did the most to elevate woman?" Far down the aisle a little chap blinked his eyes, and drawled, "Why, the man that invented those high French heels." And then the meeting adjourned.—*Chicago News*.

## About Toilet Powders.

With a toilet powder, as with almost everything else, it is essential to be sure that you get an article of real merit. Highly scented powders are dangerous and often do permanent injury to a delicate skin. Mennen's toilet powder is a trade-marked article, which has for years been recognized by physicians as one of the best preparations made. The absolute purity of its ingredients, and the exercise of the greatest care and skill in its manufacture, have given the product of the Mennen Company a quality of uniform excellence. It is used by the United States army and navy. The fact, too, that eleven million boxes were sold in 1903 is proof of the universal popularity of Mennen's.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAfee, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
July 7th	58	42	.00	Clear
" 8th	56	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 9th	62	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 10th	62	54	.00	Clear
" 11th	64	54	.00	Clear
" 12th	62	54	.00	Clear
" 13th	68	52	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 13, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed Bid. Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	2,000 @ 102		102
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.			
C. T. 5%	7,000 @ 85	84½	85½
Edison L. P. 6%	3,000 @ 124½	124½	
Los An. Ry. 5%	14,000 @ 113-113½	113½	
Market St. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 114½	114½	
N. R. of Cal. 6%	9,000 @ 104½	104½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000 @ 111½	111	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	4,000 @ 104½-104½	104½	
Oakland Transit 5%	25,000 @ 110	109½	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	58,000 @ 102½-104	103½	104½
Park Ocean Ry. 6%	1,000 @ 112½	112	113
Sac. E. G. Ry. 5%	53,000 @ 97½	97½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 117½	117½	118½
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%	1910 @ 107	107½	
S. V. Water 6%	2,000 @ 105½-105½	105½	
S. V. Water 4%	60,000 @ 99-99½	99	99½
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	12,000 @ 98½-98½	98½	98½
S. V. Water Gen. 4%	1,000 @ 98	97½	

	Shares.	STOCKS.	Closed Bid. Asked
Water, Spring Valley	210 @ 38½-38½	38½	39
Banks.			
Bank of California	5 @ 425	424	
Powders.			
Giant Con.	35 @ 60½	60	
Sugars.			
Hana P. Co.	200 @ 15	15	
Hawaiian C. S.	335 @ 51½-53	52	
Honokaa S. Co.	50 @ 12½	12½	13
Hutchinson	225 @ 8½-8½	8½	
Makaweli S. Co.	150 @ 22½-23½	23½	24
Pauhaui S. Co.	90 @ 13	13	
Gas and Electric.			
Mutual Electric	150 @ 12½-12½	12½	12½
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,200 @ 59½-60	60	60½
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers	75 @ 137-138½	137	
Cal. Fruit Cannery	135 @ 99	99	100

The sugars have been in better demand, about 1,050 shares of all kinds changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up two points to 53. Makaweli Sugar Company two points to 23½; the whole line closing in good demand, with small offerings.

Spring Valley Water was strong, 210 shares being traded in at 38½-38½.

San Francisco Gas and Electric advanced one-half point to 60, on sales of 1,200 shares, closing at 60 bid, 60½ asked.

Alaska Packers was quoted at 138½ (137 ex-dividend), California Fruit Cannery at 99.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24.

304 Montgomery St., S. F.

## The Ultimatum

Analysts and connoisseurs have long ago agreed that

## Hunter Baltimore Rye



is an absolutely pure whiskey, of perfect maturity and perfect flavor.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
213-215 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Exchange 313.

## Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

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## THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue	6.50
Argonaut and Little's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and Out West	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set	6.00



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim, and to test him, said: "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," was the reply. "What are they?" asked the doctor. "The inside and the outside," was the answer.

In a little hayon an old darkey's flat-bottom canoe was shelved on a mud bank. The mud was too deep for him to get out and push, and he got madder and madder. In his exasperation he saw a woman stooping down at the landing some yards above to fill her pail from the stream. "Get out o' dat!" he called out, angrily; "ef ye takes a drop outen dis yere hayon till I gits afloat agin, I'll mek ye pay fer it ef I hev ter wade ashore ter do it!"

As there is a law against burying in the city of Albany, the bishop had to have a special act of the legislature to be buried in the cathedral. He was successful in having the act pass the lawmakers, but his friends were astounded and worried when they read its text. It began with the usual verbiage. The ending was something like this: "We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the city of Albany. This act to take effect immediately."

"Colonel Pete" Hephurn, of Iowa, is fond of telling how, during his early days in Congress, he once had occasion to consult Mr. Reed, then Speaker, with a view to obtaining Reed's advice as to a eulogy on a deceased colleague which Colonel Hephurn had been selected to deliver. "Give me a general idea as to what I shall say," said the inexperienced Hephurn. "Say anything except the truth," responded the witty Reed; "it's customary!"

Last spring Governor Odell met an old friend of his up in Newburg, his home town, and immediately asked how he was getting along on the airship he had been working on for years. The inventor had become disgusted with his mechanical progress, and when the governor asked if the machine was a complete success, he replied: "Well, not quite yet. I have two things to accomplish before I can say it is." "What are they?" asked the governor. "I have to find out how to get my machine up in the air and how to keep it there."

Baron Alphonse Rothschild, the most patriotic of Frenchmen, issued a notice, during the Franco-Prussian War, that he would present a handsome sum of money to any Jewish soldier in the French army who might capture a German flag. Such a capture was made, and in due course the soldier came up for the promised reward. After he had received it, Baron Alphonse invited the soldier into his private room, and asked him to relate in detail the glorious episode. "Well, Mgr. le Baron, it was this way," said the hero; "the German soldier who carried the flag was also one of us, so we did it on the joint account."

While Secretary Hay was in the country one summer, an important piece of official business was pending, and he arranged with Washington that any news that might arrive about the matter should be telegraphed to him in cipher. Day after day he waited, but no telegram came. One morning, happening to go to the lonely little telegraph office, he said to the operator: "I suppose you have received no dispatch for me?" "Why, yes, sir," the operator replied, "there was a dispatch for you the other day, but it was all twisted and confused. I couldn't make head or tail of it, and so I didn't think it was any use to send it up to you."

A late story of Irish wit is located in New Orleans. An Irishman boarded a train in which every seat except one was occupied by two people. This seat had as occupants a young sport and a large, shaggy dog. The Irishman stood by the seat expecting that room would be made for him. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded the other, who was poorly dressed, with ill-disguised scorn. At last the Irishman remarked: "That's a fine-looking dog ye have with ye. What breed is it?" "It's a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," was the sneering answer. "Sure, then, it's a relative of both of us," was the instant retort.

General Chaffee tells of a regular army veteran who approached him on the street and asked him for a quarter. "Why, you received your month's pay yesterday, didn't you?" The veteran acknowledged it, and being asked what had become of it, replied: "Well, it's like this. I left the post and crossed to New York with that \$15.50. I met a friend and we had dinner. I was mighty surprised when the bill was \$8. Then I bought \$1 worth of cigars, and we went

to the theatre for \$4. After the theatre we went down the Bowery, and I spent \$2 there." "That's only \$15," said the general; "what became of the other fifty cents?" The soldier reflected. "I guess I must have spent that foolishly," he at length replied.

Beerholm Tree tells that recently, while playing golf, he had a particularly silent and stupid-looking caddie, who followed close at his heels without saying a word. But since silence sometimes speaks louder than words, the actor was nervous, and after a particularly bad drive which seemed to demand an apology, exclaimed: "Did you ever see a worse player on these links?" The caddie said nothing. A still worse drive from the next tee called forth the same query, followed by the same silence. Finally, "I say, did you ever see a worse player?" The caddie stared silently for a few moments. "I heard what ye said richt enough," he at last slowly replied; "I'm just theenking."

Dr. W. H. Tolman, director of the American Institute of Social Science, told the following story, the other day, as an unconscious illustration of the prevailing sentiment in regard to the "race-suicide" problem: "A family of my acquaintance has a certain pewter cup which has been the property of five children in succession, at the period when they first begin to use cups. The other day one of the older children, a small boy, was discussing the propriety of bestowing the cup upon some poor child. His little sister remarked: 'Why, no, we'll keep it for the next baby.' 'Well,' said the brother, 'I sh'd think God would have sense enough to know that five babies in one family was enough.'"

## J. Pierpont Morgan and His \$4,000 Pearl.

A good story is being told just now of J. Pierpont Morgan. The joke is on a well-known Fifth Avenue jewelry firm. Not long ago the firm received a very fine pearl. So strikingly handsome was the jewel, and so certain were the firm's experts that it would appeal with most effect to a connoisseur, that it was determined to offer it at private sale to some one who not only knew what was what, but who was able to gratify his tastes without regard to cost.

The question was thoroughly threshed over in the private office of the firm. Finally one of the partners said: "Let's send this down to Mr. Morgan and let him have first say on it."

The idea met with unanimous approval, and a stenographer was instructed to write to Mr. Morgan that if he wanted the pearl, which was set in a scarf pin, he could have it for \$5,000. In the event the pearl did not meet with his approval—it was forwarded with the note—the financier was asked to return it by the messenger intrusted with it.

In due time the pearl, accompanied by the firm's letter, reached Mr. Morgan. The jewel was carefully wrapped in tissue paper and inclosed in a leather-covered box. Mr. Morgan read the firm's communication with interest, and opened the box containing the pearl. He was delighted with it, and, after closely inspecting it, rewrapped it in the tissue paper and thrust it into his trousers' pocket.

At this point High Finance took the centre of the stage. Calling his cashier, Mr. Morgan instructed him to draw two checks to the firm of jewelers—one for \$4,000 and the other for \$5,000.

The \$5,000 check Mr. Morgan placed in the box that had contained the pearl. He had the package carefully tied and sealed with wax. The \$4,000 check he inclosed in a letter to the jewelers, in which he wrote that if the firm was willing to accept that amount for the pearl the box might be returned to him at once and the transaction considered closed. In the event, however, that the firm was unwilling to accept less than \$5,000 for the pin, the \$4,000 check was to be returned without delay.

The preliminaries executed, Mr. Morgan, with the pearl safe in his pocket, sent the messenger back, hearing his letter and the box. In less than an hour the messenger returned, fetching the box in which was the \$5,000 check. He announced that the jewelers had decided to accept the \$4,000 offer. Mr. Morgan received the information complacently. When the messenger had taken his departure, Mr. Morgan chuckled.

Just before he sailed for the other side Mr. Morgan met one of the members of the jewelry firm at a dinner, and related to him the story of the two checks. The jeweler forthwith averred that his firm had lost money by the transaction.

"If you were losing money," asked Mr. Morgan, "why didn't you keep my \$5,000 check?"

The jeweler is said to have howled low. "I can understand now," Mr. Morgan, he declared, "how it is that you have earned your place as the leading financier of the age."—*New York Times*.

## Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Such is Life.

I marked a man whose heaving face  
Showed that his heart was glad.  
'Twas in a quick-lunch eating-place—  
A slab of pie he had.  
I understood his joy, for I  
Observed that it was cherry pie.

Oh, how that luncheon's eyes did shine  
When first he took a bite!  
An ecstasy that seemed divine.  
A pure, serene delight  
Illumined with its radiance  
His whole expressive countenance.

And this, I thought, is happiness—  
Unmitigated bliss!  
Too seldom providence doth bless  
Us with a joy like this.  
I mused upon capricious fate  
The while I watched him masticate.

But suddenly—and this was strange—  
He dropped his fork and swore.  
You never saw a swifter change:  
He simply ripped and tore.  
You would have thought the man insane  
To hear his shouts of rage and pain.  
And this is life, I mused; we seem  
To be supremely blessed,  
Then, swifter than the lightning's gleam,  
You see us sore distressed.  
The man? Oh, he, of course, had hit  
Sore toothed upon a cherry pit.

—Chicago News.

## Anxious to Know.

A Mormon boy out in Utah  
One day chanced to meet his own pa:  
Cried the glad little me:  
"Shake, pa, I'm your son!"  
"Indeed?" said the man; "who's your ma?"  
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

## Hiram at the Fair.

Yes, I seen the Iggyrotys runnin' savage at the fair.  
And they et a hundle bull purp in a sort o' dugout there;  
Don't see how they ever done it—second natur', I suppose—  
Guess their appetites is bigger than their whole supply o' clo'es.  
Say! You orter seen them varmint sailin' 'round among us folks,  
Dressed in nuthin' but tattno marks and some Filipino jokes;  
Hate to come back home and tattle,  
But, my sakes! My team of cattle  
Wears more duds than Iggyrotys—anyhow, they hev their yokes!

Must be fine, though, in summer, when the mercury is high,  
Jes' to be an Iggyrot underneath a blazin' sky—  
Jes' to be a little village where the whole dern bunch can roam  
Free frim any disappointment if the laundry don't come home.  
When us Yankee folks is sweatin' and nur collars wiltin' down,  
And the wimmin folks is frettin' 'bout the latest style o' gown,  
All them pesky Iggyrotys,  
Free o' panties, free o' coats,  
Frisk around and lets the sunheams monkey with their hides o' brown.

Some folks call 'em heathen critters; some folks pities 'em, I guess.  
But I've sort o' got a notion that they knows jes' how to dress:  
When I seen 'em in their dances I was thinkin' n' the way  
That I hed to primp and dress fer that Chicago Bal Powder!  
I remembered hnw I hustled fer an' hour, er maybe more,  
Till my back and eyes were achin' and my arms were mighty sore;  
Let the Yankees do their starin'—  
Iggyrotys, you'll be wearin'  
Jes' as much as us, I reckon, when we strike the other shore.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"You must visit our new country club," said the suburbanite; "the grounds are beautiful; the golf links superb. You won't find such scenery elsewhere. On entering the grounds the first thing that strikes your eye—" "I know!" interrupted the city man; "a golf hall!"—*Philadelphia Press*

A dinner on him: "Glad to meet you," said the polite cannibal chief to the new missionary; "I shall expect to see more of you to-morrow. We dine at high noon." "Er—thanks, awfully. I shall be delighted—" "Not at all. The pleasure will be all mine, I assure you."—*Ex.*

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## TEACH THE CHILDREN

A delicious dentifrice makes the tooth-brush lesson easy. SOZODONT is a fragrant liquid cleanser, penetrating the little crevices of the teeth it purifies them.

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

polishes the delicate enamel, but does not scorch, thus it prevents the accumulation of tartar, without injuring the enamel, a property found only in SOZODONT.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
St. Louis ..... July 23 | St. Paul ..... Aug. 6  
New York ..... July 30 | Philadelphia ..... Aug. 13  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Noordland ..... July 23, 10 am | Westerland ..... Aug. 6, 10 am  
Merion ..... July 30, 10 am | Haverford ..... Aug. 13, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba ..... July 23, 9 am  
Minnetonka ..... July 29, 7:30 am  
Minnehaha ..... Aug. 5, 7:30 am  
Minneapolis ..... Aug. 13, 7 am  
Only first-class passengers carried.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Southwark ..... July 23 | Vancouver ..... Aug. 6  
Canada ..... July 30 | Kensington ..... Aug. 13

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Rotterdam ..... Aug. 2 | Noordam ..... Aug. 16  
Rydam ..... Aug. 9 | Statendam ..... Aug. 23

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS.  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Finland ..... July 23 | Kroonland ..... Aug. 6  
Vaderland ..... July 30 | Zeeland ..... Aug. 13

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Cedric ..... July 22, 1 pm | Teutonic ..... Aug. 3, 10 am  
Oceanic ..... July 27, 5 pm | Celtic ..... Aug. 5, noon  
Arabia ..... July 29, 6 am | Baltic ..... Aug. 10, 4 pm  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cretic ..... July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22  
Republic (new) ..... Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6  
Cymric ..... Aug. 18, Sept. 15, Oct. 13

## Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic ..... Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 3  
Cannipic ..... Oct. 5, Nov. 19  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Gaelic ..... Saturday, July 16  
S. S. Doric ..... Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Captic ..... Saturday, September 10  
S. S. Gaelic ..... Saturday, October 1  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

TOYO KISEN KAISHA  
(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)  
IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG, calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904  
America Maru ..... Monday, August 1  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.  
W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, July 16, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, July 28, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Aug. 9, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 543 Market Street. Freight Office, 339 Market St., San Francisco.

## The Tribune

is the ONE Oakland daily considered by general advertisers.

## THE TRIBUNE

covers the field so thoroughly that it is not necessary to use any other paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

W. E. DARGIE. T. T. DARGIE.  
President. ry.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Celia Tobin, daughter of Mrs. Richard Tobin, to Mr. Charles W. Clark.

The engagement is announced of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ellinwood, to Mr. Robert P. Greer.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Turnbull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Turnbull, to Mr. George C. Murphy, of New York.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Warner, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner, to Mr. Stuart Rawlings, will take place at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2323 Franklin Street.

The wedding of Miss Suzanne Bixby, daughter of Mrs. John W. Bixby, to Dr. Ernest Bryant, of Los Angeles, took place on Tuesday at the country place of Mr. Frederick Bixby, at Long Branch. Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, was maid of honor. Dr. and Mrs. Bryant will live in Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Mary Bright Wallace, daughter of Mrs. James Maxwell Wallace, to Lieutenant Gilbert A. McElroy, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Worcester. Miss Florence Hay, of Fruitvale, was maid of honor, and the ribbon-bearers were Mrs. William Hawley, Mrs. J. Gibson Taylor, Mrs. George Williamson, Mrs. C. O. Edwards, Miss Lottie Patton, Miss Frances Grow, Miss Mabel Reed, and Miss Hallie Kimball. Lieutenant Willard F. Truhy, U. S. A., acted as best man. After their return from their wedding journey, Lieutenant McElroy and Mrs. McElroy will reside on Alcatraz Island.

The wedding of Miss Edith Norcross, daughter of Mrs. Elida Norcross, to Mr. John Howard, Jr., of Oakland, took place on Wednesday at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Burr Weeden. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Copeland Norcross. Miss Jean Howard was bridesmaid, and Mr. Henry Howard acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Howard have gone to Lake Tahoe on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Jamieson to Lieutenant John Wilbur Ward, U. S. A., took place on Tuesday at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland, San José. Mrs. Frank Webber was matron of honor, and Miss Charibel Battee and Miss Clara Wastie were bridesmaids. Captain Carroll F. Armistead, U. S. A., was best man, and Lieutenant John F. Clapham, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Townsend Whelen, U. S. A., acted as ushers. Lieutenant Ward and Mrs. Ward have gone to Kentucky on their wedding journey.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a tea recently at her residence, 2040 Broadway, in honor of Miss Alice Burke, Miss Jeanette von Schroder, and Miss Katherine Wright.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, will give a luncheon to-day (Saturday) at Mare Island.

Dr. Winslow Anderson gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club recently in honor of Dr. Nicholas Senn. Others at table were Dr. W. Freeman Southard, Colonel A. C. Girard, U. S. A., Dr. D. A. Hodghead, and Dr. A. W. Morton.

The board of directors of the University Club has secured an option on the property at the south-east corner of Taylor Street and Hobart Court, between Post and Sutter Streets, as a site for a new club building. If the club members approve the site, a new building will be put up, and will be ready for occupancy by January 1, 1906.

Leoncavallo has presented the score of his opera, "Roland of Berlin," to Emperor William, who commissioned the composer to write the work. The emperor is said to be extremely pleased with the text and the music, and has ordered an early production of the novelty at the Royal Opera. The premiere probably will be in September.

A London critic says that Alfred Austin's comedietta, "A Lesson in Harmony," produced by Arthur Boucher, is trite and ineane. He adds that Mr. Boucher acts the leading part in it very well but that if he were to recite the romantic story of how he came to accept it, it would be more effective.

Dr. M. Buhler, of Berne, Switzerland, has gone East after several days spent in this city. Dr. Buhler is editor-in-chief of *Der Bund*, the leading newspaper of Switzerland, and is in the United States for the purpose of making a thorough study of American journalism.

The New York Central lines will sell special round-trip tickets to all Eastern points at reduced rates during the summer months. Full information may be had on application at Carlton C. Crane-Pacific Coast agent, 7 Market Street.

## Louis Robertson's Play Finished.

Louis Robertson, of San Francisco, whose opera, "Montezuma," written for the Bohemian Club jinks last year, attracted the attention of Ben Greet, the theatrical manager, has, at Mr. Greet's suggestion, finished a drama on the same subject.

The play deals with the conquest of Mexico, and opens in Montezuma's banquet hall at Chapultepec. An old chief has announced to Montezuma the capture of a thousand Tlascalans, whom he has defeated in battle, and offers as a sacrifice to the war god. These sacrifices are to continue until the traditional Quitzalcoatl appears again. Spaniards have lately arrived, and Montezuma thinks they are Quitzalcoatl's heralds. The high priest advises against this theory as follows:

"Pause, King, and ponder well the course ye take.  
These white-faced wanderers may not be kin  
Of him ye wait to welcome. It may be  
That they are of the tribe tradition tells  
Who some day o'er the Eastern seas will come  
And climb these cloudy parapets whose frown  
Hath filled the heart of many a foe with fear  
And kept Anahuac's valley safe and free.  
That story may not be a dotard's tale,  
So weigh it well against the prophecy  
That cries across the centuries and sees  
The face of Quitzalcoatl in a foe.  
They say that black prophetic vapors rise  
From Popocatepetl's crater, which  
Forbode dark days of ruin and of death.  
And as I hither came this morn I met  
One whose wan eyes burned with the light that  
meant

That he had found the long-lost secret which  
The heavens had bidden from his sight for  
years;

He said the music of the stars was changed  
Into a waiting threnody that rolled  
A mournful dirge across the dome of night."

A discussion follows, in which an astrologer announces that he has read Montezuma's doom in the stars. The high priest says:

"King, through the gathering gloom one star is seen—  
One lamp to light thee through the mists of war.  
'Tis this and this alone: If thou canst find  
Within thy kingdom one whose heart is pure,  
Whose flesh is faultless, and whose spirit burns  
With an unquestionable faith that gladly gives  
All that it is—all that it hopes to be—  
Its life, its love, its honor, name, and fame  
Unto Tezcatlipoca, it will turn  
The Jasper Stone into a mighty rock  
'Gainst which War's surging sea will break in  
vain."

Montezuma seems confounded with the conflicting evidence, and answers in these words:

"Through all the trials and the triumphs which  
We've passed since Quitzalcoatl left these shores,  
Fate never frowned so darkly as to-day.  
Captains and chiefs, I want one patriot,  
But one to prove upon the Jasper Stone  
The loyal love he to his country owes."

Malric steps forward and offers himself in these words:

"King, I am one on whom a woman's lips  
Were never laid until a maiden's kiss  
Bore my enraptured spirit far away  
To where the flesh was all forgotten in  
The mystic mingling of two kindred souls.  
Then came the dream that changed this dreary  
earth

Into a garden where the gods bestowed  
Their best to bless and crown us with content.  
Still in the springtime of our love we live;  
No cloud has cast a shadow o'er the shrine  
Wherein we kneel, and where her faith-filled  
eyes

Behold in me a god. Still her white soul  
Glow in the censer of a loyal heart  
And woos me with its fragrant altar flame.

Ab, it were nothing now to cast aside  
Honor and life, glory and gold and all  
Men prize the most, if it could build for thee  
A bulwark 'gainst the swelling surge that sweeps  
Hither to bear us with thee to our doom.  
The sacrifice Mexitli calls for now

Must be the purest and most precious gem  
Of all the hoarded treasures man loves most;  
And what is that if it is not the soul  
Of a young girl glowing with love's first flame?  
Let me be chosen for the sacrifice!

And it may be the god will deem my heart  
A greater gift, since—like a chalice filled  
With priceless wine—I'll break it at his feet,  
And with the shattered offering to him pour  
The pure libation of a virgin's tears."

Montezuma's acceptance of this sacrifice is related, and the play ends with Montezuma's conquest by the Spaniards. The play will be submitted to Charles Frohman. Mr. Greet has promised to give it a San Francisco performance.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer, whose death occurred in New York last Saturday, was a daughter of the late John Dolbeer, the wealthy California lumberman. She was a native of California, and was twenty-eight years old. Miss Dolbeer left only one surviving relative, Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson, a cousin. The body has been brought here for burial.

London is raving over a new musical prodigy, Florizel von Reuter, twelve years old, who is composer, violinist, and conductor. He is said to be composing an opera with Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. He was summoned to Buckingham Palace a few days ago to play for Queen Alexandra.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, and visiting cards engraved. English Madras paperies, all tints. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

## Mary Anderson Sings for Charity.

Mary Anderson appeared in London recently at the People's Palace, singing for charity. It was her second or third appearance in fifteen years. She sang dressed in a simple gown of white. For her first song she chose a piece with which she used to charm London twenty years ago—"I Am an Actor," from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Comedy and Tragedy." She also gave a scene from "Macbeth." In private life Mary Anderson is known as Mme. de Navarro, and she and her husband live in the old-world village of Broadway, in Worcestershire, a hamlet which has been described as the most beautiful in England. There she, her husband, and their little son spend a quiet but very happy life in a pretty, old-fashioned-looking house of which, perhaps, the chief charm is its lovely garden. Mme. de Navarro never refers to her great triumphs, but, when they are mentioned to her, she always declares that, though she enjoyed them, she would never advise any young friend of hers to go on to the stage.

An effort is being made by President Wheeler, Dr. John C. Merriman, Professor A. C. Lawson, and others of the faculty of the University of California, to found there a graduate school of geology, which they hope to make the greatest in the world. It is pointed out that there is nowhere a more inviting geological field than that which lies immediately at the gates of the university.

The dedication of the new naval clubhouse at Vallejo takes place to-day (Saturday). The building is an imposing structure. It has a great variety of sleeping-rooms to suit the men, a handsome theatre, a dining-room, library, billiard-room, facilities for bathing, and every equipment of a well-managed club. A minimum price will be charged for the accommodations.

The popularity of the trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais increases daily. The great attraction is the unsurpassed view that is afforded. Other factors in the day's pleasure are the good cheer offered by the Tavern of Tamalpais, and the ride up the mountain over the crookedest and most picturesque railway in the world.

Captain Putnam Bradlee Strong, husband of May Yohe, who is again singing in London, was ordered committed to jail for fourteen days on default of paying a florist's bill of two hundred and thirty dollars. He paid at the last minute, and escaped prison.

Dr. Wolf Ostwald, son of Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, the great German chemist, has arrived at Berkeley to take a course of study under Professor Jacques Loeb, the biologist.

## Branch of the Vienna Cafe Bakery.

Gooch's Oyster Grotto and Grill, located at 113 Ellis Street, near Powell Street, is now under the management of the Vienna Cafe and Bakery, 130 O'Farrell Street. F. B. Galindo, now in charge of both places, will conduct the oyster grotto and grill at Vienna prices. A feature will be made of catering to after-theatre parties, and among the specialties will be oysters, crabs, terrapin, steaks and chops, sandwiches, all cooked to a turn, and served in the best manner. Choice wines and liquors are to be had there.

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H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Jane Stanford is in Southern California.

Miss Suzanne Blanding and Mrs. Moseley have gone to New York, and will sail from there for Europe. They will be absent a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Miss Hush, Mr. T. V. Hush, Jr., and Mr. W. F. Hush went to Byron Hot Springs in their automobiles Saturday, spending Sunday there.

Mrs. George Gibbs has returned from Chico, where she was the guest of Mrs. Kohn Bidwell.

Mrs. Irving Scott is spending July in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Ethyl Hager, who has been the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at her home in Napa Valley, returned last Saturday.

Miss Alice Burke is the guest this week of Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey at Burlingame.

Miss Katherine Wright and Mrs. Coulson sailed on the *Korea* on Wednesday for Manila.

Mrs. William B. Bourn and Miss Maude Chase Bourn have returned from their trip to Europe, and are at the Bourn country place near St. Helena.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has returned from Honolulu.

Mrs. Garrett Livingston Lansing, who has been at Healdsburg, has returned to "Fernside," Alameda.

Dr. and Mrs. Sweasey Powers have returned from Coronado, and are at the Tavern of Tamalpais for a few weeks.

Miss Marie Wells, who has been at Mountain View, has gone to Sonoma County for the rest of July.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has returned from Livermore, and is at 800 Sutter Street.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder and family will spend the remainder of the summer season at their country place in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tohin have returned from Yosemite Valley, and are at their country place in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding expect to occupy their residence at Belvedere after August 1st.

Mrs. McKinstry and Miss Francis McKinstry have returned from their visit to Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. Ellinwood and Miss Charlotte Ellinwood were among last week's guests at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis will leave in August for a trip abroad, which will probably last a year or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex D. Keyes have returned from their visit East, which included the exposition at St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes have been sojourning at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Chickering are sojourning for a few weeks at Independence Lake, Miss.

Miss Ethel Cooper is the guest of Mrs. Charles Henderson, of San Rafael.

Miss Alice Sprague is the guest of Mrs. Frank Griffin during the absence of Mr. Griffin in the East.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick is sojourning at Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock are spending the summer months at their Lake Tahoe cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Herrick have gone to Seattle, and will be away until the end of July.

Judge and Mrs. James M. Seawell are spending the summer vacation in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beatty are the guests this week of Mrs. Henry McDonald Spencer at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plotner (*née* Hooper) are at Mountain View.

Mr. Richard Dey was in London when last heard from.

Mrs. Schwabacher and Miss Schwabacher, who have lately been in Paris, are making a coaching tour of the highlands of Scotland. They will see England in the same way.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnard are spending the summer at Larkspur.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels are spending July at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. H. P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Mullin and Miss Mullin are the guests of Mrs. Frank Sullivan at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. L. Mantell is the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mann at their country place near Ben Lomond.

Mrs. Orestes Pierce has been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Miss E. F. Burt sailed for the Philippines, China, and Japan on the transport *Sherman*. She expects to return in December.

Mr. E. M. Douglas, of the United States Geological Survey, and Mr. Anson E. Cohoon, of the United States Bureau of Forestry, registered at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewett depart next week for a six weeks' trip to British Columbia.

Mr. William H. Keith, baritone of the

Washington Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, is here on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, of Oakland, have gone to the Santa Cruz Mountains for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. House, and Mr. Clifford H. House are at Lake Independence, where they have rented a cottage for the month of July.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Messer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brunn, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Denigan, Mr. and Mrs. Demoulin, Mrs. J. D. Oshorne, Mrs. C. F. Runyon, Mrs. George Grant, Miss Emily Rochat, Mr. C. Meese, Mr. F. J. Rodgers, and Dr. J. de S. Bettencourt.

Among the recent visitors at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Belasco, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Linck, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Gibbs, Mrs. David Belasco, Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Mrs. James Moffitt, Mr. W. Brady, Miss H. Ferris, Miss Augusta D. Ames, Mr. John W. Ferris, Mr. P. H. Livingston, Colonel Martin, and Mr. W. M. Pratt.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Nourse, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Browne, Mrs. J. H. Lomhard, of Boston, Mrs. H. Pottinos, Miss E. Samuels, Dr. Cheateau, Mr. R. Bocqueraz, Mr. G. E. Crothers, Mr. E. Dubedat, Mr. F. S. Mitchell, Mr. J. Gallois, Mr. S. Newman, Mr. L. E. Van Winkle, Mr. P. S. Baker, Mr. A. Farchini, Mr. A. O. Kinstrom, Mr. A. Erenson, Mr. J. E. Hayden, and Mr. C. T. Hamilton.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lamont and Mrs. J. M. Cook, of New York, Baron and Baroness Ergolett, of Vienna, Mrs. Bunbury, Mr. C. R. Morewood, and Mr. R. P. Morewood, of England, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bucklee, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hecht, Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken, Mrs. J. P. Hall, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Miss Van Sicken, Miss K. Wright, Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mr. J. B. Owens, Mr. E. J. White, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Mr. Frank Preston, and Mr. J. D. Grant.

## Army and Navy News.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur, has gone to American Lake to attend the military manoeuvres.

Brigadier-General Constant Williams, U. S. A., who is ordered to take command of the Department of the Columbia, will succeed Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., who has been ordered to the command of the Department of the East.

General H. E. Noyes, retired, U. S. A., Mrs. Noyes, and the Misses Noyes have returned from Mendocino County, and are at 1076 Bush Street.

Rear-Admiral O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., is sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Commander Arthur P. Nazro, U. S. N., is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Colonel J. V. D. Middleton, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Middleton are spending the months of July and August at Buena Vista Springs, Pa.

Major-General William Shafter, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKittrick are here from Bakersfield.

Major A. H. Appel, U. S. A., Mrs. Appel, and Miss Appel are guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Major R. S. Van Vliet, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to the Rodeo square, where he will have charge of the target practice.

Major W. P. Duvall, U. S. A., and Captain Sydney Cloman, U. S. A., are attending the military manoeuvres at American Lake.

Captain John P. Ryan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ryan are the guests at the Presidio of Colonel George H. Torney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Torney.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. S. A. Krauthoff are touring Southern California.

Captain E. O. Fehét, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has gone to Benicia to command the signal post at that station.

Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, Sixty-Seventh Company, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to return from Honolulu to his former station at the Presidio.

Lieutenant H. A. Parker, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Parker, has gone to St. Louis, where he will be on duty with the Jefferson Guard at the exposition.

Lieutenant Conrad Bahcock, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bahcock, are here from Fort Assiniboine, Mont., and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eells at Ross Valley.

Chaplain C. C. Bateman, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., expects to leave for his new station, Fort Grant, Ariz., on the first of August.

Mrs. Clover, wife of Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and her two young daughters,

sailed on the *Korea* on Wednesday for Japan, where they will join Captain Glover, whose vessel is in the Asiatic squadron.

Mrs. Gale, Miss Polly Gale, and Miss Gladys Gale will join Major G. H. G. Gale, U. S. A., at his Eastern station in August.

The Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., which will soon leave for its new station at Fort Snelling and Fort Lincoln, will be replaced at the Presidio by the Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., which will come here from North Dakota.

The cruiser *Chicago* has been designated the flagship of the Pacific Coast squadron.

## Took Nine Years to Repent.

The *Gilroy Gazette* of recent date contains the following from S. O. Morgan, of Corralitos, Cal.:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Be it known that on the night of July 4, 1895, while I and several other young people were passing through Gilroy, we stopped to get our supper, and while away from the carriage, some one took our whip. We tried to find it, but did not succeed, so we tried to get even by taking another whip from some one else's buggy. Since then I have been converted to the family of God, and through the light of His Word and Holy Spirit I see that this act was a theft. So as it is our duty to make wrongs right as far as we can, I make this statement, and if it catch the eye of the one who suffered the loss, I hope he may recognize it and communicate with me in order to prove his identity and receive payment for damages done him.

FROM A SINNER SAVED BY GOD'S GRACE.

Judge Trout has ordered a final decree of distribution of the estate of Charles Watson in favor of the daughters—Mattie, Elizabeth, Esther, Eva, and Emma Watson—in equal shares. The estate in California was worth about \$20,000. Watson left about \$50,000 in the East. The will was contested by Charles Arnold and Ellen Davis, who declared themselves to be son and daughter of the deceased. They alleged that Watson's true name was Charles Arnold, and that, in 1849, in London, he married Emily Nightingale. They said he came to California, and assumed the name of Watson. The daughters opposed the contest, and gave proof of his marriage to Jane Ann Kerr in 1861. The property of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, at Fillmore Street and Pacific Avenue, bequeathed by Watson, was also involved in the contest.

The three pneumatic guns, or so-called "dynamite" guns, mounted near the harbor entrance about ten years ago, are to be sold by the government to the highest bidder. These guns cost about \$250,000, and much was expected of them. Each is of fifteen-inch calibre, fifty feet in length, and built to fire pneumatically 500 pounds of nitro-gelatin. Their range is only 2,600 yards, while the powder guns will carry eight or nine miles.

Miss Grace Mae Herreid, daughter of Charles N. Herreid, governor of South Dakota, has been selected to christen the armored cruiser *South Dakota* when it is launched at the Union Iron Works on July 21st.

Dr. William Walker and his bride, who was Ethel Hornick, the actress, have sailed from New York for Europe, where they will remain for a year. Mrs. Walker declares that she has retired from the stage permanently.

Mrs. Fiske has engaged George Arliss, a well-known English actor, as leading man of the stock company with which she is to play at the Manhattan Theatre, New York. She begins September 15th with "Hedda Gabler."

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## The Surprise.

He went to sleep in the train from the city, and nobody waked him—more is the pity—But he waked himself at Del Monte station And straightway appeared in great perturbation.

He wandered away through those gardens of glory, And he afterwards said—but that's not in the story; What he said at the time was: "Really forgiven? By George, but I didn't think I'd get to heaven."

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The New York Evening Post is a venerable journal, a centenary, a journal of lofty traditions, one not lightly to be blown about by every breeze. The New York Times is a great newspaper, wontedly sober of speech and dignified of mien, not given to carelessly exuberant utterance. Yet the one says of the message of Judge Alton B. Parker to the National Democratic Convention: "Nothing so fine is known in our political annals. . . . He has given fresh hope to America. Democratic government wears a fairer face. . . . To-day we can point to a man so towering that Europe sees and

salutes him." And the other exclaims: "An act of heroism and great-mindedness such as in the whole world's history only now and then a man has performed." While a thousand lesser voices of the press echo and reëcho the exultant cry.

But the verdict is not unanimous. Not even is it unanimous among Democratic journals. In fact, upon no political question in recent years has the division of opinion been so sudden and sharp. The line of cleavage steers its tortuous way through the independent Democratic and the Democratic press, and upon the right-hand Republican side are now to be found sundry one-time Democratic newspapers of light and leading. Sullenly or wrathfully they agree with the Republican press that not only was Judge Parker's course of action not "heroic" and "great-minded," but cunning, evasive, unworthy of a man of distinguished honor.

Over against the Post's (Ind.-Dem.) characterization of Judge Parker's action as the finest in political annals, may be set the Springfield Republican's (Ind.-Dem.) statement that "more wretched mismanagement of a public man's convictions is not known in our political history."

Over against the Brooklyn Eagle's (Dem.) belief that "what he did shines like a great deed in a naughty world," may be set the Chicago Chronicle's (Converted Dem.) opinion that "Judge Parker's telegram to the convention and the convention's telegram to him are masterpieces of indirection and verbal chicanery."

And over against the opinions of Democratic papers like the Philadelphia Ledger ("courageous action at the fitting moment"), the Cincinnati Enquirer ("signal exhibition of political courage"), the St. Louis Republic ("his message startled the world into a realization that here was a man"), may be set the well-weighed judgment of Republican papers like the Philadelphia Inquirer ("arts of legerdemain practiced and political chicanery involved which have a very Machiavelian appearance"), the Portland Oregonian ("had Judge Parker openly declared for the gold standard before his name went to the convention, he would never have been nominated"), and the New York Press ("in voting for or against Judge Parker the citizens will vote on an issue of bunco, syndicated bunco, managed under the crafty direction of the Belmont-Parker combination").

Now what are the facts—facts which shall determine in large measure how the votes shall fall in November? For it is not conceivable that the Democracy will rally enthusiastically to the support of a man who won the nomination by a trick.

Judge Parker went before the convention as "a mystery." He expressed no views; therefore the convention was obliged to judge of them from his record and the statements of his friends. Judge Parker's record shows that he voted for Bryan and silver in 1896 and 1900. He never by public word or act repudiated the inevitable assumption that he was in accord with the principles laid down in the Democratic platforms of those years. Both implicit and explicit assurance was given the convention that he would stand on the platform that the convention adopted. That was the logical attitude for "a mystery" to take. In his speech nominating Judge Parker, Mr. Littleton said:

If you ask me why he has not outlined a policy for this convention, I tell you that he does not believe that policies should be dictated, but that the sovereignty of the party is in the untrammelled judgment and wisdom of its members; if you ask me what his policy will be, if elected, I tell you that it will be that policy which finds expression in the platform of his party.

That this was not a chance and unauthorized utterance is indicated by other facts. The New York Democratic platform contains no money plank. That platform was drawn by Hill and had Judge Parker's approval. The World (Dem.) on April 16th printed an

article in which, speaking of the platform then in process of formulation, it said: "He [Parker] wants a resolution adopted which, after declaring that it is the function of the national convention to determine the platform, will call attention in the most general way to the overshadowing issues." Mr. Hill, when asked point blank in the committee on resolutions at St. Louis what were Parker's views on the money question, replied that he did not know.

"Do you mean to say," demanded Bryan, "that you don't know Judge Parker's financial views?"

"I mean just that," responded Mr. Hill.

"You have no knowledge on that subject?"

"None."

"Have never asked him?"

"I have not."

Does any sane man believe that Hill told the truth? Not one. It was but a continuation of the policy of mystery and silence which distinguishes the campaign of Parker from all others whatsoever.

On this "regular" record and in the belief that he would abide by the will of the convention, Judge Parker was nominated. Then what happened? The mask was discarded, the cloak of silence which had so well concealed the real man was trampled under foot, the ladder of acquiescence by which he had climbed to the nomination he kicked from under him. An amazed and helpless convention saw the man whose nominator had the day before said "he does not believe that policies should be dictated," forcing by sheer strength of circumstance his unwelcome views upon it. It was a masterly trick, a world-astounding bunco. The convention was hoodwinked, befogged, deceived. "Fooled again!" it muttered, put on its coat, and went home.

In partial extenuation of Parker's course of action, it has been said that he was unaware until after his nomination that the money plank had been stricken from the platform by Bryan, and that he acted at the earliest possible moment after he learned the fact. The obvious reply to this is that at such a great crisis it was his business to know. A man who fails because of ignorance in the face of opportunity is not the one to be placed at the head of a government of eighty million souls. But such reply to the objection is not required. Parker did know before he was nominated that the money plank had been stricken from the platform. It has been established that, on Friday evening, Judge Parker received evening papers with the news that the money plank was out. He had not then been nominated. If it was his belief that he could not honorably stand on such a platform, then was the time to act. But he did nothing of the sort. The fact that the platform was silent on the vital issue apparently made not a ripple on his imperturbability. During the night he was nominated. Next morning the New York Democratic corporation papers pointed out to the judge what course he should pursue, and at noon the famous telegram was filed. Had it been sent twenty-four hours earlier Judge Parker would not to-day be the nominee of the Democracy.

It is too early yet to judge of the effects of this masterly trick. Certainly it brought the "conservative" Democratic newspapers of New York into line. It is not unlikely that, despite the shady moral aspect of the coup, Judge Parker's chances in the East have improved. Angry as the South is at being buncoed, it can scarcely be expected to depart from the "solidity" of many years. In the West, there are going to be many bolters. A. W. Maxwell, the recognized head of the Hearst faction in Iowa, repudiates the action of the convention. Ex-Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has also bolted. So has Thomas E. Barksworth, chairman of the Democratic State Central Comm



Michigan. Finally Hearst himself seems, through his papers, to be seeking a quarrel with Parker which shall justify the revocation of his hasty promise of support. Such editorials as "Judge Parker's Strange Visitors," in the issue of July 20th, are calculated to alienate every voter who swears by Mr. Hearst.

The Chinese question—an old question with California, but a brand new one in England—was the issue in the recent by-election at Chertsey. It will be recalled that the British Government has authorized the importation of Chinese into South Africa. Six steamers, each with a capacity of 2,000 persons, have been chartered for the purpose. Barracks have been erected at Kow Loon, near Hong Kong. Transportation of the Chinese between this point and Durban is now in progress. The antagonism of the Radicals to what they call "slavery" has been increased by the stories of mutinies in Kow Loon compounds, of the breaking out of that obscure and terrible disease, beri-beri, on board the transport ships, and of the appearance of the bubonic plague in the Transvaal among the Chinese. No fear is expressed that these diseases will gain foothold among the white population of South Africa, but equatorial Africa has a population of something like 100,000,000 blacks, and the havoc these diseases might work among them is something fearful to contemplate. That the news of the plague and beri-beri among the Chinese coolies really alarmed the British is shown by the fall of Kaffirs several points on the London Stock Exchange. Another trouble is the desertion of the Chinese. Despite the care exercised in handling the thousands at Durban, many got away. Here is an excellent opportunity for demonstrating the merits of the finger-print system of identification, finger-print records having been taken of all the coolies.

Those who argue that the contract system under which the coolies labor is practical slavery have the support of some good English lawyers. One of these, who is described in a letter to the London *Times* as "the highest legal authority on such matters at the English Bar," gives it as his opinion "that such a contract, if made in England, would not be valid according to English law." He also says: "I can not conceive any system of jurisprudence in a civilized nation under which a contract of the kind in question would be enforceable in the absence of legislation specially sanctioning it." Of this "slavery" question, the Radicals have made the most in the recent Chertsey election. Their methods, however, have approached the farcical. On a recent evening, six members of the Radical party, "made up" as Chinamen, with flowing robes and elegant pigtails, rode on bicycles through the streets of the town. Speakers for the Conservatives during the campaign were interrupted by shouts of "Chin Chin," "Where's your pigtail?" and frequent hissing. Circulars issued by the Radicals contain such statements as the following:

Coffin-ships, crowded with Chinese suffering from beri-beri and other frightful diseases, are hastening to dump their cargoes of human flesh on the shores of South Africa which we fought to "free."

Here are some sample verses from campaign hymns:

"There is a happy Rand,  
Far, far away;  
Where a pig-tailed Chin-Chin band  
Toils all the day.  
There they will surely be  
Stealing work from you and me,  
When they should be picking tea  
In the Flowery Land."

"They stand, those yellow compounds,  
And ring with sighs and groans,  
The loathsome beri-beri,  
The coffins filled with bones.  
But dividends are rising,  
Park-lane is now serene,  
The mansions of the magnates  
Are decked in glorious sheen."

In spite of their vigorous campaign, the Radicals lost the election. And there is little evidence that, even had they won it, any substantial progress would have been made toward repeal of the act by which Chinese contract labor is permitted in South Africa. Apparently South Africa will have to learn about John Chinaman through hard and bitter experience. From the experience of others individuals learn little; the same is apparently true of nations.

The circus is firmly fixed among American institutions. P. T. Barnum is in his way quite as much of a hero as George Washington. But worship should be within bounds.

There is no necessity of turning our deliberative assemblies into hippodromes. If one ring is enough for a moon, why give the star of destiny three?

The last Democratic convention was composed of ten thousand people. Of these, a thousand were

immediately concerned in the formulation of a platform and a doctrine on which eighty millions of people were to vote through their representatives. The other nine thousand were what we aptly term "the gallery." They gave to this solemn function the genuine fervor so sadly lacking since Jeffersonian simplicity and imperialistic pageantry were almost amalgamated. *Vox populi, vox dei.* Hoax the people and the Almighty is fooled. Democracy is where the statesman says a thing and the crowd wave banners and cheer.

But the Democratic convention was not the only one that ran in danger of becoming a mob. Surely there can be no greater office than that of defining the policy of a nation for four years. Nothing could exceed the importance of carefully outlining a nation's belief. And this is the office of the political convention. It is a congress of voters more representative, some affirm, than our House of Representatives, and more serene in its deliberations than our Senate. As a matter of fact, these four-yearly meetings are riotous, dictated to by a few, ruled by an impulse, and unified by a burst of enthusiasm. One has but to read of the proceedings of the latest of them. The man who read the platform which was adopted could not be heard ten feet away from the rostrum. The Speaker shouted his rulings in vain. Pandemonium reigned, and a phrase, a pose, a cry were of greater weight than the considerations of giants in politics.

This is a blunder. The day will come when the nation at large will be sorry that it went to politics as to a show, when it greeted a wild shout with a Chautauqua salute, and passed over a masterpiece because it could not gain a hearing in a tumult. Four years is a long time to repent of an hour.

Spite of the fact that we die according to an average rate published in government reports, spite again of the fact that we are sick and marry and have offspring in mathematical ratio, we are prone to consult the future and to practice certain rites that after all are merely superstitions. Secure as we may be in the certitude that but a small per cent. are killed or suffer injury from ladders, we avoid passing under them. We refuse to sleep in Room 13, and religiously avoid starting on a journey on Friday.

If this were all, there would be no cause for alarm. There is no positive harm in obeying the rule that one should not allow a black cat to cross one's path, and so far there has been no terrible detriment to the world through unwillingness to embark for foreign ports on a Friday. But when a national convention makes a pretext, as has been solemnly reported, to postpone the nomination of a Presidential candidate over a Friday to a Saturday dawn, and when, as the London *Daily Mail* is pointing out, the astrologer, the palmist, and the phrenologist prosper exceedingly, and the card-reader buys automobiles, then it is time, indeed, to speak of superstition. It is in season to ask when this will stop, and whether we are to return to those times when every vice that unnatural man could invent was practiced under the guise of propitiating the powers of darkness.

Of course, one may mock and sneer at the man and woman who shiver because the shadow of the moon falls across them, and one might even be justified in scorning the soul that shakes before the thunder of an affluent prophet. But mockery and scorn hardly fit the case. It is a case where human blood is infected, and we don't need smelling-salts so much as leeches.

Deep in every person's heart is a hatred of death. Every sense revolts against its semblance. We speak of the smell of the death chamber, the horror of the dead, the ghastly chill of the corpse. Use and custom somehow do not stale this. Even the hardened autopsy surgeon pays the penalty of his necessary and humane task by intervals of terror before the mystery with which he deals. And in this is the root of superstition.

How far we have traveled the distance between religion and fetish worship might be judged by the increase of the fortune-tellers and the palmists and like impostors. In San Francisco alone they are counted by the hundreds, and their wages amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. It is the hot desire of people to save themselves from what they can not see. We do not wish to be struck down from behind. The fear of sudden destruction is cold upon our hearts. So we go out and read an advertisement, and straightway bribe Fate with a dollar to a man with smooth hands and a twisted tongue. We peer into cards and feel the bumps on our heads with preminiscent awe. We try to fool death with a knotted string, and cover the grave over with the flowers of astrological nomenclature.

In London the authorities are taking measures to put an end to the schemes of those who prey on the fears of the high and low. The British Government refuses to recognize the influence of Mars, and openly dis-

avows any belief in the knobs on the British poll. But until a paternal government steps in to protect us, the American people will likely continue to foster old wives' tales at so much per tale. Our national art may be behind the times, but we are in the front row when it comes to foretelling the future and believing our own prophecy. Witness the Market Street signs.

The contest for the United States senatorship from California is now the object of political interest. Senator Bard appears to have made the most progress during the week.

The Kern County Republican convention instructed its nominee for assemblyman to vote for Bard, and Orange County indorsed Senator Bard by resolution. In Ventura County, where both Bard and Oxnard live, and where a desperate contest is being waged, the primaries will be held on Tuesday, July 26th. Should Oxnard be defeated, it will be a severe blow to his prospects. The friends of Bard seem aggressively confident that Bard will win. In Humboldt County, the legislative delegates were instructed to vote for George A. Knight. This gives color to his candidacy. Frank P. Flint, the fourth candidate for the senatorship, "reports progress." Senator Hahn, of Pasadena, who was supposed to be for Bard, has declared for Flint, and states his belief that Flint will be elected. The imminent return from Europe of M. H. de Young is awaited with interest. There are those who think that the extremely complex situation will induce De Young to enter the fight in his own behalf. General Otis continues his vigorous fight for Senator Bard, and in Sacramento a Bard Republican Club has been organized. A curious situation exists in the ninth senatorial district, which consists of Marin and Contra Costa Counties. The former has eight votes, the latter eleven. Marin is for E. B. Martinelli for State senator, Contra Costa is for Charles M. Belshaw. If Belshaw has all the votes from his county he will, of course, be nominated. But of this there is a doubt. The nomination of Belshaw will mean a prospective vote for Bard, of Martinelli, one for Oxnard. Conventions will be held in a number of counties in the near future, and it will soon become apparent whether Bard, Flint, or Oxnard will have the support of the southern end of the State. Even if it does unite on one man, Mr. Knight's chances are not thereby necessarily extinguished. The Los Angeles *Express* points out that if the northern counties care to do so, they can elect their choice, despite a united south. The membership of the senate is 40; of the assembly, 80. From south of Tehachapi, according to the *Express*, come only 24 votes. "Conceding to the Democracy," it says, "the ordinary number of seats, the south still will be shy about seventy-five per cent. of controlling the Republican legislative caucus. It is this method of reasoning that is responsible for the belief in many quarters that in no ordinary circumstances can Senator Bard be returned to his present seat."

From a subscriber in the Philippines the *Argonaut* is in receipt of an instructive and illuminating printed document. It is a proclamation of the Roman catholic church, under the hand of the Apostolic delegate. "Solemne Detestacion de los Principales Errores y Herejias de Nuestra Edad" ("Solemn Detestation of the Principal Errors and Heresies of Our Day") runs its title. For the enlightenment of those who have looked upon the religious question as one merely of form in those gems of the Pacific, we print some examples of what the genuine son of the Church Philippine detests.

"I condemn and detest the errors and heresies of Martin Luther and of his cursed reform," is the way this pamphlet for the use of the faithful begins. The "English schism," the "French revolution," and the "constitutions of the modern states or republics which hold the same principles" follow. Presumably the United States is included in this somewhat generous definition. Freemasonry is next, and then a curse so wide, so deep, and so fervent as to include "popular sovereignty," "universal suffrage," and the "rule of the majority." In a by-anathema, almost hidden in the mass of more highly colored "detestations" is one against "freedom of worship."

Passing over some minor fulminations, mere grumbings, so to speak, we come to Article IV of this plain-spoken *Detestacion*, which says: "Detesto la maldita libertad de hablar e imprimir"—"I detest the accursed liberty of speech and of the press." Liberty of education is cheek by jowl with liberty of the press in this condemnation, with the somewhat unnecessary remark, in view of the present example, that "in the church alone rests the right of teaching dogma and morality." From what goes before, it would appear that this was more in the nature of a mere pedagogical bump to the understanding than an argument. "*La libertad de*



*conciencia*" and "*el principio de la tolerancia*" are the next Western dogmas to be knocked incontinently on the head by the resounding detestation and condemnation.

This last is unkind. It is taking too much credit away from the United States, and makes us feel as if, after all, when we boast of our tolerance, we were playing the game of a weakling. But the nouns are mostly feminine, and it's not in the blood of our breed to hit a woman. Therefore let Tolerance and Liberty, ladies both, fall under the ban of the church for their naughtiness, but let the secular arm be stayed.

There are to be observed other frail abstracts of the Western world which fall under the impartial anathema of this remarkable weapon of a church. Equality, brotherhood of man, and liberty, the blessed sisters of many a congressional speech, are blackened irredeemably. They are said to deny to God his just dues of public worship and to assume that all religions are alike. Those who would be drawn astray by these specious fallacies of republicanism are warned that there is but "one truth, which is the catholic, apostolic, and Roman," and menaced with "anarchy" if they do not fall into line.

The last part of this thirteen-page confession of the faith of the catholic church in the Philippines is an "Act of Reparation" and an "Oration." In these lie the gist of the whole matter.

The "Reparation," after reciting a *credo*, goes on to say that Lucifer is abroad, waging wars without truces against the church, its creed, "human liberty and conscience, and all classes of society, specially the poor and the weak." And lest Uncle Sam be not fully recognized under this guise of Lucifer, the *Act* concludes with the words, "apostates, heretics, schismatics *y de todos los enemigos de la Iglesia Católica, Apostólica, Romana.*"

Later comes the "Oration." Here the faithful pray for the following, deep in the darkness of American rule:

The youth exposed to loss of faith;  
Little children abandoned to godless teachers;  
Orphans, the poor, the aged, the infirm, and the dying, who are without protection;  
Peoples deprived of the spiritual aids of the catholic church;  
Filipinos fallen into heresy or schism;  
Filipinos fallen into the pit of indifference and unbelief;  
Zealous priests and valiant laymen who have not backslid;  
All catholics that they unite against the enemies of Christ's kingdom.

And to the one who will recite the "Act of Reparation" or the "Oration," the Most Reverend and Illustrious Apostolic Delegate will grant 100 days indulgence, 200 days for the recital of both, and plenary indulgence for those who will keep it up for a year. That's the promise given at the very end of the book.

The thing most emphasized throughout this solemn detestation is the claim to the temporal power. This shows that our mail system is not perfect in the islands yet. Evidently the newspapers do not circulate as they should.

They still sell as milk in San Francisco an aqueous fluid slightly diluted with milk, and they still sell here a still worse liquid which is in reality skim milk with a little egg beaten in it. These are the harmless adulterations. One has only to read the reports of the spasmodic visits to outlying dairies to realize what some citizens must drink under a healthful guise. As a matter of fact all the agitation so far has resulted in nothing. We are informed that our milk supply is filthy and probably contaminated, but further than this inspiring warning we have little. We are like a man who is told that he has a disease, but who is also told that while sometimes fatal, it is not worth bothering about.

To tell the truth, there is reason to believe that San Francisco in this respect is behind many other cities. We are assuredly behind New York, where every precaution that science and care can take is taken to keep any milk not up to standard from getting inside the city. We let children drink anything ignorant or negligent parents choose to provide them with; New York sees to it that there is no chance for either ignorance or carelessness to injure the helpless. We actually buy milk from dairies condemned by our casual inspections; New York sees to it that not only does no one buy from the dirty milkman, but that he is severely punished. We drink, for to-morrow we die, anyhow; in New York they have practically abolished such diseases as typhoid fever.

Few of us will eat a tainted egg, and butter beyond a certain age is a subject of universal ribaldry. We eschew bad pork, and speak loudly against young veal. We rail against the man who adulterates our whisky. And we feed the baby on a liquid unclean from the instant it left the udder.

To be effective our regulations must have a certain

display about them. We must not only forbid theft, but provide ceremonies and uniforms and stars wherewith to impress upon the felonious mind that the law has hands as well as voice. It is useless to enact that our milk shall be pure and then snore through the night, leaving the darkling milkman to leave upon our doorsteps exactly what he pleases. We may demand for a thousand years a certain percentage of butterfats, and we shall wait a thousand years unless those butterfats are dressed in all the dignity of the policeman.

Dr. Darlington, the health commissioner of New York, has a system which is not only competent to get up a table of statistics of milk qualities, but which strikes terror into the heart of the recalcitrant dairyman. Out of the 1,500,000 quarts daily consumed in the city, something like three per cent. is examined every night. Nobody knows where the little band of inspectors is going to appear. If the temperature is a degree above fifty Fahrenheit, the milk is poured into the gutter; if it has less than twelve per cent. of solids, less than three per cent. of butterfat, if it has been skimmed or diluted—it is spilled.

Naturally dairymen hate to bring milk into the city only to have it poured wastefully out into the bay. Policemen are necessary to enforce the order to spill. If we can believe the reports of our milk inspectors here, there are thousands of quarts brought into San Francisco every day from dairies that disobey every rule of cleanliness. There would have to be a tremendous spilling for a while. But it would not be long until the amount condemned would be as low as the present average in New York—2,000 quarts a week.

The glamour of a foreign name is potent in selling comestibles. Many a box of prunes labeled "French" sells at a price that, together with the label, convinces the critical Eastern housewife of the high quality of its contents, and puts it beyond the reach of the boarding-house keeper. She buys "California" prunes, to the disgust of her boarders, who, did they but know it, are grumbling over fruit identical in quality with that set before the critical housewife's husband. For the French have a trick that, while reprehensible, reflects credit on our product. At Bordeaux, the real centre of the prune trade of the world, the prune crop for 1903 was a failure. California prunes were bought by Bordeaux dealers, who repacked them in attractive form, made them lithographically French, and shipped them back to America.

Albion W. Tourgee, American consul at Bordeaux, is authority for this statement, made in a consular report. He says that the prune crop at Bordeaux last year was only one-twentieth of the normal output; yet in the last six months of the year the dealers there re-shipped some twenty thousand dollars worth of California prunes to America, where their supposed origin and their attractive packing found them a ready market.

There is an obvious moral in this, which is that California prune-growers should pack their fruit as well as the French do, and make it in every way as tempting in appearance. It might not be a bad plan, either, to put a copy of Consul Tourgee's report in each box.

The focus of interest in the war has moved from the Far East to the Suez Canal and the Bosphorus. Russia has sent through the Dardanelles several vessels of her volunteer fleet with cargoes of guns and ammunition.

A Russian vessel has seized a British merchant steamer, the *Malacca*, carrying British Government stores, on the ground that these stores are contraband of war intended for Japan. All Britain is deeply stirred. The newspapers of England are unanimous in the demand that the government instantly seek redress from Russia. The government's response to an aroused public opinion has been prompt. A strong protest has been presented to the Russian Government. Another protest has been made against the passage of the Dardanelles by the vessels of the Russian volunteer fleet, England holding it to be in violation of the treaty of Paris. It is expected that satisfactory replies to the British protests will be made by Russia, but in the contrary event, the embroilment of Europe in war may with difficulty be averted.

In Manchuria several engagements are known to have occurred, but so rigorous is censorship that the world is in real ignorance of what is actually happening, both at Port Arthur and where the armies of Kuropatkin and Kuroki face each other.

That there is a marked change in the naval situation in the Far East, as has been pointed out in these columns, is emphasized by the departure of the Vladivostock fleet from that port, its passage through the Tsugari Strait, and its capture of a small steamboat at a point twenty-five miles from Hakodate. The Vladivostock fleet is still on high seas, its destination un-

known. That this fleet, consisting only of three cruisers (perhaps four, if the *Bogatyr* has been repaired, as has been reported) should operate so boldly in Japanese waters, argues a singular flaccidity in the Japanese navy. There is peril not only to the coast towns of Japan, but to merchant vessels sailing from San Francisco to Japanese ports. These are liable to seizure by the Russian fleet. As most of them are carrying contraband, the owners would be without redress. Lloyd's have refused to accept further risks on cargoes going to Japan from this Coast.

The following curious sentences are from an interview, in the *Chronicle*, with Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac*, who is at present lecturing in these parts:

I am advocating a strong foreign policy. America has now come to the stage of full manhood, and has an important rôle to play in the world. She not only has her vast interests to look after at home and abroad, but she has the Monroe Doctrine to uphold in South America.

Er—since when has America been a "sweet marble of both sexes"—a *persona hermaphrodita* as it were?

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Will John Aubrey Vote for Roosevelt?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 13, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is nothing in the platform or the candidates of the Republican party to which the trust magnates can object on the score that their monopolistic interests would be jeopardized by Republican success.

Then why have these trust magnates, ably represented by August Belmont, aided by D. B. Hill and other tricky politicians of the Democratic party, captured the Democratic machine, brought about the promulgation of a shifty, evasive platform on the trust-tariff question, and nominated as the head of the ticket a dignified, judicial Sphinx, and as his running mate an octogenarian affiliated with the Standard Oil Trust and other great corporations, and who is many times a millionaire, and—the father-in-law of that distinguished anti-trust (?) man, Senator Elkins, of West Virginia? Why? The answer is found in one of the two following reasons, namely: The trusts have planned to defeat Roosevelt by prodigal and corrupt use of money; or, they have successfully schemed to render his election absolutely sure by making it plain to the people that they would like to defeat him.

As between the Democratic platform and ticket brought about under the auspices they were, and the Republican platform and ticket, it would seem that the rank and file of American voters of both parties should not hesitate to support the latter. They are not subterfuges.

This is the conclusion of one who is pleased to classify himself, politically, a Lincoln-Bryanite.

Yours truly, JOHN AUBREY JONES.

"Jack" or "John" London.

LOS ANGELES, July 10, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I note in your issue of July 4th that W. L. Alden wants Jack London to drop "Jack" and call himself "John."

Now why should Mr. Alden (even supposing he is right in asking a man to give up the name bestowed on him by "his sponsors in baptism") take upon himself the selection of the new name he is to be called by? Why not let us put it to vote? Maybe some of us would rather he be called Samuel, or Algernon, or Willie, or some other one which he was not named by the mother who bore him. As "Jack"—not "John"—was the name she gave him, and as I happen to know that he is a loyal and loving son, maybe it would be just as well to let Mr. London go on wearing his own name for the present, in spite of Mr. Alden's suggestion. Two or three years ago, when Jack London was first writing, some one—offended at what seemed a want of good taste in a writer in selecting a pen-name with such a seafaring sound—wrote, asking: "Why do you call yourself 'Jack London'?" His answer was brief and quite characteristic: "Because that is my name."

R. S. P.

One Disgusted Reader.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 16, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Why not be consistent? You pose as an "independent," and gather in Republican and Democratic dimes, but a more bitter and uncompromising partisan Republican sheet is not published on the Coast. You see no good in anything tinged with Democracy, but your fulsome laudations of the Hotsprings with the "big stick" is nauseating. Why not, as I said before, come out as a genuine Republican organ, and be consistent with your teachings?

Respectfully,

AN OLO BUT DISGUSTED READER.

[Our Los Angeles friend is mistaken; the *Argonaut* does not "pose as an 'independent.'" The *Argonaut* is an "independent Republican" paper—which is quite a different thing.—EOS. ARGONAUT.]

The Argonaut as a Sporting Journal.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 19, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The following incident struck me as being so very funny that I dare say you may derive some amusement from it. Yesterday noon, on my way home from dinner, I stepped into an unpretentious little book-store, intending to gather up some reading matter to take home. I asked the young lady in charge for a copy of the *Argonaut*. "We haven't got it," she said. My request for a copy of *Life* met with the same response. The young lady rather anticipated the look of surprise with which I greeted the answers, for she promptly spoke up, and said: "I am sorry, young man, but we don't carry none of them sporting papers for sale here." Considering this case quite hopeless, I vouchsafed no information to the fair maiden, and walked out.

Very truly yours, WALTER G. VAN PELT.

Murder Trials.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL.

BOSTON, July 6, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I note the article on "A Lancashire Murder Trail" in the *Argonaut*. Yes, you are right; with us the administration of criminal law is shameful. They do it far better in England—in fact, they do it right, as far as that is possible. I, too, have seen it done there. If I were a pessimist—I am not—I should see no hope for better here.

Yours truly, MELVILLE M. B.



## HER FINAL DECISION.

The Message of the Red Rose and the White Camellia.

Nowhere, perhaps, in this cosmopolitan country is the nation within a nation, the city within a city, the wheel within a wheel, so complete as in the little Italy of San Francisco. Here not only are the people, the language, the religion, the manners and customs, but even the trades, with the tricks thereof, as essentially Italian as if the intervening seas were but a dream. A wall might be built around this quarter and the denizens of the district be no more effectively cut off from their neighbors than they now are by their interests and sympathies. In this far-away country there seems to exist among them a sort of climatic kinship amounting almost to the strength of a blood-tie, so that they live among themselves and to themselves. It is probably for this reason that the Italian girls seldom marry out of their class or even out of their district, for she who would marry a foreigner, especially an American, would run the risk of losing caste and being edged out of the quarter.

The one invasion that can not be beaten back by racial prejudice is the effect of the new-world climate and civilization upon the Italian type of beauty. The California winds and suns add to the languorous eye a brilliancy, the languid grace an energy, the easy-going mind a strength; so that while the dreamy beauty of the Raphael Madonna type is lost, the glowing grace of a Botticelli Singing Angel is gained in its stead.

When the Signora Alvaradi was sent to this Coast to represent his country, he did not count on the effect of the American influence upon his own household. So when his little Natalia grew from a shy Italian child into a lovely Latin-American girlhood, he ascribed her divergence from the accepted type to every cause but the right one, climate. The mother of Natalia detected a still more insidious change in her daughter's character, a certain impatience of parental control, which was also climatic, because of the energy the bracing winds put into her spirit. Neither parent, however, realized the dangerous charm of their daughter until a duel was narrowly averted in their own house.

Then, collapsing into a violent fit of hysterics, the signora charged up the whole matter to Providence, and bewailed the injustice of Its workings.

"Why, oh, why," she wailed, "should Providence have afflicted me with such a wicked, willful, undutiful daughter?" And the sympathizing friends, who stood around with fairs and restoratives, echoed, "Why, indeed?" Then seeing her distress made her the centre of attraction, the afflicted mother went off again into sobs and shrieks till the nerves of the bystanders were wrought up to almost as high a state as her own.

"It's a wonder the shock did not kill you," purred one of the comforters; "right in your own house, a duel—Santa Maria!" Whereupon the whole sisterhood of comforters fell to weeping with sympathy.

When the heavy step of the signora crunched the gravel walk, the women ran out breathlessly to hear the result of his interference. But pushing brusquely past the gossiping group he made his way into the darkened room, and guided by the sound of panting sobs, went straight to the couch.

"It's all right," he said, "at least until this evening. Caspar is under guard with two men sitting on his chest, and the American is cooling off in his own quarters. I have pledged them my word that Natalia shall settle the affair to-night. Where is she?"

On the instant a chorus of eager voices called, "Oh, Natalia, Natalia, your father wants you!" while a rush was made to the hall to see how she would take it.

"Are they dead?" a shaken voice faltered from the landing. No one had thought of following the girl when, at the shot, the mother had fainted.

"No, they are not dead," came the reluctant answer, "but your mother is—almost."

Upon reaching the library the girl stood like a prisoner at the bar of her father's wrath and her mother's despair.

"Do you realize, my daughter, that you have narrowly escaped being the cause of the death of both these men?" began the signora in thundering tones. "If I had not been here to come between them, and thereby imperil my own life, their blood would have been upon your head."

"And all because of your wicked disobedience in wasting your time on that terrible American when you knew Caspar was in love with you," interposed the mother, tearfully.

"And encouraging both of them at the same time," interrupted the father, while the mother stopped to take a long breath.

"And engaging yourself to them both, as I am led to believe," the signora began with a fresh start.

"Knowing the consequences could be nothing but disastrous to all concerned," finished the indignant signora.

The girl made a deprecatory gesture, and turned as if to leave the room, but her father's stern tones arrested her.

"Is it true, as Thompson tells me, that you promised to marry him?" he questioned.

The girl's eyes dropped before his charge, but she did not assent.

And isn't it equally true that you promised Caspar

last week that you would marry him?" chimed in the mother, with a volley of tears.

The drooping little target of these accusations suggested at that moment anything but a wicked, willful, undutiful daughter. With no attempt at self-justification, she meekly acquiesced to all they said, casting furtive glances toward the door.

"This, then, is the last of your trifling." The signora's tones were as measured and formal as if he were pronouncing a death sentence. "Both Caspar and Thompson have promised to keep their hands off each other's throat to-night, but only on condition that they have your decision before ten o'clock."

"And you will wear Signora Caspar's camellias to-night, won't you, daughter?" pleaded the little signora, changing her tactics.

Under cover of this temporary truce the culprit made her escape. Alone again in her own room, the cause of all this trouble sank into a limp little heap upon the floor, and waited for the earth to open at her feet and swallow her. But after an hour or two of patient waiting, the clock on the mantel ticked off eight hours and admonished her that, since the earth showed no sign of coming to her rescue, she had only two hours in which to decide this most momentous question and make herself ready for the ordeal of meeting her parents' usual Thursday evening guests.

This was the first crisis she had ever had to face with her own judgment. Heretofore blind impulse had swept her along well enough, but it was this blind impulse that had at last brought all this trouble upon her.

When Thompson, who was so fine looking after his blond American type, had asked her under the soft mellow moonlight to be his wife, her impulse at that moment had been that life could offer no finer thing, so she had told him so promptly and heartily. And when a few days later she had met Caspar on her way from vespers, when the autumn sunset glow tinged all the world with a tender rosy hue, and, after telling her how lonesome this life was to him away from his own people, he had asked her to be his wife, following a swift impulse of sympathy and forgetting for the moment everything but the compelling earnestness of his eyes, she had told him "yes."

And now she was reaping the reward of her lack of stability of character. These two men had almost killed each other for her sake, and her mother had almost died of the shock. It would have been a just retribution, she told herself, if she had lost them all and every other friend she had ever had. Great waves of contrition surged over her soul till she was ready to do anything, make any sacrifice, to undo as far as possible the harm she had done.

"Povero padre!" she sighed, recalling her father's anxiety to hush up the affair and meet his guests as if nothing had happened. She lighted the candles that flanked her mirror, and began slowly taking the pins out of her hair, thinking, the while, more earnestly and seriously than she had ever done in her life. As the dusky shower fell over her shoulders, the little mirror returned her a miserable, sad-eyed picture that, with an upward glance of the eyes and a more resigned expression, might have done for a Mater Dolorosa.

But it is always diverting to deft fingers to fashion puffs and ringlets, especially when the result is so eminently satisfactory. By the time the last hair-pin was tucked out of sight, and the last artful curl allowed to stray at just the right angle, the eyes in the mirror had lost much of their sadness. The camellias—stiff, pale, scentless things—were not easy to arrange, and required much coaxing to induce them to nestle contentedly in her locks. The foliage was stiff and the stems woody, and somewhere there was an uncomfortable pull in her hair. She did not care, however. She would have gladly worn a crown of thorns at that moment, in expiation of her fickleness.

She held her head a trifle higher and her shoulders just a wee bit straighter as the meaning of the camellias grew upon her. Of course she loved Caspar, and would never dream of marrying any one else. Her mother, she knew, would be so happy when she saw his flowers in her hair. She was happy, too, because she was doing her duty. It was so nice to be good. She wondered how she ever could have been so headstrong and fickle. Since the horror of this afternoon's barely averted tragedy, her other self—the obstinate, fickle girl—seemed centuries behind her. She nodded almost gayly to the pale-faced reflection in her mirror with its crown of white camellias.

It was almost ten o'clock. A tap came at her door. "The signora says you will have some notes to be sent," came the voice of old Alfredo.

To be sure. Seizing her pen she began to write. Her hands trembled so from the recent shock she could not do it. Besides she had not time to say what she wanted to say. "Alfredo shall take my message," she said to herself. Still, Alfredo was old and forgetful; he might make a mistake.

"In a minute, Alfredo," she called, seizing one of the roses that stood in the window. "This," she said, "will tell better than a message or a note. He will know when he sees this red rose that my answer is 'yes,' and that I love him."

Selecting from the bunch a great rich velvety beauty that lay against her cheek like a glowing beating heart, and almost seemed to throb with the intensity of its life, she kissed it, and turned to give it to her messenger.

But, as she turned, the card that had been sent with them fluttered to the floor. "Mr. John Harrison

Thompson" it read, as if in silent appeal for the discarded one. Something in the injustice of sending Thompson's rose as an answer to Caspar arrested her. They had been meant to convey the same message of undying love to her. "Poor Jack," she whispered. Then raising her eyes to the window where the soft moonlight streamed over the floor, "It was just such a night that I—that he—" She did not dare to finish the thought for fear the memory of that night would break down her dutiful resolve. Still, just for the sake of the argument, she mused, suppose that she had chosen Jack. Her parents, she knew, would never hear to such a thing, but suppose that, as Jack had planned, they had run away. Little rills and thrills of excitement quivered through her frame at the mere fancy. It had all been so delicious to plan! Then, as the wife of an American signora, she would live in the American part of the town, meet American people, travel, perhaps, over the great American continent, and come in time to be herself almost American. That had been her dearest dream. Turning to light another gas jet, she struck the match on the sole of her slipper—a thing no well-conducted Italian girl would ever think of doing, but having once seen it done on the stage, she deemed it a national habit.

Another tap at the door. "Is the signorina's note ready?" asked Alfredo.

She had forgotten all about her answer in her reverie.

"In a minute, Alfredo," she answered again, as she cast about for some token for Thompson. She could not write to him. She could not bring herself to pen the cruel words, for he had believed so confidently in her. She might take one of the stiff, scentless white things she had in her hair to send him. She laughed a hard little laugh at the mockery of exchanging their flowers. He could not fail to understand its meaning. It would be an admission of the white feather, and the cold, scentless thing would tell him as well as any words that her love for him was dead. Well, she would choose as small a one as she could to make the hurt as small as possible. Poor Jack! She would probably never see him again, he would some day forget her and marry some one else, but she would always go on loving him because she could not help it.

"Natalia, Natalia!" came the signora's voice from the hall.

"In a minute," she answered, nervously. "It must be ten o'clock."

"Run every step of the way, Alfredo!" she commanded the stiff old servant, as if it were through his fault that she was late, "it is almost ten now, and you must not be late."

"Oh, my dear daughter," the little signora murmured, weeping anew at the sight of Caspar's camellias, this time for joy, "I knew all the time that you would make the right choice. You are too much your mother's own daughter not to see the right course at last." And drawing her tall daughter's face down to a level with her own, she kissed her tenderly.

The old signora also drew her aside, and whispered: "I am glad to forgive all the past anxiety your foolishness has given us, in my content at knowing you have at last decided, and so wisely."

The girl's eyes beamed with happiness all evening. Not a trace of the storm-clouds that had darkened her eyes a few hours before was left. The guests that came anticipating new revelations of the rumored scene were amazed to receive the announcement of the betrothal of Natalia to her father's friend, Caspar.

"It must have been a mistake," they began to whisper in disappointed tones.

Natalia, although she felt a battery of curious eyes always upon her, received the showers of felicitation that were bestowed upon her, and was correspondingly light-hearted and happy. And when the guests had at last departed, she kissed her parents fondly and tripped gayly off to bed. Flinging herself down by the window she gave herself up to the joy of the moment—the joy of well-doing and the wholesome, happy consciousness of having done what was right and being restored to the favor of her dear parents. The willful, wicked girl who had stood at that same window only a few hours before seemed a trivial, unworthy thing compared with this good, dutiful daughter.

"My love is like a red, red rose!"

Had she slept, and was she dreaming? Was she to be haunted all her life by the echo of Jack's whistle?

Again the sound, guarded and low, but clear, insistent, and compelling.

The window opened softly. "Oh, Jack, go away," a timid little voice pleaded. "I'm going to marry Caspar." Her voice grew firmer as she repeated her self-denunciation and her martyr-spirit arose.

But Jack was American, and inventive in his way. The martyr-spirit flagged under fire. Ten minutes before her life had been dedicated to the love of Caspar. But Jack would not go away. Then another sudden impulse seized her. O blessed impulse, that saves so much tiresome thinking!

It was now all quite simple and plain. The window was not high, and Jack was so athletic and strong.

"I told them they should know my decision to-night," she murmured, soothingly, to her conscience, "and they probably will."

MARGUERITE STABLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1904.

The Chinese have a proverb that "the fall of a nation is preceded by over-legislation."



## IN SMILING FRANCE.

The Corot-Like Landscapes—Slim Trees Against the Sky—A Typical Frenchwoman—Evening Scenes in Paris—The Animated Crowds—Restricted Lodgings.

If I had been suddenly transported into France, blindfold and deaf, I should have known I was in that gracious and agreeable country by the green, level landscape, threaded by lazy, teeming rivers, and crossed by rows of curious, sparsely leaved trees with a singular length of bare trunk, and, about the top, a sudden expansion into lightly clothed branches. The trees in England are solid and massive, like the people. The foliage is so dense it is massed almost about them in thick, motionless mounds of green, and in the great beeches—centuries old—muffles the trunks almost to the ground. The French trees are light and graceful—also like the people—daubed delicately on the sky in faint, Corot-like effects.

The fellow-travelers that entered upon my solitude at Amiens—I had reigned supreme in a *dames seules* up to then—would also have told me that I was in the country where dress is a science and feminine charm a cult. A lady only possible in France took the seat beside me, relegating her elderly companion to that opposite. She was fat and fair, not forty, about ten years from it. Her fat was confined to her face and hands, which were plump and satiny, the former very much made up, the latter very much manicured. As to figure, she was astonishingly slender for so large a woman—only a French *corsetière* could have accomplished that miracle—and if we think we have straight fronts in America we are mistaken. I never imagined any one could have such a straight front and live. I can not describe it—in the first place, I could not do it justice, and, in the next place, I'm not quite sure that it would be proper.

This remarkable form was encased in a skin-fitting black dress which fastened up the back and ended just about where the top of a corset does. There a red and white creation of silk and lace met it. When she alighted from the car a little jacket was put on, which concealed the red and white creation, and made her look as if she had a long, tight black dress on. Upon the top of a billowing *chevelure* of golden curls a very small white *tricorne* hat was perched; a thin veil of white fell loose all the way round it and touched her shoulders. She wore white shoes with high heels, white gloves, and round her neck several very handsome chains and charms.

Her companion, who was a woman past middle age, intrigued me greatly. I could not make out whether she was an old *bonne*—but she looked too well-dressed for that—or a mother, hired for the summer season. She never spoke to, and never looked at, her charge, who also preserved a stonily indifferent demeanor toward her. Even when the younger woman opened a bag, sumptuously fitted with gold-topped bottles, and took therefrom a large-sized and succulent jam tart, the elder did not let her eyes stray in that direction. With the tart the young woman also drew forth a bottle full of a pink liquid which she drank, thirstily. I think, from the smell that diffused itself through the carriage, it was a thing called raspberry syrup, which, when we were good children and the weather was hot, used to be given us as a treat. On the platform at Paris I saw her greeting, with flattering effusion, a soldier, while her elderly companion looked on in sour silence.

The Gallic lightness of Paris comes upon one with a never-failing charm. The lack of reticence, the careless, effervescent frankness of the French city is more than ever noticeable after London, with its grave reserve, its suggestion of man hiding not only his domestic life, but his gladness and his grief from the passing throng. One of the strongest notes of Paris is its complete, childish unreserve. Its life is on the streets more than in the houses. In these warm summer days the people are all outside. The city has the air, not of a dignified metropolis, but of a country town when a fair or a circus is on hand. All the population is in the streets, not dashing along as ours would be, but dawdling about, gossiping in groups, laughing at nothing, staring at one another, reading *affiches*, looking into shop windows—enjoying the passing moment in a slow, lingering way like a morsel which one savors delightedly on the tongue.

There is an amazing animation in these Paris streets. It is not overwhelming, as it is in our great cities. There is no hurry about it; it has a cheerful, social air, like a sort of vast, out-of-door party. As one drives through the noise and movement, one notices innumerable characteristic "bits," thumb-nail sketches of the city's teeming sidewalk life.

In the crowd outside a popular restaurant the pale face and abstracted eye of the absinthe drinker catches the passerby's attention. He sits alone at one of the round metal tables, a thin-faced, haggard man, with his tall glass of milk-white liquid before him. Near by a girl bends over another table writing a letter. One sees the black hair curling on her neck, has a glimpse of a flushed cheek and a painted mouth. Some soldiers close to her are watching and laughing. She is perfectly indifferent, dips her pen in the ink, and ponders the next sentence, pushing aside the coffee cup which has given her the right to keep the table.

Under the flickering shade of the crumpled *marronnier*

leaves the *concierges* are sitting at their doors on camp stools. Some gossip with neighbors; others read the evening paper, stroking the head of an attendant cat. In front of shop doors women are sitting sewing; children crouched close against the wall have their toys on the sidewalk and are playing on that crack of space which exists between the way of the foot-passengers and the lower story of the houses. In the narrow strips of iron balcony which cross the faces of the buildings people are lounging in wicker-chairs. Some in the pensive attitude of cheek on hand, eyes down drooped, gaze at the kaleidoscope of the street, others sit placidly under the leaves of palms and rubber trees. Over tiny balconies, squares in front of single windows, scraps of awning have been stretched, and in these inconceivably small spaces men and women are sitting, a pair to each balcony, and each pair usually occupied in a candid and interesting love scene.

As I crossed the river, with the low sun turning the water into gold, and the bridges standing out in blue, shadowy arches against the glow, the great painted towers of the Conciergerie loomed up, grim and terrible among newer buildings, and then those of Notre Dame, frostily gray in the yellow light. The long flank of the Louvre, touched here and there with a gleam of gilding, ran, darkly splendid, along the river's edge, half concealed by a flickering screen of foliage. The bridges were alive with people, and over their heads, high up, looking curiously down, were the human freights that crowded each omnibus with a swaying crest of figures. It was all golden and brilliant and animated, a typical Parisian summer evening.

Finally, when I arrived at my destination, I felt that I had sunk back into the Paris that so hospitably receives American students. As the *fiacre* turned into the little street, only a block or two between the tumultuous excitements of two great boulevards, I had a glimpse of the fat *concierges* sitting in front of their doors, the pet cats in the windows, the heads leaning over the balconies, the bloused workmen lurching home. The driver drew up, and one of those strange beings that seem to spring from the pavements in Paris appeared suddenly from nowhere with a demand to carry the luggage. Then we mounted the stairs together, those unmistakable Paris stairs that turn giddily and are *cired* to a glassy slipperiness, which is fortunately covered in the middle with a strip of brown carpet.

My French family was all ready and waiting for me, extremely curious, and rather flustered. I, too, was rather flustered when I saw the small room jammed with a shameful amount of American luggage which left a sort of passageway down the middle. There were two dark little *mademoiselles*, young and pretty. One was the spokesman, and she kept inserting herself between the luggage and telling me little polite things about the room, which, with heat and fatigue and preoccupation as to how I could arrange the trunks so that I could get to the washing-stand and the bed without having to climb, I did not understand at all. But we were both very polite, bowing and smiling at one another, and saying things like, "Pardon, madame," "Parfaitement, mademoiselle," "Avec plaisir, madame," "Certainement, mademoiselle." Alphonse and Gaston were rude and rough compared to us.

These little French rooms are always the same, and are always pretty. The board floor is waxed till it shines like an old mahogany table. One thin napless rug stands in front of the bed. There are curtains of a shiny flowered chintz, also a bed-cover of the same. On one side is a large chest of drawers, which looks like a family relic, and two or three odd, old mirrors hang on the walls. The bed has sheets of a coarse, heavily woven linen, that look as if some damsel of the family might have made them at her own spinning-wheel and loom. In the morning the *bonne* brings in coffee in a cup as big as a wash-basin, two rolls, and two pats of butter. Half an hour later she appears upon the scene carrying a large metal pitcher with a cover which looks as if it might have been used in the days of the Merovingian kings. This is a *bulotte*, and holds hot water. There is no bath in the building.

PARIS, July 1, 1904.

GERALDINE BONNER.

The formal transfer of Mt. Popocatepetl volcano to Captain Charles Holt, representing a New York syndicate, has been made by General Casper Sanchez Ochoa. The consideration is said to have been \$500,000 gold, for which General Ochoa has received a cash payment of \$300,000. Captain Holt and associates will develop the sulphur deposits situated in the crater of the volcano. According to a report made by the Mexican Government, the crater contains 148,000,000 tons of sulphur. The supply in the crater is increasing at the rate of one per cent. annually. The new owners of the volcano will build a cog-wheel railway from the base of the mountain to its summit, and establish a great electric power plant.

The total dead in the destruction of the excursion steamer *General Slocum* on June 15th is given as 958 in the final report presented to Police Commissioner McAdoo by the inspectors in charge of the investigation. Only 857 of the dead were identified, 62 were reported missing, and 61 unidentified, while 180 were injured, and only 235 out of nearly 1,400 on the steamer escaped uninjured. Assuming that the unidentified dead are among the missing, all but one person has been accounted for.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Oscar Malmras, United States consul at Colon, was appointed by President Lincoln the day before he was assassinated, and has been continually in the service ever since.

Charles H. Corregan, a printer, at present foreman in the composing-room of the *Daily People*, published in New York, is the Socialist-Labor party's nominee for President of the United States.

Advices from Jibutli state that King Menelik has decided to send Ras Makonnen to Washington as Abyssinian minister. Ras Makonnen ought to chum with Jonkheer Reneke de Marees Van Swinderen.

Germany's great dramatist, Sudermann, comes from Prussian Poland, his birthplace being Matzich, near the Niemen. His family, originally Dutch Anabaptists, settled there more than two hundred years ago, forming with other co-religionists a small colony. One of them took a leading place in their little church as the author of a hymn-book.

In an attic-room of his costly Fifth Avenue palace, Colonel John Jacob Astor, the possessor of between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000, spends much of his time studying and experimenting in electrical science. A practical and watchful man of business, he neglects no part of his duty in the management of his vast properties, but his mind has a scientific bent, and it is recreation for him to solve complex problems.

Joseph Pulitzer and J. Pierpont Morgan were among the prominent people who returned as passengers on the *Baltic*, the giant liner that made her maiden trip across the Atlantic last week. Morgan, as usual, was greatly sought by the reporters who awaited the big liner's arrival. He is not a good subject for the interviewer, and on this occasion, in excusing himself, he remarked, it is said, that his time was money. Thereupon, one imperturbable reporter offered to pay him for his time, but Morgan declined to make the deal.

The Sultan of Morocco, though only twenty-three years old, is already quite portly. Notwithstanding the opposition of his subjects, he persists in his quasi-Japanese preference for everything that is foreign and ultra-modern. Automobiles, bicycles, photography, take up much of his time. He has formed a band of over a hundred musicians, and has a piano, which had to be transported from Larash to Fez on the back of a camel. He even prefers, it is said, the members of his harem imported from Constantinople to the native beauties. His attempts to persuade his wives to wear corsets and Parisian gowns have, however, so far failed.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, made famous by Barnum, is still alive at the age of sixty-five. She has a regular turn in a "Midget Theatre" at Coney Island, and is driven home each evening in the identical coach presented to Tom Thumb in 1884 by King Edward, then Prince of Wales. She is very religious, a member of the Actors' Church Alliance and of the Woman's Aid Society. She is also a Daughter of the American Revolution. The famous wedding of Tom Thumb was celebrated in Grace Church, New York, in 1864, and the photograph of "The Fairy Wedding Group" is doubtless still cherished in hundreds of plush albums on parlor centre-tables.

The veteran, irascible General de Galliffet, the hero of the Sedan cavalry charge and ex-minister of war, is once more the topic of the hour in Paris owing to his curt way of avoiding newspaper reporters who swarmed at his door to obtain interviews on the Dreyfus revision. The general posted over his bell-knob this notice: "TO EVERY INQUISITIVE REPORTER: Monsieur, we are living in the midst of unmitigated rascals of all sorts. The press is their Barnum, and the idiotic public pays for it all, and is its accomplice and victim.—GENERAL DE GALLIFFET." A friend asked General de Galliffet if this was final. "Perhaps not, but for the moment, thank God, it is effective. I have been pestered by reporters morning, noon, and night. This is the only way of getting rid of them. They are worse than mosquitoes."

Arthur Brisbane is the best-paid newspaper man in the country, his salary paid by Mr. Hearst rivaling that of the President of the United States. He is forty years of age, and besides writing the daily editorial, which is one of the features of the Hearst papers, many of the marked innovations in the Hearst chain of newspapers may be traced to him. His editorials range in point of subject from the commonest every-day occurrences to the most abstract religious and philosophical speculations, and they constitute the backbone of the new journalism. Mr. Brisbane went to New York after absorbing German and French philosophy abroad. From a reporter he was sent at the age of twenty-two by the late Charles A. Dana to represent the *Sun* in London. His letters are said to have been the best that ever emanated from the English capital. He returned to New York to be managing editor of the *Evening Sun*. Later he went to the *World*, where he remained until Mr. Hearst entered the Eastern newspaper field in 1897. He is a son of the late Albert Brisbane, who, with other noted men, engaged in the famous Brook Farm experiment, an interesting scheme, which was a failure.



## PUNISHING HOMESICK SOLDIERS.

How the Japanese Pass the Sentries—Sewing for the Red Cross—  
Everybody Working Enthusiastically—The Curio Men—  
Rich Wares Displayed—Saying Farewell.

A story illustrating the child in the Japanese soldier was told to me some time ago by O Hasu San, a woman I have known for several years. A certain regiment left a certain station on a certain day—to be Japanesquely ambiguous. O Hasu San said that friends who went to see them off were disappointed in finding the men all entrained, when they arrived, an hour ahead of time. And people living near by comforted them by saying that, unless they had been there two hours before, they could not have seen them, and then only marching in, as they were allowed no farewells, and every one thought it very strange.

"And then I remembered," said O Hasu San, "that several days before the regiment left a friend came to say good-by. I asked him when he must be back at the barracks.

"I am not going back to-night. I have long wished to rest from the barracks," said Heitai San.

"I was much surprised, for, you know, if they stay away, they are put into a little dark place like your *todana* [closet] for a week; and three times a day they give them a drink of water and a little hard ball of rice, and that is all. So I said to Heitai San: 'That is very risky.'

"Oh, no," said he, "it is not as if I were running away. I wish to go to fight, and I am going, but I do not know whether I shall come back or not, so I wish to rest for a little in my home with my family and friends. But I did not like to go into that *todana* when I went back, so I thought about it many days, and I waited until we were almost going. After everything was finished last night, about ten o'clock, I left. 'Stop!' said Mr. Sentinel; 'where are you going, Mr. Heitai?'

"August pardon deign," said I, with a bow. "I'm going to see my friends. I have too many to see comfortably in one day, so I shall take two."

"That is very bad," said Mr. Sentinel, "you must go back."

"I made another *ojini* [low bow]. 'August pardon deign,' I said again, 'I will surely come back in time to go. Please, to-night do not see me when I leave.'

"Mr. Sentinel looked away, and I ran down the road. When I go back they will be too busy to put me in the *todana*, and I will pack up and leave with the company."

"So," said O Hasu San, "I do not think Heitai San would do that all alone. I think that many of the soldiers in that regiment did the same thing, and Kyobashi San thinks so, too; and we think that is why that regiment was perhaps in disgrace for those naughty boys, and was marched into the train before time, and not allowed to see their friends."

In the Red Cross rooms all is activity again. Bandages are being prepared by tearing soft white cloth into strips and rolling them into white little balls. A number of influential ladies are trying to get together five thousand knitted woolen cholera belts before the twentieth of June. The authorities said they would gladly accept them if they could have ten thousand before that time. The ladies gasped and feared they could not manage it. The authorities then graciously said they would accept five thousand. And feminine Tokio fell to work.

School-girls all over the city enthusiastically entered into the spirit of it, and knit while they study and play. Gentlewomen of all nationalities are knitting as if their lives depended upon it, and their servants are doing the same.

I went to a tea yesterday. Two English friends passed in *kurumas*, so intent on their gray knitting that they hardly saw me. At the tea a German countess produced her knitting-bag.

"Oh, I brought mine, too!" exclaimed several others. "May we?"

"Of course," said the hostess.

Mushroom-hatted *betto*s brought the daintiest of satin and silk bags from carriages. It was very funny to see the plain, serviceable woolen hands issue from such receptacles, and funnier to see the wide-hatted, smartly dressed women busily engaged in their homely work.

In the sewing line, caps for the wounded are again needed. This time summer caps, high, stiff-plaited affairs on a plain band with the red cross in front.

During all these days, the curio-men seem to be in the worst straits. Every one can do without their wares, and they come with tales of woe to soften the hardest hearts.

I was to have a sewing-bee, and had enlisted the services of a number of war-correspondents' wives, who have thrown themselves as enthusiastically into the relief work as if they were residents. Just before they came I pushed open the paper *shoji* leading to my Japanese kitchen, and beheld the place full of great knobby handles tied up in huge green *furushiki*.

"Which honorable badnesses have come to-day?"

"Most of them," answered Toyo. "They heard honorable guests were to be here, and have brought things to show them."

Do you not know that to-day we sew for the soldiers? Why do you bring these things to distract our

minds? Is it not very bad for your country?" I asked of them, severely.

They bowed and said they were very bad, but nevertheless they glided in, they and their bundles, and the rooms were soon a-glitter with brass, and charming with old blue and bronze.

"Sew!" said the visitors. "Can we sew with these things to look at?"

Sew, indeed, when the brocade-merchant drags in heavy bundles, first bows in the old ceremonial way on hand and knee, and then, rising, shakes out and unfolds one beauty after another, until we on our chairs rise like islands out of a sea of embroidery and brocade, a wealth of harmonious colors in wonderful and exquisite combinations. An old-fashioned silk curtain of five strips laced together with silken cords softens the light of the paper *shoji* on one side of the room. This was from the go-down of a famous prince. A marvelous wedding garment of a princess is thrown on a chair. Priests' robes, *dainio*, *kimono*, and *samuroi* ladies' gowns form a bewildering heap, while relays of dainty blue caps, gold-plated kettles, and other fascinating things arrive, as one man after another hears of the presence of the honorable guests, and puts in an appearance. . . . It is tea-time, and nothing is done save tearing the bolt of cloth into strips; but we divide the work among us, and it is done later, although the bee as a sewing-bee has been a failure.

To be an artistic historian I should record the death of Nishiki's cousin Siba at Nanshan; and had he been there he had surely died—for his company was cut to pieces, and only one man was left safe and sound of those who went into the engagement, so he wrote to his wife. Siba's family rejoice in his safety, but Nishiki San says, quietly: "There is Port Arthur—he may die such a death yet."

Siba San's letter came from Sasebo. I give his cousin's translation:

My corn broken out at Corea. I was sent back to Sasebo, and on that account I could not be able to die at Nanshan; but now I am preparing to leave here to fill a "death-hole."

They call gaps in the ranks "death-holes."

Another letter came from a cavalryman of the Osaka division. He was not in the big fight, as they could not use their horses, but evidently watched it from a distance. Before the Battle of Nanshan and Kinchow this division was charged with "clearing away the interrupting enemy," and, to use the soldier's own words, probably literally translated by Nishiki San:

We heard that volunteers were wanted for the first reconnaissance, and all of my company supplicated to go. Nobody seemed to hesitate. Fortunately the captain picked out me, and we started in a company of seventy-two. Darkness, darkness, not a good circumstance in wild fields in a strange country, but we intentionally avoided going by the regular road. Suddenly we received the enemy's fire from a short distance. We expected to have such sudden fighting. We were ordered to divide, half going to the right and half going to the left. My party tried to approach near enough for service fighting. This very few enemy retreated in a minute. I killed two men with the sword you gave me. But in the skirmish I lost a friend, and we also lost two horses. I had a slight gun wound in the hand and arm, but do not be anxious about this graze, as I tied it up myself, and am working as usual. After that I was in several actions, but in none did we have the same attractive effect. I did not go to the hospital, therefore got good praise from the captain, but still feel a little pain. We occupied Franten before breakfast, and gave a big harm to their railway.

Later, after the Battle of Nanshan:

The engagements of Nanshan and Kinchow were dreadful. Our division was in the van for Kinchow, but it was wet, it rained terribly, and the ground was so muddled (*sic*). It was night into the bargain, and hard to go fast. The first division arrived at the same place. The fighting was pretty hard, but by morning we occupied it while the first division pursued the enemy. I stopped in the castle, and worked to clean the enemy out of the house. Killed two men.

But at Nanshan there was unexpectedly a strong interruption. We had a lot of casualty—it was a fiercely fire. But the soldiers! They never looked at their friends, or to the right or the left, but advanced under rain-fire. My division had naval help, and the heavy cannon did good work.

I was drinking water in the shade of a tree when at last with a loudly hellow my division reached the summit of the fort. At this bravery all of the army tried to win at the same time, but as soon as our division arrived at the fort the enemy retreated to Port Arthur.

To-day (June 14th) crowds were around the station at Yokohama. There were gay banners of purple, of red, and of white, and every one carried small war flags. In each group it was easy to see the centre of attraction: new soldiers being called to the colors. They were young fellows, about twenty-one, and all were braced with *saké*, but none were drunk. They were drawn from all classes of society.

Once in the train, each soldier's friends formed a group outside in front of the car windows, and at intervals all raised their hats and waved their flags with *banzais* that shook the building. As the train pulled out the din was deafening. At each station on the way up to Tokio there were bands of music and waving flags, while children and grown-ups cheered as we passed along.

Uchayama, who has seen most of the soldiers off at the station, and has shrieked himself hoarse night after night, said that those who left on the night of the seventh of June were the only ones he had seen who had marched in anything like formal silence, leaving the shouts to the hystanders. But on this night nearly all of them carried little war flags, which, as they marched, they waved, shouting: "We're going to take Port Arthur! *Banzai!*"

And the multitude responded, waving hats and flags: "Yes! Take it! Take it! *Banzai! Banzai!*"

NIKKO, JAPAN, June 14, 1904. HELEN HYDE.

## AMUSING ANECDOTES OF PARKER.

Mammy the Sow—The Bull Terrier Named Theodore Roosevelt—  
How the Judge Pitches Hay—Historic Story of His  
Notification "in a-Swimmin'."

Esopus, not Oyster Bay, is for the moment the centre of national interest. Theodore Roosevelt, for the time being, is out of the lime-light while the country is trying to arrive at conclusions about the Democracy's candidate for the Presidency. Anecdotes are beginning to appear in print. One of the most curious, as well as one of the most trustworthy, comes from the pen of the Rev. J. G. Van Slyke, a neighbor of Judge Parker's. It is to be found in the stainless pages of the *Outlook*:

"Come out with me, Dominic," he [Parker] said one day. "and see my Polands." Strolling onward into a pasture where his cherished pigs were grazing, he pointed out in a corner of the lot a large sow, to which he called, "Mammy! Mammy!" Instantly she started on a run, but, guided rather by his voice than by her eyes, which were covered by her large ears, she missed her way. But correcting herself as he continued to call, she came before us and looked up, with low gruntings, and seemed to express her pleasure by the workings of her nose. Scratching her back with his cane, she obeyed his spell over her, and lay down to sleep. The judge impressed on me the intelligence of pigs, and declared that they surpassed all other domestic animals. He also insisted, contrary to the prevailing notion, on their instinctive preference for cleanliness.

Besides Mammy the Sow and Peter the Red Poll Bull, in whose possession the candidate rejoices, there is a bulldog whose name is now troublesome:

Among the pets of the Parker family is Theodore Roosevelt, a pure white hull terrier, by disposition anything but strenuous. "Teddy," as the Parkers call the dog, was a gift. He came into the family already named, and has preserved his name amid his new surroundings. Photographers, alive to the picturesque possibilities of the situation, have firmly insisted on picturing Teddy and the chief judge together. Fearing that the name might some time be mistaken for a slur on the President, despite the fact that the name antedated Teddy's entrance into the Parker family, several efforts have been made to change the name, but at the fatal moment, some one would call Teddy, and, wagging his tail in recognition, Theodore Roosevelt, by adoption a Parker, will amble up joyously, bringing with him the necessity of an explanation. Teddy positively refuses to have an *alias*.

Evidently the only reason Farmer Parker was not, like Cincinnatus, called from the plow, is because this is not the plowing season. Witness this story from the *Tribune*:

On the Fourth of July, Chief Judge Parker celebrated by taking a hand at the haying. Visitors at "Rosemont" on the nation's holiday found him hard at work pitching hay. Then he would vary that by work with the rake. The photographers who wandered in that day selected a position near the barn, trained their cameras on the only approaches, and awaited the coming of their victim. Unaware of the ambush, the chief judge strolled along, rake in hand, and paused for a second by the barn, just a fraction of a second before the photographers snapped. The master of "Rosemont" suddenly detected the presence of the cameras, and coincident with the snap jumped back into the shadow. Not even a suggestion of overalls was visible in the hopeless blur of the pictures. Then the chief judge declared himself on the subject of pictures.

Judge Parker will stand alone in American history as the man who was nominated for President while "in a-swimmin'." The remarkable story of the night of the nomination is worth reprinting:

As he clambered up from the pier and stood dripping in the chill morning air, wrapping an old rubber coat about him, Chief Judge Parker received the news of his nomination by the Democratic National Convention. Through the dim, enveloping fog a reporter shouted, excitedly: "You're it, judge! You're nominated!"

"Is that so?" questioned the chief judge, calmly. "Now, judge," the reporter urged, "won't you tell us where you stand?"

"Well," smiled the judge, speaking with extreme deliberation, "you may quote me as saying that I will not have anything to say until I am officially notified of my nomination." Thus calmly, impassively, even stolidly, the Democratic candidate accepted the leadership of the party without breaking his long silence.

The story of the night before the nomination at "Rosemont" is the most characteristic in the campaign. While the Democratic convention was sitting through long, exciting hours in the crowded hall, Chief Judge Parker was peacefully sleeping, regardless of the fact that his political career had reached a crucial point.

"If they nominate me in the night don't wake me. I'll get the news in the morning," he instructed Arthur McCausland, his secretary, as he started upstairs shortly before ten o'clock. On the stairway the tinkle of the telephone announced another bulletin.

"Littleton has begun his nominating speech!" shouted McCausland, excitedly.

"Good-night," responded the judge, peacefully. All through the long night Secretary McCausland took the bulletins of the battle, bringing them out to a score of reporters who sat on the doorstep. Upstairs the family slept on without interruption.

Daylight came, and a thick fog settled over the river. The judge was told that the roll was being called just as he was starting for his morning swim. But a morning bath can not be delayed. Without the slightest concern over the result, Chief Judge Parker, his bathing trunks hidden beneath a rubber overcoat, outflanked the reporters by leaving the house by a rear entrance, and took his usual plunge from the pier.

The judge was just clambering out of the water when the reporter shouted the news. In the dim gray of the fog, with the water trickling down over his face from his hair, and wearing an old brown slouch hat and an old black rubber coat, the judge was a picturesque figure.

The air of general unconcern and polite disinterestedness with which he acknowledged the returns was so overpowering that it checked the flow of greetings. It was only when some one asked about the water that he showed real interest. Then his eyes brightened with instant enthusiasm.

"It was fine—fine!" he ejaculated.

This imperturbability will be of assistance to Judge Parker later. If the news of his nomination to the Presidency of the United States does not disturb his complacency, he will be able to bear with equal *sang froid*, on a certain cold gray November morning, the news of his defeat.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Captain Cuttle's famous watch, which would keep "correct" time only by various shakings and shiftings of the hands during the day, is matched by a Yorkshireman's clock. He resented the imputation that there was anything wrong with it. "It goes reet eneu for thim that knau how t' read it," he said; "when its hands are at twelve, it strikes two, and then aw knau its half-past seven."

De Wolf Hopper says that his small nephew was given a diary, and one of his first entries in it was "got up at seven." He showed it to his mother, and she corrected his sentence. "Got up!" she exclaimed in horror; "does the sun get up? It rises!" The youngster carefully erased the offending words, and wrote, "Rose at seven." And on retiring for the night he carefully inscribed in his diary, "Set at eight."

An ordinary echo is a curious thing; hut, according to the statements of a Frenchman at a watering-place in the Pyrenees, one echo on the Franco-Prussian frontier is far from ordinary. "As soon as you have spoken," said the Frenchman, who had secured an audience of wide-eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue!"

The presence of Ethel Barrymore here recalls a story told of her father, Maurice Barrymore. It is related that, while Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore were living at the Baldwin Hotel, Barrymore came home late one night. As he opened the door of their room, Mrs. Barrymore said: "Is that you, Maurice?" And Barrymore averted any possible censure for his late hours by asking, in that imperishable ways of his "Whom did you expect, my dear?"

A superintendent of schools was one day showing off his pupils to a crowd of visitors. "Can you make a Maltese cross?" he asked of a bright-eyed boy. "Yes, sir," answered the boy readily. "You see," said the delighted superintendent, "this boy knows how to make a Maltese cross. Well," to the boy, "make one." "I can't right here," replied the puzzled boy. "Why not? How do you make a Maltese cross, anyway?" The boy put his finger in his mouth. "I pull its tail," said he.

A New York woman, a worshiper of Emerson, called on the philosopher one day, and found him in his study, with a plate beside him on which was a little heap of cherry stones. She slipped one of these into her glove, and had it set as the central part of a brooch, and surrounded by precious stones. Meeting Emerson afterward she showed him the jewel, and told him its history. "Ah!" said he, "I'll tell my amanuensis of that. He will be pleased. The young man loves cherries, hut I never touch them myself."

"Economy," said Governor Chatterton, of Wyoming, "is always admirable. A Cheyenne hatter, though, was disgusted, the other day, with the economical spirit of a visitor to his shop. This visitor, a tall man with gray hair, entered with a soft felt hat, wrapped in paper, in his hand. 'How much will it cost,' he said, 'to dye this hat gray, to match my hair?' 'About a dollar,' the hatter answered. The tall man wrapped the hat up again. 'I won't pay it,' he said; 'I can get my hair dyed to match the hat for a quarter.'"

As an illustration of carrying military discipline too far, this story is told by General Nelson A. Miles: "There was a colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all his men change their shirts at once. This order was duly carried out, except in the case of one company where the privates' wardrobes had been pitifully depleted. The captain of this company was informed that none of his men could change their shirts, since they had only one apiece. The colonel hesitated a moment, and said, firmly: 'Orders must be obeyed. Let the men change shirts with each other.'"

George A. Knight's speech at the Republican convention has brought out some good stories about his vehement manner and enormous voice. Years ago, at the outset of his career, when he was a candidate for the office of district attorney in Humboldt County, he went to Eureka, his native place, to make a speech. A local hanker, deeply interested in his success, met him on the way, and drove him to the spot where the meeting was to be held. The citizens were on hand—with a vengeance. They were a hardy lot of customers, fresh from the fresher soil, and did not care much for rhetoric. Knight was introduced by the hanker, and stepped forward with the air of a Nubian lion emerging from

his den. Raising his mighty voice to its full stress, he roared magnificently: "I don't give a ——— whether you vote for me or not." He subdued the crowd, and was elected.

At the Democratic convention, William J. Bryan was held up by a lot of camera fiends, for whom he obligingly posed. A stranger, accompanied by his five-year-old daughter, came up, announced that he had voted for Bryan twice, and asked the privilege of shaking hands with him. The privilege was granted, and Bryan also took the little girl's hand. As he did so, a camera fiend shouted: "Hold her hand, Mr. Bryan." Mr. Bryan complied. More photographers appeared on the scene, and desired the pose to continue. It did continue for over five minutes. "I'm glad my wife isn't here," said Mr. Bryan, when he was at last released from his captivity; "holding a girl's hand this way for five minutes in a public street!"

## When Scovel Hit Shafter.

What purports to be the "only true story" of why and how Sylvester Scovel, reporter for the New York World, slapped General Shafter, is told in the Manila *Town Topics* by a gentleman whose initials are "G. B. R.," and who asserts he was an eye-witness of the whole affair. Boiled down a bit, the tale runs thus:

I was to cover the ceremonies of raising the flag over Santiago from the square in front of the palace, and Scovel—well, he concluded that the proper place for a genius of his calibre was right on top of the palace alongside of the flagpole, where the lime-light would be thrown on his manly form. Edging past the sentries, he gained the patio, and clambered up to the roof. He did not show himself where he could be seen from the street. At about a quarter to twelve, along came Lieutenant Miley, who was to have charge of raising the flag.

As soon as Miley spied Scovel on the roof, he said: "What are you doing up here? No correspondents are allowed on the roof. Get off!"

"All right, lieutenant," and Scovel edged down toward the gutter, as though to comply with the order. His movements, however, were like the "caracol," and by the time Miley was finished with the flag, he turned again, and saw Scovel was still there. Without much ado, he called again to the general: "The newspaper man is still on the roof, sir, and he won't get off!"

"Blankety blank! Throw him off!" said Shafter. And two huck cavalrymen marched across to execute the order.

Scovel made a quick flank movement for the rain-water leader, and slid down into the patio. At this moment the clock struck twelve, the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and Old Glory was proudly hoisted over the palace.

Everybody was busy congratulating Shafter on the outcome of the campaign, and among the last to greet him was Scovel. Now Scovel felt sorry for the poor men, who were liable to hurt a blood vessel if they couldn't give vent to their pent-up desire to yell, and from a purely humanitarian impulse he pleaded with Shafter to allow the troops to cheer. Others joined in the appeal, and Shafter was moved.

He called his aid and son-in-law, Lieutenant McKittick, over, and whispered something in his ear. Now what it was only they two know. Shafter undoubtedly said: "Say, my boy, just get out and give three cheers." And good, dutiful son-in-law, awed by the mighty presence and importance of papa-in-law, and forgetting that there might be a possibility of his mowing the flag, just started out to swell the prestige of the family.

Walking deliberately before all the troops, he took off his hat, and gave "Three cheers for—General Shafter!"

Now it is a strange thing, but the boys didn't love Shafter as much as they might, and the cheer died away in a yell without a tiger. Imagine the feelings of the general.

Well, just at this critical moment, Scovel reapproached the general with, "Pardon me, general; but I am the man who was on the roof, and——" he never did finish that sentence.

What Shafter said to Scovel is better explained by a bunch of asterisks, winding up by telling him he was a "—— nuisance," and to get away, quick.

This public insult was too much for Scovel. He drew himself up, and said—among other things—"You— you, General Shafter, major-general commanding the United States army, to use such language, unbecoming an officer and a gentleman! You——"

Here Shafter, who was conversing with another officer, turned on his heel with his great bulk, and with a sweeping gesture, as though brushing away a fly, said, "———! Get away!" and his hand came in contact with Scovel's forehead and knocked his hat off, at the same time staggering him a little. Scovel, who is quite an athlete, believing that Pecos Bill was going to follow it up, quick as flash squared off, and landed one on Shafter's lower jaw.

The sequel was sudden. Scovel said afterward that two hundred and eighty-five cavalrymen jumped him at once, and sat on him to keep him down. They finally took Scovel and quietly shipped him to the States on the *Hudson*, sailing the next morning. He owes his life to me, I am sure of that. I spent all the afternoon talking to Shafter, Miley, McKibbin, the provost-marshal, and other officers, who wanted to draw and quarter him and expose his remains at the cable office as a warning to all other "fresh" correspondents.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Book Business.

The publishers consulted  
The author of renown.  
The offer which resulted  
(The man was quite insulted)  
Was fifty thousand down.  
They came to terms at double.  
The papers got the news  
And blew a mighty bubble  
(Who paid them for their trouble?)  
Of comments and reviews.  
With eagerness they printed  
Each rumor piping hot.  
The critics gravely hinted  
(In colors deftly tinted)  
Some details of the plot.

Now came the readers rushing.  
All eager for the chance.  
O'erloud with praises gushing  
(Strange that no one was blushing!)  
They ordered in advance.

And then the famous writer,  
With calm and placid look  
And debts and spirits lighter  
(Thanks to each ready biter)  
Sat down to write his book.  
—Reader Magazine.

## Roosevelt's Day.

At 6 A. M. he shoots a bear;  
At 8 he schools a restive horse;  
From 10 to 4 he takes the air  
(He doesn't take it all, of course);  
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,  
Some colored man drops in to tea.  
At intervals throughout the day  
He sprints around the house, or if  
His residence is Oyster Bay,  
He races up and down the cliff;  
While seagulls scream about his legs,  
Or hasten home to hide their eggs.  
—Col. D. Streamer in Ex.

## Boyish Bereavement.

Thee world seems office sodd too me  
becuz mi gurl is gone away a sea  
too vizzet with hur unkels fokes ann i  
woant sea hur fore a hole weak which is wi.  
sumhow hur goen makes a turble change  
about hur house. it looks so still ann strange.  
Thee blinds are shutt ann awl thee kurtens down  
with jussst thee gurl ann hird mann in town  
Too kepe thee burglers owt ann thee frunt laun  
jussst hollers out sheez gone sheez gone sheez  
gone.

i leened on thee frunt fense lass nite ann kride  
too thinnk shee wuzent there, ann then i tride  
too chere upp butt mi feelings wuz too grate  
Ann turble sobbs jussst rattled thee frunt gait.  
i was askarit sheed neavermoor kum back.  
sumway i thott thee trane runn off thee track  
ann kilt um awl. in mi dreems i cood sea  
hur layen dedd ann cawlen out too me.  
itt wuz soo pittifull ann i sedd no  
itt is so dredful that itt cant be so.

today we hadd fresh donuts 'such uz we  
ur offie fond uv ann i ett down thee  
befoar i thott uv her, ann thenn thee lite  
wennt out fore me. i losst mi appettight.  
A grate bigg lump roze rite upp in mi throte.  
i putt a cupple donuts inn mi kote  
soze i doant starv ann slolie wennt away.  
Sum uthur boize wuz bizzey with thare play  
butt i jussst lookt at um ann thenn wennt on.  
How cood i think uv play wenn she is gone.  
—Life.

## Devery's Political Reflections.

"Well, the convention steeplechase has been won, and the champion political hurdler, Bourke Cockran, was in it again. Wherever there's politics you see Mr. Cockran taking the high jumps. Backwards or forwards—he don't care, so long as he's jumping. Croker fired him out of Tammany Hall. He stumped the country for McKinley. Then Charlie Murphy had to do a grave-robbing specialty—dig up Mr. Cockran, make him Tammany's prize orator, force him on the people as a congressman, and ship him out to St. Louis to beat Judge Parker. The judge would like just such a beating on election day as Mr. Cockran and Mr. Murphy gave him in St. Louis. Now Mr. Cockran takes the back hurdle and tells the country what a fine man Judge Parker is. He's a few days late. The country already knew it.

"When you spread Charlie Murphy over the State of New York you've got a mighty thin coat of frosting. Try to put him over the whole United States and people turn their telescopes toward Fourteenth Street and ask what that crawling speck is. Somebody has to tell 'em that it's Murphy, the President-maker. When the city rolls up its big vote for Parker in November, who'll take the credit? Why, Mr. Murphy, of course. The people will do the work, but when it comes to the greedy grab for glory you can count on Charlie."

"Did you feel cheap when you found out that the count your daughter wanted to marry was an imposter?" "Cheap? I should say not! It was a half million clear profit for me."—Ex.

## SUMMER IN NEW YORK.

## A Former Californian Defends the Climate.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having read an article in your issue of July 4th, entitled "If Gotham's Ice Should Melt," I beg to be permitted to bring to your notice another point of view. Although born and bred in California, I have lived in the East for nine years, and have been in New York a great deal; and in a way I know it thoroughly, and love it. Of course, when all is said and done, there remains practically nothing but the point of view; and as one point differs from another as do the points of the compass, my view of summer in New York differs as materially from that of your correspondent of June 17th as does the East from the West.

To begin with, so far this year, the East, and New York in particular, has suffered from no more than five hot days, and here we are well on to the middle of July. As I look over the record I keep of the thermometer, hygrometer, and barometer, I see, beginning with the first of June, almost nothing but "Cloudy, rain, partly cloudy," and under the date of Saturday, June 25th, I have written "Clear and warm," and under it added, "Too good to last." But it did last, for the next day says "Clear and hot," and then comes Monday, the 27th, with "Clear and Cooler." Up to that time, from April, I see nothing but "Cool and cloudy," or "Cool and rain," and during June the thermometer, which was read at eight o'clock in the morning, registered anywhere from fifty-six degrees to eighty-four degrees.

Your correspondent would make one almost believe that New York in the summer is what I call my furnace in winter—"Little Hell." Of course, we all are entitled to our opinions, and mine is that New York in the summer is not half bad, and, as a matter of fact, is a very decent sort of a place.

The hotels, which are as numerous as mushrooms in a California field after an autumn rain, are the most luxurious and enticing places imaginable, and if one is not timid about fire, the rooms on the top floor always have a breeze sweeping through them; and how delightful it is to lean out of a ninth or tenth-story window and see the lights of Manhattan twinkling brightly in all directions, and almost as far as the eye can see.

Even in summer the hotels are not empty, for thousands of people from the South come North to shop and keep cool. Down in the South, New York has the reputation of being an ideal summer city, and the Southerners come to it and enjoy the large cool dining-rooms of the hotels, and the *table-d'hôte* dinners that are served in the tiny back yards and porches of what are termed French restaurants, where a dinner can be procured from anywhere around fifty cents to a dollar, and California claret thrown in with ice in the glass.

Of course, on a hot day the pavements do throw back a great deal of heat; but if you are staying in New York you do not have to walk the pavements hour after hour during the middle of the day. The hotels certainly have cool spots, and the majority of houses, outside of the apartment-houses, of which I know almost nothing, have large rooms and high ceilings.

As for the ways of diverting one's mind from the heat, their name is legion. There are Central Park, the Bronx, Coney Island, and Manhattan Beach, and the ever-present trolley-car going in every direction, where you can take off your hat and hold up your arms to cool off, to say nothing of the numerous little trips on the boats, occupying in time anywhere from half an hour up to a whole day.

In thinking of summer in New York and those who have to stay in it, one's thoughts naturally turn to the poor and the tenement-houses, and of the little children, and sick and old ones that are prostrated by the heat, and I am frank to acknowledge that the thought does not appeal to me, as does the luxury of the Holland House; but I am a hard-hearted materialist, and believe in the survival of the fittest.

When a hot day has passed and I look at the list in the papers of those who have succumbed to the heat, instead of saying to myself, "Poor things, what a pity," I say, "They wouldn't have amounted to much, anyway, and their troubles in this world are over. They are probably better off than the rest of us who have to struggle on."

That there is a disagreeable side to the picture I must acknowledge, but if we do not think too profoundly on the law of equity, I am sure that the majority of people who have to be in New York during the summer will say it has its full share of compensations for the hot days that do come. The girl who waits on you in the store may be cross and hot and perspiring, and so may be the conductor who hands you five pennies in change; but you are probably in the same state yourself, and you can not, of course, blame the poor things.

Here I am talking along as though every day was a hot one, when that is by no means the case. To be liberal-minded, I will say that it may be hot for a week at a stretch, but that is not the exception that proves the rule. Three days is the usual length of a hot wave, and that is generally followed by a thunder-shower, which clears the air and brings cooler weather in its wake.

I am not booming the summer season in New York to those who live there the whole year round, or to those who can get away. I am merely trying to show a New York summer to those in California who may have the idea that it is like my furnace. But as I said before, it is all in the point of view, and "all a matter of taste," as the Irishman said when she kissed the cow.

ANITA KELLOGG COR.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Serious Books of Importance.

No department of law is of greater importance than that relating to wills, and the administration, settlement, and distribution of estates of deceased persons. Lawyers will therefore note with the greatest interest the appearance of an exhaustive "Treatise on Probate Law and Practice," relating especially to the Pacific States. The author is Twyman Osmand Abbott, of the Washington State Bar. The work is in three volumes, totaling very nearly five thousand pages. Besides embracing the law of wills and administration, the work treats of the law relating to married women, minors, insane persons, drunkards, guardian and ward, and other persons under disability; together with rules of practice and forms adapted to the laws and decisions of Arizona, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming; also a probate code, giving the full text of the statutes for all these States, typically arranged and compared with each other. The magnitude of the subject may be inferred from the fact that, while the work as it stands is of great size, the author says that he found it difficult to keep within those limits. His aim has been, he says, "to present a work which will enable the active practitioner to thread his way safely—by the most direct paths, and with the least possible labor—not only to the law applicable to the subject under consideration, but to a complete comprehension of the general principles involved." The work is, of course, the most pretentious on the subject that has ever been attempted on this Coast. The "Comparative Code," which fills the third volume, is a new feature, and it is believed will be of great assistance in determining the value of precedents, and in establishing uniformity of rule and decision among the Pacific States.

Another law-book which will be hailed as a boon by California attorneys is "The Corporation Laws of California," by W. I. Brobeck and R. M. Sims, of the San Francisco Bar. It is in one volume of a thousand pages, and contains all provisions of the constitution, codes, and statutes of California relating to private corporations, together with annotations and legislative and judicial history thereof. There is also an appendix containing the text of all laws continued in force by section 288 of the Civil Code. The work is designed by the authors as a labor saver. They believe that they have placed within the compass of a single volume the text of every existing law, and a comprehensive reference to every case decided by the supreme court of California, relating to the subject.

Published by the Bancroft-Whitney Company.

We printed, last week, some interesting paragraphs relating to the future of Russia, drawn from Dr. Emil Reich's "Success Among Nations." The remainder of the book is no less interesting. The writer essays to forecast the future of the nations, first sketching the conditions which brought Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, Jerusalem, London, to their commanding positions in the history of the world. He essays an analysis of national character—German, British, Slav, French, American—drawing deductions as to the future of each race. He is particularly severe toward the American woman, and not flattering in many things he says of the American man, but the book will be found a remarkable stimulus to thought. Dr. Reich is a distinguished Hungarian jurist, and is fitted for his rather ambitious task by residence in most of the countries of which he writes. It is a brilliant book.

Published by Harper & Brothers.

Another book of sociological speculation—having, it must be said, infinitely less basis in fact and logic than Dr. Reich's—is H. G. Wells's "Mankind in the Making." Mr. Wells believes, or professes to believe, that all English-speaking people will finally join together in an ideal republic, where the "aristocracy" will be one of mind and character. He has no faith in a "return to nature," remarking: "That large, naked, virtuous pink, Natural Man, drinking pure spring water, eating the fruits of the earth, and living to ninety in the open air, is a fantasy; he never was nor will be. The real savage is a nest of parasites within and without; he smells, he rots, he starves. Forty is a great age for him. He is as full of artifice as his civilized brother, only not so wise. As for his moral integrity, let the curious inquirer seek an account of the Tasmanian, or the Australian, or the Polynesian, before 'sophistication' came." Mr. Wells is no philosopher, but his book is undeniably suggestive, in many respects.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

"Adolescence: Its Psychology and Its Relation to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Crime, Religion, and Education," a comprehensive title of an exhaustive two-volume totaling fourteen hundred pages, by G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D., of Clark University. It is perhaps

the most important scientific work of the year.

Up to the present time, the phenomena of juvenile psychology has been little studied with an appreciation of the enormous part in development that sex plays. As Dr. Hall points out, at this time "the functions of every sense undergo reconstruction and their relations to other psychic functions change, and new sensations, some of them very intense, arise, and new associations in the sense sphere are formed. The social instincts undergo sudden unfoldment, and the new life of love awakens. It is the age of sentiment and of religion, of rapid fluctuation of mood, and the world seems strange and new. Youth awakes to a new world and understands neither it nor himself. The whole future of life depends on how the new powers now given suddenly and in profusion are husbanded and directed." Hence the need which exists of a better understanding of the processes of growth—of a knowledge of the subtle relations between soul and sex.

In this work, the author has collected an immense mass of facts, mainly from foreign sources. Perhaps its scope may be best seen from the list of chapter-headings: "Growth in Height and Weight," "Growth of Parts and Organs During Adolescence," "Growth of Motor Power and Function," "Diseases of Body and Mind," "Juvenile Faults, Immoralities, and Crime," "Sexual Development: Its Dangers and Hygiene in Boys," "Periodicity," "Adolescence in Literature, Biography, and History," "Changes in the Senses and the Voice," "Evolution and the Feelings and Instincts Characteristic of Normal Adolescence," "Adolescent Love," "Adolescent Feelings Toward Nature and a New Education in Science," "Savage Public Initiations, Classical Ideals and Customs, and Church Confirmation," "The Adolescent Psychology of Conversion," "Social Instincts and Institutions," "Intellectual Development and Education," "Adolescent Girls and Their Education," "Ethnic Psychology and Pedagogy, or Adolescent Races and Their Treatment."

Published by D. Appleton & Co.

G. de Molinari, the venerable editor of the *Journal des Economistes*, is the leader of a small school of French individualists. In his just-published book, "The Society of Tomorrow," he attempts a forecast of the political and economic organization of the future. Since the tendency of the time is toward socialism and away from individualism, M. de Molinari's views have a peculiar interest. He is the champion of a *régime* of free competition—of absolute liberty of industrial organization. He believes that mankind is on the eve of entrance into an improved condition. The great obstacle is the militarization of nations. "Two-thirds," he says, "of the European budgets consist of charges for war and debts. The premium paid for insuring 'security' exceeds the risk. . . . The total expenditure, direct and indirect, absorbs half the wealth produced by the working classes." The indebtedness of Europe amounts to \$20,000,000,000. M. de Molinari would settle the disputes between nations by an arbitration court backed by troops to enforce the verdict. He would substitute "collective insurance" against war for "isolated insurance." It is an interesting idea.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
4. "Olive Latham," by E. L. Voynich.
5. "The Woman with the Fan," by Robert Hichens.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "Evelyn Bird," by G. C. Eggleston.
3. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
4. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
5. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.

The publication of a new and complete edition of the writings of the late Mrs. Henry Wood, reminds one that seven hundred and eighty thousand copies of her "East Lynne" have been sold since an enthusiastic review of the book in the *London Times* made its fortune.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Boston, July 10, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you oblige me by republishing a poem named "Fra Giacomo," which appeared in your columns about ten years ago?  
Yours very truly, J. H. CLARK.

## Fra Giacomo.

Alas, Fra Giacomo,  
Too late! but follow me . . .  
Hush! draw the curtain—so!  
She is dead, quite dead, you see.  
Poor little lady! she lies,  
All the light gone out of her eyes!  
But her features still wear that soft,  
Gray, meditative expression,  
Which you must have noticed oft,  
Thro' the peephole, at confession.  
How saintly she looks, how meek!  
Though this be the chamber of death,  
I fancy I feel her breath,  
As I kiss her on the cheek.  
Too holy for me, by far!—  
As cold and as pure as a star,  
Not fashioned for kissing and pressing,  
But made for a heavenly crown! . . .  
Ay, Father, let us go down—  
But first, if you please, your blessing.  
Wine? No! Come, come, you must!  
Blessing it with your prayers,  
You'll quaff a cup, I trust,  
To the health of the Saint upstairs.  
My heart is aching so!  
And I feel so weary and sad,  
Thro' the blow that I have had!  
You'll sit, Fra Giacomo? . . .

Heigho! 'tis now six summers

Since I saw that Angel and married her—  
I was passing rich, and I carried her  
Off in the face of all comers . . .  
So fresh, yet so brimming with Soul!  
A sweeter morsel, I swear,  
Never made the dull black coal  
Of a monk's eye glitter and glare . . .  
Your pardon—nay, keep your chair!—  
A jest! but a jest! . . . Very true,  
It is hardly becoming to jest,  
And that Saint upstairs at rest—  
Her Soul may be listening, too!  
To think how I doubted and doubted,  
Suspected, grumbled at, flouted  
That golden-haired Angel, and solely  
Because she was zealous and holy!—  
Night and noon and morn  
She devoted herself to piety—  
Not that she seemed to scorn,

Or shun, her husband's society;  
But the claims of her Soul superseded  
All that I asked for or needed,  
And her thoughts were far away  
From the level of sinful clay,  
And she trembled lest earthly matters  
Interfered with her *aves* and *paters*!  
Sweet dove! she so fluttered, in flying  
To avoid the black vapors of Hell,  
So bent on self-sanctifying,—  
That she never thought of trying  
To save her poor husband as well!

And while she was named and elected  
For place on the heavenly roll,  
I (beast that I was) suspected  
Her manner of saving her Soul—  
So half for the fun of the thing,  
What did I (blasphemer!) but fling  
On my shoulders the gown of a monk  
(Whom I managed for that very day  
To get safely out of the way),  
And sat me, half-sober, half-drunk,  
With the cowl drawn over my face,  
In the Father Confessor's place . . .  
Ehen! benedicite!

In her beautiful, sweet simplicity,  
With that pensive gray expression,  
She sighfully knelt at confession,—  
While I bit my lips till they bled,  
And dug my nails in my palm,  
And beard, with averted head,  
The horrible words come calm—  
Each word was a serpent's sting;  
But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,  
I sat like a marble thing  
As she uttered your name. SIT DOWN!

More wine, Fra Giacomo?  
One cup—as you love me! No?  
Come, drink! 'twill bring the streaks  
Of crimson back to your cheeks.  
Come! drink again to the Saint,  
Whose virtues you loved to paint,  
Who, stretched on her wifely bed,  
With the soft, sweet, gray expression  
You saw and admired at confession—  
Lies poisoned, overhead!

Sit still—or, by Heaven, you die!  
Face to face, soul to soul, you and I  
Have settled accounts, in a fine  
Pleasant fashion, over our wine—  
Stir not, and seek not to fly—  
Nay, whether or not, you are mine!  
Thank Montepulciano for giving  
Your death in such delicate sips—  
'Tis not every monk ceases living  
With so pleasant a taste on his lips—  
But lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,  
Take this!—and this!—and this!

. . . Raise him; and cast him, Pietro,  
Into the deep canal below:  
You can be secret, lad, I know . . .  
And, hark you, then to the convent go—  
Bid every bell of the convent toll,  
And the monks say mass for your mistress'  
soul.—Robert Buchanan.

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Ogontz School P. O., Pa.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Wagner's romantic love for Mme. Wesendonk has been brought to public notice again by the publication, in Berlin, of the great musician's correspondence with her. Though she was married, and to one of his close friends, Wagner made no secret of his poetical attachment. He went away, but maintained a regular correspondence with her for years. He outlined his operas, the long delays in his work, and their triumphal conclusion. He likewise submitted to her his theories on dramatic music. The letters are of great interest, and throw light on many disputed points.

Current Literature speaks of Mrs. Emery Pottle, who signs her many short stories by her maiden name, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, as one of the "group of brilliant women writers—not to mention men—who are fast building up a literary tradition for the Golden State that should go far to disprove Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's recent diatribe against the bourgeois character of American literature." Mrs. Pottle was born in Oakland, Cal., and was one of several children of Edward Tompkins, a well-known lawyer and at one time a State senator. She was graduated from Vassar College, and her first literary work was undertaken in San Francisco, which city she left to go to New York to take a position on *Munsey's Magazine*. For five years she remained there, as editor of the *Puritan Magazine*, from 1897 to 1901, and then, after a short editorial connection as associate editor with *Everybody's Magazine*, and a year or two of free-lance work, she married, in November, 1903, Emery Pottle, himself an author and editor.

Bailey Millard's fine story, "The Lure O'Gold," is dedicated to William Randolph Hearst.

Paul Elder & Co. will publish in the early fall "Prosit," a book of toasts, by "Clotho," a group of California literary people, members of the Spinners' Club. The volume will contain original toasts besides those gathered from various sources, ancient and modern. Among the contributors are James G. Phelan, Wallace Irwin, George Sterling, Howard V. Sutherland, Ambrose Bierce, John Vance Cheney, Gelett Burgess, Will Irwin, Grace Luce Irwin, and many others.

W. B. Yeats, Stephen Gwynn, Lady Gregory, D. G. O'Donoghue, and Jane Barlow are collaborating on a work to be called "Irish Voices."

Brentano's have ready for publication an edition of the "Letters from a Portuguese Nun" to an officer in the French army. The book contains for the first time the first seven letters of the correspondence. The present edition is an exact facsimile of that issued in 1817, with a frontispiece representing Marianna pausing in her writing to gaze on a portrait of Chamilly. The original type-setting and format, as well as the original binding, have been copied.

The centenary of George Sand was celebrated at La Châtre, France, with considerable pomp. In the morning the visitors paid a visit to the village of Nobant, preceded by a company of the "Gars du Berry" playing on bagpipes and hurdy-gurdies, and in the afternoon homage was paid to the novelist before her statue. M. Marcel Prévost spoke on the psychological and sentimental side of George Sand's work. Speeches were also made by M. André Theuriot and Mme. Séverine. The festivities ended with a procession of cars escorted by haymakers, agricultural laborers, vintagers, etc. The last car was that of "la Gerbarde," before which a barvester, in his working clothes, declaimed the "Salut à la Gerbe" from "Claudie."

Curtis Hidden Page, the poet, writes: "In answer to the question, What will last of George Sand's work?—some one has answered, not irrelevantly, the poetry of Alfred le Musset. We might add, the music of Chopin. The publication of their correspondence, about six years ago, left no doubt that all of Musset's greatest work was written under the direct inspiration of his relations with George Sand; the four 'Nuits,' the 'Lettre à Lamartine,' the 'Espoir en Dieu,' and 'Souvenir.' A truly great passion is an even rarer thing than a great genius. Musset experienced, through George Sand, his rare baptism by fire; and that has made its poetry what it is, unique in the world's literature."

In the library of the late Canon Ainger, which was dispersed at auction, the other day, here was a copy of the first edition of *Lamia*, with an inscription by the author, in the book an advertisement of "Hyperion" as printed, reading: "If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of 'Hyperion,' the publishers agree to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author

from proceeding." Above this Keats wrote: "This is none of my doing; I was ill at the time," and beneath it, "This is a lie."

Sir H. M. Stanley left behind him, according to the *British Weekly*, not only an immense amount of material concerning himself, in the form of diaries and letters, but also documents of immense historical importance, which could not properly be published during the lives of the persons most concerned in them. His publishers are said to be in communication with a well-known English man of letters, with a view to a biography, but probably much of the material can not yet be given to the public.

British government pensions are granted to authors and their families only when the need is urgent. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find the name of the widow of W. E. Henley, the poet, in the list of last year's beneficiaries from the "Civil List." Mrs. Henley's pension is not large, only \$625 a year. Phil May was known to have left practically nothing, and most people were glad to see that his wife is receiving a pension of \$375, but it was surprising again to find Leonard and Alfred Gissing, the late George Gissing's children, down for \$370 on account of "straitened circumstances."

In the new letters added to Macmillan's new edition of Charles Lamb's letters there are some amusing passages. Speaking of George Dyer in one place he says: "George brought the mad lord up to see me. I wasn't at home, but Mary was washing—a pretty pickle to receive an earl in! Lord have mercy upon us! a lord in my garret! . . . I am to breakfast with this mad lord on Sunday. I am studying manners."

Hall Caine's new story, "The Prodigal Son," now appearing serially, carries the reader away from the Isle of Man to a remoter and more romantic island. As the author remarks: "The story may have been laid anywhere, and it is only placed in Iceland, among the frost and the fire of that marvelous volcanic land, to give it the starkness and nearness to Nature that are proper to its themes." And Mr. Caine has a religious thesis to unfold. He aims at nothing less than to show that "the parable of Christ is a picture of heavenly mercy, not human justice, and that if it were used as an example of the conduct among men it would destroy all social conditions and upset the government of the world."

## New Publications.

"Business Success," by G. G. Millar. Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

"Songs by the Wayside," by William J. Fischer. Frontispiece. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"The Legends of Parsifal," by Mary Handford Ford. Frontispiece. H. M. Caldwell Company.

"The North Star: A Tale of Norway in the Tenth Century," by M. E. Henry-Ruffin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

"Shakespeare's Tragedy of King Lear," edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Illustrated. The American Book Company.

"The Shape of Fear and Other Ghostly Tales," by Elia W. Peattie. The Macmillan Company; 75 cents—a reprint of a remarkably good collection of weird stories.

"James Lawrence, Captain United States Navy, Commander of the *Chesapeake*," by Albert Gleaves. With an introduction by George Dewey. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"How to Know Oriental Rugs," by Mary Beach Langton. Twenty-five full-page illustrations, twelve being facsimile reproductions in colors. D. Appleton & Co.—a popular-priced book aiming to put the essential information about rugs in the hands of rug

lovers without the expenditure necessary to the possessors of Mr. Mumford's exhaustive treatise.

"Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson," by Oscar Kuhn. Henry Holt & Co.—a scholarly work whose purpose is to show English literature's debt to Dante.

"Koreans at Home," by Constance Tayler. Five plates in color and twenty-five illustrations. Cassell & Co.—a timely volume of eighty pages, especially interesting because of its illustrations.

"Connectives of English Speech: The Correct Usage of Prepositions, Conjunctions, Relative Pronouns, and Adverbs. Explained and Illustrated," by James C. Fernald. The Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

"The Penetration of Arabia," by David George Hogarth. Maps and many good illustrations. The Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.35 net—an epitome of the work of explorers from the earliest times to the present.

"The Office of the Justice of the Peace in England in its Origin and Development," by Charles Austin Beard, Ph.D. Studies in history, economics, and public law. The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Company, agents; \$1.50.

"Moody's Manual of Corporation Securities." Fifth annual number. Twenty-three hundred and seventy pages. Moody Publishing Company; \$10.00—an indispensable book of reference—in fact, the standard authority—on stocks of railways, gas and electric light companies, electric traction companies, water companies, telephone, telegraph, and cable companies, mining and oil companies, banks, trust companies, and industrial and business corporations.

## The Siege.

"φίλιπποι εμοι θωαι."—AJAX.

Under the great midsummer sky at noon

The sheeted waters glanced and drowsed and glanced;

June, with her banners all unfurled, advanced; One had no heart to say: "It will fade soon." You, who had opened Sophocles to croon

Over the Ajax prologue for me, chanced

To say: "The ships, where the Ægean danced, Had been ten years drawn up in that half-moon— 'Think well how it all looked.' Against the sky

Our golden hills drawn by our own shore Smote me, and I said low: "When will she come— O earth besieging heaven endlessly!—

Fairer than Argive Helen, longed for more, Truth—in her dazzling hand to lead us home?"

AGNES TOBIN.

## American Books in England.

A book publisher, writing to the London *Daily Chronicle*, in answer to the query, "Is there a prejudice here against American books?" says: "The best answer is the custom of the publishing trade. When an English publisher buys sheets from an American, he prints 'cancel titles,' and carefully obliterates all trace of American origin. Sometimes he goes so far as to cancel the preface, i. e., if it indicates too clearly the nationality of the author. The subscription list would be reduced by half if the booksellers knew the volume came from the other side. One of the reasons the publisher does not buy bound books from America is that the superiority in taste, design, workmanship, and strength, over English binding, would give the book away."

A gentleman referred to by a contemporary as "poet Elwyn Hoffman," and who is among "the younger California poets," has published a poem addressed to Louis A. Robertson, from which is extracted this couplet:

"A nation's building, day by day,  
Swells up from street, and mart, and quay."

A little learning is a dangerous thing.



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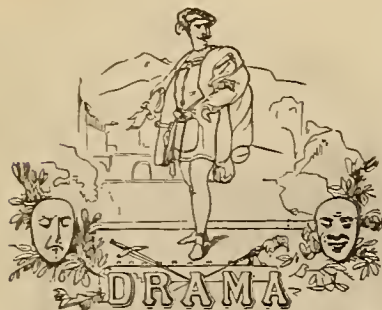
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"Carrots" should precede, and not follow, "Cousin Kate" on the Columbia Theatre programme this week. It is too much like a plunge into the cruel realities of life, after one has been wandering under the rose-flushed skies of romance.

This little one-act play is a curious study of one of those grim tragedies of family life that are wrought by the subjugation of a timid and loving nature by a weak, cruel, and tyrannical one taking harsh advantage of authority.

Carrots is the son of an unloving mother, and of a stern and apparently indifferent father. His mother is one of those unhappy creatures whose destiny it is to excite aversion in those nearest her. She can not love, and all the misdirected forces of her nature tend to a mischievous power for tormenting the beings whom she sees shrinking or shuddering at her approach. Carrots, a youth in his teens, is the chief sufferer, and in his loneliness and wretchedness tries escape by suicide. The shock of the father on discovering the attempt reveals to the boy that he is the object of a paternal love, which in the future will fortify him against terror and loneliness. This is practically all there is to the piece. It amounts to an acute psychological study of conditions so cheerless as to exercise a depressing effect on the mind and the imagination.

Miss Barrymore plays the part of the lonely boy with sympathy and comprehension, but with a curious departure from the outward aspect of a being who is habitually unhappy. She causes Carrots to wear an almost perpetual smile. This intelligent young actress has a motive in everything she does, and she has her reasons for that smile. It may be that she wishes to represent a boy's instinctive revolt against the expression of emotion. Or, again, it may be meant to be the conciliatory smile of a timid nature habitually put upon. But the fact remains that in a male character represented by a woman there is always a contradictory element that blurs the intention.

As with all charming women, one of Miss Barrymore's greatest attractions is her exquisite femininity. This she can not wholly subdue, even in the character of a lad as young as Carrots, and, conscious of her sex, one looks instinctively for the moistened eye, the quivering lip, the tremulous voice that would betray the deep suffering of the tormented youth. Their absence seems to argue a certain insensibility, and when the boy at last gives a thoroughly feminine cry of appeal as his mother draws near, the listener experiences a sense of relief at this cry of nature.

As the mother, Fanny Addison Pitt, her pale face, with the chill, set, severe features, surmounted by heavy, cruelly arched black brows, would never be recognized as the fond, foolish, pink-cheeked matron in "Cousin Kate." Bruce McRae, also, was greatly changed, although one was curiously sub-conscious under it all of the racy, fascinating inflections of Heath Desmond.

Miss Barrymore's features are cast so unmistakably in the mold of a strongly individualized character that she is not, as is so often the case under similar conditions, merely the pretty girl masquerading in boy's clothes. But after a little one feels lonesome for her as she really is, and longs to see her again panopied in her own native, girlish grace and beauty.

Yes, "Carrots" should certainly have come first. Very few would turn their backs on a second hearing of "Cousin Kate." It is wholesome fun and charming fancy, and its wit is poignant enough to amuse you twice over. Clergymen who are disposed to be oratorical in private life should go to see it. It would do them good, poor things, busily engaged as they are in the task of saving souls, to see a charmingly natural game in winning hearts. Besides, there is plenty of food for second thought in the play. Why, some one says, did Henth ever fall in love with a being with Amy's limitations? No one who knows the imperious need of the human heart for loving, even when the right one fails to come along, would ever ask. Many a man before him has loved pretty, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked propinquities Miss Wrong because he had never had the good luck to meet Miss Right.

George Meredith's "Harry Richmond" was billed sixteen years ago, and since then a fair Continental princesses in unloved principalities have figured prominently

in the modern drama. I have been wondering whether Meredith's high-minded Princess Otilia and her English wooer were not the forerunners of Princess Flavia and Rudolf Rassendyll, and perhaps Captain Marshall's Royal Family as well, together with one or two other Royal Highnesses who have pleased American theatre-goers by playing a picturesque part in the romantic or ceremonial side of court life in stageland.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," which, in spite of having totally outlived its fashionable vogue, still continues to stand as a capital specimen of romantic melodrama, unquestionably owes much of its hold on popularity to the royal lineage of its chief characters. It certainly is an agreeable sensation to see a well-looking man playing a kingly rôle; and White Whittlesey's height, his broad shoulders, and his Roman nose, are shown up to particular advantage in the royal trappings of Rudolf of Ruritania. As Rudolf Rassendyll, however, Mr. Whittlesey, with his good looks in temporary eclipse, must first do penance, looking like a Mephistophelian drummer, with the russet mustache and beard which he assumes to mark the difference between the German Rudolf and his left-handed cousin.

But as Rudolf of Ruritania, he is a sight to make the heart of the matinee girl glad. He is also well suited to the acting possibilities of the rôle. He has perceptibly improved in light comedy, an important matter in the acting of his rôle, for not the least of the entertaining qualities of the play is the spectator's sense of being in with Sapt and Rudolf Rassendyll, and enjoying the enormity of the joke on Black Michael and the Ruritanian court. There is, too, a sort of juggling going on in the mind as the result of the numerous clever situations during the first three acts, which makes the looker-on continually drop into a temporary oblivion of the fact that Rassendyll is not the real king.

It is a pity that the positive merits of the piece are partially swamped in the seething melodrama of the closing act, but fidelity to Anthony Hope's book seems to necessitate a melodramatic wind up. It is certainly absurd to precipitate the Princess Flavia into the middle of the *mêlée* in Black Michael's dungeon keep, but it would be equally inadvisable to add on another act for the lovers' parting.

Juliet Crosby, who has supplanted that mysteriously vanishing lady, Marie Rawson, played the acquiescent princess with somewhat over-honeyed sweetness. Fred Butler gave a capital impersonation of the resourceful Sapt, and Mr. Mather's jaunty assurance, as he interviewed "Mr. King" under the frowning gaze of old Sapt, threw a delightful gleam of humor over the first really serious one of the four acts succeeding the prologue.

The melodramatic characters were suitably placed, the players handsomely costumed, the men looking particularly well in their natty uniforms, and the piece most effectively mounted, especially the act of the prologue, which, with its dark interior and stately furnishings, lit by clusters of flaming wax lights, made a telling background for the picturesque figures appareled in gorgeous eighteenth-century dress.

If you want to have a burst of good, hearty mirth go to see "The Lady and the Cowboy" at the Grand Opera House. The piece, it will be remembered, was written for Nat Goodwin, but for some reason never passed into the category of his popular successes. Oddly enough, too, for it has, it would seem, a sufficient number of elements to make toward popularity: for one thing, its Western character. The cowboys, it is true, are of the purely conventional type—all rough chivalry, rough oaths, and rough courage. So is the humor, perhaps; but it is humor, and the story has that dash of melodrama mixed with sentiment and honest fun that keeps an audience agreeably oscillating between suspense, laughter, and that state of pleased acquiescence with which we view the good fortune in love of a couple whom we like.

The lightly grained talent of the Neill company appears to particular advantage in the piece, which contains eighteen rôles, about half of which are important enough to give the players a chance to make a good impression. James Neill and Edythe Chapman—the latter of whom, by the way, shows a decided gain in youthful freshness and good looks within the year—made their customary good impression, and as for little Faye Wallace, the Midge of the cast, it is evident that this young girl has unmistakable histrionic talent. She is so simple, natural, and spontaneous in her style that each scene in which she figures gains in reality, and one feels that this little girl will rise in her profession.

The play, from beginning to end, goes gayly and well. Tedd North, Harvard graduate and boss of the ranch, is something of a hybrid, leaving one undecided at times whether to class him as an educated cowboy or an unconventional Eastern swell. But he has all the characteristics that win the favor of an audience, and the humor in the character, written to complement Nat Goodwin's par-

ticular endowment in that direction, is of the kind that tickles, instead of knocking you in the ribs.

The parts of the four cowboys are done with so much zest by Messrs. Burton, Bloomquest, Cytron, and Berrell that the spectators fall into the spirit of the thing and enjoy it just as heartily; and if one can appreciate the artistic values of unstudied profanity, it is really quite a treat to hear the easy, unaffected fluency with which little Bloomquest invokes the Plutonian shades.

The ball in the second act, although rather slimly attended by the *élite* of Silverville, went none the less merrily for that. There was even a wall-flower, and the episode of the desperado with the revolver, who experienced such a heart-felt yearning to pepper Tedd North's feet with hot lead, went with that effect of mingled shiveriness and *insouciance* so characteristic of the perils and incidents of frontier life as to lend it a decided piquancy.

"The Lucky Stone" is a dangerous title for a theatrical piece—one with which to invoke the spirit of ill-luck after theatrical hard times have been prevailing. But although the fun of the piece itself is of the thinnest description, the new people are making their way with the Fischer audiences, and during the evening each has his or her turn at making a "hit."

Dorothy Morton, full-blown, with a confident, theatric smile, and a voice trained by much experience to that strong, swinging style of vocalization that makes such a ready popular appeal, has a successful quarter-hour every night in "A Bit o' Blarney." Nora Bayes, the new soubrette, as the tough lady, is of a toughness! She has a song, "Follow the Crowd on Sunday," that sets the Saturday crowd in their seats to beating time and demanding more. The song has a daunting realism in its suggestion of the great unwashed—selected impersonators of whom file in tough, gum-chewing procession across the stage—engaged in their Sunday after-dinner parade. The song has not a sufficient number of verses to appease the popular appetite, and while her strong voice keeps on like a noisy flood, the gags of the fair Nora give out before the call is over, reducing the exhausted soubrette to the condition of feeling thoroughly used up by the potency of her "hit."

Apparently that trio of great men—Bernard, Kolb, and Dill—are too great to be forgotten, for their three successors imitate them as faithfully as they imitated Warfield, Weber, and Fields. One would think this perpetual duplication of the original type would have palled by this time, but signs to that effect are few.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

George Ade is writing a comedy called "The College Widow." It will be a satire on many familiar college types.

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#### MICE AND MEN

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Monday, August 1st—White Whittlesey in **The Lady of Lyons**.

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And the original Neill Company in Harriet Ford's dramatization of Stanley Weyman's thrilling story, **A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE**

Special summer prices, 15c, 25c, and 50c. Regular matinee Saturday.

Sunday matinee, July 31st—Shenandoah.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, July 24th. Lustrous vaudeville! Charmion; Empire Comedy Four; Edith Decker, Domenic Russo and Sig. Abramo; Marcus and Gattelle; Julian Rose; the Mysterious Zangis; Musical Kleist; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Rose Coghlan, assisted by Lynn Pratt and Company, presenting "The Ace of Trumps."

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#### A LUCKY STONE

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Next—The Whirl of the Town.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Beginning of the Miller Season.

Henry Miller's regular summer engagement at the Columbia Theatre begins on Monday night in "Mice and Men." The play, which is entirely new here, is by Madeline Lucette Ryley, and is said not only to be clever and brilliant, but to give Mr. Miller an opportunity to appear in a rôle altogether new to him. The events of the play occur in the eighteenth century. The leading character is Mark Embury, a scholar, philanthropist, and scientist, who, having been jilted, loses faith in woman-kind. However, he feels the need of companionship, and thinks he would like a wife if he could find one to suit him. So he resolves to adopt a young girl, and train her up to his ideal of womanhood. In pursuance of this plan he selects an orphan, Peggy, from a foundling asylum. The plan miscarries through Peggy falling in love with Embury's nephew, Captain Lovell, who has been carrying on a flirtation with Mrs. Joanna Goodlake, an old friend of Embury's. The latter, himself, finds that his sentiments toward Peggy have changed. He had intended to marry her for companionship sake, but finds himself in love with her. In the end he sacrifices himself, and lets Captain Lovell have her. Among the members of Mr. Miller's company are Jessie Busley, John Glendenning, Walter Allen, Grace Heyer, J. Hartly Manners, Mrs. Maggie Holloway Fisher, Stanley Dark, Charles W. Butler, Frederick Tyler, Frank Willard, Frederick Tieden, and Bertram Harrison, who will appear in "Mice and Men," and Hilda Spong, who will have the leading part in "Joseph Entangled" when it is produced. Matinées are to be given Saturdays only.

## Whitlsey Again in a Double Role.

"Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," the Alcazar Theatre bill this week, will be the offering next week, with White Whitlsey in the double rôle of King Rudolph and Rassendyll. "Rupert of Hentzau," which has never before been played at the Alcazar, resumes the story of the Princess Flavia, who has become the king's wife and who, each year, sends a rose to Rassendyll, the hero of her romance. Rupert of Hentzau, desirous of being restored to kingly favor, obtains possession of a letter in which the queen confesses her affection for Rassendyll. This brings about a set of complications as interesting as those in the first play. Juliet Crosby will be Flavia. On August 1st Mr. Whitlsey will appear in "Claude Menlotte," supported by Eugenia Thais Lawson as Pauline.

## Preparing for a New Burlesque.

The final performances of "The Lucky Stone" have not yet been announced by the management of Fischer's Theatre. The piece abounds in fun of several varieties, and evidently appeals to all the different tastes of the burlesque-loving portion of the community. Preparations are going on for "The Whirl of the Town," which had a long run at the Casino in New York. Scenic artists are at work preparing the settings and stage paraphernalia. There are three acts and twelve scenes. The cast is to be the largest yet put on at Fischer's, and will include Flossie Hope, the dancer. El Dorado Parlor, N. S. G. W., has bought out the house for two nights, August 9th and 10th.

## Melodrama With a Pennsylvania Setting.

The Central Theatre will have a melodramatic attraction for the week beginning Monday night in Scott Marhle's "The Gates of Justice." The scene of the play is in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, and the most thrilling action takes place in an attempt to murder the superintendent of a mine by hurling him down a chute leading to what is known as a coal-crusher—a tremendous machine with massive iron cylinders provided with immense teeth, which grind the largest lumps of coal into small particles. Through the heroism of a girl the intended victim is saved. The drama also deals with an attempt to break up a gang of moonshiners who have their headquarters in one of the fastnesses of the picturesque mountains of the Keystone State. The moonshiners join forces with a lawless element in the coal-fields in order to successfully strike at their enemy, the mining superintendent referred to. Throughout the play runs a love-story, and there is much comedy in the piece.

## A Scene from "Faust" at the Orpheum.

Charmion, the young woman who created a sensation a few seasons ago by her disrobing act on the flying trapeze, will make her first appearance in nearly seven years at the Orpheum this coming week. She is a small woman, only five feet one inch in height, and weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, but is so well formed that her measurements have been taken as a standard for the Delsarte system. "The Empire Comedy Four"—Messrs. Evans, Cunningham, Jenny, and Roland—will make their initial bow in this city. They present a comedy-singing act entitled

"What's the Answer?" The Eastern press gives them much praise. The grand-opera singers—Edith Decker, dramatic soprano, Domenico Russo, tenor, and Sig. Abramoff, basso—will be heard in the prison scene from "Faust." Miss Decker will make a charming Marguerite; Russo should sing Faust well, and the Mephistopheles of Sig. Abramoff is well known. Marcus and Gartelle, comedy skaters, will be new to San Francisco. Their work is said to be funny in the extreme. Rose Coghlan has reserved for her second and last week "The Ace of Trumps," a one-act sketch by Frank A. Ferguson. It is founded on the characters of "Forget-Me-Not," played originally by Miss Coghlan at Wallack's Theatre, New York. The Mysterious Zancigs will continue; Julian Rose, "Our Hebrew Friend," will be heard in new stories and parodies; and Musical Kleist, the entertainer, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## Swashbuckler Drama.

James Neill will produce at the Grand Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) matinee and all next week Harriet Ford's dramatization of Stanley Weyman's popular story, "A Gentleman of France." It was as Gaston de Marsac, the hero of this drama, that Mr. Neill made a success last season. De Marsac is a sort of D'Artagnan, and he has adventures many and varied. The most exciting incident of the play takes place in the second act, when De Marsac engages in a single-handed fight with six men, and vanquishes all of them. There are eight scenes in "A Gentleman of France." Henry the Third, Henry the Fourth, Valois, Rosny, and other historical characters contribute to the action of the play, calling for costly and beautiful costumes. Edythe Chapman will play the haughty court beauty and heroine, Mlle. de la Vire, and the other rôles will be cast to the full strength of the Neill company. Sunday matinee, July 31st, "Shenandoah" will be revived. Special summer prices prevail—15, 25, and 50 cents.

## Farewell Performances of "Robin Hood."

The farewell performances of the run of "Robin Hood" are announced at the Tivoli Opera House, and the stage will shortly be occupied by the scenes and incidents of the English musical comedy, "The Toreador." When the final curtain falls upon the De Koven and Smith opera, the performances of "Robin Hood" at the Tivoli will have been witnessed by over sixty thousand San Francisco music-lovers. "The Toreador," which will take the place in a few days of "Robin Hood," should mean another long run. There are several new principals engaged for the production, and the management announces that it will be put on with the most careful attention to detail, as regards both scenery and costumes. The opera has to its credit a run of two years in London, six months in New York, and other long runs in principal Eastern cities.

## The Ben Greet Company's California Season.

It has been definitely arranged that the tour of the Ben Greet company of London players, under the management of Charles Frohman, will begin in California, the entire organization coming here direct from London, opening at the Greek Theatre of the University of California, Saturday afternoon, October 1st, with a production of "Hamlet." The season in San Francisco will open Monday, October 3d, at Lyric Hall, where the success of last year, "Everyman," will be given for one week, a second week being devoted to Elizabethan productions of Shakespeare's masterpieces. The company will then tour Southern California, and include performances at Stanford University, and open-air performances in Los Angeles, returning to San Francisco for the first production in California of the miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem," by Professor Gayley, of the State university, and perhaps one or two new productions.

Then the tour will be continued East via the North-West and British Columbia. The entire Coast tour will be under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum, who is becoming known as a purveyor of high-class amusement attractions. Schools, colleges, seminaries, and other institutions of learning in all parts of the country, can arrange special rates for the students and teachers by applying to Mr. Greenbaum, Lyric Hall, San Francisco.

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Soft and spongy gums are made healthy by the mildly alkaline and astringent properties of SOZODONT. It is the most fragrant deodorizer and antiseptic dentifrice known to the world.

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Beautiful patterns in pure worsted goods, made to order or from stock, as desired.

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An hour from San Francisco; half an hour from San Rafael.  
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Comfortable, roomy residence.  
Spacious grounds in a fine state of cultivation.  
Comprises over 1,000 acres of the most picturesque and accessible part of Marin County, generously watered and timbered, and extending from Ross Valley nearly to Fairfax.  
Is offered as a whole or in two parts.  
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For further particulars apply to

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Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

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## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOSCHNY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFREY.  
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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
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Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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George F. Lyon.....Secretary  
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OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

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Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

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## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

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Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

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Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

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VANITY FAIR.

There is a new method of flesh reducing which is intended only for people addicted to athletics. It is described as the "rubber-dam" system. A rubber dam is the bit of rubber fitted by dentists about a tooth on which they are working to keep away saliva and other moisture. The rubber from which such dams are made comes in bolts about two-thirds of a yard wide. It is a thin rubber cloth, and is sold by the yard in one or two drug-stores. Persons who want to take off flesh buy four or five yards of this material, wrap it tightly about the body, and to keep it in place put on a tight-fitting suit of silk or woolen underwear, preferably of the kind called the combination. This is only the first stage of the rubber-dam reduction cure. The hardest part is still to come. Once the rubber is in place there must come many swift sets of tennis, hard horseback riding, tether ball playing, or some equally exacting sport. The use of the rubber wrappings assists the action of the skin, makes the perspiration much freer, and has been known to take off as much as five or six pounds in one day. Women usually wrap the rubber about the body from the chest down to the knees. Many women are most interested in getting rid of their hips, as they are likely to show stoutness first there, and the big hipped woman is not at all in the style nowadays. Such women wrap the rubber dam several times around the hips and waist to devote their energies to that particular part of the body. The treatment is not expensive. The original cost of the rubber will not exceed four dollars in any case, and it can be used time and time again.

The following is a fact. It is from the Paris correspondence of "C. I. B." of the New York Tribune: "Cleo de Merode, the dark-eyed dancing-girl with raven Botticelli locks, has just returned from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. She has been interviewed by Jules Huret, to whom she turned over as human documents three thousand love letters received from Scandinavian admirers, and a summary of which, without the signatures, fills half a page of the Figaro. The writers are princes, officers, architects, students, politicians, and musicians, ranging from fifteen to seventy years of age. Six hundred are from men from forty-five to fifty-two. Two-thirds of these are married. Cleo says: 'My experience teaches me that married men in or approaching the fifties are the class which produces the largest contingent of ridiculous amatory jackasses, who make the biggest fools of themselves.'

"Will golf gradually fall into disfavor with the very fashionable set, or is it only under a temporary cloud?" asks a writer in the Times. "For some years," he continues, "tennis suffered eclipse, but just now it is again in high favor. Squash tennis is one of the most popular of outdoor sports in the fashionable colonies. On the other hand, Meadow Brook has abandoned its golf course; there is but little golf at Newport, no one having taken advantage of the offer to keep open the links at the closed Country Club, and Tuxedo has also practically given up the Scottish game. Even the most popular and most progressive of golf clubs have changed more or less into country clubs, with golf as a simple adjunct to other attractions."

Yo Uchida, wife of the Japanese consul-general in New York, has a highly interesting article in the first number of Adachi Kinnosuki's new magazine, the Far East, in which she discusses the new woman of Nippon. "I have been asked," she says, "to write something about Japanese women, but can find nothing to interest the readers very much, for our countrywomen in 1904 are more like those of Western countries than they are like their own mothers and grandmothers. Thirty years ago, our army and navy were very different from what they are now. So it is with women. Everything is improving. Why, then, should women be left behind? Now I don't see any particular point in which they are different from Western women. If the readers judge them from the books which were published several years ago, their judgment would be entirely wrong. In our mothers' generation the girls were taught simply to become good wives to their husbands and good mothers to their children. They received no school education. Those who were contented to stay at home, attend to their duties, sacrifice all to their children, were considered very good women; and so, indeed, they were! Their sole ambition was to bring up their children properly, and live in peace. Girls of the present time all receive modern school education the same as in Western countries. Japanese ladies in 1904 are not contented merely to stay at home and take care of their children. They attend lectures, meetings, and entertainments. They publish women's magazines, and discuss their rights and duties. Numbers of foreign girls visit Japan every year, and some write books, but very few know the true state of the country, especially the condition of the women. I have been told that they often

get their impression of the women from the geisha (dancing-girls), who are generally deceitful professional flirts. Ladies would be much offended if they were judged by such a low standard. They are not at all frivolous like the geisha. On the contrary, modesty is an essential quality in Japanese ladies. A fact that might interest American readers is that the women in Japan never get stout when they grow old, although they take hardly any exercise. Young men and women while they are in school or college take much outdoor exercise, but as soon as they leave school they give it up. Tennis is a popular game among young ladies. It is impossible to take outdoor exercise in Japanese costume, although it is very comfortable to wear in the house. Several years ago many girl students adopted the Western dress, but soon returned to their own style because the former was not suitable for Japanese houses. They are now trying to invent a new style that is convenient both in the house and out of doors."

A restaurant where passengers who may not care for the usual table d'hôte may lunch or dine à la carte, is to be a feature on the larger of two steamers which are to be built for the Hamburg-American Line at Stettin. The catering arrangements may be undertaken by the Ritz Hotel Company. This experiment has naturally created some interest among the managers and directors of other lines, but none, according to opinions which have been obtained from various quarters, seem to believe that a ship restaurant à la carte will be successful. The manager of a leading Liverpool and New York line said: "This plan will never be adopted on an English vessel, for neither English nor American passengers want it." A manager of the White Star Line and a director of a Canadian line were of the same opinion. There appear to be many reasons why Liverpool ship owners are opposed to such an idea. One is that it would never do to split the passage money. If a saloon passenger were to pay separately for his passage and buy his meals as required on board, he would eventually discover that it would have been cheaper in the end to book at inclusive rates. A passenger on a palatial Atlantic liner knows that what he pays for is not so much the food he eats as the security, speed, general comfort, and a large and well disciplined staff. All these things have to be maintained, whether the passenger sits down to a twelve-course dinner or a grilled steak. Notwithstanding the luxurious catering on board a first-class liner, the cost of feeding the saloon diner is not more than 5s 6d (\$1.37) per day, and a man dining à la carte could not expect a rebate of more than 30s (\$7.50) on his fare.

Bell-girls have come to stay at the Martha Washington Hotel, Chicago. Manager Caldwell says: "We've given the system a fair trial, and are convinced that for a woman's hotel girls have a decided advantage over boys. There are a few women in the house who object to the innovation, but they would object to anything. The bell-girls attend strictly to business. They are neat and orderly, and perform their errands with dispatch. They are more reliable than boys."

The London Daily Telegraph has this to say of the American woman: "A state of perfect quiescence would be to the American woman of to-day an exquisite inferno. She is the chief exponent of that spirit which counts change and haste as progress. The automobile, noisy and jolting, but swift, is her appropriate equipage. She revels in new clothes, new places of residence, new forms of entertainment, and—thanks to the compliant divorce courts—new husbands. To settle down to a quiet life is to her the one unendurable horror of existence. She loves cities and detests the country, save when she can carry to her rural retreat diversions and companionship as exhilarating as those that the city affords."

The little seaside resort of Kultchuk, Russia, has been scandalized by the introduction of mixed bathing by visitors from Odessa. The priests and Puritan residents are denouncing "the lewd behavior of the Odessa devils," which, nevertheless, is drawing crowds, hundreds of peasants driving to Kultchuk to witness the novelty. Father Zachari, a local priest, is conducting on the beach a propaganda against mixed bathing. He wades into the water up to his armpits daily at noon, and solemnly curses the sea for permitting the defilement. He has improvised a liturgy, which includes the following: "Arise, ye waves, and overwhelm these unchristian men and women, whose conduct makes the fishes blush." Needless to say, the propaganda is not succeeding. Father Zachari offers to marry gratis youths and maidens who have already lost their reputations by bathing together.

A supreme court decision in New York is of no small interest to members of clubs. It is to the effect that societies incorporated for social and literary purposes can not expel members because they do not give support to the political tenets which prevail in the

organization. Charles Stein was an incorporator of the Excelsior Literary Society, which decided to adopt the faith of the Socialist-Labor party. Mr. Stein and a number of his friends protested strongly, and were expelled on the alleged ground of disloyalty. Now they have been reinstated by a court order. "It has long been a well established legal principle in this commonwealth," says the Tribune, "that clubs have no right to expel members unless in accordance with the conditions which the associations have adopted and which were in force when the membership was taken up. There was the celebrated Loubat case, for instance. In the eighties of the last century, Mr. Loubat was expelled by the board of governors of the Union Club, but the courts put him back because they decided that the expulsion had been made without careful observance of the club rules, and was in disregard of Mr. Loubat's inalienable rights. That decision has been frequently quoted in the adjustment of dissensions of a similar sort."

A real-estate man in Alton, Ill., has just completed a big flat building, which he named the "Storks' Nest." Tenants with children are given preference. The owner announced that the new apartments were exclusively for married people, and that the presence of children would be a recommendation instead of a bar to acceptance as tenants. He has decided to set an example to other landlords by providing a place so that couples may live without being in fear of eviction or increase in rent if there is an increase in the size of their families. This is a good example to flat owners in New York and other large cities.

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
July 14th .....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 15th .....	62	54	.00	Clear
" 16th .....	64	52	.00	Clear
" 17th .....	66	52	.00	Clear
" 18th .....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 19th .....	66	52	.00	Clear
" 20th .....	62	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 20, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.		Shares.		Closed Bid.	
Bay Co. Power 5%	10,000 @ 102			103	105
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.					
C. T. 5%	10,000 @ 85			84 1/2	85
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%	11,000 @ 103 1/2			103	104
Los An. Ry. 5%	6,000 @ 113 1/2-113 3/4			113 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 6%	4,000 @ 105			104 1/2	105
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000 @ 117 1/2			117 1/2	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	9,000 @ 104 1/2-105			104 1/2	105
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	2,000 @ 104			103 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	3,000 @ 117 1/2			117 1/2	117 3/4
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	9,000 @ 106 1/2			106 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%	44,000 @ 102 1/2-103			103	103 1/2
1905, S. B. 6%	39,000 @ 105 1/2			104	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.	2,000 @ 108 1/2			108 1/2	
S. P. Branch, 6%	13,000 @ 132 1/2			131 1/2	132 1/2
S. V. Water 6%	5,000 @ 105 1/2			105 1/2	105 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	5,000 @ 98 1/2			98 1/2	
<b>Banks.</b>					
Anglo-Cal .....	100 @ 85				90
Street R. R. ....					
Presidio .....	14 @ 41				
<b>Powders.</b>					
Giant Con. ....	20 @ 60 1/2-60 3/4			60 1/2	62
<b>Sugars.</b>					
Hawaiian C. S. ....	345 @ 52 1/2-53			52	52 1/2
Honokaa S. Co. ....	40 @ 12 1/2-12 3/4				12 1/2
Hutchinson .....	25 @ 8 1/2			8	8 1/2
Makaweli S. Co. ....	200 @ 23 1/2-24			23 1/2	
Pauahau S. Co. ....	250 @ 13-13 1/2			13	14
<b>Gas and Electric.</b>					
Mutual Electric. ....	440 @ 12 1/2-13 1/2			13	13 1/2
Pacific Lighting. ....	50 @ 57 1/2			57 1/2	
S. F. Gas & Eltric. ....	387 @ 60 1/2			60 1/2	60 1/2
<b>Miscellaneous.</b>					
Alaska Packers ...	105 @ 134-135 1/2			133	135
Cal. Fruit Cannerns. ....	10 @ 99 1/2				99 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	20 @ 89-89 1/2				90
Spring Valley Water was weak, and sold off one and a quarter points to 37, closing at 36 1/2 bid, 37 asked. This company paid their quarterly dividend of 63 cents per share to-day.					
The sugars, on sales of about 800 shares, have made fractional gains, and closed in fair demand at the advanced prices.					
Alaska Packers sold off three points to 134 on sales of 105 shares, closing at 133 bid, 135 asked.					
San Francisco Gas and Electric has about held its own in price, sales of 387 shares being made at 60-60 1/2. Mutual Electric was strong, selling up one point to 13 1/2 on sales of 440 shares, closing in good demand at 13 bid, 13 1/2 asked.					

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LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000 volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—50,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay you to see our large assortment of these goods, and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.





# Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM JULY 13, 1904

FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey, Marysville, Chico, Oroville, Red Bluff, Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville	7:50 P 7:20 P 6:20 P 7:20 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Santa Rosa, Ukiah, Eureka, Humboldt, Eureka, Humboldt, Eureka, Humboldt	4:20 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millton), Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, Oroville, Chico, Jamestown, Colusa, Tolomine and Angela	4:20 P 4:20 P 6:20 P
9:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East	5:50 P
9:30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations	5:50 P
10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis	5:20 P 12:20 P
10:00 A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles	7:20 P 5:20 P
12:00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:20 A
11:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	11:00 P
3:30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Willows, Colusa, Landluc, Marysville, Chico, Oroville and Way Stations	10:50 A 7:50 P
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations	7:50 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa	9:20 A 4:20 P
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi	18:50 A
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore	11:50 A
5:00 P	The Overland Limited—Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles	8:50 A
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	9:50 A
5:00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose	9:50 A
6:00 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno	12:50 P
8:00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday	7:50 P
7:00 P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations	11:20 A
7:00 P	Reo Passenger—Port Costa, Niles, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks	7:50 A
8:05 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Modesto, Merced, Bakersfield, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa	12:20 P
8:05 P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Wawona	8:50 A 10:20 A
8:05 P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, Portland, Eugene, Astoria, Los Angeles	8:50 A
8:05 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene, Astoria, Los Angeles	8:50 A
8:10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only)	11:50 A

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge) (Foot of Market Street)	ARRIVE
7:45 A Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	8:10 P
8:15 A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	5:55 P
19:15 A Alameda, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Redwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations	8:10 P
8:15 P Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	10:55 A 18:55 A
4:15 P Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Sacramento and Sunday only	8:55 A

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge) (Foot of Third and Townsend Streets)	ARRIVE
6:10 A San Jose and Way Stations	5:30 P
17:00 A San Jose and Way Stations	5:40 P
7:15 A Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	10:30 P
8:00 A New Almaden (Tues, Frid., Sat.)	4:10 P
8:00 A The Coaster—San Jose, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles	10:45 P
8:00 A Gilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc	10:45 P
9:00 A San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Seaside, Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations	4:10 P
10:30 A San Jose and Way Stations	1:20 P
11:15 A Santa Clara, San Jose, Oroville and Way Stations	7:30 P 8:35 A
1:30 P San Jose and Way Stations	8:35 A
13:45 P Del Monte Express (except Sunday)—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Salinas, Pacific Grove	10:45 A 18:00 A
4:30 P San Jose and Way Stations	10:45 A
5:00 P Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday)	9:00 A 19:40 A
5:30 P San Jose and Way Stations	9:40 A
6:45 P Sunset Express—Hawdson, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, New York	7:10 A
6:45 P Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Seaside, Grove, Salinas, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	10:30 P 10:45 P
5:30 P San Jose and Way Stations	5:48 A 5:55 A
8:00 P Palo Alto and Way Stations	10:15 A
11:30 P South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, Sausalito, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto	9:45 P
11:30 P Mayfield, Mountain View, Sonoma, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose	19:45 P

A for Morning † Sunday excepted + Saturday only (stops at all stations on Sunday)	P for Afternoon + Sunday only + Monday only (stops at all stations on Sunday)
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"If you dare to kiss me again I will call papa!" "I thought you said your father was in California?" "He is."—Houston Post.

First baby—"You look below par." Second baby—"Yes, I haven't absorbed an unfriendly germ for so long now that I'm losing all power of resistance."—Life.

First doctor—"Then we decide not to operate." Second doctor—"Yes. What do you think we ought to charge him for deciding not to operate?"—Brooklyn Life.

Clarinda—"You can't keep a dog in your new flat?" Florida—"No, we had to give Fido away; but Frederick had his dear little bark put in our phonograph."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Doctor," queried the inquisitive person. "do you believe that the cigarette habit causes weak minds?" "Not necessarily," replied the M. D.; "as a rule it merely indicates them."—Chicago Daily News.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?" "Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—Philadelphia Press.

Bridget—"Why, Master Tommy, what ever is the matter?" Tommy—"I've hurt my h-hand in the h-hot water." Bridget—"Shure, thin, it serves you right. You should have felt the water before you put your hand in!"—Punch.

"Do you think they'll be happy now they're married?" "Well, I don't see why not. They eat the same kind of breakfast-food, take the same brand of dyspepsia tablets, and wear the same make of hygienic underwear."—Town Topics.

"I suppose, senator," she said, "that you try to keep in touch with the financial interests of the country." "If I didn't, my dear girl, I'd have to cut down my livin' expenses or practice law a good deal harder than I do between sessions."—Ex.

A little rusty: "The bride seemed quite nervous, didn't she?" remarked the first Chicago girl. "Naturally," replied the other; "she's somewhat out of practice. It's the first time she's been married since last year."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A teacher in an East Side school in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly" illustrated it by walking across the floor. When he asked the class to tell him how he walked, a boy at the foot of the class shouted, "Bowllegged, sir."—Lippincott's.

"Did you boys have a good time at your honfire, Johnny?" "You bet we did. We burnt a hackyard fence, half a dozen piano boxes, an' the most of old Squigglan's smokehouse, an' had a he-yootiful run when the police got after us."—Chicago Tribune.

"Poor pa's just working himself to death." "Why, I thought he had a political job." "He has, but it seems as if he no sooner gets reappointed than it is necessary for him to get out and work again so that somebody else won't get it next time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lakeside (in Eighth Avenue restaurant): "I see you have a sign requesting gentlemen to remove their hats." Waiter—"Yes; we found it necessary." Lakeside—"Just like New York. Why, out in Chicago we never think of sitting down to a meal without taking off our hats and coats."—Town Topics.

"What do you expect to get for that?" asked Crittich, watching D'Auber at work on a large canvas. "I'm not going to sell this picture," said D'Auber, gazing at his work proudly. "Oh, come! Don't be discouraged so soon. You'll find some fool willing to give you five or ten dollars for it."—Philadelphia Press.

Willing, but hampered: Rich caller (who is making the round of the tenement districts)—"Well, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you, my good woman?" The other (of the submerged)—"No, thank ye, mem. Ye musn't mind it, mem, if I don't return the call. I haven't any time to go slummin' meself."—Chicago Tribune.

By removing causes of irritation and by preserving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation.

"When is your wife coming back?" "Oh, during the latter part of a thousand dollars." Life.

Tesla Bricquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved. Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

# Santa Fe ALL THE WAY CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

7.30 A M.—BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10:40 a. m., Fresno 2:40 p. m., Bakersfield 7:05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 5:55 a. m.

9.30 A M.—THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12:01 p. m., Fresno 3:10 p. m., Bakersfield 5:50 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p. m.

9.30 A M.—VALLEY LIMITED: Due Stockton 12:01 p. m., Fresno 3:10 p. m., Bakersfield 5:50 p. m. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 10:50 p. m.

4.00 P M.—STOCKTON LOCAL: Due Stockton 7:10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a. m.

8.00 P M.—OVERLAND EXPRESS: Due Stockton 11:15 p. m., Fresno 3:15 a. m., Bakersfield 7:35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8:47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:35 p. m.

\* Daily, ‡ Mondays and Thursdays. † Tuesdays and Fridays.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway Oakland.

# California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE  
SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC  
RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.  
WEEK OAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30 and 11:30 p. m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:30 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 5:20, 11:30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 1:20, 3:40, 5:20, 6:25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p. m. {Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 1, 1904	Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days.	Sun- days.	Ostination.	Sun- days.	Week Days.
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Ignacio.	7:45 a m	7:45 a m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m		8:40 a m	8:40 a m
8:30 a m	9:30 a m		10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m		6:20 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m	5:10 p m		6:20 p m	7:25 p m
			6:45 p m	
			8:45 p m	
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Novato Petalum and Santa Rosa.	7:45 a m	7:45 a m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m		10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	9:30 a m		6:20 p m	6:20 p m
5:10 p m	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	7:25 p m
	5:10 p m		8:45 p m	
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Fulton.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m		7:25 p m	6:20 p m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m		8:45 p m	7:25 p m
		Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyersville, Cloverdale.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
7:30 a m	7:30 a m		7:25 p m	7:25 p m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m			
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	7:25 p m
		Willits.		
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Sherwood.	7:25 p m	7:25 p m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m	Guerneville and Camp Vacation.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m		8:45 p m	6:20 p m
8:00 a m	8:00 a m	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	8:45 a m	8:40 a m
5:10 p m	9:30 a m		8:45 p m	6:20 p m
	10:10 p m		8:45 p m	
7:30 a m	7:30 a m	Sebastopol.	10:20 a m	10:20 a m
2:30 p m	2:30 p m		7:25 p m	6:20 p m



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Dillon, daughter of Mrs. Maurice Casey, to Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leta Gallatin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, to Dr. William P. Harvey.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hobart, of Manila, to Lieutenant William Graham, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Josephine Morris de Greayer to Captain Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Madeline Kent to Mr. William Johnson, of Oakland, will take place on Tuesday at Trinity Episcopal Church. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Clifton Macon. Mrs. Claude Kent will be matron of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Julia Johnson and Miss Jessie Spangler. Mr. Philip Woolsey will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Grace Martin to Mr. William Palmer Horn will take place on the afternoon of August 3d at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. George Hyde, 719 Geary Street.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Warner, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner, to Mr. Stuart Rawlings, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2323 Franklin Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. John Hemphill. Miss Helen Davis was maid of honor, and Miss Jane Rawlings and Miss Alyse Warner were bridesmaids. Mr. Moulton Warner acted as best man, and Mr. William Smith, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Mr. Lloyd Baldwin, and Mr. Isaac Upham served as ushers. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings have gone to Alaska on a three weeks' wedding journey, and on their return will leave for Mexico to reside.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Shorb, daughter of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, to Mr. James King Steele, of Sacramento, took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 2501 Gough Street. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Montgomery. Miss Margaret Eastman was the bridesmaid, and Mr. J. Campbell Shorb acted as best man. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. King have gone South on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at Sacramento.

The wedding of Miss Frances Grow, of Berkeley, to Lieutenant Beverly C. Daly, U. S. A., took place on Thursday evening at the Church of the Advent, East Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. St. John Scott. Mrs. C. C. Sewell was matron of honor, Miss Elizabeth Grow maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Maude Clark, of San Diego, Miss Marie Jesse, of Santa Rosa, Miss Lucille Webster, and Miss Mary McBride. Mrs. J. Gibson Taylor and Mrs. Joseph McElroy were ribbon-bearers. The ushers were Captain Albert E. Truby, U. S. A., Captain William M. Fassett, U. S. A., Lieutenant Milton A. Elliott, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel J. Sutherland, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Alfred C. Arnold, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Mary Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Grant, to Mr. William Shibley Berdan, Jr., of Portland, Or., took place on July 7th at "El Nido," Napa County, the country place of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hawkins, of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Napa. Mr. and Mrs. Berdan will reside in Napa.

A garden-party will be given to-day (Saturday) by Mrs. A. B. Ford, of San Mateo, for the benefit of the San Mateo Free Kindergarten. The hosts will be presided over by Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale. Others who will assist in the work are Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Laura Bates, and Miss Florence Bailey.

Mr. Henry T. Scott gave a luncheon at the St. Francis on Tuesday in honor of Miss Grace Herried, of South Dakota.

Mr. Richard Burke gave a dinner at the Occidental Hotel on Monday evening at which he entertained Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. Ynez Shorb, White Miss Alice Burke, and Mr. William Burke.

Rear Admiral Bowman H. McCalla and Mrs. McCalla gave a luncheon at Mare Island on Saturday.

Miss Carrie Nicholson gave a luncheon on Friday at her residence, 626 Eighth Street, Oakland. Others at table were Mrs. Henry Rosefield, Mrs. John Metcalf, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. J. D. Barneson, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. J. Lorain Pense, Mrs. George Gross, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Edward W. Engs, Mrs. David A. Proctor, Mrs. Newton Koser, Mrs. Vernon Walhron, Mrs. I. Emmet Nicholson, Mrs. James P. H. Dunn, Mrs. Albert A. G. Miss Belle Nicholson, and Mrs. M. Nicholson.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Stots gave a reception Friday afternoon at their residence, 2016 Geary Street.

## Wills and Successions.

The holographic will of Miss Bertha M. Dolbeer, who died in New York on July 9th, was filed with the county clerk Monday.

The bulk of the estate, which amounts to about \$1,000,000, was willed to Miss Etta M. Warren, Miss Dolbeer's companion. She is to receive, according to the terms of the will, \$300,000 in cash, the Dolbeer family house and its contents, at 2112 Pacific Avenue, valued at about \$60,000, and \$400,000 worth of stock in the Dolbeer and Carson Lumber Company, and all the residue of the estate after the payment of the following legacies:

To Ellen M. Hall, of Epsom, N. H., \$25,000; Elizabeth C. Phillips, a cousin, \$10,000; Ralph Chase, of Berkeley, a cousin, \$10,000; Ethel F. Roche, a cousin, \$10,000; William G. Mugan, \$20,000; Percy J. Brown, of Eureka, \$10,000; Peter Kyne, \$5,000; Helen L. Wagner, \$5,000; Elsie I. Chase, of Holyoke, Mass., \$10,000; William Carson Tyson, of Alameda, \$5,000; Margaret H. Warren, \$25,000; for a family mansion, \$50,000; the California Woman's Hospital, \$2,000; the Florence Crittenden Home Association for Erring Women and Children, \$2,000; the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, \$2,000; the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses, \$2,000; the San Francisco Protestant Orphan Asylum Society, \$2,000.

William G. Mugan and George D. Gray were named as executors without bonds.

## Speedy Automobile Driving.

The automobile road races held in Germany recently for an international cup resulted in some very fast time being made. The following table shows the time in which twelve of the eighteen starters finished the three hundred and forty-two miles:

Driver.	Country.	Machine.	Time.
1 Thery, ....	France	Richard-Braisier	5 59 03
2 Jenatton, ....	Germany	Mercedes	6 01 28
3 De Caters, ....	Germany	Mercedes	6 46 31
4 Rougier, ....	France	Turcat-Méry	6 48 11
5 Braun, ....	Austria	Mercedes	6 59 06
6 Hautvast, ....	Belgium	Pipe	7 2 36
7 Salleron, ....	France	Mors	7 15 03
8 Lanci, ....	Italy	Fiat	7 17 54
9 Girling, ....	England	Wolseley	7 22 54
10 Cagno, ....	Italy	Fiat	7 23 36
11 Werner, ....	Austria	Mercedes	7 32 14
12 Jarrott, ....	England	Wolseley	7 36 32

Thery, the winner, averaged 53.37 miles an hour, at times making a speed of ninety miles an hour.

## Death of H. S. Crocker.

Henry S. Crocker, head of the firm of H. S. Crocker & Co., died on Monday at the St. Francis Hotel, where he resided with his family. He had been ill for about three months.

The deceased was a native of Troy, N. Y., born in 1832. He came to California in 1850 with his brothers, the late Charles, Edwin, and Clark Crocker. For six years he worked in the mines, then went to Sacramento and established the stationery and printing house of Crocker & Edwards. Later the firm name was changed to H. S. Crocker & Co. In 1874, the San Francisco house of that name was established.

Mr. Crocker is survived by a widow and one son, Charles H. Crocker.

Among the birthday honors recently conferred in England by King Edward the Seventh was a K. C. M. G. (Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George) on Robert E. Bredon, deputy inspector-general of imperial Chinese customs. Lady Bredon is a Californian, daughter of the late T. C. Banks, a well-known hanker in the early days. She was as a young lady well known in San Francisco society.

The first sale of the property owned here by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who has ordered all her real estate here sold, was made this week. The property sold is on the southeast corner of Davis and Washington Streets, 91.8 by 137.6, the improvements consisting of one-story frame buildings. The price paid was \$75,000. A new building will be erected.

The rumor circulated a few weeks ago that Denis O'Sullivan's voice was failing had no foundation beyond the fact that Mr. O'Sullivan had been suffering from a slight attack of bronchitis. He is arranging to give a series of concerts next winter in London.

Governor Charles N. Herreid, of South Dakota, accompanied by Mrs. Herreid and Miss Grace May Herreid, arrived on Tuesday to attend the luncheon, on Thursday evening, of the armored cruiser *South Dakota*, which was christened by Miss Herreid.

## To Society Ladies.

A society lady, with a large circle of acquaintances, can earn much money on commission. Strictly confidential. Address Box 75, this office.

— ENGLISH MADRAS SOCIETY NOTE—PAPEK—white, blue, and gray—special, 35 cents a box, at Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

— SWELL DRESSERS HAVE THEIR SHIRT WAISTS made at Kent's, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## Characteristics of Rejane.

"H. T. P., a London correspondent to the New York *Globe*, devotes a recent letter to Gabrielle Rejane, who is now playing in London, and who will come to the United States this season. He says:

A few years ago she was the most individual comedienne in Paris, with a theatre of her own, from which she made occasional tours, with an excellent company and interesting plays. In this way she came first to America. Now she has no theatre of her own, and after a few months in Paris at any house that offers itself, she flits from city to city, up and down Europe, to South America, soon to the United States. For the moment she happens to be acting in London. Her repertoire is mainly show pieces. Her company at its best is mediocre, and usually it is worse. The mounting of her plays is cheap, careless, and without illusion. She begins the play half an hour after the time advertised. She vexes her audience with "waits" that are never less than twenty minutes. Meanwhile, she "receives" in her dressing-room or submits to interviews, in which she has acquired the knack of praising the qualities of the people among whom she is acting, that, as a Frenchwoman of the French, she would naturally most dislike.

The writer has little good to say of "Le Montansier" and others of her plays. "Le Montansier" he describes as a "theatrical machine made for international exhibition by an international actress, keeping her almost constantly on the stage, and showing as many of her powers as can be crowded into three hours and her capacity for physical endurance." The climax, he says, is in the middle. The play deals with the life of Le Montansier, an actress of the time of the Revolution and the Terror—an historical personage, who, with other characters of the time, the writer says, has been transformed into a stuffed puppet that the three mechanics who wrote the play are jerking along—"and the more frantically they pull the wires the most obviously they are jerking at dummies that haven't an ounce of common sense in their empty heads or a drop of human passion in their pasteboard hearts." "Only a string of episodes," he calls the play.

But despite her faults and the poor stuff she is playing, Rejane's genius inspires the writer to the following burst of enthusiasm:

Under the spell of Rejane's acting you forgive these plays all their artificiality and perverseness. She does not act at her heroines. She is those heroines, and she fills them with her intelligence, sensitiveness, pliancy, sparkle, and charm, her quick intensity of mood, her vehement expression of feeling, her comic sense, her morbid sense, her exquisite "feminineness." You come out of the theatre with a feeling almost of shame that for three hours you have been living seemingly in the closest intimacy with a woman who before that was strange to you, and who disappears forthwith into the crowded chamber of stage memories.

Coquelin is with Rejane. Of him the writer, after deploring that he should appear in so poor a play, says:

Of course, Coquelin delivers his speeches with a rhetorical artistry and a practiced theatrical instinct that in their kind are beyond praise. When he has a chance, the dry humor and humorous suggestion of his St. Phar are delicious. His perfecting and fusing of detail into a persuasive impersonation are of the finest. But usually he is only a voice declaiming fustian.

Messrs. Coxhead & Coxhead, architects, have moved from the offices occupied by them during the past fourteen years to the new office building, 731 Sutter Street, opposite the University Club, which they erected recently.

The formal housewarming and dedication of the Bohemian Club's new club-house in Bohemia Grove will take place on August 10th, 11th, and 12th.

## YOSEMITE VALLEY.

## Seven Advantages in Going Santa Fe.

1. A low rate of fare: The Santa Fé round-trip to Yosemite Valley, first-class, costs only \$28.50. This saves the traveler \$10.00.
2. No sleeping-car berth required: The rail journey is made entirely in the daytime and the traveler is not put to the expense of a Pullman berth. This saves \$3.00.
3. California Big Trees seen without side ride: Santa Fé Yosemite stages pass directly through two groves of giant sequoias without side ride or extra expense. This saves \$2.00.
4. Good meals at a moderate price: Meals along the Santa Fé line to Yosemite are most toothsome and cost only 50 cents and 75 cents each. These prices are reasonable and save the traveler on the round-trip about \$15.00.
5. Modern stage coaches: Santa Fé coaches are new-built and especially for Yosemite service. They are the newest and most comfortable running into the Valley.
6. The Merced Canon entrance to Yosemite Valley: Santa Fé stages go up into Yosemite Valley the way the river comes down. This is by far the grandest entrance to the Valley and passes cliffs and waterfalls seen on no other line.
7. The "Double Loop": By a unique routing Santa Fé passengers are taken into the Valley one way and out another, giving a complete change of scenery for over fifty miles. This makes the grandest stage ride in the world.

THIS WORTH WHILE TO TRAVEL ON THE SANTA FE.

## Spend Your Vacation



A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.



## At Hotel Del Monte

Hotel Vendome  
SAN JOSE

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tuhbs, who have been abroad for a year past, when last heard from were just leaving Berlin on their way to Russia.

Mrs. John Spreckels and Miss Spreckels were at Carlsbad during the Fourth of July celebration there.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. A. N. Towne, at Del Monte.

Mrs. E. J. Ives and Miss Florence Ives have taken a cottage at San José for the summer months.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and the Misses Stubbs sailed last Saturday for a trip through China and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins formed a party who visited Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble have returned from Blythedale, and have taken a house on Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Flood visited Del Monte last week.

Bishop L. C. Partridge, of Kioto, Japan, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson for the past month, departed for a brief visit East last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller at San Mateo.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding is expected here in a few days to attend the Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks.

Miss Ethyl Hager has been spending a few days at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister have returned from Blythedale.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris King Davis have been guests recently at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is at Del Monte for a short stay.

Miss Pearl Landers has returned from St. Louis, and has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels, who have been in Paris, expect to pass part of the summer at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Constance de Young have returned to New York from Europe, and are expected home within a few days.

Miss Celia Tobin has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. Henry Heyman, after an automobile trip through Southern California, is sojourning at Dutch Flat, Placer County.

Mr. C. C. Moore, who has been sojourning at Byron Hot Springs for the past two weeks, returned Sunday in his auto, accompanied by Mrs. Moore, Miss Josephine Moore, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morrison.

Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow have returned from a trip through the East and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., are at Shasta for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope were at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson are in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall were recent guests at Del Monte.

Mrs. William Hammond and Miss Georgia Hammond have returned from Japan, and are at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre were at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Emmons and Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lally stayed over Sunday at Byron Hot Springs.

Miss Lansdale is the guest of Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols at their country place in San Mateo.

Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal, and Miss Edith Mack are at Lake Tahoe for the month of July.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs arrived from Chicago on Tuesday for a few days' stay.

Miss Georgie Spieker has returned from her trip to Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss are spending the month of July at their Lake Tahoe cottage.

Miss Caroline Merry has returned from Mare Island, and is the guest of Miss Grace Martin.

Mrs. Davenport and Miss Eleanor Davenport will spend the next six weeks at Independence Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Foster and family have returned from the East.

Mrs. Foute and daughter have returned to town, and are at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page and family are at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Lilienthal have returned from the East.

Mrs. Thomas B. Coghill and Miss Bessie Coghill have returned from Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellinwood (née Arnold) were in town during the past week.

Mrs. James Cunningham, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Sarah Cunningham, and Miss

Elizabeth Cunningham have returned to this city after an absence of some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger have been sojourning at San José.

Mrs. Joseph Masten has returned from her visit to San Mateo.

Dr. George Chismore and Miss Emma Chismore have returned from the East.

Baron von Horst arrived in New York last week, en route home from Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley expect to spend the coming winter here, arriving from New York in November.

Miss Susie McNab was in Ontario when last heard from.

Mr. Templeton Crocker is spending the summer in New York.

Dr. Morris Hertzstein is expected home from Europe on Monday.

Miss Helen Wilder arrived from Honolulu during the week, en route to the St. Louis exposition.

Miss Tillie Feldman has been the guest of Mrs. William Weir at San Mateo.

Mrs. F. G. Drum and her two children have returned from a six weeks' sojourn in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller was a recent visitor to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden were among the recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling are spending the summer at their country place at Bucksport, Me. They expect to go abroad in the fall.

Mr. J. Frank Danforth, United States Geological Survey, is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Joshua O. Nicholson, of Macclesfield, England, British commissioner to the World's Fair, is here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson were visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Starr have returned from an automobile trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and family are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Stebbins Bonestell, Miss Mary Foster, Miss Annie Foster, Miss Alma Hill, Miss Melaine Lassel, Miss Edna Middleton, Mr. W. A. S. Foster, Mr. Arthur Foster, Mr. Robert Foster, and Mr. Robbins, have returned from a fortnight's outing at Willits.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy and family are at the Hotel del Monte.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ehrman, Mrs. J. C. Reis, Mrs. D. Tait, Mrs. J. Spruance, Miss Helen B. Thomas, Miss H. W. Thomas, Miss Gould, Mr. P. S. Baker, Mr. H. P. Umben, Mr. S. Newman, Mr. Savay, Mr. E. Brandenstein, Mr. H. Gale, Mr. C. A. Thurston, Mr. G. Sutro, and Mr. Charles Brandenstein.

Among the week's visitors to Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Oakley W. Larson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Taft, Mrs. S. S. McMillan, Mrs. M. C. Kendall, Mrs. Z. Peterson, Mrs. G. H. Prewett, Mrs. O. C. Prewett, Miss K. H. Crowley, Miss Witzman, Miss Nathan, Captain O. Luderson, Chaplain John S. Wallace, Mr. Carleton W. Kendall, Mr. Edward Granz, Mr. Leon Blum, Mr. F. L. Rice, Mr. Lihue Kanai, Mr. John W. Wertheiman, and Mr. A. B. Carrell.

Among recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cropley, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Unger, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and W. B. Glidden, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Withmann, Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. H. W. Hawley, Mrs. S. M. Runyon, Mrs. W. R. Sherwood, Mrs. D. R. Sessions, Mrs. A. D. d'Ancona, Miss Elizabeth Faull, Miss K. Post, Professor Morse Stephens, Mr. A. C. Coolidge, Mr. Max Farrand, Mr. Garrick M. Borden, and Mr. Paul Brant.

Among recent guests at Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burnham, Mrs. M. A. Sprague, Mr. Albert Mason, and Mr. W. F. Mills, of New York, Miss Carman and Mr. D. W. Carman, of Manila, Mr. H. Menel, of Tahiti, Mr. John Annan, Mr. Robert Annan, and Mr. J. Annan, of London, Mr. N. D. Hillis, of Brooklyn, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, of Menlo Park, Mr. Ernest Wyld and Mr. George Wyld, of Guatemala, Mr. T. C. Thorcraft and Mr. R. S. Miller, of Japan, Mr. S. H. H. Mellis, Mr. G. A. Woodhouse, and Mr. J. H. Trumbull, of Chili, Mr. William Cooper and Miss Freda Cooper, of New Zealand, Mr. Hormadoroff and Mr. Eniesche, of Germany, Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. E. J. Tobin, Mr. J. R. Nuttall, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, and Mr. Warren S. Reed.

## Army and Navy News.

General Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Coolidge depart on Tuesday for a month's visit to the St. Louis exposition and the East.

Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., arrived from Washington on Monday. He will make Berkeley his future home.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles H. Harlow, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Harlow, arrived from the Orient last week on his way

to New York. He expects to sail in September for a two or three years' cruise around the world.

Commander A. F. Dixon, U. S. N., has been detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island, and ordered to the Bureau of Steam Engineering, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Major W. P. Duvall, U. S. A., and Captain Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., have returned from American Lake.

Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, U. S. N., retired, arrived from St. Louis on Tuesday.

Commander G. B. Ransom, U. S. N. has been detached from the navy-yard at Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered to the navy-yard at Mare Island.

Colonel B. Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., is on duty at Indianapolis. Mrs. Cheatham is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Van Ness at her home in Napa Valley.

Major C. E. Gillette, U. S. A., has gone to Camp Atascadero.

Captain C. Logan, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Logan and family, has arrived from Washington, D. C., and will take command of the battle-ship *Ohio* when she receives her commission.

Captain George McK. Williamson, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., arrived from Honolulu on the transport *Thomas*, and will be at Camp Atascadero during the maneuvers there.

Captain E. Johnston, U. S. A., will take a month's leave of absence, then will proceed to Fort Totten, N. Y., where he will be for a year at school of submarine engineering.

Captain Peyton Clark, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clark, who went to the Tavern of Tamalpais on their wedding journey, have returned.

Lieutenant Leigh Sypher, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., returned from Honolulu on the transport *Thomas*, and is stationed at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley have been the guests of Captain Harold E. Cloke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloke, at Fort Baker.

Miss Lillian Brechemin has arrived from the East, and is the guest of Major Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brechemin at Fort Baker.

The United States gunboat *Annapolis* has returned from the Orient, and is at Mare Island, where she will undergo repairs.

Miss Mary Lake, founder of the girls' school of that name, and recently a teacher in the Hamlin school, died at Montclair, N. J., on July 15th. Miss Lake was a daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Delos Lake. She was a sister of Mrs. Townsend, wife of Edward Townsend, the author, at whose home she died; of Mrs. Hunter, wife of Captain Hunter, U. S. A.; and of Frederick Lake. The interment took place at Utica, N. Y.

No one who has seen the view from the top of Mt. Tamalpais can ever forget it. A wide prospect of California's most magnificent scenery is extended before one — valleys, mountains, cities, villages, hay, and ocean, are spread out in a beautiful panorama. The Tavern of Tamalpais is spoken of by all who have visited it as emblematic of good cheer.

Edward Cucuel, special artist for the *Illustrated London News*, arrived last week on his way to the Orient. He is spending some time here with relatives. Mr. Cucuel is a San Franciscan, but for years has been a European illustrator. While in the Orient he will also contribute to the *Illustrated Zeitung* and *Ueber Land und Meer* of Leipzig.

Marie Barrall, of Oakland, will make her stage debut in St. Louis with the German Lilliputian Company, which includes the midgets—Franz Ebert and Otto Zink. Miss Barrall is only four feet high, and has a trim, graceful figure. Her father was a German army officer during the Franco-Prussian War.

The members of the Union League Club left on Thursday for Los Angeles, to be the guests there of the Union League Club of that city.

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# The Argonaut.

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Many worthy people appear to be astonished that William J. Bryan should have played so large a part in the councils of the Democratic party at St. Louis. For years he has been denounced by the most influential newspapers of the country. The great newspapers of New York, which are read by the editors of every newspaper throughout the United States, and which thereby exert a stronger influence than that which they exert di-

rectly upon the public, are, without regard to party, a unit in their antagonism—with one exception. Indeed, if a census were to be taken of the newspapers of the United States, a very small proportion of them would be found to be thick-and-thin supporters of the Ne-braskan. But, nevertheless, Mr. Bryan's influence in the convention not only was large, but as a personality he won respect if not admiration even from his bitterest enemies. And the secret of his remarkable power may be expressed in one word: sincerity.

A vast number of people appear to be inveterately convinced that, whatever Mr. Bryan's defects of character, he is absolutely faithful to what he believes to be the interests of the "plain people"; that he is utterly insubordinate to the influences of the financial world. As is well known, the *Commoner* prints no advertisements of articles manufactured by what Mr. Bryan believes to be trusts. As a result, the paper is almost bare of advertisements, though it has a weekly circulation of one hundred and forty thousand copies. Mr. Bryan's continued influence, through his paper, is a striking indication of popular distrust of everything and every one over which and whom the trail of the trust is suspected of lying.

Samuel Bowles, the veteran editor of the *Springfield Republican*, while holding that the influence of Mr. Hearst's papers is most vicious, has pointed out that the following which Mr. Hearst and his papers indubitably have, results from the belief, whether correct or not, that Mr. Hearst is fighting the cause of the people.

The phenomena of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan and their newspapers are significant. They give point to several striking things in the address of Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, delivered at Harvard not long ago. He pointed out what peril to the nation resides in a sort of partnership between great financial interests and the press. Nowadays, so fierce is the newspaper competition in the large cities of the country, that he would indeed be a rash man who would think of starting a daily newspaper without millions of dollars behind him. Money, not brains, wealth, not convictions, are the necessary bases of the enterprise. The proprietor of a great newspaper must necessarily be a rich man. His interests are identical with those of other rich men. It is natural that he should follow a policy calculated to resist change, one designed to conserve the interests of the class to which the newspaper proprietor belongs, not the interests of the average man.

Such a condition of affairs has not, of course, yet been reached. But Congressman McCall seems inclined to believe that a community of interest among the owners of great newspapers is being established, and that we shall have "news barons" as well as "steel barons." He predicts a condition under which we should have the really strong newspapers "smugly proclaiming to the multitude the freedom so full of blessing to themselves, and the struggling, short-lived newspaper, wildly crying out for liberty, and smearing on the yellow in order to gain a living support." Between the two sorts, he goes on to say, most people would not be on the side of the "sleek, thoroughly commercialized champion of privilege, trying to lead public opinion in the direction of its own interests, baffling justice in her eternal struggle to give one measure to all men," but on that of the "miserable, starveling yellow sheet, crying out against a system of government for the benefit of the few."

Fortunately we have not reached a condition of affairs where such a choice is necessary. Yet who that has read, for example, Mr. Lawson's chapters in exposure of the methods of the Standard Oil Company as instanced in the case of the Copper Trust, can doubt

that subsidized newspapers are a part of the "system"? In fact, it has long been the belief of many persons familiar with newspaper matters that a certain great newspaper of New York is controlled by the Rockefeller interests, and another newspaper, and an influential weekly, by the Morgan group of financiers. Mr. Hearst is now being sued for libel in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars by a newspaper which he declared in an editorial belonged to Mr. Morgan. Evidently it might be a fact, and yet not be susceptible of proof by Mr. Hearst.

That there is real peril to the nation through the control, by a certain class, of the newspapers which are able to employ the best brains of the country, needs no pointing out. It is bad enough if, as Mr. Lawson avers, the colossal corporation of which he writes brazenly corrupts courts and legislatures, and swindles the people out of millions of dollars; but it is infinitely worse if it methodically secures the publication of false statements of fact regarding the great industrial concerns of the country and arguments based upon false premises. Thereby it muddies the fountain of truth at its very source.

It is perfectly true that the movement toward socialism gets its strongest impetus from the insolent exercise of power by the organizations popularly called trusts. They exercise a real tyranny. And tyranny, on the one hand, brings into being, upon the other, the mob. The tyrant is the complement of the demagogue. The complement of the rich and selfish newspaper is the "miserable starveling sheet." "If Liberty is to be submerged again," says Congressman McCall, "it will be only when the press shall have proved false to its responsibilities."

Perhaps these facts and deductions may not be susceptible of immediate application. Yet it may possibly be not without significance that, while the majority of the newspapers throughout the country—those least likely to be influenced by improper motives—will support for President, Theodore Roosevelt, only one of the great morning papers of New York—the city which is the centre of corporate interests—upholds his candidacy. The *Sun*, the *Times*, the *Herald*, the *World*, will support for President Judge Parker, in whose behalf Mr. August Belmont, Mr. William F. Sheehan, and Mr. Patrick H. McCarren have been so conspicuously active.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin which seems to put our discussion of the negro question on pretty firm ground. It shows that relatively to the white population, the black is losing ground; that against a higher negro birth-rate is set a death-rate almost double that of the white; and that in certain of the learned professions the man of color is beginning to make an honorable mark. It seems to indicate, as plastically as official documents may, that it is easier to count by figures than on the fingers, specially when race problems are in question.

The United States holds a greater negro population than any country in the world outside of Africa, and it amounts to 9,204,531. Nine-tenths of these are in the Southern States, and more than three-tenths in the States of Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama. The greatest negro city is Washington, with New Orleans, Baltimore, and Memphis in succession. Philadelphia and New York follow in point of numbers of negroes dwelling therein. And the trend of the negro toward city life is becoming marked. In five of the large Southern cities, the blacks have actually outgrown the whites, the rate for the former being 25.8, and for the latter, 20.8.

About two-thirds of the negroes are engaged in ag-



culture, but the one-third engaged in other occupations is varied enough in its preferences to be suggestive. Teachers and professors number 21,268; carpenters and joiners, 21,114; barbers, 19,942; clergymen, 15,530; masons, 14,387; dressmakers, 12,572; engineers and firemen, 10,227; blacksmiths, 10,104. Queerly enough, there are 3,921 on the list of musicians and teachers of music, but it is quite possible that a large proportion of these are addicted to the banjo. But when we see that there were 236 artists and teachers of art in 1900, we begin to see that the traces of progress are not so very faint.

Short-lived races rarely accomplish things on the level of the long-lived, however, and a remarkable sign of the lower vitality of the negro is the fact that half the negroes in America are below nineteen years of age, while the median line for the whites is twenty-three. It is well to note that the proportion of negroes under the flag to-day is less than 10 per cent. In 1790, it was 19.3 per cent.

Paul Krüger died possessed of an estate valued at from five millions to seven millions of dollars. The source whence this great fortune was derived is unknown—or merely guessed at.

General Cronje, one of the great generals of the Boer war, is a "feature" in a "show" at the St. Louis exposition. Twice a day, sword in hand, he leads a tattered band of veterans of the South African war in a charge across a stubble field against a harmless foe. Twice a day the defeated Boers ground their arms, and twice General Cronje surrenders his sword in mock defeat. It is a representation of the Battle of Paardeburg for the amusement of the curious people of a strange land. General Cronje has explained that his exhibition of himself at the fair is not willingly undergone. But he is an old man. His lands and property he lost in a devastating war. It is pretty late to begin all over again. So he has chosen this way to provide for his old age.

Curious, is it not, the diverse fortunes of these two men and comrades? Curious that Krüger, with all his wealth, should have held out no helping hand to Cronje!

Most of us think through our pocket-books, especially when it comes to eating. We look more at the prices on the bill of fare than at the ingredient of the article. Our choice between lobster à la Newburg and chicken à la financière is decided by a quarter. Just at present, in most parts of the country, meats are moving up into the class of luxuries. In the East chops are as expensive as our weekly or monthly extravagance in dainties, and as a consequence they are thinking. So if we aren't thinking, others are thinking for us. And the conclusion seems to have a common sense about it not always observable in dietary meditations: so much meat is no absolute necessity.

It is not of record that Adam, even after his great misfortune, was a great indulger in animal food. Spite of his misery, he had one comfort, we are sure: he did not know what frying was. Abraham was a tremendous lover of good kid's flesh, and later we learn that fish was acceptable at the most *recherché* of feasts. But still it is not till very late that Sir Loin and Porterhouse and haunches became staples.

If these worthies could live on vegetables, then, why not their descendants? Is pork necessary to existence and veal to felicity? Can not a man marry happily and raise children in a happy home without mutton chops? Is Hamburg steak the requisite of good citizenship? To some these queries may be troublesome, but it is a proved fact that we can get along very well on less flesh than we do; that meat is after all a greasy mess, and a carrot in a corner is better for the health than a steak under the tonic drippings of an orchestra. Further, we eat too much. Habit has much to do with it, and the tall man usually uses the same size spoon as the feather-weight. Let us take the meat strike philosophically. If meat is high, then we can satisfy our exigent bellies on potatoes and turnips and green things. We shall thus avoid gout, rheumatism, and sundry kindred diseases due to uric acid in the blood. A compulsory regimen of light food will help the country immensely, and while we may deplore the loss by the packers' shut-down, we shall rejoice at the easement of the nation. A clear head is better than a swelling abdominal tract.

The spectacular political contest in Ventura County between Senator Bard and Mr. Oxnard resulted in an easy victory for the former. Mr. Perkins, the candidate for State senator and the business partner of Senator Bard, will have 62 votes in the convention against 31 for Major D. Hill, the Oxnard candidate. Notwithstanding

his defeat, however, Mr. Oxnard affirms that he will continue his campaign with unabated vigor. It has become apparent during the week that both Bard and Oxnard have a formidable opponent in Frank Flint. F. K. Rule, president of the State League of Republican Clubs, says that he believes Flint will easily win out in Los Angeles. The principal arguments urged against Senator Bard in the southern city, are, first, that his diffidence at the beginning of the campaign was not manly or straightforward, and, second, that his vote against giving Statehood to Arizona was against the interests of California. Arizonians are said to be very bitter against Bard, and threaten to withdraw their trade from Los Angeles if Bard's candidacy is indorsed by that city. The Los Angeles Times, which is supporting Bard, is charging that the Southern Pacific Railway is taking a hand in the fight in Mr. Flint's behalf, and W. M. Cutter, chairman of the last Republican State Central Committee, has also expressed the opinion that Mr. Flint is not the man for the place. It is also reported, though not very authoritatively, that Senator Perkins and Governor Pardee are both antipathetic to Flint. George A. Knight's chances of success still depend largely on whether the Southrons decide on a candidate. The probability is that they will. A very friendly feeling appears to exist toward Knight throughout the State, the sole objection expressed being based on considerations of geography. The Call is out with a long editorial to show that it would neither be right nor just to Southern California to choose the next United States senator from the north, though, before the time of Stephen M. White, the south never had a senator. The Bulletin is rather favoring Oxnard, the Chronicle is silent, the Post dislikes Bard, but has not yet picked its favorite among the other three men; the Oakland Tribune is against Bard and apparently for Oxnard.

Has Parker any chance to win? is the question that the politicians are now trying to answer. It is not an easy problem, for Parker stands for a different Democracy than that which Bryan for two elections has represented. One can not, even the Republicans admit, count on the same conditions in confessedly Republican States, as held eight and four years ago.

In the first place, it is argued (we are presenting the case impartially) that Parker stands pretty firmly for the gold standard. The silver question is moribund; but at the same time the old attachments survive. This acts two ways: certain silver men, still full of their faith, will not support Parker heartily because of his famous announcement as a stalwart gold man; but some Democrats who have supported the Republican ticket for eight years will probably now go back to their party in safety. The lines drawn in 1884 and 1892 are more satisfactory guides to prophecy than those drawn in 1896 and 1900.

The Democrats claim the Solid South again, and the Republicans admit the claim. The 13 States of the old Confederacy muster 151 electoral votes. In the electoral college at present there are 476 members, and 239 votes are necessary for the Democrats to elect a President. To these 151 of the South, the 15 votes of Maryland and West Virginia can probably be added as certainly Democratic this year, making 166. The nomination of Davis for Vice-President was for the specific purpose of bringing these States into the Democratic column. He has vast interests and many friends in both. The adherents of Parker argue that the 73 additional votes necessary may be got in the North, and claim New York with 39. It is absolutely necessary that they get New York to win. Should they do so, they have to get 34 more, and among the groups suggested are these: (1) New Jersey 12, Delaware 3, Nevada 3, Montana 3, Indiana 15—36; (2) Indiana 15, New Jersey 12, Connecticut 7—an even 34. But Fairbanks is an Indiana man, and the Republicans argue that, as the Democratic ticket has no man from that State, the claim that it will be found in the Democratic column is a boastful one. Further, a large proportion of its population is Populistic, and not easily to be led into the fold of the Parkerites.

Without Indiana, however, the Democrats make a calculation which will give them the victory. They make the following groups: (1) New Jersey 12, Connecticut 7, Delaware 3, Nevada 3, and California 10—35; (2) New Jersey 12, Connecticut 7, Delaware 3, Montana 3, Nevada 3, Utah 3, Idaho 3—34. The first is considered rash because of its inclusion of Connecticut, and the second is thought wild because it includes California. The Republicans put this State safely in their column for many reasons, the least of which is certainly plausible. This State gave McKinley a majority over Bryan in 1900 of 40,000, the largest ever enjoyed by any Presidential candidate. The Democrats, of course, point to the affiliation of the Union Labor

party with themselves in the gubernatorial election, but times have changed since then, and the alliance does not seem warm.

New York is disputed by the Republicans, who contend that the fight Hill will make up country can not swing the whole State over to the Democratic side. The city will in all probability go overwhelmingly for Parker, every one confesses, but the city has been beaten before. And even if the Republicans lose New York, there is still a large chance that they will fail to get the 34 additional votes necessary to elect a Democratic President.

Not since the Oriental war began has the situation been so critical as at the present time. The assassination of Von Plehve, perhaps the strongest man in Russia, though not the most progressive, the third high official to be murdered within a few weeks, reveals the gravity of internal dissension. The seizure of several merchant vessels of other powers, and the summary sinking of one, have renewed the peril of world-wide war. And the success of the Japanese in driving the army of Kuropatkin back to Hai Cheng, leaving the aggressors in undisputed possession of the city of Newchwang and the town of Ta Che Kaio, both very important points, must be counted as one of the most notable reverses sustained by the Russians on land since the war began.

The seizures of the British steamship *Malacca* and other vessels in the Red Sea appear now to be in the way toward amicable adjustment. The real centre of interest is the Pacific. On July 23d, the Vladivostok squadron, consisting probably of three cruisers, commanded by Vice-Admiral Bezobrazoff, encountered, off the coast of Japan, the British steamship *Knight Commander* of 2,716 tons burden, bound from New York to Singapore. The Russian officers boarded the vessel, seized her captain, ordered the crew to come on board one of the Russian warships within ten minutes, and then sank the vessel. The crew were transferred to the steamship *Tsinan*, which later landed them in Yokohama. On the same or previous day, the Russian fleet captured the German steamship *Arabia*, bound from Portland, Or., for Hong Kong, with 99,000 sacks of American flour.

The summary sinking of the *Knight Commander* is characterized by the British press as an outrage of the most gratuitous and barbarous kind. Premier Balfour has intimated in Parliament that the government regards the sinking of the *Knight Commander* a gross breach of international law. A strong protest has therefore been made to the Russian Government, and not only the payment of an indemnity but an apology is demanded, the refusal of which can only mean more forcible measures. Meanwhile, all vessels bound from this coast for Japan seem to be, considering the case of the *Knight Commander*, in some danger of being similarly treated. The *Gaelic*, which touches at the cable station on Midway Island, has been halted there in mid-ocean by her owners. Fear is expressed, at the hour when we write, regarding the fate of the *Shawmut*, which sailed from Puget Sound on July 16th with a cargo for Hong Kong. The Pacific Mail steamship *Korea*, with nearly a million in treasure on board, and a large cargo, has, however, arrived safely at Yokohama.

International law relating to contraband lacks definiteness and fixity. It is of course perfectly within Russia's right for her cruisers to stop any vessel flying a neutral flag on the high seas, and to determine by examination whether or no her cargo contains contraband of war. It is undoubtedly true that, acting upon the assumption that the Japanese had practical mastery of the seas (as was the case until about four weeks ago, when the *Argonaut* was among the first to point out the remarkable change in the naval situation), steamship companies on this Coast have not hesitated to accept for transport goods indubitably contraband of war. But though the right of search is granted, it may be assumed that the United States Government would enter a prompt and emphatic protest against such treatment of vessels flying the American flag as that accorded the *Knight Commander*. And in the event of disregard of that protest we should undoubtedly find employment for our Asiatic squadron in effectually preventing harm to our ships.

The government of the United States will also undoubtedly protest against the seizure by Russian warships of vessels bearing a cargo consigned to private persons or to Chinese or Philippine ports. We can not allow the seizure of American vessels on the "assumption" that their cargoes, whether of arms or supplies, though consigned to Chinese ports, are eventually intended for Japanese use. When, during the Boer war, Great Britain seized a German vessel with cargo consigned to merchants at Delagoa Bay, she was compelled not only to release the vessel, but to pay an indemnity, though it is a moral certainty that her cargo

BARD, FLINT  
KNIGHT, OR  
OXNARD?



would ultimately have reached the Boers. That principle, it may be assumed, will not be relinquished by the United States in any controversy in which we may engage with Russia.

If the reports are accurate, the 100,000 pounds of flour which formed the cargo of the *Arabia*, were consigned to Hong Kong. Its owners are Americans. The case has already been laid before the State Department. If the facts are as they are alleged to be, it may properly be assumed that President Roosevelt will not hesitate to make earnest representations to the Russian Government regarding this unjustifiable seizure by her admiral.

Not only shall we require that it be demonstrated in each case that goods seized by Russia as contraband, are as a matter of fact, directly intended for the Japanese army, but undoubtedly we shall require that international law, as established by precedent, rather than Russia's mere fiat, shall determine what is, in fact, contraband. Russia, for example, has declared that coal is contraband of war. No other nation holds that coal is contraband of war when shipped, not to an army or fleet, but merely to merchants in the ports of a belligerent nation. It is exceedingly unlikely that we shall accept Russia's definition in this respect.

Frankly, the apparent endeavors of Russia to offend not only Great Britain but Germany and the United States by unjustified seizures on the high seas are all but unintelligible. One theory that has been put forward in explanation appears to have a certain reasonableness. It is that Russia, believing defeat at the hands of Japan inevitable, has maliciously set about to embroil herself in war with nations now at peace, in order that she may withdraw from the conflict with less disaster to her prestige than would result from her defeat, single-handed, by Japan. If this is not the case, it may be supposed that the acts of Russian naval officers in the Red Sea and the Pacific result from ignorance of the proper attitude of a belligerent toward neutrals, or a reckless hot-headedness and insubordination to the central authority at St. Petersburg.

When the transport *Dix* sailed from this port for Manila on Tuesday, she carried a remarkable cargo. She was loaded with American stallions and mares to be used for crossing with the undersized though sturdy Filipino ponies. In the islands a central breeding station is to be established. Some of the animals, perhaps, will be distributed among the various agricultural experiment stations. John Gilmer Speed, the noted horse-breeder, will probably go to the Philippines to direct the work. It is said that Filipino ponies are of the Barb origin, and breed true to type. The civil authorities are convinced that crossing them with Arabs, Morgans, Denmarks, and other thoroughbreds will result in a satisfactory animal. The mares bought number eighty-six, and were purchased chiefly in Kentucky. Sixty finely bred cows also were shipped on the *Dix*, but we are ignorant of what use they are to be put. The cost of the experiment in breeding is paid from the Philippine revenues.

President Winter, of the Brooklyn Rapid-Transit Company, has been making a special effort to induce college men to accept employment as conductors and motormen on his road. In explaining his course of action, he says: "They are courteous and faithful, and they possess intelligence. Our trainers 'break in' a college man in about half the time it takes to instruct the general run of applicants." The New York *World* points to this fact with exultation. "See there," it exclaims, "how a college training helps a man in even the humblest vocation." Not so, brother. There are flaws in your logic. On the supposition that it requires thirty days to break in a man, not a college graduate, as a motorman, President Winter says it would require fifteen days to break in a bachelor of arts. But the college man has already spent, at a minimum, four years in acquiring that superior aptitude for being "broken in" to motormanship which is so gratifying to President Winter. The bachelor of arts-motorman is really "behind the game," precisely four years plus fifteen days less thirty day—a little matter of three years eleven months and fifteen days.

The President's speech of acceptance of the nomination for the Presidency was a statesmanly and eloquent setting forth of the reasons why the voters of the nation should continue the Republican party in power for four years more. Every good citizen ought to read it. Briefly yet convincingly the President reviewed the record of the administration during the past seven years—its establishment of the finances of the nation upon a sound gold basis; its honest and economical expenditure of

government money; its maintenance of the policy of protection under which the nation has attained a height of material well-being never before reached; its policy of fair and impartial treatment of both capital and labor; its inauguration of a vast scheme of irrigation; its successful foreign policy; and its liberal administration in the Philippines. "During the seven years that have just passed, there is no duty, domestic or foreign, that we have shirked; no necessary task which we have feared to undertake, or which we have not performed with reasonable efficiency. . . . We face the future with our past and our present as guarantors of our promises, and we are content to stand or fall by the record which we have made or are making." There is no question but that the admirable record of the past seven years, to which Mr. Roosevelt points with pride, will receive the indorsement of the nation at the polls in November.

Along about the first of July, Charles F. Lummis wrote for his magazine a corking good editorial on "The Fool and His Campfire." It was the kind of an editorial calculated to make a careless camper feel as if a steam roller had passed gently over his prostrate form. But, of course, not everybody reads *Out West*, and so from Santa Rosa comes this sort of a dispatch under date of July 24th:

Fire started this afternoon in the wooded hills in the vicinity of the Sonoma County Hospital and farm, and for a time the buildings were in imminent danger. . . . It is feared the fire may reach the fine Summit Park vineyards and the Fountain Grove estate. The fire was started by careless campers.

Evidently Mr. Lummis's heart-felt preachment needs further diffusion. Therefore, here is one strenuous paragraph:

It is one of the bitterest commentaries on what we are pleased to term civilization that ninety per cent. of those who can pass through a pink tea without flinching, are no more to be trusted with a fire outside their iron, tied-down cook-stove than a three-year-old child with a gross of matches. These fruits of culture, who know when to respond in church, and which fork to eat fish withal—when by some miracle of adventure they fare forth to the mountains, are more dangerous to Nature and to the State than a whole asylum of raving maniacs with a train-load of dynamite. In summer the mountains of California are a powder magazine. Enter fifty thousand fools with their torches. Result: every year fifty million dollars worth of injury to the community. The only pity is that the mountains burn like our modern high explosives. If they were common gun-powder and would blow up with the irremedial incompetents that kindled them, it wouldn't be so bad. As it is, the idiots escape, and only a few thousand acres of the watershed, upon which the life of California depends, is burned and parched and hardened and destroyed for that water storage which saves us from being a desert.

These are words of wisdom. "Santa Rosa papers please copy."

The *Evening Post* of this city printed a self-laudatory editorial, the other day, relating to a "scoop" which it affirms that it achieved in the publication of some war news or other. In another part of the paper, on the same day, appeared this paragraph:

The Pacific Mail Company is apprehensive over the fate of the *Korea*, which is now within one or two days' sailing of the Japanese coast. The handsome steamer sailed from here on July 12th, and went by way of Honolulu. When she left the islands, a few days ago, the news had not been received here that the Baltic squadron was in the Pacific and that the Vladivostok fleet would coöperate with the squadron in effecting the capture of merchantmen.

The only things wrong with this paragraph are that the Baltic squadron has not yet left the Baltic; that it is doubtful if it is ready to do so; that when it does leave the Baltic it will require at least a month to reach the Pacific; that consequently it is not "in the Pacific," and can not "coöperate" with the Vladivostok fleet in the capture of merchantmen. Otherwise the paragraph is correct.

The great meat strike, involving many thousand men, and causing the country loss amounting to millions of dollars, was renewed on Saturday substantially because the packers would not discharge the non-union men employed and reemploy the union men who had walked out. This is an absurd position for the men to take. For the packers summarily to discharge the men who risked life and limb to labor during the progress of the strike, with its inevitable concomitants of brutal assaults and murder, would be nothing less than black-hearted ingratitude. The strike is apparently in a fair way to fail. It ought to fail.

The *American Inventor* tells of a narcotic bomb invented by a surgeon in the Austrian army which may be fired from any gun. This bomb has a time fuse, and when dropped among a regiment of the enemy will not explode, but will fill the air with narcotic gases strong enough to make two thousand men unconscious for several hours.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### A Business Man's View of Japan.

YOKOHAMA UNITED CLUB, June 17, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Before I left San Francisco, I read quite a few letters to you from Japan, and thought it might be interesting to some of your readers to hear something about this country from a business man, who does not see everything through a poetical hue and glow, but is here "drumming up" business.

There seems to be an idea prevailing in the States that people here are just waiting to be made happy with American manufactures; that, with the exception of the few who got a lick of "Western culture," either there or in Europe, these people are ignorant of commerce, are dwarfs in industries, and are waiting for the blessings of civilization to come from over the pond.

To begin with, such ideas must have been dispelled on entering this magnificent harbor, and seeing great liners in this port—two German, one French, three or four English lines, and one American line being represented—all busy unloading and taking on cargoes. San Francisco is "not in it" with Yokohama, and, I am afraid, will not get there for some time to come. And then the streets! On both sides are stores upon stores, and each store a workshop—and further on, along the railway line to Tokio, is one manufacturing plant after another.

I intended to sell steel wire rope. "There are factories in Tokio," said the polite Japanese gentleman whom I tried to interest. I wanted to sell Manila rope. "We import Manila hemp into this country and have a large manufactory in Tokio which makes very good rope"—and so on, and so forth. Dockyards, maritime shops, cigarette factories, telephone, and electrical wire factories—all these one can see from Yokohama to Tokio, and it takes American confidence in American superiority of manufacture not to feel out of place, in spite of the large smokestacks and in spite of all these "manufactory" signs.

Entering a grocery store, one is greeted by American goods, sometimes by an American drummer, trying to get his goods in, and along the railway, against the rich, green background of a little forest stringing along to the left, one sees in huge white letters "Buchanan's Whisky"—then the same legend, probably, in Japanese characters. Further on is "Dundee Scotch," probably also made in America and sold by Americans, and, what is worse, advertised in American fashion. Anyway, one can see that "America" is here, and that Yankee push is not lacking.

How about California goods? The first thing at the hotel which struck my California heart was the wine list. Mosel and Rhine wines, of reputed firms, were from one and a half yen a bottle up; French wines from seventy-five sen up; California wines two and three yen! (A sen equals one-half a cent, a yen about fifty cents.) As to vegetables, I was asked by one importer only to-day whether we could furnish as good peas and asparagus as France, there having been an ordinance passed lately forbidding French canned goods on account of bad soldering. Can we furnish as good asparagus as France? How about our Bouldin Island?

What sort of business people are the Japanese? According to what I saw, they heat the Mexicans when it comes to retail business, and they heat a Scotchman when it comes to huying. The foreign import houses have given up all ideas of laying in stocks of goods. The Japanese gentleman knows that the goods draw interest, storage, etc., and plays the waiting game; hence everything is done on import orders. The Japanese will try and work one against the other, bringing prices down to a point on which the American jobber can not do the business; and unless the Japanese is tied with an iron bound contract, he will back out if the market should decline ere his goods arrive! Yes, they are a wonderful people.

And yet, I believe they are what the white man made them. How else would they be so suspicious of the white man? Yes, they are beginning to be "civilized."

How does the war affect business? Let us look at the import statistics. Almost nothing is brought here except what the government needs for the pursuance of the war—no luxuries—the people denying themselves everything that is not absolutely necessary. Formerly, the Japanese friends would invite a visitor to a geisha dance—now the poor geishas are not in demand. That money, and the money that would ordinarily be spent on luxuries, goes to swell the war fund. Some travelers, who do not understand the Japanese, say they are not patriotic, because one seldom hears any racket, cheers, or anything that could remind one that this country is waging a war that will either make or ruin it. The Japanese perhaps knows not how to cheer—but he knows how to die for his country. Is that patriotism?

Passing through any of the native quarters, the visitor feels, though, that there need be no alarm felt about them dying out soon. Next to being the most industrious, they certainly must be the most prolific race. It is simply swarming with "young ones"—and some of them are right cute, too. Had Zola, Behel, Roosevelt, lived here, there would have been no "Fécondité" written, no chapter on "Frei Liebe" thought necessary, and no lecture about race suicide delivered—it is all the other way here—and one can understand why they wage this war.

Yours truly, R. E. H.

### A Bryanite Vote for Roosevelt—Maybe.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: When one is asked a question, directly or inferentially, it is fair to conclude that the one who is questioned is expected to vouchsafe an answer or to decline to do so.

The *Argonaut* did the writer the honor to publish his communication of last week, captioning same with the interrogatory: "Will John Aubrey Vote for Roosevelt?" That depends upon whether, in the opinion of your correspondent, Wall Street does, in the closing days of the campaign, give evidence of supporting Parker more than Roosevelt. In such event, the writer would vote for Roosevelt.

More strongly than ever before the writer is convinced that the time is ripe for revolt at the ballot-box by the great mass of the people against the reign and rule of Wall Street at Washington. When, in order to perpetuate its dominancy in government, plutocracy, antithesis of democracy, captures the Democratic political machine as instrumentality to accomplish such purpose—because plutocracy believes that the chosen leader of the Republican party is *persona non grata* to the voting masses, and his candidacy, therefore, renders that party's success at the polls this year doubtful—then, it is established, that, did plutocracy's scheme work out successfully, the great mass of the people would have less interest in, because less advantage from, a Parker administration than they would from the new, full-term administration of Roosevelt. Because, the former would be, as was Cleveland's last, a plutocratic administration, albeit called Democratic.

Wherefore, if Wall Street (a generalization for the money power, headed by John D. Rockefeller), is for Parker more than for Roosevelt, then the latter should be elected. When forced to choose between two evils, "Choose the lesser," is a good rule to follow. In the case at issue, the lesser would not be Parker, called Democrat, being supported for election by every plutocratic agency, influence, and power.

Truly yours, JOHN AUBREY JOE



## THE BLUE MOONSTONE.

The Luck That It Brought to Portuna.

I was in the midst of preparations for leaving Manila for a trip to Japan, so there was plenty for me to do; but here I sat half way up the staircase, wasting precious time talking to old Ram Rao, the Cingalese jewel merchant. My house was situated directly opposite the camp, where the troops waited for the transports to take them home, and I was never tired of watching these vendors of flawed sapphires and Siam rubies, which were apt to drop from their crude settings at the first wearing, trying to induce the soldiers to buy their wares for wives and sweethearts at home. They occasionally paid me a visit, and sometimes I picked up a good pearl or opal for a small price.

Of all these mysterious, soft-eyed people, Ram Rao interested me the most. On the way out, via Suez, I had spent four delightful days at Colombo, and the old man, who was very homesick, used to like to come and talk to me of the jewel shops of his native city, and of the beautiful English bungalows and the Cinnamon Drive, which had so impressed me. Remembering the beauties of that land of spices and flowers, I did not wonder that the poor soul felt that Manila was "all the same as hell."

To-day he was crouching beside his boxes, a curious figure with a square of checked cotton wound about his nether limbs, so that it looked like a long tight skirt. Like most men in Manila, he wore a white linen coat, but his long hair was drawn up behind into a Psyche knot, and his tortoise-shell comb was pushed back until it made a crown, the ends toward his face.

Just behind me on the steps squatted my worthless little Filipino maid, Portuna. She should have been at the sewing-machine, where I had left her with strict injunctions to finish her work without delay; but I was so interested in listening to Ram Rao that for the moment I did not notice her.

"Yes, Memsahib," he was saying, "I go home to my country. You buy only this one beautiful pin. It is a gift at seven rupees. Three days ago a soldier offer me for it fifteen dollar gold, I say no, but to-day with seven rupees more I buy passage on the steamer that goes tomorrow to Ceylon."

He held up a breastpin formed of two tiger claws, fastened together with a clumsy band of gold, set with garnets. It was extremely ugly.

"Oh, Ram Rao," I protested, "I don't want the thing."

"Oh, but Memsahib—only seven rupees, and then I leave this horrible city. You so good to me, I never forget, and some day you come to Ceylon, you find Ram Rao there to show you things most wonderful the tourist never see, and he take you where you buy pearls and ivory elephants for a smile."

I was weak, and yielded. I did not want the atrocious piece of jewelry, but I was homesick myself, and sympathy alone made me take the pin and give Ram Rao his five dollars.

His old eyes sparkled, and with a gesture of infinite grace he kissed the hem of my linen skirt, then turning to his box took out a little gold ring set with a small blue moonstone.

"If the Mem will wear this," he said, "she always have the good luck and bless the memory of Ram Rao."

"Oh, no, Ram," I said, "keep the ring. You might sell it for something."

"This ring I sell never," he said, firmly, and looking not at me but at Portuna, mumbled a few words in a strange language.

"Oh, señora," said the woman, eagerly, "take the *anillo*—it is of no value. He feel bad you no take—*mucho malo*, you no take."

I was struck, as I had sometimes been before, by the curious kind of Freemasonry which seems to exist between the races of the East. Here was this stupid, flat-nosed Malay woman who seemed to fully understand the feelings and even the language of Ram Rao, with his lofty carriage and high-bred, intellectual face.

I slipped the ring on my finger, and Ram departed, heaping blessings on my head.

"It seems to me you're looking unusually well this evening," remarked my husband, as we were seated at the dinner-table.

"Oh, my dear old boy, how can I, in this old *jusi*?" I protested. "I do need some new ball-gowns sadly, but I thought I would get one more wear out of this and save my money to invest in Japanese crêpes and gauzes. I am so glad that I'm not looking like a fright in it, though."

I had been asked, as one of the sober matrons of the army set, to give out favors at the bachelors' cotillion that evening. Tom drove with me to the Potenciana Building, then went to the club, promising to return for me when the dance was over.

There was a larger gathering than usual that evening. The cotillion club had increased in size, and several distinguished people honored us with their presence. We had a major-general, an admiral, and a high official of the civil government there that night.

As I seated myself at the favor-table, little Tom Macon, of the artillery, rushed up. "My! Mrs. Crane, you do look stunning to-night! You simply have got to come and dance. Don't sit here, come and join our giddy circle. I'm awfully sorry I engaged my partner beforehand!"

Tommy was a nice boy, and, if I had been married

only five years earlier, might have been my son. Such outspoken admiration on his part was rather a surprise.

"But, Tommy," I said, "I'll dance, of course, if I'm needed, but I have no partner, besides I came to give out favors."

"There are plenty of dowagers here to do that," he said.

The high official was approaching. I knew him slightly. He was a very pompous person, and I had always found him rather hard to talk to.

"I have been told by these young people," he said, with a wave of his hand toward a group of cotillion managers, "that I am expected to renew my youth to-night. I have not danced the german for many years. May I have the pleasure of dancing it with the belle of the ball?"

"If by that sounding title you mean myself," I answered, immensely flattered, "I shall be most happy," and we took out seats in two empty chairs in the cotillion circle, just as the music began for the first figure.

The high official danced abominably, but I did not find him hard to talk to that evening. He was not at all the kind of man I had supposed him to be. He was jocular—indeed, flirtatious, and he whispered stilted compliments in my ear all the time we sat together.

I must confess that this time was rather limited, for I was constantly on the floor. This was a surprise. I had always enjoyed a good dance, and was rather a favorite chaperon with the young people; but such attention as I received this evening had been unprecedented for years. I was past my first youth, and there were many young and pretty girls present; but, I noted it with astonishment, I was the belle of the ball.

Before the evening was half over I was laden down with favors. Young naval ensigns, whom I scarcely knew by sight, gave me paper hats and Japanese toys, and then bore me off in the waltz with an unmistakable air of triumph. Haughty officers of the division staff, who always wore such a preoccupied air when I met them on the Luneta, that I almost hesitated to bow and disturb their weighty cogitations, came to me with offerings of fans and wooden shoes. The general and the admiral hovered about my chair until the high official became quite grumpy. When Tom came in later in the evening, he stood watching me with a surprise which I could not help but feel was unflattering.

At the conclusion of the cotillion, my partner escorted me to the dressing-room door, where he expressed the wish to "wait upon" me soon (he never made calls). He bade me good-by with an almost fatuous smile as he pressed—nay, squeezed my hand.

"Well, old lady, you've done pretty well," said Tom as he edged into the victoria with me and my favors. "The children will think that Santa Claus is abroad in the land. There's enough stuff here to trim a good-sized Christmas-tree."

"I really had a delightful time," I said. "Why, Tom, I felt quite as I used to as a girl at our dances at home. Do you remember that summer cotillion, where we first met?"

"Remember! I should think so! That was nearly twenty years ago. I, a callow second-lieutenant, fresh from West Point, and you a slender little girl in a pink frock! You were awfully pretty then, but—" and here my husband went on to say something foolish, which was quite unusual for him; for, happy as we were, with us those things were more often understood than mentioned.

As I was preparing for my needed repose that night, I took off my rings as usual to lock them away in my jewel-case, and dropped one, which rolled off into some dark corner. I looked for it for a moment, but being very sleepy and seeing that only the little moonstone ring was missing, I postponed the search until morning. I then informed Portuna of the loss. She told me later that, after looking thoroughly, she had been unable to find the ring. I was almost sure that it had rolled underneath the wash-stand, but when we moved that piece of furniture and it was not there, I dismissed the thing from my mind, as the article was really of no intrinsic value.

That evening as my carriage stopped by the bandstand on the Luneta, and as I exchanged greetings with my friends, I saw many of my partners of the previous evening. A few of them stopped for a word or two, but many of them passed on with merely a bow. I was rather amused to see that staff officer who had nearly shed tears the evening before, when a previous engagement had prevented my accepting from him a tin trumpet bedecked with ribbon, pass me by with a stony stare. He never saw me at all. Indeed, I could not but remark that the fervor of my admirers of the night before had waned perceptibly.

Upon reaching home that evening, I found an unpleasant episode in progress. As we drove through the front door, into the stable, which occupies the ground floor of most Manila houses, a large group of servants, children, and chickens stood watching a fight between Domingo, the stable-boy, and Juan, the cook's assistant. As Domingo was belaboring his antagonist about the head with a brass candlestick, the consequences threatened to become serious, but the *cochero*, descending from his box, lay about him with his whip until finally the combatants separated.

I stopped to inquire into the causes of the affray. When a Filipino is angry he is very incoherent, and the mixture of Spanish and Tagalog which the two culprits poured forth was quite unintelligible to me.

From the *cochero* I gathered that somebody had promised to marry them both, and that each was determined to murder the other in consequence. After threatening them both with the *colaboose* (jail), I ascended the stairs, and then perceived Portuna perched on the newel-post, her bare feet tucked up under her red skirt, her hair freshly anointed with cocoanut oil, and her eyes dancing with an unholy joy. I could not help feeling that she was at the bottom of the whole affair.

Two days before I left for Japan, Portuna came to me and said that she was unable to go with us. She informed me that nothing but the fact that she was to be a *matrimonio* would have induced her to leave the children and myself.

"Whom are you going to marry, Portuna?" I asked, wondering whether Juan or Domingo were to carry off the prize.

"A man *muy rico*, señora," she declared, proudly. "He give me beautiful jewels and fine *casa*. You see him often on the Luneta—Simon Sebastiano."

I gave a start of surprise. Sebastiano was one of the most influential Filipinos in Manila. I simply could not believe that ugly, undersized Portuna could have captured his fancy. He was good looking, too; there was a strain of the best Spanish blood in his veins; he had been well educated, and was high in the ranks of the Federal party. It was as much of a misalliance for him to marry Portuna as for the scion of an aristocratic New York family to seek in marriage a Bowery factory-girl of the most humble antecedents. The more I thought of it, the most unlikely it seemed; and when she informed me that she had been brought up in his house as the daughter of his *cochero*, the news was more incomprehensible than ever, knowing as I did the class distinctions of these people.

For the next two months the children and I reveled in the beauties of Japan. By October we returned to the head of the family, who was hard at work in Manila.

I was greeted with the pleasing news that orders were on the way for us to go home. So I determined to enjoy as fully as possible the last weeks of our sojourn in the East. When we were bidden, then, by one of the various political parties to a great banquet, I decided to go, as it was to be nearly the last of my Filipino entertainments.

All the American civil officials and many officers of the army and navy were there. I felt quite lost among so many personages of rank. I was taken out to the *repas* by a nice infantry major, and we sat far down below the notables.

Some distance from where I sat, I saw my late cotillion partner talking to a Filipino woman; on looking more closely I perceived that he was engaged in an animated conversation with—could it be? Yes, it certainly was—Portuna! Portuna, quite as unbeautiful as ever, but gorgeously arrayed; her *camisa* stiff with embroidery, a spray of diamond roses four inches long in her hair, and about her neck a string of pearls for which I would have given ten years of my existence. She seemed to find the remarks of the high official interesting; indeed, she laughed in a coquettish manner; and as for him, he did not seem to find the banquet the perfunctory bore these affairs usually are to men of his kind—he really appeared to be enjoying himself.

When the banquet was over, Portuna came up and greeted me with effusion. She was not proud. She asked about the children with tears in her eyes, and promised to come and see them. She introduced her husband, who regarded her with adoring eyes. I found him to be very intelligent, and we talked together of the traffic question and of the future of the Malay race while we were sitting out a dance (I sat out several that evening).

The high official rushed up to us. Not having seen him for two months, I supposed that he had come to pay his respects. He barely nodded to me.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs.—er—Crane." Then, "Where is that attractive little wife of yours, Sebastiano? I want to see if she will dance the Rigodon with me."

With that he darted off, and I soon saw him standing, with Portuna as a partner.

The next time I saw Portuna was on the transport *Sheridon*. We left for home on very short notice, and in some way she heard of it, and appeared just before the vessel sailed, bearing gifts of *piña* and *jusi* and Canton linen for me and the children. She was the very same Portuna, but the evident affection she had for me had awakened quite a warm feeling for her in my heart, so I submitted to her embrace, while the children clung to her with tears.

The last gong had sounded, and when half way down the gangway Portuna turned and waved her hand. The sun fell upon her costly rings, and among the diamonds and pearls, I noticed upon her little finger the glint of a blue moonstone.

Leaning over the side of the ship, Tom and I saw her enter a comfortable little private launch, and steam off in state.

"What a promotion for Portuna," I remarked. "How do you suppose it ever happened?"

"It is rather remarkable," said my better-half, as he lazily flicked the ashes from a Germinal cigar, "but then you know, for a Filipino, Portuna is really a very pretty woman." KATHERINE HAMILTON TRAUB.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1904.



## IN THE PARIS SALONS.

Some Revolting Statuary Shown by Imitators of Rodin—A Remarkable Painting in the Nude—One of Sargent's Portraits—The Latest in Dress in Paris.

I have never before been in Paris at this season, and I am surprised to find that there is none of the appearance of emptiness and lack of spirit which marks most large cities at midsummer. I suppose the great world is away rustivating in châteaux and watering-places, but there are certainly quantities of smart-looking people to take its place. That air of glaring, blazing vacancy which marks New York in July is entirely absent. The city is as effervescent, as full of the joy and sparkle of life, as it is in those wonderful days of early May, when the *marionniers* are budding; the air is full of the thrill of spring, and the dome of the Invalides gleams above the houses, aerial and floating, like a golden bubble.

There is none of the dreariness of empty streets, the pavements baking in the sun, of dust-grimed leafage, of ill-humored, exhausted crowds. Instead, the world seems as fashionably clad, as gay and light-hearted, as in the radiant springtime. The Rue de la Paix is so thick in waiting carriages that one's *fiacre* winds slowly along among them, with the *cochers* shouting amiable execrations at one another. In the open *voitures* that tool in such quantities up the Avenue de l'Opera, sit numbers of those charmingly artificial little ladies that one sees nowhere but in Paris. They are *bien serrée* in the tightest of corsets, are exquisitely clad in white or pale-colored raiment, generally wear very small bats perched on waves of the glossiest hair, and have their faces covered with powder and their lips painted into the likeness of a scarlet rose-bud.

I arrived just in time to catch the last day of the two Salons, and in a brilliant afternoon drove across the river, down through the rattling, narrow streets of the Rive Gauche, over the great arch of the Pont Alexandre, and in among the long lines of chestnut trees that edge the Cour la Reine, and fleck the sheltered sidewalks with dancing lights. The beauty and brilliancy of this summer Paris strikes one into wondering admiration—the long, uncrowded boulevards, tree-lined, with cool, wide *trottoirs*, where there are benches under the trees; the public gardens, with straight vistas of dark shady walks between clipped banks of foliage; the turbulent bosom of the river gleaming clear and green under the shade of its arching bridges; the airy spaces of the open squares spotted with the shining disks of parasols, and with the little carriages running this way and that by the dozens. Certainly it is the gayest and brightest city in the world.

One afternoon spent in the two Salons—they are both housed in the same building now, and you drift from one into the other, dropping a franc at a turnstile—is rather apt to leave you limp and not so enthusiastic. The encouragement given to art as the French give it is a good thing for obscure genius, and probably heightens the taste of the general public; but it undoubtedly has the bad effect of encouraging people to paint who would be better employed cultivating the soil or keeping shops.

There is more morbid sensationalism in the French Salons than in any other public exhibitions held anywhere. A mass of painters, who have no real talent and no particular ideal, attempt to catch the public's attention by the production of eccentric, indecent, or horrible pictures, many of which would be suppressed by the censor in America or England. Both Salons are this year full of such canvases. I don't think there were quite as many bloody and greswome paintings, but there were groups of statuary that it is surprising even the Paris censor did not refuse to admit. Since Rodin achieved fame, after years of obscurity, by depicting "the passions in stone," a host of imitators have arisen and, without the talent of the creator of "Le Baiser," they have chosen the same line of subjects, and produced statues that are inconceivably revolting.

When you come to the pictures, the number of studies in the nude are so much larger than they would be in an English or American exposition of the same sort, that it is remarkable. I wonder how those good Americans who object to this sort of picture feel when they get into the Salon. Do they go out again, or don't they come at all? In our country, Mothers' Congresses and Christian Leaguers and Daughters of Something or Other would furiously rage together on the subject, and probably assess the members to buy cheesecloth to drape over the offending anatomies. Do we not remember the Heine fountain and the modest aldermen who wished the Nereids to be put in trousers? I wonder what those aldermen would think of the Salon? Enjoy it immensely, and come again. I have no doubt.

There are very few nudes this year that bear distinguished signatures or have unusual artistic value. Most of them are of the sensational order, far from the classic, vulgar and immodest. La Touche has a very extraordinary picture entitled "La Fille aux Faunes," in which, in the centre of a rich and splendid dinner-table, softly lit with shrouded candles, and banked in solid masses of color with blended flowers, a young woman lies sleeping, naked to the waist, below which she is hidden by the flowers. The light upon her bare body is wonderful, soft and gleaming on the

gleaming flesh. Her blonde hair is scattered loose among the silver and crystal dishes, a string of pearls round her neck shines in the candle light. A man in evening dress, middle aged, typically French, dark, thin, and world-weary, sits looking at her with a strange air of thought on his face, unenchanted by the vision, unemotionally regarding it as he might a picture. Behind him three fauns are grouped, looking, too, and smiling with an air of soft cajolement. There is something terrible and yet winning about their faces, both animal and human, about the coaxing persuasiveness of their smiles, and their delighted observation of the beautiful sleeper under the flood of light. It is a picture of undoubted artistic merit, and I suppose Le Touche knew what he meant by it—for nobody else does.

Besnard, who generally contributes a nude or two to every Salon, and whose "Femme qui se chauffe" is one of the gems of the Luxembourg, is represented by portraits. He has one of the late Princess Mathilde, painted a number of years ago, and never exhibited before because she did not like it. It is in a rich, luminous scheme of red, with the light of a much-draped lamp adding to the generally vivid effect. The princess is sitting down, dressed in a very *décolleté* evening dress, and with the lurid lamp light pouring on her white neck.

She is an upright, dignified-looking person, with her dark hair parted and worn smooth against her head. It is interesting as a picture of a woman who was the last of the great French royalties who took their places splendidly in the world, and counted for something more than an elegant figurehead. In her youth she had had her loves and her hates, passionately and wholeheartedly. In her old age she had had her talents and her friendships, and all of these things had helped to make a remarkable personality more remarkable. So the picture is interesting, even if Besnard is not at his best and the princess did not like it.

The great portrait—the portrait *par excellence* of both exhibitions—is Sargent's "Lord Ribblesdale." It is a masterpiece, breathing pride of race, force, strength—everything that arrests the eye and chains the attention. I think Sargent is at his very best painting English aristocrats. There is something in their dominating power, their careless distinction, their lack of surface elegance, and suggestion of almost indifferent mastery, that suits his own class of mind. Lord Ribblesdale, who is a tall, gaunt man, roughly dressed in riding clothes, is as patrician as anything Van Dyke ever did. A friend of mine told me she saw him at the Salon one afternoon, exactly like his picture, easy, loosely clad, lean and thin-faced, completely indifferent to the staring crowd and talking very loud to his companion, who was a beautiful, blooming Englishwoman, no longer young, but fresh as a peach.

Which reminds me, by the way, of the fact that I intended to make this letter mainly concern itself with a comparison between English and French women. Somehow I got switched off the subject, and now I have hardly any room left; and it is a question for which one wants a lot of room. Frenchwomen are so *chic*, so extraordinarily neat and natty after the long, serpentine, and somewhat slouchy littleness of the English. The defect of the smart Frenchwoman is that she is artificial looking. She continually suggests to your mind that she must take hours to dress. Everything is so perfectly and completely in place, and her figure is so slim and so corseted that she has the appearance of being shut up in something like a violin case.

Let those who think the straight front is going out cheer up. It is just as straight as ever—a trifle more so. The sole new development—according to a *corsetière*, who assures me that she is *au courant* with everything—is that hips are again coming into fashion. She said a lot more, most of which I did not understand, though I kept nodding my head and saying "parfaitement" and "certainement" with a deeply sagacious air; but that vital point about hips I grasped and clung to. In a welter of unknown terms and depressing statements as to the prevailing fashion for slenderness, it was something to seize upon and hug to your heart.

Another new mode among *les Françaises* is high, stiff, white linen collars. Americans wore these abominations on shirt-waists some years ago, but had enough sense to cast them aside. It is the only truly ugly and unfeminine fashion I have seen Frenchwomen adopt. It is odd, because of all women they are the most jealous of preserving the charm, subtlety, and softness of femininity in every way and in all departments. Why they should seize upon this monstrously ugly fancy, so typically masculine, I can not imagine. But you see them taking tea at Colombin's or driving in the Bois clad in exquisite lacy frills and furbelows, and with their necks gripped by stiff, unbending linen bands.

PARIS, July 7, 1904.

GERALDINE BONNER.

One of the largest caves ever discovered in Eastern Kentucky, and one that perhaps will rival the great Mammoth Cave in Edmonson County, has been discovered on Lime Fork Creek, in Southern Letcher County. A party of sightseers explored its mysterious confines to a distance of over seven miles. They were unable to find any end to the natural wonder. A large, swift-flowing stream of water was discovered rushing into the undiscovered regions.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Alake, about whom "Cockaigne" wrote in a recent letter, has decided to take a motor-car back with him to Abeokuta.

When Judge Parker graduated from the Albany law school, in 1872, he wrote his name, as did other members of his class, in a set of albums of which each of his classmates kept one. One of these has just been unearthed. In one corner of the page, Judge Parker wrote "Democrat," and, in addition to his signature, this motto: "*Leges vigilantibus non dormientibus subveniunt*."—"The laws aid the vigilant, not the negligent."

One of the curious features of the Gordon Bennett automobile race was the absence of James Gordon Bennett, the donor of the cup. Mr. Bennett has never made any secret of the fact that he regards the Kaiser as a dangerous man, whose political plans and policy must be opposed to the uttermost, and he has consistently exerted his influence in the press in this direction. It is understood that Mr. Bennett came to America for the express purpose of avoiding the necessity of going to Homburg.

Charles M. Schwab's latest attempt to make the public believe that he is not such a bad sort of fellow, after all, is discredited in New York. It shows, they say there, a disregard of facts which is a characteristic of those who in prosperous times do not care what the public thinks of them. The story about paying his friends \$1,910,000 to recoup them for their losses with him in the Bethlehem deal, not only does not stand up under comparative analysis with the testimony in the shipbuilding case, but it is contradicted by previous statements of Mr. Schwab himself.

Mary McCann, a seventeen-year-old girl, who, although only three days out of the hospital at North Brother Island, where she had been ill with scarlet fever, saved six persons from drowning after they had jumped from the burning steamer, *General Slocum*, has appealed to the postal authorities on North Brother Island to help her with the enormous mail which arrives for her each morning. Since the testimony at the coroner's inquest established the fact that Miss McCann was a heroine, she has received more than one thousand letters containing an offer of marriage. There are offers from young men and old men, from bachelors and widowers. The girl refuses to consider the sentimentalists, however, and declares she will receive no more mail unless the offers cease.

Vecsey, the child violinist, eleven years old, who has carried London by storm this season, is coming to America next. At his London performances, fashionable crowds have stormed the platform after he has finished, old gentlemen holding out their hands for Vecsey to shake, and handsome women approaching him with a soft request, when Vecsey puts his face up in a nonchalant, matter-of-fact way to be kissed. The child is said not to probe "the uttermost depths of musical feeling." The solemnities of Beethoven, the gloomy pessimism of Brahms, the passionate outcries of Tschaiowsky may not be reckoned as within his range of expression. Vecsey's musical feeling is optimistic, and expresses itself in an irrepressible vivacity that bubbles and sparkles, full of healthfulness and daylight. It is reminiscent of the fire attributed to the youthful Mozart.

General Esteban Huertas, commander-in-chief of the army of Panama, is the youngest and smallest general in the world, as his country is the youngest, if not the smallest, of republics. He is about twenty-nine years old, and has been a soldier since he was eight or nine. His features are of the swarthy Indian type, and he is proud of the fact that he has risen from the lowest ranks. In one of the revolutions of a few years ago, when he was fighting on the side of the government, his right arm was hit by a shell. It is said that when he found his arm was nearly severed, he hacked off the rest with his own knife, had the short stub bound, and resumed his work in the field. Now, for his services to Panama during the critical period of its birth, he has been granted no less than fifty thousand dollars to pay the expenses of a trip to study the military organizations of the leading nations. The date of his departure from the Isthmus has not yet been set.

Bertram Brooke, who is well known in this country, was married recently in London to Miss Gladys Palmer. Mr. Brooke is the son of the Rajah of Sarawak. How Sarawak came into the possession of the Brooke family is one of the most romantic stories in English history. James Brooke, in 1825, was fighting for the East India Company in the Burmese War. When roving among the islands of the Indian Archipelago he came to where there was an insurrection in full blast. He returned to England, fitted out a ship, helped the rajah of the place, and succeeded in quelling the disturbance. For these services Muda Hassim created Mr. Brooke rajah, and presented him with a huge slice of his kingdom. Brooke continued to live there like an Eastern potentate, and his nephew, Sir Charles Brooke, went out to join him. His wife, who is called the Rane of Sarawak, is a sister of Harry de Windt, who made a wonderful overland journey from Paris to New York. She is the only Englishwoman now living rightfully bearing the title of rane.



## HOW TO "DO" THE FAIR.

Francis E. Leupp Gives Valuable Hints to Intending Visitors—  
The Best Way to Begin—No Extortionate Prices—Meals  
on the Grounds—Things Worth Seeing.

Francis E. Leupp, the veteran Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, and the author of the most satisfactory informal biography of President Roosevelt, has been visiting the St. Louis exposition. What he has to say about the relative interest of the different features, about prices, and the method of seeing most in the least time, is particularly reliable. Much of the news that comes from St. Louis, like the "criticisms" of Franklyn Fyles, is highly colored for advertising purposes. What Mr. Leupp writes is open to no such suspicion.

Mr. Leupp warns intending visitors that it is folly to attempt, in limited time, to get even a perfunctory glimpse of everything in a visit to a vast exposition such as the St. Louis show is. His advice to intending visitors is this:

The first thing to do is to supply yourself with an official description of the fair, which can be bought for a trifling sum. Then take the Ferris Wheel, or an elevator, to the top of the observation tower, spread the map of the grounds before you with the points of the compass correctly adjusted, and try to fix the ground plan in your mind with sufficient clearness to avoid any very serious mystification when down on the surface again. The relations of the main buildings to each other is the important point to study out; that accomplished, you have the key to the whole situation.

Next, from the text of your guide-book, select the particular features of the fair in which you feel a decided interest. Do not undertake to go anywhere for the sake simply of having been there, but mark with marginal notes the places and objects you wish to inspect, in the order in which they appeal to your fancy. A daily programme, sold on the grounds for a few cents and summarized in the St. Louis morning newspapers, will acquaint you with the hours at which the various buildings and departments open, and the special features of the day. The intramural railway, for ten cents, will carry you within easy walking distance of each of the several things which you have timed yourself to see; or a wheel-chair can be hired for sixty cents an hour, and you can do your condensed globe-trotting seated and in comfort. Taking the fair in this systematic way, you can do more with it in briefer time than by any haphazard method.

In order to ascertain if the stories about extortionate prices charged for rooms and board for visitors to the fair are true, Mr. Leupp spent some days in making the rounds with a view to getting at the facts, and concludes that stories of extortion have either been manufactured or are sweeping conclusions based on isolated experiences. He adds:

As a matter of course, in a city as large as St. Louis there are abundant traps for the unwary. But why one should be unwary, with the Free Information Service of the exposition company at his command for the asking, is more than I can see. As a precaution, it behooves anybody intending to come here to write to the Free Information Service stating when he wishes to come, how long he expects to stay, and how much he wishes to pay for his entertainment. Enclosing a stamp and a plainly written address, he should receive a very prompt response advising him where to apply for such accommodations as he requires. He will be wise, if he finds his lodgings outside of the fair grounds, to engage them without board, and take his meals wherever it happens to be convenient.

On the fair grounds themselves, according to Mr. Leupp, one can find restaurants suitable to any purse:

It would not be true to say that prices range absolutely no higher than in establishments of corresponding classes off the grounds, but the difference is too trifling to notice. It must be borne in mind that a concessionary not only has to pay a special license for his privilege, but at the rate of four dollars a load for every cartful of provisions which he brings out from the city. This cost has to be made up by small additions to the city prices. For example, a special dish that sells for forty-five cents outside may sell for fifty cents on the grounds, and other things in proportion; but the staple foods are sold so close to outside prices that the difference is rarely perceptible. I have thus far found only one restaurant on the grounds where the charges are extraordinary. This is at a distance from the centre of things, and is affected chiefly by persons giving rather luxurious entertainments to parties of friends. In the Tyrolean Alps enclosure on the Pike, there is an open-air restaurant, which is astonishingly popular for dinner, and this in spite of the fact that it is the second in rank, as regards prices, I have discovered.

Much time is wasted by visitors, says Mr. Leupp, by those who assume that there are exhibits of interest in the various State houses. As a rule, there are not. The national buildings, on the other hand, contain much that is entertaining. Regarding them he writes:

The French, the Chinese, and the German commissions have adopted a system of restricting the display at certain hours and in certain places to persons who can present passes. The French pavilion is opened to the public on three days of each week, between fixed hours, but cards of admission are required at other times. These cards are not difficult for any respectable person to obtain, if he values the privilege sufficiently to apply by mail. The Chinese house is open every fine day to the public for a few hours in the afternoon, but passes for morning admission have to be applied for in like manner. This building, which reproduces Prince Pu Lun's country home, is beautifully furnished and decorated, and is well worth inspecting. Intending visitors can save time by writing in advance to the French and Chinese commissions and securing their permits. The German house, of which the design was suggested by the Carlsberg Castle, and which includes among its contents a case of wedding gifts presented to the present Kaiser, has reserved all the second floor for card-holders, but the cards are to be had of an attendant downstairs, who exercises his discretion in responding to applications.

Among the "shows," Mr. Leupp picks out as particularly worthy of interest the Battle of Paardeburg, in which General Cronje twice a day leads his forlorn hope and surrenders his sword at the end of it; Hagenback's menagerie; Hale's fire-fighters; the miniature railway exhibit; and, among quieter entertainments, Ireland and the Tyrolean Alps. Of course, no one will

leave the fair without seeing the breech-clouted Igorrotes, and the Alaska exhibit gets a good word from Mr. Leupp. He warns visitors with nerves or a sense of fitness to keep away from the "City of Jerusalem." The advertised admission rate is ten cents, but at the gate the visitor is met with a demand for twenty-five cents. Inside, he has to pay extra for everything of note. "At every turn," writes the correspondent, "visitors are beset with noisy solicitation to come into some peep-show enclosure 'at a special rate, made for the party, of ten cents a head,' to see 'the manger in Bethlehem where Jesus Christ was born,' or loudly adjured by a professional 'barker' that they 'must not go away without seeing the crucifixion, a realistic representation of the tragedy of Golgotha—only twenty-five cents admission.'"

## CALIFORNIA'S CABINET MEMBER.

The Career and Personality of Victor H. Metcalf—A Distinguished-Looking Man—Lover of Outdoor Sports—Mrs. Metcalf Fond of Society—A Handsome Woman.

When Victor Howard Metcalf came to California, twenty-five years ago, he had two objects in view: the upbuilding of his health and the practice of law. He was eminently successful in both, and when, in 1898, he decided to go into politics, further success attended him; three terms in Congress have been followed by an appointment to President Roosevelt's Cabinet, where Mr. Metcalf has already entered upon his duties as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He is the second man from California to attain a Cabinet position.

It was in 1879 that Mr. Metcalf came to Oakland for the practice of law, having practiced for two years in his native town, Utica, N. Y. In 1881, he formed a partnership with George D. Metcalf (who, by the way, is not a relative), but who, like Secretary Metcalf, is a Yale graduate. Mr. Metcalf, during his legal career in Oakland, took no active interest in politics until 1898, when he ran for Congress on the Republican ticket from the sixth district. He was elected, and was re-elected for the two following terms.

Mr. Metcalf's congressional career has not been marked by speechmaking, but rather by committee work. He formed valuable friendships, especially that with President Roosevelt, whom he had not met until after the death of President McKinley. It is said that he made the personal acquaintance of Speaker Henderson through the answer he made to a letter which the then representative wrote, asking him to vote for him for Speaker. Mr. Metcalf replied that he could not give him his vote, as he had promised it to another. After Mr. Metcalf's arrival in Washington, Speaker Henderson hunted him up, and said that he wanted to know the only man to whom he wrote who gave an unequivocal refusal to his request for a vote.

The first official document signed by Secretary Metcalf was a dismissal of the appeal of Yee Ching Ton, who claimed to be a native of this country, and who had been denied a landing. Two witnesses swore to having known of Ton's birth here twenty-six years ago, and of his subsequent return to China with his parents. But their marvelously clear recollection of the circumstances, and their forgetfulness regarding other events of the same period, made the Secretary suspect that they had been coached, so the appeal was denied. Judging from the precedent, it is probable that the exclusion laws will be more rigorously construed in future.

Secretary Metcalf is a distinguished-looking man, lacking only an inch of being six feet in height, and well proportioned. Although he is fifty years of age, and his hair and mustache are touched with gray, he looks younger than he really is on account of his fine carriage, clear, healthy skin, and penetrating blue eyes. He might be mistaken for a navy or army officer—a result of his military training, and of his athletic habits. He is fond of an active life, and at "The Roost," the family bungalow in the hills near the Santa Clara Mission, he has always led his two sons in swimming, riding, hunting, fishing, and other outdoor sports. While in Yale, he won eleven boat-races out of thirteen, and cherishes three silver cups that he captured at regattas. One of the sons, Victor N. Metcalf, who is twenty-one years old, is a midshipman at Annapolis, and the younger son, W. Howard Metcalf, is in an Oakland bank. A daughter, Corinne, died four years ago, at the age of eleven. Mr. Metcalf reads much, and is a good musician, as is the eldest son.

Mrs. Metcalf was, before her marriage, Miss Corinne Nicholson, and is a native of California, being a daughter of a Virginian who had settled here. She is described as a very handsome woman, one who dresses in excellent taste. She has gained a good social position in Washington, whither she has gone with her husband during each session of Congress since he has been a member. While at the capital they have lived at the Arlington Hotel, and will continue to do so. Mrs. Metcalf is very fond of society, and enjoys perfect health.

The Secretary, too, is fond of a measure of social life. He has an attractive personality, an easy manner, and an equanimity hard to disturb; although it is said that he had a rather hasty temper early in life, and that he knocked down a refractory witness during the trial of his first case. He has one congressional attribute: he likes a good game of poker.

## PARKER AND THE POETS.

## The Silent Man.

A candidate when some one tried  
To get his views on this and that,  
Drew proudly up as he replied,  
"I am a Dumb-o-crut."—*Puck.*

## In the Swim.

How these Democrats love water!  
Grover's on a fishin' trip,  
When they nominate Judge Parker,  
Parker's at his morning dip.

Sweet their lives this dog-day weather!  
While the Bryans bray their wrath  
Cleveland strings his fish together;  
Parker smiles and takes a bath.

When the fall frosts chill the river  
Grover'll still have lines to trim.  
But of Parker—will he shiver?  
Will he still be—in the swim?

—*Edward Broderick.*

## Mr. Bryan's Position.

Friends and countrymen, let's trust him—  
Though he's not a man to trust—  
Let's endeavor to elect him,  
Though his cause is far from just:  
I have put away all rancor  
As I promised them I would,  
I am for the splendid ticket,  
Though it isn't any good.

Let us gird ourselves for battle—  
But I hope we can not win—  
Let us pray to be successful,  
Though success would be a sin;  
Let us give the people's banner  
Unto him to nobly bear,  
But it's dangerous to do it,  
For he isn't on the square.

Let us wave our hats for Parker,  
The poor tool of foxy Dave;  
Let us rest our hopes upon him,  
Though he's Mammon's cringing slave!  
Let us raise him up to power,  
Help to send him whooping through,  
But remember—here I warn you—  
You'll be sorry if you do.  
—*S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.*

## The News from Esopus.

"Why are you fellers hangin' round?" asks Old Inhabitant.  
"What is the news? What is the news?" the Correspondents pant.

"What makes you fellers swear so hard?" the Village People cry.

"We wonder what on earth to write," the Correspondents sigh.  
For they're waiting at Esopus: you can hear them gnash their teeth.

Growling: "Why did duty rope us here to Parker's native heath?"  
Every day we wire a message with our signature heath.

Thus: "Parker went in swimming here this morning."

"What makes that feller breathe so hard?" the Village Cutup yells.  
"He thinks he's hearing Parker speak," one Correspondent tells.

"Ho, that is Parker's phonograph," the Cutup snickers out.  
"It's good to hear some talking here," the Correspondents pout.

For they're waiting at Esopus for a thrilling interview  
That shall be the *magnum opus* of the man who pulls it through—

The questions, they are plenty, and the answers, they are few—  
But Parker goes in swimming every morning.

"Why do you snapshot Parker's dog?" asks Mayor of the Town.  
"It is the only snap we find," the Correspondents frown.

"Why do you chase that ancient man?" the Village Marshal cries.

"He used to go to school with him," the Eager One replies.  
For they're waiting in Esopus for a word that they may send.

Something on the hold octopus who his style of work must mend.  
And they sleep on the veranda, hoping that he will un-

hend—  
But Parker goes in swimming every morning.

"What number is the hat he wears?" the Correspondents gasp.

"It's not the size for talkin' through," the Fellow Townsman rasp.

"I've heard him talk a score o' times," says Old Inhabitant.

"He's talkin' under water now," the Correspondents pant.  
For they're waiting at Esopus, and with one accord they moan:

"Fiercer luck no one could hope us than to long to hear his tone!"  
And they're wiring now for diving suits—he'll never be alone—

For Parker goes in swimming every morning.  
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The latest, and perhaps the yellowest, explanation of the military success of the Japanese is seriously offered by the *Sarasavi-Sandaresa*, a Colombo newspaper published in the Singhalese vernacular for the instruction of the natives: "The Sultan was communicated with regarding the approaching conflict, and, being a great friend of the Japanese monarch, he sent a specially trained company of swordsmen, each of whom, with a sword in his hand, is shot away from the mouth of a gun at the enemy, as ordinary shrapnel. On arrival among the enemy he makes short work of them by his sword play! These swordmen are now fighting for Japan, and gaining victories." This translation of a remarkable piece of war news appears in the *Times of Ceylon*, which vouches for the accuracy of the rendering.



## A GREAT MAN'S GOOD STORIES.

A Noted Englishman's Fine Collection of "Good Things"—Anecdotes of Tennyson, Hugo, Plus the Ninth, Gladstone, Wellington, Etc.—About Clubs and Prize Poems.

Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, author of "Notes from a Diary," has for many years been prominent in English political life. He has served as rector of Aberdeen University, was under-secretary of state for India, under-secretary for the colonies, and governor of Madras. He has served as president of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Royal Historical Society. He has published a number of books, including a biography of Renan. Now, in his old age, he is publishing his diary wherein, as he remarks in the preface to these two volumes: "I have resolutely kept to the less serious side of life. The books are little more than a series of clever anecdotes—a record of 'good things.'" And when the "good thing" chosen for setting down is (as was usually the case) the cleverest story, the wittiest *bon-mot*, uttered at meetings where were gathered England's greatest scientists, or at dinners where cabinet members, authors, artists, actors, and other notable folk were assembled, the result is bound to be something worth while.

Many of the stories relate to India; as might be expected, considering Sir Mountstuart's interest in that country. Here is one of them:

Miss Sorabji told us, one of these days, the following story, too good, I fear, to be worthy of implicit credence: *Suar* means in Hindoostani a pig, and is a term, especially when applied to Mohammedans, of the most furious abuse. *Sowar* is a trooper. *Billa* means a medal, while *Billi* means a cat. At the time of the queen being proclaimed Empress of India, the colonel of a regiment, in evil hour, insisted on addressing it in a Hindoostani speech, in commemoration of the great event, and this is what he said: "Pigs! the Queen Empress has sent me a number of cats, which I will now distribute among you. She requests that you will hang them round your necks and continue to wear them in that manner."

Another story of a native potentate in the Pamins was told the author by Colonel Younghusband, who is now leading the British troops into Thibet:

This interesting person had a few years ago murdered his father, poisoned his mother, and thrown his two brothers over precipices, and then announced his deeds to his suzerain, the Maharaja of Kashmir, in the following terms: "By the grace of God and the decree of fate, my father and I fell out. I took the initiative and settled the matter, and have placed myself on the throne of my ancestors."

Speaking of Tennyson's death, the author quotes from a letter written him by Wilfrid Ward:

We are in great grief at Tennyson's death. We went there straight from York House last month. He was depressed, and had lost his walking powers; but his mind was not even in the smallest degree weakened. We talked of Lancelot's death, and he was seriously thinking of writing on it, but he raised two objections. One was that Lancelot buries Guinevere near Arthur's grave, which would be impossible after the account of the greatness of the work if it was at all to do justice to the subject. I said: "Write a short poem." "That is harder still," he said; "a short poem needs so much force; a friend of mine used to say, 'I have not time to write short letters.'"

There is also quoted a remark of Tennyson about himself made to the master of Trinity: "I can execute like Shakespeare; but I have nothing in me."

An especially noteworthy passage, in view of the current interest in things Japanese, appears under date of September 11, 1892: "Howorth brought down with him," says the author, "a thing I have never seen before, and which is, he says, very rare, a scented Japanese dagger. I thought the smell of the blade more like that of cinnamon than anything else known to me." A little further along is a story of the Ainos of Japan. We quote:

The party at dinner was small. I had on my right the reader of the paper, Henry Savage Landor, whose theme was the northern island of Japan, which the Japanese call Hokaido, but which, we improperly, it would seem, call Yesso. Mr. Landor told me that a young lady had said to him: "You have been traveling among the Ainos, haven't you?" "Yes," he replied. "They live," was the rejoinder, "do they not, in the Ionian Islands?"

Of Victor Hugo there are a number of excellent stories. On page 130 of the first volume we find this passage:

Mr. Cross, who married George Eliot, came to call. We spoke of Victor Hugo, and he told me that Ivan Tourgueneff had recounted to him a scene which curiously illustrated the poet's character. He had been speaking very disparagingly of all literature outside of France. "But surely you would say, would you not, Maitre, that the Germans had a literature?" interposed Tourgueneff. "Certainly not," was the reply. "Oh, but had they not a writer called Goethe, who left behind him some considerable things?" "No," was the rejoinder: "I have read his Wallenstein, and I cared very little for it."

This brought out a story from Sidney Colvin, who was present:

Sidney Colvin, who was sitting opposite, said: "I was present once when the conversation turned upon Goethe's want of German patriotism during the Napoleonic wars. Victor Hugo said: 'Je regarde Goethe comme Jeanne d'Arc aurait regardé Mésalline.'"

In comparison with this example of a poet's great conceit we may put this story of Pope Pius the Ninth:

It was the Duke of Sermoneta, too, who said, speaking of Pio Nono: "The Pope has hitherto been regarded as Christ's vicergerent upon earth; but the present Pope takes a different view. He considers that Christ is his representative in heaven."

A remarkable item appears in the "Diary" under date of March 27, 1893:

To the Geographical Council Club dinner and meeting. At the dinner, which was small, Captain Wharton, the hydrographer to the admiralty, told us that he had once anchored in very deep water, on the east side of Vulcano, the

southernmost of the Lipari Isles; but that he had kept up steam, with the intention of heaving off immediately if the wind changed to the east. He mentioned this to an Englishman who lived on the island, and was in charge of some borax-works. "But," said the man, "there is not the remotest chance of the wind going round to the east without full warning." "What warning?" asked the other. "Oh!" was the rejoinder, "the volcano always warns us." "The volcano!" said Wharton. "Yes, the volcano; a *fumarone* always emits a whistling sound before the east wind begins to blow." Shortly after this Wharton was looking at Strabo, and, to his astonishment, found that that writer mentions the fact. The Englishman had never heard of Strabo in his life. Strabo died as an old man about A. D. 25, so that this excellent *fumarone* must have been giving its warnings well nigh two thousand years at least.

Many of the stories relate to clubs. Here is one of the good ones:

Sir Philip Currie said to me: "I never dined at Limer's before. It used to have the character of being rather a rendezvous of *viveurs*; in fact, it was averred that so many of its *habitués* suffered from *delirium tremens* that when some one, who was not of that persuasion, was dining there, a mouse came on the table and began to nibble a piece of bread, whereupon a sympathetic waiter observed to him: 'Don't be afraid, sir, it's a real mouse.'"

Here is another about a club—the famous Brook's:

My neighbor on the right was Lord Fortescue, who told me an old tradition of Brook's which I had never heard. As soon as the appointed hour had struck, it was our habit to proceed to election there the moment that twelve members were present. On one occasion when the drawers were opened it was found that a candidate had received a black ball from every one of the twelve, and that there was one to spare. This naturally excited much wonderment, and the aged waiter who was in charge was questioned about it. This venerable person confessed with many apologies that he was so convinced of the unsuitability of the candidate that he had black-balled him himself. He was commended "for his zeal and good taste," but requested not to repeat the performance.

Under date of May 2, 1892, occurs this entry:

Mr. Hutton and Father English called. We spoke of Liddon, who told Hutton the following story: "Hearing that Henry of Exeter was almost in *extremis*, he went to ask for him; but sent up a message to say that he would not come in, lest he should be in the way at such a time. The dying man, however, sent out to beg him to do so, and he obeyed. When he entered, he found the hishop lying upon three chairs without giving the slightest sign of life. He waited some minutes, and then said that he would not further intrude. Thereupon the hishop opened one eye, but did not speak. Again ensued a period of death-like stillness, and again Liddon essayed to go. The hishop then opened the other eye, and said: 'Oh, Mr. Liddon, I am a poor man living totally out of the world, do tell me if anything is going on.' 'Well,' answered the other, 'we have had a great election contest in Oxford, and Mr. Gladstone has been beaten.' 'Oh,' answered the hishop, who of course knew all about it, 'what was the subject of the contest?' 'It turned,' replied Liddon, 'on Gladstone's attitude toward the Irish church.' 'The Irish church?' asked the hishop: 'and what did he want to do to the Irish church?' 'To disestablish it,' was the answer. 'And what were the reasons that he gave?' inquired the hishop. Liddon stated them, whereupon the old lion, summoning up all his strength, thundered out: 'The rascal!' and the interview came to the end."

Here is another anecdote in which Gladstone figures:

They talked of witty things said in the House of Commons. Gladstone remarked that they were few, and that very much the best he had ever heard was Lord John Russell's answer to Sir Francis Burdett, when that ultra-Radical grown ultra-Tory having said that there was nothing more odious than the cant of patriotism, Lord John replied that "the cant of patriotism was no doubt very odious; but that there was one thing even more odious—that was the re-cant of patriotism!" "I heard it," said Lord Fortescue, "and cheered him as loudly as I could," adding to me, "I had it on the tip of my tongue to say to Gladstone, 'Did you?' but I refrained!"

Following this, a story told by Lord Milner is quoted:

Milner mentioned that he had once heard a speaker in the union at Oxford speak of the present Lord Portsmouth as "the noble lord." Some one rose to order, and asked the president if that phrase was correct. He ruled, probably in error, that it was not so, but the orator, in no way disconcerted by the interruption, said: "Well, I withdraw the abusive epithet," and went on.

At a dinner at which were present Sidney Colvin, Canon Ainger, Sir W. Clay, Professor Flower, Henry James, and others, the author mentions that conversation turned to the Duke of Wellington. Whereupon Douglas Galton told this story:

At the time of the threatened Chartist riots, in 1848, some one who had to command a body of "specials," and who knew the duke well, said to him: "I want to be quite clear about our duties. I should like to know, for example, exactly at what stage the military will be called in." "Oh," rejoined the duke, "that is a question which I can answer quite easily: when all the 'specials' have been killed."

Wellington naturally suggests Napoleon, and it is interesting to note that, according to Lord Acton, the historian, of all the commanders whom he had encountered, Napoleon rated most highly Alvinzi, whom he defeated at Arcola.

At a meeting of the Breakfast Club, at which Lord Dufferin was present, the talk turned to Lord Lyons, the British ambassador at Paris:

Apropos of this, Dufferin added that he had once, by way of making conversation, told the wife of a minister that the British embassy retained the only furniture of the First Empire, Wellington having bought it from the Princess Borghese, and that Lord Lyons slept every night in the bed of "La belle Pauline." The lady, not strong in her history, grew scarlet, and with intense indignation, replied: "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, nous ne connaissons pas votre helle Pauline."

Here is a story told to Sir Mountstuart by the Duke of Rutland, relating to the second Lord Erskine, when he was at Cambridge:

He was supremely ignorant of all his examiners expected him to know, but they were exceedingly anxious to let him through. The matter in hand was dynamics. "You row on the river," said one of them, "do you not?" "Yes," replied Lord Erskine. "Well, supposing that in rowing you struck against the pier of a bridge, how would you fall, backward or forward?" "I have not the very slightest idea," was the answer. "Well, I will try it in another way," rejoined the examiner: "you are fond of hunting, are you not? Supposing that when galloping across a field your horse was suddenly stopped by a wide ditch, of the existence of which you were

quite unaware, how would you fall?" "God only knows, sir," said the other, "how you would fall, but I trust that I should keep my seat."

Here are several stories which are their own excuse for being:

Lady Agatha repeated a story which she said her father had been fond of telling about a traveler in the Lake District, who, hearing that a particular village was in winter almost entirely cut off from the rest of the country by snow, asked how they managed to get a doctor if any one was taken ill. "Oh! at that season," was the reply, "the people die a natural death."

We talked of absurdities in prize poems, and Herbert Stephen quoted two lines from one upon the illness of the Prince of Wales, which I had not heard before:

"Flashed from his bed the electric message came,  
He is not better; he is much the same."

Miss Somers Cocks told me that the brother-in-law of a friend of hers, a clergyman in Ireland, had received a packet of tracts, one of which was entitled "Fishers of Men—A Few Words to Elder Girls." He wrote to point out that the title was not very felicitous, and I fear the tract is no longer to be had under its old name.

Flora told an excellent story of two men who, wishing to play a trick upon a friend famous for finding out riddles, conspired to ask him one which had, they thought, no answer. "Why is a ghost like a muffin?" He asked for a day's time, and then gave the answer: "They are both fancy bred." Clara mentioned the well-known riddle, "Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit?" with the old answer, "Because it was such a fine opening for a young man," and a better new one, "Because he had a coat of many colors and could not be admitted into the dress-circle!"

A traveler in Egypt tells me that, among the random inscriptions with which tourists have defaced the monuments of antiquity, only one struck him as at all witty. A Frenchman had scrawled on one of the tombs of the kings at Thebes, "La vie est un désert"; to which was added, by a later hand, "Et la femme le chameau."

The "Notes from a Diary" appears in two handsome volumes, and covers the years 1892-1895. Its wealth of anecdote may be inferred from the fact that we have quoted only from one volume. Every reader will be pleased to note that two more volumes, extending to 1901, are to appear.

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## The Japs Great Chemists.

The London *Lancet* says that "probably no Eastern nation is more strongly represented than are the Japanese in the English annals of science, and more particularly in the literature of chemistry. They possess an undoubtedly strong faculty for original research, and they combine this faculty with a sharp-sightedness as to the possibilities of practical application of the fruits of research. The Japanese chemist, in fact, unites the power of originality of the English chemist and the practical intuition of the German. At the University of Tokio practical study is very much favored, and splendid facilities for work are provided in the laboratories and workshops. There are several distinguished Japanese chemists who are fellows of the English Chemical Society, and who were elected to the fellowship on account of the excellence of their contributions to original science. The Japanese chemists discuss with a freedom which astonishes the Western chemist all the modern abstruse theories bearing upon the atomic theory, the constitution of matter, the theory of dissociation, and so forth. They write powerful dissertations on the views advanced by such esteemed thinkers as Ostwald, Arrhenius, Van't Hoff, Kelvin, Thomson, Lodge, Crookes, Ramsay, and others, and have offered valuable criticisms on the methods of systematizing and compiling atomic weights adopted by Western chemists."

Maurizio Camerino, an artist from Venice, has begun work on several more elaborate mosaic designs on the interior of the Stanford Memorial Church, at Stanford University. The new mosaics will represent Biblical scenes, and will be placed over the entire side walls of the organ loft and the east and west transept wings. At present those walls are surfaced with smooth-faced stone, ornamented with artistically carved designs, but these will be hewn out and the mosaic work substituted. When the proposed work is completed the entire interior wall surface of the edifice will be covered with mosaic. The work will require eight months for completion.

Slavonians and Japanese employed at the Treadwell mines, near Juneau, Alaska, have had numerous encounters over the Oriental war, and, the other day, began fighting over recent news from the Orient, throwing rocks and threatening each other with drawn knives. Several on each side received minor injuries. Pending Marshal Shoup's arrival with a force of deputies, Superintendent McDonald armed all his trusted men, and for a time it was thought a war would result. By threatening to use firearms, peace was restored, and the men went to work.

The membership of our House of Representatives has 236 lawyers out of a total of 357. The House of Commons, on the other hand, has only 129 lawyers in a total of 670, while the French Chamber shows an attendance of 139 lawyers in a total of 584.

It was estimated in the *Times* recently that London suburbs were spreading and filling so fast that as many as nine hundred thousand people settled in them; new houses, in five years.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Place of the Painter Watts.

G. K. Chesterton's brief biography of Watts, the great English painter, whose death occurred on the first day of July, has the defects of its qualities. In this respect it resembles Watts's own portraits. Watts did not copy men; he made them over again. What appeared on the canvass was not generally a very precise picture of the sitter. "In his most successful portraits," says Chesterton himself, "the actual physical characteristics of the sitter appear to be something of the nature of artistic creations; they are decorative and belong to a whole. We feel that he has filled in the fiery orange of Swinburne's hair as one might fill in a gold or copper panel. We know that he was historically correct in making the hair orange, but we can not get rid of the haunting feeling that if his scheme had been a little different he would have made it green."

So with Chesterton's book. We are not sure that it conveys a perfectly accurate idea of Watts; we are certain that it is a wonderful pen-portrait of a being who is thoroughly in harmony with the Chestertonian scheme of the universe. In other words, Chesterton's inveterate desire to make his sketch of the painter harmonious and understandable may have led him to ignore or gloss over such facts as are not in accord with his really striking theories and ideas.

For the trivial, but interesting, things about this great painter whose life spanned nearly a century (1817-1904), we may not look to Chesterton. He does not tell, for example, of the early romantic marriage of the painter with Ellen Terry, the actress, when she was little more than a girl—a union which was dissolved a little later. Not until 1886, when Watts was sixty-nine, did he marry again. Neither does Mr. Chesterton mention the interesting fact that Watts strenuously advised workmen to dress as workmen, and not to wear the badly made and cheap imitations of the clothes of the rich. This was characteristic of the man. His own life was marked by the greatest serenity and dignity; he was always unable to comprehend luxurious frivolity; the gambling spirit, which has so strong a hold in England, was abhorrent to him. "He was," remarks one who knew him, "unable to bring himself to understand how an educated person can sit down among his friends and win money from them. The chink of coin in the midst of hospitality struck him as something worse than savage. Both as patriot and painter, he hated the influence of mammon."

Probably the remarkable allegorical painting, "Mammon," to which reference is above made, is familiar to most. But Mr. Chesterton's description is so graphic that it is worthy of reproduction:

Suppose he [an imaginary spectator] saw before him a throned figure, clad in splendid, heavy scarlet and gold, above the lustre and dignity of which rose, in abrupt contrast, a face like the face of a blind beast. Suppose that as this imperial thing, with closed eyes and fat, sightless face, sat upon his magnificent seat, he let his heavy hands and feet fall, as if by a mere pulverizing accident, on the naked and god-like figures of the young, upon men and women. Suppose that in the background there rose into the air a raw and turgid smoke, as if from some invisible and horrible sacrifice, and that by one final, fantastic and triumphal touch, this all-destroying god and king were adorned with the ears of an ass, declaring that he was royal, imperial, irresistible, and when all is said, imbecile.

It is a singular thing, and no credit to Americans, that one of the finest products of the brush of this man, who was, above all things, the soul of artistic purity, should have been removed from the White House because, forsooth, it was considered "indecent." This was the picture "Love and Life," painted in 1884. It was shown at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and so pleased was the artist with the compliment of appreciation paid him that, after the fair had closed, he presented the picture, as a token of his regard, to the American nation. The picture represents a youth and maiden climbing a steep and precipitous ascent. The figures are nude. When the canvass reached Washington to be hung, as intended, in the East Room of the White House, Colonel John M. Wilson, the then superintendent of buildings, refused to allow it to be placed there. It remained boxed up in the Georgetown custom-house for some time. Mr. Wilson was backed in his course of action by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and Mr. Cleveland, then President, refused to overrule him. Finally the picture was sent to the Corcoran Art Gallery, where it remained until December, 1902, when it was removed to the White House by order of President Roosevelt, and still hangs there, despite the protests of shocked femininity.

Watts led a singularly unselfish life. Most of his great work he has given to his nation. He was several times offered a baronetcy, but always refused the honor. Altogether out of sympathy with the smug mediocrities who paint pretty little pictures to hang on rich men's walls, he worked for the great public. Once he actually offered to decorate, at his own expense, the great Euston railway station in London. "The railway managers," re-

mains Chesterton, "not perceiving, in their dull classical routine, the wild poetry of their station, declined." Watts was nothing if not a preacher through pictures; they are superbly didactic. It is even said that that brutal and magnificent picture of his, "The Minotaur," was inspired by those "Babylonian cruelties of Piccadilly and the Strand," the horrors of which were shown forth by W. T. Stead in his staggering publication, "Maiden Tribute."

One of the things which set Watts apart from all other painters whatsoever is what Chesterton calls "his magnificent discovery of the artistic effect of the human back":

The back is the most awful and mysterious thing in the universe: it is impossible to speak about it. It is the part of man that he knows nothing of; like an outlying province forgotten by an emperor. . . . To walk behind any one along a lane is a thing that, properly speaking, touches the oldest nerve of awe. Watts has realized this as no one in art or letters has realized it in the whole history of the world: it has made him great. . . . I need not instance the admirable and innumerable cases of this fine and individual effect. "Eve Repentant" (that fine picture) in which the agony of a gigantic womanhood is conveyed as it could not be conveyed by any power of visage, in the powerful contortion of the muscular and yet beautiful back—is the first that occurs to the mind. . . . He has painted a very graceful portrait of his wife, in which that lady's face is entirely omitted, the head being abruptly turned away.

Personally, the painter was the most bumble of men. But there was in him another element, "a kind of splendid and inspired impudence." He had the courage to preach in an age when preachers are scoffed at: when "art for art's sake" is the cry. His was the grand manner; he had that aloftness which we associate with true greatness—with Michael Angelo and Beethoven and Goethe. Though the vast majority of his paintings are allegorical, he rejected temporary symbols—the lion of England, the keys of Rome, the red cap of Liberty, the crescent of Islam—in order that his work might be intelligible to the generations of dim futurity. "It is impossible," remarks Chesterton, "not to feel a movement of admiration for the magnitude of the thought. . . . He paints on the assumption that his work may outlast the cross of the Eternal City. . . . He paints like one upon a tower looking down the appalling perspective of the centuries toward fantastic temples and inconceivable republics."

Time alone will fix the place of George Frederick Watts among the painters of the nineteenth century. It may not call him greatest; it will surely call him great.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
4. "Life of Gladstone," by John Morley.
5. "The Lightning Conductor," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "The Cost," by David Graham Phillips.
5. "Nancy Stair," by Elinor McCartney Lane.

"Elfin Songs of Sunland," by Charles Keeler, a book of poems for little children, is announced for publication by the first of August. It is bound in an artistic linen, with a cover design by Mrs. Keeler. The type is a heavy black letter, old-style on a rough paper, with a title-page and initials designed by Mrs. Keeler from California wild-flower motives. The book contains five groups of child poems, as follows: "A Ring Around of Playtime," "Songs of the Wildwood," "Quips and Cranks," "Rhymes for Toddlers," and "Brown Baby Ballads." "Elfin Songs of Sunland" is to be published by the Live Oak Guild, Berkeley.

In view of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Sand, which was celebrated in Paris July 5th, Calmann Lévy has brought out her posthumous work, entitled "Souvenirs et Idées," in which the famous novelist gives her appreciations of the theatrical and literary topics of her time, and the same house publishes the interesting "Correspondance de George Sand et Gustav Flaubert."

## Tolstoy, Thomas Hardy, and War.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, has written a letter to the London *Times* in appreciation of Tolstoy's remarkable article on war—an article ten columns in length, marked by fervor of feeling and that earnestness of expression which is born of perfect belief in the absolute truth of the views set forth. Mr. Hardy writes:

I should like to be allowed space to express in the fewest words a view of Count Tolstoy's philosophic sermon on war, of which you print a translation in your impression of today, and a comment in your leading article.

The sermon may show many of the extravagances of detail to which the world has grown accustomed in Count Tolstoy's later writings. It may exhibit here and there, incoherence as a moral system. Many people may object to the second half of the dissertation—its special application to Russia in the present war (on which I can say nothing). Others may be unable to see advantage in the writer's use of theological terms for describing and illustrating the moral evolutions of past ages. But surely all these objections should be hushed by his great argument, and every defect in his particular reasonings hidden by the blaze of glory that shines from his masterly general indictment of war as a modern principle, with all its senseless and illogical crimes.

Mr. Hardy's abhorrence of war is a matter of no recent growth. There is perhaps nowhere in poetic literature a more powerful setting-forth of the paradox of war than in Mr. Hardy's strangely simple poem, published several years ago, during the progress of England's war in South Africa. It is a fit moment to reprint it:

## THE MAN HE KILLED.

SCENE: *The settle of the Fox Inn, Stagfoot Lane.*

CHARACTERS: *The speaker (a returned soldier), and his friends, natives of the Hamlet.*

## I.

Had he and I but met  
By some old ancient inn,  
We should have set us down to wet  
Right many a nipperkin.

## II.

But ranged as infantry,  
And staring face to face,  
I shot at him as he at me,  
And killed him in his place.

## III.

I shot him dead, because—  
Because he was my foe,  
You see; my foe of course he was;  
That's clear enough; although

## IV.

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,  
Off-hand like—just as I—  
Was out of work—had sold his traps—  
No other reason why.

## V.

Yes; quaint and curious war is!  
You shoot a fellow down  
You'd treat if met where any bar is,  
Or help to half-a-crown.

## New Publications.

"Their Child," by Robert Herrick. Frontispiece. The Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

"Sonnets of the Head and Heart," by Joseph Warren Beach. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"By Snare of Love," by Arthur W. Marchmont. The Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50.

"The Romance of Piscator," by Henry W. Lanier. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25—love and fishing neatly mingled.

"Burke on Conciliation." Edited by William Macdonald, Ph. D., LL. D. Frontispiece. American Book Company.

"Blount of Breckenhow," by Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—an epistolary historical novel.

"Poems that Every Child Should Know," edited by Mary E. Burt. Frontispiece. Doubleday, Page & Co.; 90 cents net.

"The National Sports of Great Britain," by Henry Alpine. Fifty illustrations in colors. New edition. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Khedive's Country." Edited by C. Manville Fenn. Profusely illustrated. Cassell & Co.—a brief account of modern Egypt.

"Methods of Industrial Peace," by Nicholas P. Gilman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.60 net—a well-written book on the labor problem.

"Where the Tide Comes In," by Lucy Meacham Thruston. Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a modern novel of the South.

"The New South and Other Addresses," by Henry Woodfin Grady. With biography, critical opinions, and explanatory note by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Maynard, Merrill & Co.

"History of the United States of America," by Henry William Elson. The Macmillan Company; \$1.75—a volume which aims to fulfill the requirements of busy people who want neither elaborate works nor condensed school histories; it contains nine hundred closely printed pages.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## An Infant Poetess.

Here is something certainly unique in the line of poetry—a good-sized volume of verse, all written by a little girl who "has just turned eleven," and who began writing poetry at the mature age of six! Richard Le Gallienne, who writes a lengthy introduction, says that "Julia Cooley's little poems do not merely give promise that some day she may write poetry: they prove that she has already written poetry." That Julia thinks herself quite an aged person is evident from an entry made in her note-book when she was six days over nine years old. Entitled "How I Happened to Write": "Because this impressed me I wrote about it . . . now I love to write because I wrote little stories and poems when I was small." On another occasion, Julia writes in a letter to an aunt: "I wish you could see my lovely synonym book that mother gave me for a valentine." The budding poetess is making a rhyming dictionary of her own. It has forty-one pages—so Le Gallienne records. Julia also has compiled other books: "Difficult Words and What They Mean," "Sentences that I Made Up," "Little Poetic Sentences that I Shall Write," "Poems About Flowers," "Beautiful Things that I Read." Another note-book contains "List of Poems that I Shall Write," with about sixty titles. One of these is called: "Oh, I am Bored to Death." Beginning pretty early! Once, having written in a poem: "While you are happy I am sorrowful," Julia explained to her mother: "You know, mother, I don't really mean that I am sorrowful. I only say it for the sake of the poetry." There, surely, spoke the artistic temperament in the bud. "Presumably, too," says Le Gallienne, "this little poem was written only 'for the sake of the poetry,' not from actual experience." It is called "My Lover":

"Over hills and far away  
Where my true lover lives,  
O'er the valleys have I searched in vain,  
Oh, my heart has sunk in griefs."

Here is a story that Le Gallienne tells:

It appears that a certain magazine has been offering a prize for the best poem on "Youth" written by a child. Julia determined to compete, and produced these lines:

"Ah! Youth, fair envy of hoary Time—  
I would that ever I could hear thy merry cime.  
Thy laughter is a pleasure to old age. . . ."

Julia, having proceeded so far, showed the lines to her mother, who, while struck by them, not unnaturally felt that no editor would believe them to be the work of a child, and said so. "Oh, I see," was Julia's comment, "you want a baby-poem," and thereupon produced, almost impromptu, the following:

"When I was young I loved the birds and bees,  
I loved the sky, I loved the sighing trees,  
I loved the fields, I loved the babbling stream,  
And all day long I used to dream and dream  
Of all the lovely things I saw and heard—  
The bill, the field, the little singing bird."

This is what Julia contemptuously calls a baby-poem!

Here are some of the best in the volume:

## THE SEED THAT GROWS AND DIES.

Babyhood is a seed.  
Childhood is a bud.  
Girlhood is a rose.  
Womanhood is a rose with three more petals but fading a little.  
Old womanhood is the full-grown rose withered but very sacred.

## A FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN.

There lived a maiden yonder in the woods,  
Her golden locks were like the sunbeams in the flowers.  
Her eyes were like the violets just in bloom.  
Her lips were like the Summer roses.  
And when old Winter came she was bright and sweet  
As if the sun were shining still.  
But now she lies in a snow-white grave  
With the violets and roses over it  
And I suppose the birds guard it lovingly.

## BABY BROTHER'S EYES.

Baby's eyes are full of mystery.  
Baby's eyes look upward toward the sky  
To question God  
Whether or not He shall tell us yet  
What wondrous tales lies beneath their brown depths,  
And what wonderful secret  
Those bright eyes will seek and find.  
Baby's eyes are full of gladness and brightness.  
And when he laughs  
They sparkle like the sunshine glistening on the dancing waters.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

P. S.—Competition is the life of trade, since writing the above we have received from G. P. Putnam's Sons a book of poems by Enid Welsford, a little English girl, who imitated verses to her mother before she could write. We have space for only one poem:

## THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

## Child.

Beautiful Rose! Beautiful Rose!  
Hear what I have to say;  
I had a comrade I loved so well,  
And together we used to play;  
But he left me alone, and I do not know  
Whither he fled away.

I sought in the city of life and change,

Where the skies are never blue:  
I saw five thousand faces strange,  
But not one face I knew.  
I sought him long, but I sought in vain,  
So now I have come to you.

## Rose.

He passed through this garden three days ago:  
He sorrowfully looked at me;  
Oh, why is the world so full of pain!  
Oh, why shall I see her never again!  
Oh, why do I love! cried he,  
And then he bent and gave me a kiss,  
And bade me give it to thee.

Limited time prevents minute comparison of the poems of Enid with those of Julia, but we sadly fear that the supremacy of America in the matter of infant poetry is seriously endangered.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The title of Charles Warren Stoddard's new book is to be "The Island of Tranquil Delight," and the illustrations are to be photographs after photographs. The publishers have selected an interesting little group of criticisms from the large number that have been printed during Mr. Stoddard's long term of authorship or sent to him in letters; Mr. Howells, Mr. Hearn, Mr. Kipling, and Longfellow are the authors, and of the four he whose work is least akin to Mr. Stoddard's has been the most felicitous in his praise: "The lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean," said Mr. Howells.

Mr. Alden remarks, in his weekly London letter to the *Times*, that nothing has been heard for a long time of "Mother Maturin," the book which Kiplingites have for years been hoping to see. It is well known that Kipling had long ago in manuscript nearly four hundred pages of this book. He referred to it in his story, entitled "To Be Filed for Reference," but since then nothing has been heard of it. "Some of these days," says Mr. Alden, "he will undoubtedly finish 'Mother Maturin,' and give it to the public."

Charles Whibley proposes to collect and edit a volume of prose and verse by the late W. E. Henley, giving it a biographical introduction containing his personal reminiscences of Henley.

The Duke of Cambridge left several volumes of a carefully written diary containing a large amount of interesting matter. King Edward has given permission to publish the notes, subject, of course, to some discreet revision, if that is thought necessary.

Quite the most conspicuous book announced for autumn publication in the autobiographical field, at least in English eyes, is the correspondence of Queen Victoria. The work, in two or more volumes, is to have special and copyrighted American publication.

There is to be a supplementary volume of intimate *memorabilia* to the Spencer autobiography. They will consist of much material drawn from the late philosopher's diaries and letters, which, eschewed or neglected by him, has been deemed worthy by his literary trustees as rounding out the character of the man.

At the present moment Norman Duncan is the best-advertised of all writers of fiction. Frank Bullen ranks Duncan with Conrad and Kipling as a writer of sea tales; Dr. Robertson Nicoll calls him "an English Pierre Loti" and "a mystic of the unfathomable depths." His new novel deals with the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts.

After writing the "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," George Gissing had set himself to another novel, which he finished before his death. This will be issued during the autumn under the title "Veranilda."

Edgar Jepson, the author of "The Admirable Tinker," is under a cloud. The people of the suburb of London in which he lives have temporarily ostracized him for *lèse majesté*, because at a recent social gathering, when the guests had finished fervently sing-

ing "God Save the King," he chanced to remark quite audibly, "It will be a job, won't it?"

McClure-Phillips have purchased from Charles Scribner's Sons the rights in Miss Tarbell's "Madame Roland," which they will add to their list in the autumn. At the same time they will also bring out Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company."

The hero of Joseph Conrad's new novel, "Nostromo," the scene of which is laid in a South American republic, is the man whose name gives the book its title. He is a Genoese sailor of striking individuality. The author says of him that "the sight of his black whiskers and white teeth made the evil-doers quail."

## Popular Books at the Libraries: A Summary.

Below is printed a list of the books which have been mentioned more than once in the *Argonaut's* weekly list of books most in demand at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city. The period covered is from February 8th to July 18th. The figures show the number of times each work has been mentioned in the *Argonaut's* tables:

- "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow, 27.
- "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson, 27.
- "To-Morrow's Tangle," by Geraldine Bonner, 23.
- "The Russian Advance," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, 22.
- "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill, 18.
- "People of the Abyss," by Jack London, 17.
- "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer, 14.
- "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton, 14.
- "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston, 13.
- "The O'Ruddy," by Stephen Crane and Robert Barr, 11.
- "Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," Anonymous, 10.
- "The Mark," by Aquila Kempster, 10.
- "The Silent Places," by Stewart Edward White, 8.
- "Through Central Asia and Thibet," by Sven Hedin, 7.
- "The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam, 6.
- "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland, 6.
- "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, 6.
- "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes and Edger-ton Castle, 5.
- "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," by Helen R. Martin, 4.
- "Violett," by Baroness von Hutten, 4.
- "Land of Little Rain," by Mary Austin, 4.
- "The Light of the Star," by Hamlin Garland, 4.
- "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller, 4.
- "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch, 4.
- "Lux Crucis," by Samuel M. Gardenshire, 3.
- "He That Eateth Bread With Me," by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell-Keays, 3.
- "Helda Gabler," by Hendrik Ibsen, 3.
- "The Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar, 3.
- "Dennis Dent," by E. W. Hornung, 3.
- "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr., 3.
- "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett, 3.
- "The American Prisoner," by Eden Phillips, 3.
- "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, 3.
- "When Wilderness Was King," by Randall Parrish, 3.
- "Katharine Frensham," by Beatrice Harraden, 2.
- "Faith of Men," by Jack London, 2.
- "The Test," by Mary Tappan Wright, 2.
- "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by General John B. Gordon, 2.
- "Four Roads to Paradise," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, 2.
- "Jewel of the Seven Stars," by Bram Stoker, 2.
- "The Story of a Soldier's Life," by Lord Wolseley, 2.
- "Life of Gladstone," by John Morley, 2.
- "The Lightning Conductor," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, 2.
- "Hemming the Adventurer," by Theodore Roberts, 2.
- "Extracts from Adam's Diary," by Mark Twain, 2.
- "The Pit," by Frank Norris, 2.
- "Memoirs of M. de Blowitz," 2.
- "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives, 2.
- "The Rainbow Chasers," by John H. Whitson, 2.

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While the muse of Madeleine Lucette Ryley never soars toward the zenith, this typically American dramatist has shown a knack for turning out light, cheerful, innocuous comedies that appeal to the popular taste. There is plenty of humor in "The American Citizen" to balance its superabundance of effeminate sentiment; humor that has not needed to rely entirely upon a comedian of Nat Goodwin's ability to make its presence appreciated. There are gleams of the same engaging quality in "Mice and Men," but neither in the latter piece nor in "The Altar of Friendship"—(played here by Nat Goodwin and his company a year ago)—has Mrs. Ryley attained to the same standards which she reached in "The American Citizen." "The Altar of Friendship" is a foolish, feeble bit of mechanism. "Mice and Men" is in advance of it in general merit, but like its predecessor, although in a lesser degree, there is a faint, insidious trail of dullness over its comedy, while its sentiment is labored and its situations rather forced.

Mrs. Ryley, profiting perhaps by the popularity of "Heartase," has set the time of her story more than a century back. This gives opportunity for the introduction of some quaint and picturesque figures, and permits the heroine to go to her first ball in all the beautifying panoply of powder and patches and sweeping brocades. But with this artificial style of adornment results the almost inevitably artificial treatment. The sorrow of the young lovers, as viewed through the medium of powder and patches, becomes merely a harmless effervescence of pique, and the middle-aged guardian's renunciation of his joyous young ward as a matrimonial mate is apt to strike one as an eminently sane and sensible proposition, entailing a loss not worth the regret of a man of common sense.

The ward of this eccentrically self-appointed guardian is a foundling, chosen by a man with a hobby about female education, from a group of her companions, to be reared, trained, and educated in accordance with his requirements for a wife. The choice is made, in sight of the audience, Peggy being selected from a group of seven foundlings, presumably for her looks—a motive which apparently invariably influences people who are choosing children for adoption, or wives from the photographs at a matrimonial bureau. By rights, Peggy should be a round, rosy, dimpled, engaging little piece of comeliness in her teens, whereas Jessie Busley, the leading lady during the two weeks' run of "Mice and Men," is a lady of naturally serious countenance, slight to thinness, and with just a *souffron* of primness in her speech and style. Neither the flowing brown ringlets worn with the studiously simple foundling uniform, nor the more worldly aspect bestowed by a close-curl white wig, patches, and full ball costume, could quite make Miss Busley fit physically into her rôle. Indeed, when the row of seven foundlings was marshaled in by a fussy beadle, it was at first difficult to believe that the maiden to be chosen was there. Those who have a taste for beauty appraised the seven with a sinking heart. It reminded me of the account given by Rousseau in his "Confessions" of his visit to the conservatory of music in Venice—(identical with the *scuola* wherein George Sand's Consuelo received her musical training)—where, with high anticipations of finding a troupe of beauties, he inspected the young daughters of poverty who were there instructed in music at the expense of the state. If I remember aright, Rousseau, instead of viewing a sunburst of beauty, discovered that that qualification does not freely abound in the daughters of poverty. One had a squint, another was pock-marked, a third was disfigured by a hump; there were no *Clorindas* there, and the Frenchman retired with one illusion the less.

Truth compels me to say that there were no pock-marks, humps, or squints in the foundling band at the Columbia, but neither was there beauty. The audience looked hopefully for a separate entry for the fair one to be chosen, but, as it turned out, she was there with the rest. Beauty in a heroine is a frightfully important element on the stage, and its absence can not fail to be disillusionizing. Temperamentally, however, Miss Busley was more happily placed. She has an assortment of neat, compact, reliable little *tricks*, all neatly ticketed, and a rippling *figure* that rings true; for she gave a very convincing simulation of the high spirits of a useful maid who is receiving a lesson in dancing from an indulgent master.

The young lover is played by Frederick Tieden, who accompanied Nat Goodwin during his last San Francisco season, and played the Imp in his second production of "When We Were Twenty-One." Mr. Tieden bears quite a resemblance to John Drew in appearance, and in some of his vocal inflections; not, it must be said, in his acting. He has gained in flexibility of expression since his last visit, but still tends to rigidity when a display of feeling is called for. Mrs. Ryley has decreed that Captain Lovell and his uniform shall be inseparable during the course of the play, and Mr. Tieden sheds the resplendence of his military trappings upon the scenes in which he is engaged with great effect.

John Glendenning as the bluff squire and neighborhood friend of Mark Embury, had a pleasant part that was agreeably portrayed; and Grace Heyer is dowered with the appropriate degree of physical attractiveness and artificial elegance for the rôle of the flirting wife, who dwells in shallows of sentiment.

Henry Miller, carefully subdued by the aid of grizzled locks and a sober dress to the mien of a middle-aged man with responsibilities and a fad, acted out, with as much feeling as could reasonably be drawn from it, the rôle of the kind guardian who recalls that May and December do not fitly mate, and renounces the joys of young love. It is a favorite and thoroughly womanish conception of Mrs. Ryley's in a hero that he should give up something that he has justly earned. She loves to depict unselfish men, bravely hiding their grief and practicing a Quixotic renunciation uncomplainingly—a feat which the average man finds it next to impossible to perform.

Peggy, too, tries a bit of self-sacrifice in undertaking to assume the responsibilities of a compromising love-letter; an unnecessary straining at the bonds of probability that again marks the author's tendency to deviate from cheerful reason, and to labor unnaturally to gain a sort of false sympathy for a false position. We are thus forced to fall back upon our sympathy for Mark Embury, more especially as Mr. Miller readily wins our compassion for the middle-aged lover by the thoroughness with which he indicates the admirably subdued yet unconcealable regret with which the suitor yields to the overbearing claims of youth. The whole tone of the characterization is pitched, and very rightly, in a subdued key, and I fancy it will be something of a relief to see this popular actor in a rôle in which he will not be called upon to practice such self-effacement.

And then Hilda Spong is coming; stunning Hilda Spong, who has in the greatest degree the ability to portray a woman of the big-little society world—the world where only the socially fit survive, and in which a woman of innate elegance is as much a desideratum as foliage to a tree.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### English Newspapers Comment on Clement Scott.

Max Beerbohm, in an article in the London *Saturday Review* on the late Clement Scott, says, in part:

There is always something rather ghastly in the thought that every daily newspaper keeps in its pigeon-holes obituary notices of every living man or woman who is at all conspicuous. Rather ghastly, this careful preparation of salutes to follow "pat" on that which may strike down unawares its actual victim. . . . This particular system is even less pleasing when the subject of the pigeon-holed obituary is a man intimately associated with the newspaper to which the pigeon-hole belongs; and especially worse if the obituary contain a destructive criticism of his services to that newspaper. I wonder if the obituarist of the *Daily Telegraph* has already recorded that Bennett Burleigh was not, in the true significance of the word, a war-correspondent, and that Lord Burnham was not, in the true significance of the word, a baron. These would be ungracious sayings; but not less ungracious than to say of the late Clement Scott, as was said of him in the *Daily Telegraph* recently, that "he was not, in the true significance of the word, a critic." Perhaps the ungraciousness may be condoned for the candor: one can not but admire the candor of a newspaper which states that what it purveyed as criticism for twenty-five years was not really criticism at all.

Mr. Tree considers the *Daily Telegraph* wrong in its estimate of Mr. Scott. The obituarist quoted regarded Mr. Scott merely as "a brilliant impressionist, an unflinching advocate, a fearless partisan if you will, but not a critic." Mr. Tree insists that it was these qualities which entitled Scott to the name of critic. "You may prefer," he says, "the writer who, having no point of view, is never wrong. But it is unfair to withhold the title of critic from the writer who, having a point of view, is either sharply right or sharply wrong. Such a writer, and such a critic, was Clement Scott."

Of Scott's style, Mr. Tree says: "His language lived—lived every moment of that brief life for which it was destined. Born awfully in the small hours among printers' devils, it came to crow and kick lustily on all our breakfast tables. A short life, but a merry one—a very real one, so far as it went. Never was journalism more hot and strong, more provocative. We might laugh, we often

did laugh, but we could not help being rather angry, too." Further on, he says: "To us, anxious coddlers of the drama of ideas, anxious gropers for the drama of beauty, it was painful to watch this doughty man trampling on every idea as on some noxious beetle, and bayoneting poor beauty. Certainly, Mr. Scott did harm to British drama during the nineties."

The idea expressed in the last paragraph finds a more vigorous voice in the *Speaker*, which says of Scott:

He detested "problems." He shrank from any extension of the range of the theatre, and would have closed the passes that led to lands which no mid-Victorian playwright had explored. And he wrote with such vehemence, such conviction that he represented the average suburban taste, that managers, always disposed to underestimate the intelligence of the public, followed him, and trembled. He certainly did his vigorous, honest, narrow-minded best to retard the development of the English theatre.

The London *Daily Mail* says that Scott is generally acknowledged to be "the greatest critic of his generation." "Of all things an impressionist," it says, "his hastily written descriptions of first-night performances invariably commanded attention."

The *Express* says that "Clement Scott chose for the people. He was the one dramatic critic whom the people knew. He was the actor's critic; and when an actor wondered what 'the papers' would say of him, he was thinking of Clement Scott. . . . The playwrights bowed to him, and even Mr. Pinero changed the ending of 'The Weaker Sex' in deference to his criticism."

Scott wrote and adapted plays, and also wrote stories and verse. The best known of his poems is "The Garden of Sleep," which accurately describes the church-yard of Sidestrand, a village to the south of Cromer. His "Poppyland Papers" described the same region, and made particularly appropriate the following verses by Louis N. Parker, recited by Forbes Robertson at the benefit given for Scott two days before his death:

"All ye who love the glamour and the blaze  
Of footlights and the actor's magic art,  
Think of the weary man who sits apart,  
Patient in suffering, through the summer days.

"We bring no futile wreath of gilded bays,  
But the bright treasures of the Thespian cart,  
And kindly messages to cheer his heart,  
Who cheered our hearts so often with his praise.

"Think of him, then, with tenderness and ruth,  
Who rests awhile upon his toilsome way,  
Who yearns to clasp each warm and generous hand,

But, sick and spent, retiring from the fray,  
Can only smile and point toward Poppyland,  
Dreaming of bygones and the things of youth."

The Iroquois Theatre, the scene of the fearful fire of December 30, 1903, has been remodeled, and is now called the Vaudeville Theatre.

Kyrle Bellow in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," is coming to the Columbia in September.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Its Initial American Production.

The second week of the Henry Miller season at the Columbia Theatre begins on Monday night in a continuation of "Mice and Men," which will be succeeded on August 8th by "Joseph Entangled," by Henry Arthur Jones. This is the first production in America of this play, which has been a success in London. Mr. Miller has stipulated with Mr. Frohman that his San Francisco repertoire shall include one or more plays that have been selected for his winter season in New York. So "Joseph Entangled" will be seen here first, with cast and scenery complete. The cast will include, besides Mr. Miller, Hilda Spong, Jessie Busley, Stanley Dark, John Glendinning, J. Hartley Manners, Frederick Tyler, Walter Allen, Frederick Tieden, Grace Heyer, Maggie Holloway Fisher, and others. The advance sale of seats commences Thursday.

## "The Toreador" Monday Night.

On Monday night, at the Tivoli Opera House, "The Toreador" will be given its first local production. It is an Anglo-Spanish comic opera, which gives unusual opportunities for costumes and scenery. It tells of the good and ill fortunes of one Carajolo, a bull-fighter of Villaya, who loves one woman, while another one, who loves him, is on his track looking for a chance to make trouble for him. Then there are mixed identities leading to amusing complications, and one or two love-stories that help make a tangible plot. The company that is to produce "The Toreador" includes Kate Condon, Dora de Philippe, Bessie Tannehill, Edward Weh, and four new people: Melville Ellis, who is also known as a composer and director; John P. Kennedy, a member of the original cast that sang "The Toreador" in New York; Carrie Reynolds, a member, last year, of the "Rogers Brothers in London" company; and Mary Young, who has been with many large Eastern companies. The management promises a fine production from every standpoint.

## "The Whirl of the Town."

What the management claim as the acme of all their productions will be "The Whirl of the Town," a gigantic spectacular burlesque that is to be seen here for the first time at Fischer's Theatre on Monday night, August 1st. The piece ran for a whole season at the Casino in New York, and for two years on the road. It is in three acts, written by Gustav Kerker and Hugh Morton, and is said to contain what few burlesques have: a plausible plot, introducing interesting comedy situations. Many of the newest songs will be introduced. The principal feature is the dialogue, which is distributed among Rice and Cady, Bohy North, and Ben Dillon. Dorothy Morton essays the rôle of Dimples, and will sing several new popular songs. Nora Bayes plays Evangeline Earlybird, the queen of night on Market Street, a rôle that will give her an opportunity to introduce some of her specialties and song numbers. Edwin Clark will have two parts, playing both straight and comedy, the latter as Neptune, king of the ocean. Lionel Lawrence will be an addition to the present cast, as he will be Willie Bad-boy. Flossie Hope plays Dolly Twinklefoot, and promises some intricate and beautiful dances. There will be an augmented chorus, and a large cast of minor parts. Many local public officials and men about town are on the programme, and all of the scenes have been localized for San Francisco's principal spots. Among the scenes are Third and Market Streets at 1 A. M., and also the Mermaid's Cave near the Cliff House, the Cave of Jewels, and Neptune's Summer Home.

## A Classical Romance.

"The Lady of Lyons" will be the bill at the Alcazar Theatre for the week beginning Monday night. The piece is a classic among romantic plays, and the part of Claude Melnotte, the despised gardener's son, should fit Mr. Whittlesey's style and manner. Eugenie Thais Lawton will make her first Alcazar appearance as Pauline. Miss Lawton will remain at the Alcazar during the rest of the summer, and will then accompany Mr. Whittlesey on his tour as leading woman. George Oshourne will reappear in "The Lady of Lyons," and the other rôles will be judiciously distributed. On August 8th, Mr. Whittlesey will give the first San Francisco production of Paul M. Potter's romantic comedy, "Sheridan; or, the Maid of Bath."

## Olive May in Vaudeville.

Olive May and John W. Albaugh, Jr., will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting Grant Stewart's comedietta, "The Girl from Kansas." "The Girl from Kansas" tells the story of a breezy young Western girl trying to exploit woman's rights in Mexico, but her femininity ruins her cause when she meets a handsome young Mexican. Miss May scored her greatest success in Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," and Mr. Albaugh did well in "Colorado," by the same author. McCabe,

Sabine, and Vera, eccentric comedians, will also be new here. They will offer their latest creation, "The Arrival of Kitty McCarthy," said to be a continuous laugh. They carry their own scenery. Les Olopas, direct from Berlin, will give their musical equilibristic novelty. Mr. Olopa balances an upright piano on his head while playing a cornet solo, and his better-half indulges in specialties equally extraordinary. Florence, George, and John Hughes, musical artists, will also make their initial bow here. They play popular and classical music on a variety of instruments. Charmion, the trapeze performer, will play the final week of her engagement. The prison scene from "Faust," sung by Edith Decker, Domenico Russo, and Sig. Abramoff; the Empire Comedy Four; Marcus and Cartelle, the comedy skaters; and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## Military Play at the Central.

"Sergeant James," Kirk La Shelle's new military drama, will be put on at the Central Theatre Monday evening. It gives a picture of the home life of the enlisted men. Bugle calls sound before the curtain is raised on the first act, which depicts a cavalry camp. Saddlers and blacksmiths are at work, a stable corporal is teaching thirty or forty men to groom horses, and all the accoutrements that go to the making of a cavalry outfit are on the stage. Montana is the scene of the play, which is described as decidedly strenuous, lightened by plenty of humor. Juliet Crosby has been engaged for a leading part in this production.

## Fifth Week of the Neill Company.

At the Grand Opera House, James Neill and his company will begin the fifth week of their engagement to-morrow (Sunday) matinee with a complete production of Bronson Howard's military play, "Shenandoah," which is acknowledged to be the best of the dramatic compositions dealing with the Civil War. Mr. Neill will play the hero, Kerchival West, which is one of his most popular impersonations, and to Edythe Chapman is allotted the rôle of Gertrude Ellingham, in which she is expected to give a satisfactory account of herself. The other characters will be carefully distributed.

## To Cease Singing for Charity.

In London there is a movement against the donation, by opera and concert singers, of their services to charity performances. The *Express*, in an article on the subject, says:

The hall is paid for out of the expenses, the person who organizes the affair receives his honorarium, the printers are not asked to provide the programmes for nothing; yet the persons who are the principal attraction—the vocalists—are asked to give their services for nothing, and in addition, must defray out of their own resources such items as cabs, gloves, and fares.

Yet the good-natured professionals have borne it all without a murmur, and the movement, now making such headway, to secure them better treatment, comes not from themselves, but from the people who take an active share in organizing this kind of entertainment.

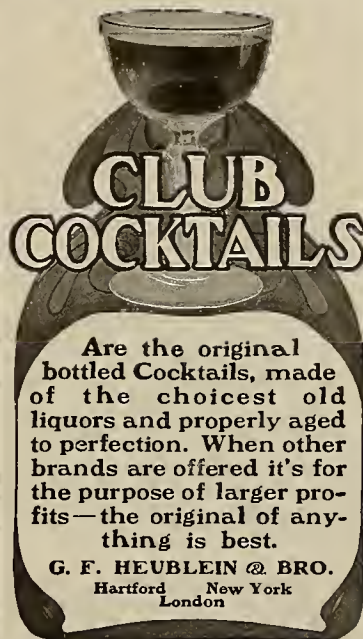
At the head of the new movement is the Duchess of Sutherland, who has promised never to lend Stafford House for concerts where the artists are unpaid. With her are other people interested in this form of entertainment, such as Lady Maud Warrender, Mrs. Walter Palmer, Signor Tosti, and Mrs. Ronalds. Mme. Melha has promised never to sing for nothing again, and Signor Caruso, Mr. Bispham, Signor Scotti, and other famous singers have given the same promise.

Suit has been brought in Rome against Mascagni by Julius Goldzier, a Chicago lawyer, for \$1,438. When Mascagni was in trouble in Chicago last year, Goldzier acted as his attorney. The composer received his bill after reaching Italy, and refused to pay it on the ground that it was exorbitant.

## "Mrs. Wiggs" on the Stage.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been dramatized by Anne Flexner, and the result is being played in Chicago. The author describes the play as a "character comedy with heart interest." James O'Donnell Bennett, of the *Record-Herald*, says that "the atmosphere of the play, when it is not farcical or melodramatic, is the atmosphere of the tenement-house and the back lot, sordid, stuffy, depressing; an unlovely and unprofitable kind of realism, in a word, that has no artistic or psychological significance. The blinds hang by one hinge, a cheerless and heart-sickening grime pervades the place, and the people of the story, men, women, and children, are engaged mainly in hawling and squalling. The character 'types' are not really factors in the dramatic movement. They seem rather to be on exhibition and to parade across the scene from time to time for the purpose of introducing detached and extravagant sketches. Hence the spectator can not forgive the hopeless squalor of the picture."

Although London managers lost heavily during the past season, they are planning some good things for the autumn opening. Among their novelties will be Pinero's comedy for John Hare; Barrie's next play, with an elderly part for Ellen Terry; Sydney Grundy's adaptation of "The Garden of Lies" for George Alexander; a comedy by W. W. Jacobs for Cyril Maude; and Mr. Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann."



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Cash Assets..... 5,172,036  
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Paid In Capital..... 3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve..... 400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

Those desiring the latest bound volume of the Argonaut, Volume LIV, covering the six months from January 1st to July 1st, 1904, should send in their orders at once to the office of this paper, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone James 2551

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## VANITY FAIR.

"Memories of one of the most remarkable trials of the last ten years—a trial that brought disgrace and imprisonment upon the scion of a noble house—are recalled," says the *London Daily Mail*. "by the announcement that Miss Pauline Astor, only daughter of William Waldorf Astor, a well-known millionaire, is to wed Captain Herbert Spender-Clay, formerly of the Life Guards. Nearly seven years ago, in December, 1897, Captain Spender-Clay, then twenty-two years old, a subaltern in the guards, leaped to fame as defendant in an action brought by the late Samuel Lewis, a well-known West End money-lender, to recover the sum of £11,113 (\$55,565) alleged to be due on two promissory notes bearing the young man's signature. The defendant resisted the claim, declaring that if he signed the notes he was tricked into doing so by his consignor, Lord William Nevill, son of the Marquis of Abergavenny. His story was an amazing one. Lord William had asked him to affix his signature to documents which he was not allowed to read. They were covered by a sheet of paper, in which holes were cut at places where the signatures were wanted. Lord William gave his word of honor that all the signatures were required upon a single document, a power of attorney in connection with a painful trial then pending and affecting his lordship's family. Believing the word of a friend he had long known, the young officer signed. The jury found that the signatures had been obtained by false representations, and judgment was given for the defendant. The next step in this remarkable case was the arrest of Lord William Nevill, who, in February, 1898, was sentenced to five years penal servitude. On his release, he published a volume of prison experiences and reflections which attracted considerable attention."

Commenting on a controversy that is progressing in its columns on the use of the toothpick in public, the *New York Herald* says: "One writer this morning defends the use of the toothpick in public restaurants, which was vigorously denounced by a correspondent in Wednesday's paper. The author of this morning's letter contends that its use, if sufficiently inoffensive, is a duty to cleanliness and hygiene. Care of one's finger nails is a similar duty, but a person of refinement confines its performance to the 'manicure parlor' or the privacy of his chamber. Others may be seen performing that duty to cleanliness and hygiene in street-cars and other public places. Surgical operations with toothpicks in public places are usually offensive in these days of advanced taste and sensitiveness. The *grandes dames* of Queen Elizabeth's time considered it the correct thing to carry their silver-handled scratch-backs with them to the play, but the sight of a woman plying such an implement in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House would be startling. The conspicuous wielding and chewing of the toothpick in public places belongs to an era of toleration that has passed away."

The "smart" set in society—and their followers in humble life—will do almost anything to "improve" their personal appearance. Cutting dimples has been quite the rage for some time past, and a London writer says he knows that "dimple-cutters" in the West End have been doing quite big business during the present season. Ladies who never dreamed of having dimples before have now got what they think admirable specimens upon the face and neck. What will happen when dimples go out of fashion it is difficult to surmise, but no doubt the "beauty doctors" will be able to make the necessary repairs. The *Medical Press and Circular*, in its current issue, deals with another of the latest novelties in this direction. It emanates—like other things of the kind—from Paris, and is a "special corset for the nose." It is readily conceivable that prolonged and severe pressure for the correction of a supposed malformation may be most injurious under certain circumstances; while it is questionable if mere alteration in position would have the slightest effect in removing a "bottle" nose or in overcoming a chronic rosacea.

A New York dispatch says: "There are rumors of a determined warfare which will draw the lines very closely in the social world at Newport. The proposed subscription ball, to be given early in the season at the Golf Club, for which arrangements are being made, is to form the dividing line. A committee of forty men will have charge. To each will be allowed five tickets, for which he will be held responsible. As admission to the ball is to be solely by ticket, unless the present plans are changed, there will therefore be just two hundred persons who will hereafter be regarded as the favored ones. Among those on the committee are James J. Van Alen, Oliver H. P. Belmont, John Jacob Astor, Elisha Dyer, J. M. Perry Belmont, Harry S. Lehr, Ogden Mills, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Harry Payne Whitney, and Alfred G. Vanderbilt. An effort is being made by some of the committee

to increase the number of tickets to be distributed, but it is announced that the movement to draw the line sharply is a strong one, and there will be no letting down of the bars."

The story that Newport's "Four Hundred" is to be reduced to two hundred has stirred up some of the Eastern editors to sarcastic comment. "By this simple process," says the *Evening Post*, "membership in the polite circle becomes more than ever a distinction, and outsiders are stimulated to redoubled efforts to break in. Of course, nothing will have really changed. Those who find themselves left out may comfort themselves that they are neither more nor less competent to spend their money gracefully than they were before; those who are now sealed of the two hundred have dropped not a whit of any essential vulgarity they may formerly have possessed. But American human nature is so strangely flattered by the arithmetic of the snob that it is curious that the process has not been greatly extended. Schools have their first, second, and third teams; England her upper, middle, and lower classes. America alone consents to have an upper class absolutely cut off from the rest of humanity. We suggest, accordingly, the following social hierarchy: First 200—*jure divina*. Second 200—Like first, but not yet arrived. Third 200—Poorer and better bred than above two classes. Fourth 200—Unvarnished millionaires. Fifth 200—Poor relations of class 3. By carrying this classification far enough, every person in the social world might be provided with a definite and unmistakable social position, the hierarchy reaching from the inventor of the monkey dinner to the cheerful proletariat of young men invited for their dancing."

A wail of distress has gone up from French tipplers over the falling off in the quality of Chartreuse since the Carthusians were driven across the frontier into Spain. The fact is the country is not only flooded with an imitation liqueur under the famous name, but the monks themselves are unable to keep up the quality of the genuine article, owing to the inferior quality of Spanish brandy. The French brandy, formerly used by the monks, was the finest in the world.

"Foreign title of Baron—Opportunity to purchase above title. Highest references required. Apply —" Such was an advertisement appearing recently in the *London Times*. Inquiries elicited the fact that the price is four thousand pounds, and that the proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to charity. The patent of nobility will be signed by a European king, who is the monarch of a Latin race. It is guaranteed that the title will be recognized at all the royal courts of the civilized world, and that the fact of its conveyance will be published in the official gazette of the country.

The following equally odd advertisement appeared, the other day, in the *London Post*: "A gentleman would like to hear of gentleman, good river man, to join her party of three for Wednesday, Henley; unexpected disappointment of a guest; interview indispensable; not as paying guest. Address, Drummond, post-office, Cookham, Bucks."

Marie Corelli, the gifted lady whose contributions to fiction have furnished keen delight to satirical reviewers, is leaving the relatively safe field of novel writing for that of social criticism. In the current *Bystander*, an English publication, she remarks upon the modern "At Homes," which are, she says, "a curious sort of social poultry yards where the hens have it all their own way, and do most distinctly crow." Who, after this, will have the courage to give to others that mild social pleasure, an "At Home"?

The *Clothier and Furnisher* says that "dealers have one consolation in the fact that new designs in clothing do not spring into existence all at once throughout the country. A fashion that has its inception in the East will find its way to the South and Far West the following season. This peculiarity in working methods of fashion enables the wholesaler to dispose of his goods that have become unfashionable in his locality, by shipping them to localities where they are fashionable. The study of fashion in its relation to economic changes thus becomes an important element in the business of every manufacturer and wholesaler."

"Sister—" You have told me her name, yet I know no more than I did before. Is she beautiful?" "Brother—" Beautiful? Why, she could make even the present fashions look artistic."—*New York Weekly*.

"Step in and be taken in a real automobile," is a cry heard on all Eastern seaside boardwalks. It is an effective appeal. "Monsieur, madame, et bébé," do step in, and are proudly photographed in the devil-wagon of the wealthy. "It is strange," says the *Past*, "that so profitable a device has not

gone above the tin-typists. Imagine an enterprising photographer who would engage to take Mr. and Mrs. Fourcorners in the gold room of the Wallehoff-Pastoria; young Mr. Counterjumper in the uniform of the crack troop, on a real horse; old Skinnum in the private office of J. P. Morgan; Mrs. Newrich giving a Newport clam-bake to the not so new rich—the success of that bold innovator would not be in doubt. It has remained for the humble artists of Rockaway Beach to apply practically the principle that we greatly prefer having others see us as we should like to see ourselves, to seeing ourselves as others actually do see us."

The Alpine climbing season may be said to be in full swing, and some of the highest and most dangerous Alpine monsters have been "conquered" during a recent week, including the Matterhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Jungfrau, and the Grand Combin. Climbing, however, has not been unattended by accidents, and the list of casualties of the Alps for a recent week amounts to six killed and seven injured, while several narrow escapes are reported, as for example that of the two Cambridge undergraduates, Messrs. Ingram and Mason, on the Wetterhorn.

"Is your daughter a devotee of Terpsichore?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "No," replied her hostess; "she belongs to the Eeny Beta Meeney Kaffey or something like that."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
July 21st .....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 22d .....	62	54	Tr.	Clear
" 23d .....	66	54	.00	Clear
" 24th .....	64	54	.00	Clear
" 25th .....	58	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 26th .....	58	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 27th .....	68	50	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, July 27, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%.....	3,000	@ 103 3/4	103	105
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%.....	1,000	@ 84 3/4	85 1/4	85
Honolulu R. T. L. 6%.....	1,000	@ 106 1/4	106 3/4	107
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 115	114 3/4	115 1/4
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 115	115	
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	100,000	@ 105	105	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	65,000	@ 104 1/4-104 1/2	104 1/4	105
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	61,000	@ 97 3/4	97 3/4	
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	20,000	@ 117 1/4	117 1/4	117 3/4
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	1,000	@ 106 3/4		
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910.....	1,000	@ 107 3/4		108 3/4
S. F. R. of Cal. 6%.....				
1906.....	5,000	@ 105 3/4	105 3/4	
S. F. Branch, 6%.....	1,000	@ 132 1/4	132	
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000	@ 105 3/4	105 3/4	
S. V. Water 4%.....	16,000	@ 99 3/4-99 1/2	99 3/4	
S. V. Water 4 3/4 3d. 12,000		@ 98 3/4-99	99	
S. V. Water Gen.				
4%.....	3,000	@ 98 1/4	98	

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley .....	490	@ 36 1/4-37	36 3/4	37 1/4
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	65	@ 61	60 3/4	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	195	@ 51-52	50 3/4	
Makaweli S. Co.....	160	@ 23 1/4-23 3/4	22 3/4	23 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	100	@ 13 1/4		13 1/4
Pacific Lighting.....	75	@ 57 1/2	56 1/2	
S. F. Gas & E. L. tric.	375	@ 60 1/4-61 1/4	61	61 1/4
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	330	@ 121 1/2-134	127 3/4	128 3/4
Cal. Wine Assn.....	5	@ 89		

The feature of the market for the week has been Alaska Packers Association. On sales of 330 shares the stock broke thirteen and one-half points to 121 1/2, but at the close reacted to 128, closing at 127 3/4 bid, 128 asked.

The sugars have been weak, and on small sales broke from three-quarters to one-quarter points. Spring Valley Water has about held its own in price, 490 shares changing hands at 36 1/4-37.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up one point to 61 1/4 on sales of 375 shares, closing at 61 bid, 61 1/4 asked.

Sales of 65 shares of Giant Powder were made at 61.

## INVESTMENTS.

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Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	6.50
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ethel Barrymore is responsible for the following story illustrating Wilton's Lackaye's sardonic wit: "One day Lackaye said he had made a dramatization of Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' and somebody said he'd never get a New York manager to produce it. 'Produce it!' sneered Lackaye; 'why, you'll never get a New York manager to pronounce it.'"

The B.'s had given an impertinent maid notice, and in consequence were obliged to assume the duties that she pointedly neglected. On the last day of Katie's stay, as one of the ladies of the family was hastening to answer a ring at the front door, she was arrested by an explosive whisper from the rear of the hall, where the irrepressible ex-maid, Katie, in most unpicturesque dishabille, was established: "Mrs. B., if that's any one for me, say I'm out."

Sir Philip Burne-Jones gives the following amusing instance of the lengths to which the efforts of American menials to preserve their own gentility extend: A friend of Sir Philip's asked a waiter on one of the railways to perform some service. "No, I can't," was the reply; "the other gentleman will attend to you," referring to a fellow-servant a few yards off. The first waiter then strolled across to the second waiter, and was overheard to say: "There's a man over there wants you to attend to him!"

There was once a passage at arms between Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the eminent woman suffragist, and Horace Greeley, on the occasion of a discourse by the former on the right of women to the ballot. In the midst of her talk, Greeley interposed, in his high-pitched, falsetto voice: "What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" This seemed like a poser; but the lady had been before the public too long to be disconcerted by an unexpected question, and she promptly replied: "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley—stay at home and urge others to go and fight."

"We Southern men," said Joe Blackburn, "often look at a pretty woman much as we would at a picture, admiringly, courteously, but never impertinently. It was in this way that I, not long ago, rested my orbs upon a very handsome young woman who was walking up and down the platform at the station at Washington waiting for the train. Soon she turned and saw me. 'Rubber!' she exclaimed, and shrugged her shoulders with a frown. I took off my hat. 'Madam,' said I, 'I beg a thousand pardons. I didn't know that. I took the liberty of admiring you because I thought you were the real thing.'"

The Democrats were assembled in State convention at Nashville, and were engaged in the organization of the convention. A former member of the supreme court, who had partaken quite freely, got the floor, and proceeded to discuss the questions involved in the temporary organization. Naturally his reasoning was not clear, and one of his friends, in a loud whisper, said to him: "Sit down, judge, you don't know the difference between temporary and permanent. You are drunk!" With an effort the judge steadied himself, and with fine scorn replied: "Yes, I'm drunk. Thash temporary. You're a d-d fool. Thash permanent."

Big "Tim" Sullivan, who likes a clean, close shave every day, tells of his experience with a barber in Pennsylvania Avenue while he was attending Congress. Mr. Sullivan went into the shop one morning and reposed comfortably in the chair. For two or three mornings he had noticed the barber had been drinking, but he hesitated to speak to him about it. Finally the blade of the razor slipped under the surface of the congressman's chubby chin. "There, you idiot!" he shouted, jumping from the chair; "now you see what liquor does." "Yes," replied the barber, calmly, "it is apt to make the skin tender."

Ex-Justice Julius Mayer is a great lover of things that come out of the sea, and while in Chicago, attending the Republican convention, he sought to indulge his taste in a well-known restaurant. He ordered little-neck clams, and the colored waiter informed him that they were out of them. The judge thought that, in the absence of clams, a broiled lobster might do; but the lobsters, likewise, were out. Soft-shelled crabs was his next choice, but the waiter regretfully informed him that the crabs were also among the absent. "Then why do you keep these things on the bill? Have you any shell-fish at all?" the judge demanded. "Only eggs, sah," replied the waiter.

Judge Clay N. Merritt, of Alabama, was asked by a reporter how he had acquired the facility with which he turned from one case to another. In explanation he stated that he

had learned this from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when a boy. "The weather was very cold," said Judge Merritt, "so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It happened that when one of the female converts was dipped back into the water the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said: 'Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another!'"

Representative Brownlow, of Tennessee, tells that once he was running a country paper during campaign times, and was printing "fighting" language every week. One day, just after the paper was out, a big man, armed with a club, walked into the sanctum and fiercely inquired if the editor was in. The frightened Brownlow had wit enough to answer that he was not, but that he would go out and hunt him up. He started for the street, and at the foot of the stairs met another irate fellow, who asked: "Will I find the editor of this dirty sheet upstairs?" "Yes," said Brownlow, "he's up there at his desk just itching for a fight." The second man went up, and Brownlow disappeared. Which whipped the other is not related—and Brownlow didn't go back during the day to find out.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,  
I hear the "Bet a white"  
Of sundry friends around me.  
The calls, the bets,  
The cigarettes  
That one and all are puffing;  
The two-card draw,  
The drooping jaw  
Of some one caught a-fluffing.  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,  
I seek to play 'em right  
And break the friends around me!

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I've seen forced to the wall  
From going to the leather.  
I wonder why  
I never try  
To cut it out forever:  
Perhaps I aim  
To heat the game—  
Perhaps I think I'm clever.  
But in the stilly night  
I get my humps, confound me,  
And in the same old plight  
Are all the friends around me!  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Inning of Outing.

"Vacation time's beginnings,"  
The weary clerks are shouting,  
"And now we have our inning  
To get a little outing."  
—Philadelphia Press.

## Persistency.

Lives of habies oft remind us  
That our lives would be less rough,  
And we'd win our heart's desires,  
If we'd holler long enough.  
—Cleveland Leader.

## What's to Be Done?

She sent me back my lock of hair,  
She sent me hack my ring,  
She sent me hack my letters—there  
Were fifty—tied with string.  
She asked me to return each note  
Of hers. What's to be done?  
Of all the letters that she wrote,  
I never kept a one!—Town Topics.

## The Hour of the Clam.

There is joy for you in summer,  
Joy of heart and joy of speech,  
When the recreating bummer  
Feasts and revels on the beach,  
When your picnic's merry madness  
Calls a truce to hollow sham—  
But to me it brings no gladness,  
Nought hut sorrow, nought hut sadness  
For the clam,  
For the clobber-filling, palate-thrilling  
Clam.

Ouch! you drop me quaking, quailing,  
In the clambake's fiery hell,  
Where, alas! there shall be wailing  
And a gnashing of the shell—  
But ba! I'll taste me vengeance.  
Meek and lowly though I am,  
When you eat me and shall languish  
With an indigestive anguish  
From the clam,  
From the little plastic, gum-elastic  
Clam!  
—Wallace Irwin in the New York Globe.

## Nelson's Amycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

## Mr. Dooley Resumes.

After a post-nuptial silence of over a year, F. Peter Dunne has begun another series of "Dooley" articles (copyrighted by McClure, Phillips & Co.), to be published in leading Sunday papers of the country. In the first, Mr. Dooley communes with Hennessy about the Democratic convention at St. Louis in this fashion:

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' labors iv th' convintions ar-re at an end!"

"If that's whate ye call thim, they ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "As Hogan says, th' Dimmycratic convintion lahored an' brought forth a muss. Th' Raypublican convintion lahored, too, like a cash-register. It listened to three canned speeches, adopted a predigested platform, nymnynated a cold-storage Vice-Prisident, give three especially prepared cheers, an' wint home. Th' convintion's mind was all made up fr' it befure it met. They was a little too much make-up, but who cares fr' that? Not so, th' Dimmycratic mind. That's a good, plain, unvarnished, freckled mind that is never made up. Not that us Dimmycrats haven't policies. We have more thin anybody else. Th' attic iv ivry Dimmycrat's house is filled with ol' policies that he want used, policies that have faded, or punctured a tire, or broke a mainspring, or been run over he a band-wagon. I often go up an' fondle me ol' policies an' think iv th' days whin we thought free thrade was so becomin'. I've laid thim away in lavender, Hinnessy. 'Tis no good hein' onfash wearin', on'y sometimes I object to th' party wearin' th' cast-off duds iv th' Raypublicans. Rather thin that I'd see it go naked iv policies entirely fr' awhile, an' thim make itselt a suit iv clothes that hore no tailor's tag."

"But, as I tol' ye, a Dimmycrat has plinty iv principles that he'll fight fr', on'y they niver get into a Dimmycratic platform. A Dimmycrat is a free an' independent citizen who thinks fr' himself—wrong. A Raypublican is a rich an' humble vassal who gets others to think fr' him—right. Ye cud hold a Raypublican Naitional Convintion in a clothes closet, but ye cudden't r-run an orderly Dimmycratic convintion in a forty-acre lot. There's a thousan' red-hot convintions inside iv ivry Dimmycratic convintion. Ivry man has some principle that he'd lay down his life fr', but wud prefer to lay down somebody else's life. That's why we niver get a satisfactory platform. There isn't a platform in th' wurld wide enough fr' two good Dimmycrats to stand on without crowdin'. So after we've had our fights an' disturbed th' peace thyrin' to frame up something that will permit th' gintleman fr'm New York to speak iv th' gintleman fr'm Neehraskey in th' prisince iv ladies, we pass a resolution declarin' that th' Raypublican platform is all wrong, an' go out an' take our dacin't, complete lickin' like sogers. That is, some iv us who've niver held office, does. But a man who has held office a long time is a Raypublican, annyhow."

"So, me boy, th' Dimmycratic convintion was shtrongly to me taste. Throuble an' merrymint fr'm th' dhrup iv th' bat. Bands playin', women screamin', fists flyin', lots of candydates, thousands iv platforms. Candydates, says I? Sure, ye'd think fr'm th' spirit iv th' thing that all th' man that got th' nymnynation needed to do was to telly-graft to the White House to have th' hed made up an' he'd take ham an' eggs fr' breakfast in th' mornin'. They was a candydiate fr'm ivry State an' county: th' sage iv Esoopus, th' sage iv Princeton, th' sage iv Pike, Sage Hearst, Sage Willums, Sage Cockran, Sage Murphy, Sage Mike Padden, Sage Champ Clark, Sage Roger Sullivan, ivry sage excipt Russell Sage. There was Sage Bryan, who wint around takin' a kick at ivry other sage's vin'rahle head, an' there was Sage Hill, who got Sage Bryan down an' fed most iv his wurrudd, a long an' ondigistible meal. Oh, it was fine. I wisht I'd been there. Such enthusyasm! Th' chaplain delivered a r-ringin' prayer, an' th' convintion cheered itselt hoarse."

"An' so there ye ar-re. We've had a gran'time, we've nymnynated a glorious statesman, adopted a set iv splindid resolutions that will make manny a man r-read th' Raypublican platform to see whate's in it, an' now we go hack to our wurruk an' wait fr' th' day whin we ar-re voted. After all, th' grreat issue befure th' American people nex' Novimber will be 'Ar-re there more Raypublicans thin Dimmycrats, or ar-re there not?'"

"Dye think th' Raypublican platform is a good wan?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Th' Raypublican platform is me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt," said Mr. Dooley. "He's standin' on himself. It's a shtrong platform, but he may become too heavy fr' it."

"Well, Parker is a safe man, annybow," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He is," said Mr. Dooley, "but I wisht some, wan else had th' combination besides Hill."

"Oh, George," sighed the romantic girl, "I wish you were like the old-time knights; I wish you'd do something brave to show your love for me." "Gracious!" cried ber fiancé, "haven't I agreed to marry you, and me only getting twenty dollars a week?"—Ex.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

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IT CLEANSSES, HEALS, PRESERVES.

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## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

St. Paul ..... Aug. 6 | St. Louis ..... Aug. 20

Philadelphia ..... Aug. 13 | New York ..... Aug. 27

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Westerland ..... Aug. 6, 10 am | Friesland ..... Aug. 20, 10 am

Haverford ..... Aug. 13, 10 am | Noordland ..... Aug. 27, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha ..... Aug. 6, noon | Mesaba ..... Aug. 20, 9 am

Minneapolis ..... Aug. 13, 7 am | Minnetonka ..... Aug. 27, 30 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Vancouver ..... Aug. 6 | Dominion ..... Aug. 20

Kensington ..... Aug. 13 | Vancouver ..... Aug. 27

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Rotterdam ..... Aug. 2 | Noordam ..... Aug. 16

Rydam ..... Aug. 9 | Stendam ..... Aug. 23

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.

(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.

Kronland ..... Aug. 6 | Finland ..... Aug. 20

Zeeland ..... Aug. 13 | Vaderland ..... Aug. 27

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Teutonic ..... Aug. 3, 10 am | Majestic ..... Aug. 17, 10 am

Celtic ..... Aug. 5, noon | Cedric ..... Aug. 19, noon

Baltic ..... Aug. 10, 4 pm | Oceanic ..... Aug. 24, 5 pm

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic (new) ..... Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6

Cymric ..... Aug. 18, Sept. 15, Oct. 13

Cretic ..... Aug. 25, Sept. 22, Oct. 20

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic ..... Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 3

Canopic ..... Oct. 8, Nov. 19

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## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Dorie ..... Thursday, August 18

S. S. Goptic ..... Saturday, September 10

S. S. Gaelic ..... Saturday, October 1

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO KISEN KAISHA (ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Greenwich Street Wharf (Pier

No. 25), 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,

calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,

and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904

America Maru ..... Monday, August 1

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

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421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Aug. 6, at 11

A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Aug. 9, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, Aug. 15, at 2 P. M.

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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Gunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gunn, to Mr. Edwin I. Thayer, of San Juan, Porto Rico.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Bundschu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bundschu, to Mr. R. Maury Sims.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lotie Patten, of Berkeley, daughter of Colonel William S. Patten, U. S. A., to Lieutenant William R. Easton, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in August.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eva K. Pratt Cartwright, grandniece and adopted daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Keekaaniau Pratt, of Honolulu, to Mr. Hubert S. Honigsberg, Pay Department, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ellinwood, to Mr. Robert Greer, will take place on Wednesday, August 31st, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2739 Pacific Avenue. Miss Leontine Blakeman will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Minnie Nash, of Baltimore, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Cameron Hooper, daughter of Mrs. E. H. Hooper, of Berkeley, to Mr. John Osgood Blanchard, will take place to-day (Saturday) at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock by Rev. E. L. Parsons. Miss Ethel Hooper will be maid of honor, and Miss Mary Gayley will be the flower-girl. Mr. Frank D. Madison will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Mary O'Sullivan to Mr. Oscar Sutro will take place on Wednesday at the residence of Archbishop Riordan, who will perform the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Madeline Kent to Mr. William Johnson, of Oakland, took place on Wednesday evening at Trinity Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Clifton Macon. Mrs. Claude Kent was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Julia Johnson and Miss Jessie Spangler. Mr. Philip Woolsey acted as best man. Mr. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Mrs. Hortense S. White, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Robert P. Troy, took place in Los Angeles on July 22d. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Victor, of St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Troy will reside in San Francisco.

Baron von Horst gave a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Captain Frederick E. Johnston, U. S. A. Others at table were Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Murphy, of Washington, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Miss Georgie Spieker, Miss Gertrude Gould, Miss Viva Nicholson, Mr. Philip Paschel, Dr. Dunbar, Mr. Walter Moss, and Major William Stephenson, U. S. A.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a luncheon at her country place at Menlo Park on Thursday.

## Death of Mrs. George Crocker.

Mrs. George Crocker died at Newport, R. I., on Tuesday, after a prolonged illness. Mrs. Crocker was a native of Nevada City, and was the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Hanchette. She was educated in San José, and there married A. H. Rutherford, a mining man. They lived in San Francisco, at 1105 Bush Street, where Mr. Rutherford died in 1893. A year and a half later Mrs. Rutherford married George Crocker. Besides her husband, two daughters (Mrs. Philip Kearney and Miss Alice Rutherford), and a son, Alexander Rutherford, survive Mrs. Crocker.

Wilson Barrett, who ranked high among English actors, and who stood next to Irving as a manager and producer, died in London on July 22d of heart failure. Barrett was a bank-note printer early in life, but made up his mind to be an actor, and, after two years' study, started in a small part. He became a well-known leading man. Then he went to London, where he leased the Court Theatre, and introduced Modjeska to the English. Afterward he leased the Princess Theatre, and put on "The Lights of London," which ran for two years. His greatest success was as Mercutio. Barrett played in San Francisco in 1890 and 1897.

Fannie Francesca, who left here some time ago for Europe for the cultivation of her voice, is to undertake a concert tour of America. She has made a success at Amsterdam, during the past season, in grand opera. She has a dramatic soprano, said to be of high quality, and is reported to be an actress of uncommon ability. Her greatest triumph has been as Ophelia in the opera "Hamlet."

"You see it all from Mt. Tamalpais," is a remark often made by visitors to that mountain. And certainly the view to be obtained from there is not to be equaled anywhere. It is a delightful trip, over the crookedest rail in the world, and at the end of the journey is the justly famed Tavern of Tamalpais.

## Frohman's Plays.

Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, who has returned to New York from a six months' trip abroad, secured nearly four hundred contracts while he was away.

He has made arrangements for the appearance here of many English stars, among them Sir Charles Wyndham, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Ellen Terry, who will appear as a lone star in a new play. Mr. Frohman says that Sir Henry Irving has made up his mind to give a farewell tour of this country, and then retire from the stage. The tour will begin in San Francisco in September, 1905, and will end in New York.

Mr. Frohman is having built for him what he says will be the finest theatre in London, on Shaftesbury Avenue, and which, with the Empire in New York, will give him the two leading theatres in America and England.

Augustus Thomas will give Mr. Frohman a new comedy in the autumn for production in New York, and will complete during the winter a new play for John Drew. Clyde Fitch has completed two plays for him. Sydney Rosenfeld has finished his comedy, "The Mountain Climbers." Henry Guy Carlton is at work on a romantic play, and William Gillette's new play, a four-act comedy, will be produced by Frohman. He is also to have new plays by Madeleine Lucette Ryley and Paul Potter.

Mr. Frohman, speaking of his American stars, said that John Drew will open the Empire this fall in "The Duke of Killcrankie," now running in London; Annie Russell will play at the Garrick in "Brother Jacques"; William Hudson will appear at the Hudson in Piner's "Letty"; William Crane will be seen at the Criterion in the Comédie-Française success, "Business is Business," and will be followed by Virginia Harned in a new comedy.

Ethel Barrymore will play in "Sunday," now running in London, and will also have a new comedy by Henry V. Esmond. Mrs. Bloodgood will be seen at the Garrick in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Coronet of a Duchess," and Mrs. Gilbert will also have a new Fitch play, "Granny," written especially for her.

Francis Wilson will open his season in a comedy without music, and Henry Miller will present "Joseph Entangled." Fay Davis will reappear in Carton's "The Real Mrs. Rep-ton," and William Collier will tour in "The Dictator." Maude Adams, after touring near New York, will appear at the Empire in "The Little Minister" and "Jenny," written for her by Israel Zangwill. She also is to have a fifty-minute character sketch, "'Op o' Me Thumb." The Sothorn-Marlowe season will open in Chicago in September in "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Frohman has secured many foreign plays, among them a German comedy by the authors of "At the White Horse Tavern"; a new comedy by Louis N. Parker and W. W. Jacobs; a musical play, "The Catch of the Season"; a new French play by Bastille; the American rights to "La Montansier"; Guitry's "Cranquebille"; a dramatization of Kipling's "The Story of the Gadsbys"; and Gordon Lennox's "Indiscretion of Mr. Kingsley."

## Averting a Panic.

A fire broke out in Terrace Gardens, a German resort in New York, a few nights ago. Two spectators who noticed the puffs of smoke coming through a crack in the floor, quietly slipped away, and, with extinguishers and buckets of water, crawled under the floor, and went to work to put out the blaze. Waiters came to their assistance, but before they were successful the orchestra stopped playing. The manager, who knew of the fire, hastily told them to play "Die Wacht am Rhein"—and give it to them hard. The orchestra played so enthusiastically that the crowd came to its feet and sang, and in the noise and excitement the volunteer firemen averted all danger unnoticed—except by one man. He rushed over and wanted to know if the house was on fire and if an alarm had been turned in. The manager quietly but emphatically told him that if he did not sit down he would knock him down, and that if he gave an alarm he would kill him. The man sat down, and by the time he had got his breath the danger was over.

The roof-gardens, vaudeville houses, musical shows, and other summer entertainments in New York are thriving in the most encouraging fashion.

## The Study of Languages.

Prof. De Filippe has removed his Academy of Languages to his own cozy building, 1018 Post Street; classes reorganized August 1st; students prepared for universities. Examination August 17th.

## The Vienna Bakery's Prosperity.

Success has been attending F. B. Galindo's effort to conduct a first-class restaurant and bakery at 133 O'Farrell Street. Business has increased to such an extent that Mr. Galindo has made Gooch's Oyster Grotto and Grill, 113 Ellis Street, a branch of his Vienna Bakery. At the Ellis Street place a specialty is made of terrapin, oysters, salads, shell-fish, steaks, and chops. Good things to drink are also to be found there in plenty, and the place has been made particularly attractive to after-theatre parties.

## Bohemian Club's Midsummer High Jinks.

The midsummer high jinks will be held Saturday, August 20th, at the Bohemian Club's Grove, near Guerneville. The excursion of club members will leave Tiburon Ferry at 11 A. M. Saturday, arriving at the grove about 2 P. M., on special train. On Saturday, members' tickets will also be honored on the boat leaving at 2:30 P. M. and train connecting therewith. This train will reach the grove about 6:30 P. M. The club's special train will leave the grove, as usual, on Sunday, August 21st, at 2 P. M., arriving in San Francisco at 6 P. M. Dinner will be served at the club upon the arrival of the members. This arrangement does not affect members who wish to remain the full two weeks.

The price of the ticket is ten dollars, payable at the office of the club upon receipt of the ticket. This charge pays for railroad transportation (round trip), and helps to meet the very large club expense involved in providing the jinks entertainments. It also entitles the subscriber to board from 6 P. M. Saturday, August 20th, to 2 P. M. Sunday, August 21st, as well as lodging (on a straw bed) in a public tent Saturday, August 20th. Members must give notice of their intention to be present at the jinks, either by signing the list in the club-rooms or by notifying the secretary by mail. Tickets will be sold only to members and non-residents of the State enjoying the privileges of membership. No cards of invitation will be issued.

Beerbohm Tree brought his London season to a close by appearing on the last night in four rôles: Zakkuri, the sardonic Japanese minister in "The Darling of the Gods"; the dreamy king in "Richard the Second"; Malvolio, the eccentric, sick with self-love, in "Twelfth Night"; and Limmason, the poor broken wreck of humanity, in "The Man Who Was." Widely contrasting as these parts were, Mr. Tree showed his wonderful versatility by giving each a strong, living individuality.

Word has been received here of the death in Atlanta, Id., of Mrs. Frederick Innes, daughter of Mrs. C. P. Robinson, and sister of Mrs. George Beardsley and Miss Ednah Robinson. Mrs. Innes had been married for about a year and a half, and for several months had been living with her husband in a remote mining district in Idaho.

A final distribution of the residue of the estate of the late Antoine Chahot, which has been in probate for nineteen years, has been ordered. It was valued at a little over \$10,000. The original estate, consisting of stocks and real property, was valued at \$1,348,370.72.

SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS wedding invitations, dies, and crests. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

WANTED—SUNNY, FURNISHED FLAT OR HOUSE; five or six rooms, Western Addition; three adults; from September 1st for a long term. References exchanged. Box 104, this office.

CORRECT, NATTY, ARE THE LADIES' SHIRT-waists designed by Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St.

## Spend Your Vacation



A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.



## At Hotel Del Monte

Hotel Vendome  
SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.



## A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

## The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where after-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hôte dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 P. M., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marian Huntington were in Switzerland when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will not return from the East until late in the autumn. Mr. and Mrs. James Follis are at Bolinas for a few days.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs has returned to Chicago. Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Kruttschnitt have returned from the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson are back from their trip to Yosemite Valley and Lake Tahoe.

Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittick and Miss Redmond, who have been spending the summer at Bakersfield, have returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston expect to depart to-day (Saturday) for a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles S. Fee has returned East. Miss Pearl Landers was a recent visitor to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard P. Miller are home from the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, and Miss Christine Pomeroy have departed for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and family are sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Mollie Dutton, who is at present the guest of Miss Azalia Keyes in Paris, is expected home in August.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the painter, is expected to arrive from New York this week. He will spend several months with relatives here.

Mrs. Chandler Howard, Miss Gladys Howard, and Miss Sibyl Howard depart for New York on their way to Europe on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Mackintosh are back from their visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood was in New York last week on his way home from Europe.

Miss Jennie Blair is in Lake County, where she will remain till she goes to Del Monte in August.

Miss Ethel Barrymore is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin at their country place, "Arcadia," Napa Valley.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, are among the arrivals at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Bowie-Deitrick is expected home next week from her month's visit at Los Gatos.

Mrs. J. Wilson Shields will be at Pacific Grove for a fortnight or more.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Steel (*née* Shorb) were at the Hotel del Monte last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner and Miss Alyse Warner have returned to Blythedale for the rest of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden and Mrs. Emma Butler are at the Hotel Rafael for a stay of six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent (*née* Harris) intend to sail from New York for Europe in December.

Bishop and Mrs. William H. Moreland, of Sacramento, have been in the city during the week.

Miss Edith Bull, Miss Kathleen Bull, Miss Marie Bull, and Miss Harriet Moffatt have been spending the past month in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson and Miss Bessie Wilson are at Lake Tahoe, where they have been sojourning during July.

Rev. and Mrs. Clifton Macon have gone to Glen Alpine for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Leta Gallatin were at Carlsbad when last heard from.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. Gale depart for the latter's home in Burlington, Vt., on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker are home after a visit to the McCloud River.

Mrs. Archibald Treat is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Edward Bosqui, at her country place in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Llewellyn Jones and Miss Grace Jones have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will pass the autumn months.

Mrs. Emile Bruguère has gone to New York to join Mr. Bruguère.

Judge and Mrs. J. B. C. Hebbard have been sojourning during the week at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond are in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. D. B. Wilson and Miss Elizabeth Wilson have gone to Pacific Grove for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George Weir will spend the next six weeks in Berkeley.

Ex-Judge and Mrs. Edward H. Belcher will spend the month of August in Humboldt and Trinity Counties.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bostwick are expected home from Corea in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffin and daughters, of Ross Valley, will occupy Mrs. James Cunningham's residence on Broadway during Mrs. Cunningham's absence in the East this coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Dean (*née* Lawrence) have returned from Yellowstone Park, where they went on their wedding journey.

Miss Marietta Havens has returned from her trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weir and Miss Tillie Feldman have gone to the McCloud River, where they are the guests of Mrs. Weir's father, Mr. W. F. Whittier.

Mrs. John T. Meyers (*née* Cutts) has returned after a year's absence in Europe, and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Ivy Cutts, at the navy-yard, Mare Island.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle spent last week with friends at Fischer's Island, New York.

Mrs. Christian Reis is sojourning for a couple of weeks in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and Miss Eugenia Hawes were among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Ernest E. Wiltse has arrived in town.

Mr. Alfred K. Moe, United States consul at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, is among the guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Nokes has returned from Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyo., where she has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Murphy, wife of Lieutenant John B. Murphy, U. S. A.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. L. Lowndes, of London, Mr. C. Kaiser, of Honolulu, Mr. J. L. Gross, of New York, Mrs. A. C. Whitney, Mr. R. Hyman, Mr. W. G. Hyman, Mr. H. Zeile, Mr. J. Zeile, Mr. W. P. Harvey, Mr. G. Rich, Mr. J. Dillon, and Mr. S. D. Roth.

Among recent guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mrs. W. W. Watt and Miss Caldwell, of North Carolina, Mrs. P. Evans, of England, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wilson, Mr. G. F. Sommers, and Mr. H. A. Williams, of New Jersey, Mr. D. C. Thornboro, of London, Mr. J. D. Van Vleck and Mr. H. M. Wheeler, of Los Angeles, Mr. D. J. Davis, Mr. C. R. Tobin, and Mr. B. T. Alexander.

Among the week's visitors to Bryon Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. J. Schmidt, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Talcott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Herrscher, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. J. Baumgaertner, of Rockford, Mrs. T. Goodman, Mrs. M. H. Hankel, Mrs. G. D. O'Neil, Mrs. S. W. Marsh, Mrs. D. Peckerman, Miss Wagner, Miss Herrscher, Mr. George J. O'Neil, and Mr. W. H. Hoogs, of Honolulu, Mr. William Land, Mr. A. B. Thompson, Mr. H. P. Baumgaertner, Dr. Charles E. Parent, and Mr. Frank M. Leland.

## Additions to the Stanford Museum.

Mrs. Jane Stanford has placed on exhibition in the museum at Stanford University a large collection of Chinese and Japanese art treasures acquired by her during her recent visit to the Orient. The articles bought by Mrs. Stanford comprise the famous collection made by S. Ikeda, and left by him to his son. It is understood that one hundred thousand dollars was the price paid, and that the money went to the Japanese war fund.

Among the articles are some beautiful screens made by Eitoku in 1500. There are numerous pieces of carved ivory, cloisonne, lacquers, and kakimonas of rare beauty and workmanship. The best cloisonne specimen is a dragon horse of the Khangshi period. It is sixteen inches in height and eighteen inches in length, and is upon a gold alloy base with gold wire separating the cloisonnes. The scales of the dragon are in turquoise blue, shaded with deep purple, and blended in such a manner as to give the effect of light and shade. The under part of the dragon's body is composed of scales finished in dull white enamel, heavily sprinkled with vermilion.

One of the ivory pieces is a geisha, by Muneyoshi, cut from a single piece of ivory tusk. It is twenty-one inches high, and seven inches wide. The lacquers include some of the best work of Harui, one of the specimens being a writing desk on which he worked seven years. The vases comprise two in gold, silver, ivory, lacquer, and mother-of-pearl, by Shibayama, and a costly peachblow vase, made in 1675. But two other vases of this kind have been sold in the United States, and they brought \$15,000 and \$13,500. Among other pieces in the collection are rare crystals, jades, and pottery.

"The Coast Country: Santa Barbara to San Francisco," is edited by Paul Shoup and published by the passenger department of the Southern Pacific Company. It contains a well-written description of the chief points of interest in the territory mentioned, and is finely illustrated from photographs.

## Success of the Bohm-Bristol Co.

There seems to be little to justify the opinion of those pessimistic individuals who are predicting dull times for San Francisco. While it is true that the quietness occasioned by the usual summer exodus has been somewhat accentuated this year by Eastern trade conditions, together with the uncertainty which seems the inevitable accompaniment of a Presidential campaign, there is every reason to expect a return to normal conditions next winter. Indeed, the present dullness is more apparent than real, because of comparison with our recent years of unusual prosperity. To cite but a single instance in support of this statement, it is only necessary to point to the new jewelry establishment of the Bohm-Bristol Co. on Geary Street, which has done a very satisfactory business in the three months since it opened. The jewelry business is, perhaps, the most reliable barometer of the retail trade, being peculiarly sensitive to the financial fluctuations. In view of this fact, the success of a new, high-class jewelry store can not but be regarded as an indication of undisturbed prosperity.

## Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-General Adnah R. Chaffee, U. S. A., and Quartermaster-General Charles F. Humphrey, U. S. A., arrived from Portland, Or., last Tuesday on a tour of inspection.

Brigadier-General Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long arrived from the East on Tuesday. They will make this city their future home.

Brigadier-General George B. Rodney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rodney were recent visitors to Bryon Hot Springs.

General H. E. Noyes, retired, U. S. A., has rented the residence at 2918 Van Ness Avenue, where his family will spend the winter. Rear-Admiral Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N., arrived from the Orient on the steamship *China* Monday on sick leave.

Rear-Admiral Henry Clay Taylor died at Sudbury, Ontario, on Tuesday, of peritonitis. He was a native of Washington, D. C., and was born March 4, 1845.

Commander A. F. Dixon, U. S. N., will leave the navy-yard, Mare Island, next week for Washington, D. C., where he has been ordered for duty at the Bureau of Steam Engineering. Mrs. Dixon will accompany him.

Lieutenant-Commander C. A. Carr, U. S. N., and Lieutenant R. E. Carney, U. S. N., are among those registered recently at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain John P. Merrell, U. S. N., sailed for the Orient yesterday (Friday). Mrs. Merrell will remain at Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Blue, arrived from the Asiatic station on the steamer *China* Monday. He has been assigned to the cruiser *Buffalo*.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Rear-Admiral Bowman McCalla, U. S. N., is at Santa Monica for a few days.

Major Charles E. Woodruff, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered for duty to Plattsbury Barracks, N. Y.

Major George O. Squier, U. S. A., who has been East on leave of absence, will resume his duties as chief signal officer of the Pacific Department on the eighth of August.

Captain Robert Abernethy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Abernethy are sojourning in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Captain W. S. Alexander, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., who is stationed at the Presidio, has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Lieutenant Hugh L. Walthall, U. S. A., recently graduated at West Point, is the guest of his relatives, Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher. He has been appointed to the Twenty-Fifth Infantry, and will report for duty September 15th.

Lieutenant Charles C. Billingslea, Medical Department, U. S. A., will relieve Captain Benjamin J. Edgar, U. S. A., on duty at the Presidio General Hospital.

Mrs. George, widow of the late Henry George, the political economist, died in New York last week. Mrs. George was Annie Corson Fox. She was a daughter of an English army officer, and was a resident of San Francisco at the time of her marriage.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 746 Market Street.

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Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

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## COMMENCING SATURDAY, JULY 30th

THE RED LION will again open its Dining-Room for

## DINNER

And EVERY SUNDAY EVENING thereafter a

## TABLE D'HOTE DINNER

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**\$1.00 INCLUDING WINE**

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.





Trains leave and are due to arrive at

## SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM JULY 18, 1904

FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE — MAIN LINE. — ARRIVE

7:00 A	Vacaville, Windsor, Ramsey,.....	7:50 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Elgin and Sacramento.....	7:20 P
7:30 A	Vallejo, Napa, (Alto), Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Rafael,.....	5:20 P
7:30 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton,.....	7:20 P
8:00 A	Shasta Express—(via Colusa, Yuba City, Marysville, Chico, Oroville,.....)	
	Willows (for Bartlett Springs),.....	
	Portland, Tacoma, Seattle,.....	7:50 P
8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville,.....	7:50 P
1:30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newmarket, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Yuba City, Porterville,.....	4:20 P
1:30 A	Port Costa, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield,.....	4:50 P
1:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff,.....	4:20 P
8:30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tuolumne and Angels,.....	4:20 P
9:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East,.....	6:20 P
9:30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	6:50 P
10:00 A	The Overland, Los Angeles, Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis,.....	6:20 P
10:00 A	Vallejo,.....	12:20 P
10:00 A	Los Angeles, Pasadena, Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	7:20 P
12:00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	3:20 P
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers,.....	11:00 P
1:30 P	Benicia, Windsor, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville,.....	10:50 A
	and way stations,.....	7:50 P
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	7:50 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Rafael, Vallejo, Napa, Colusa, Elgin and Sacramento,.....	9:20 A
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi,.....	4:20 P
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore,.....	11:50 A
6:00 P	The Owl Limited—Newark, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	8:50 A
16:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	7:20 A
8:00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	9:50 A
8:00 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno,.....	12:50 P
9:00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday,.....	7:60 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only,.....	
7:00 P	Kitchmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	11:20 A
7:10 P	Icono Passenger—Port Costa, San Jose, Elgin, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks,.....	7:50 A
8:05 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa,.....	12:20 P
8:05 P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Way Stations,.....	8:50 A
8:05 P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton,.....	10:20 A
8:05 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene,.....	8:50 A
9:10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only),.....	11:50 A

### COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street)

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	8:10 P
7:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations,.....	5:55 P
19:15 A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz,.....	8:10 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations,.....	10:55 A
1:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos,.....	18:55 A
4:15 P	Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only,.....	8:55 A

### COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets)

6:10 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	5:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	5:40 P
7:15 A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only),.....	10:30 P
8:00 A	New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only),.....	4:10 P
8:00 A	The Coaster—San Jose, Salinas, San Ardo, Hollister, San Juan, Mariposa, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles,.....	10:45 P
8:00 A	City of Angels, Hollywood, De Witt, Pacific Grove, Surf, Long Beach,.....	10:45 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations,.....	4:10 P
10:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	1:20 P
11:20 A	San Jose, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations,.....	7:30 P
1:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:36 A
1:30 P	Del Monte Express (except Sunday)—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove,.....	11:15 P
3:30 P	Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pacific Grove, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Salinas, Pacific Grove,.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	18:00 A
10:00 P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday),.....	9:00 A
10:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations,.....	18:40 A
6:45 P	Buena Vista Express—Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Belling, El Paso, New Orleans, New York,.....	7:10 A
6:45 P	Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Redwood, Del Monte, Pacific Grove,.....	10:30 P
16:15 P	San Mateo, Redwood, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto,.....	18:48 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:38 A
8:00 P	Palo Alto and Way Stations,.....	10:15 A
11:30 P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto,.....	8:45 P
11:30 P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose,.....	18:45 P

A for Morning; S for Sunday; P for Afternoon; 18 for 18th day of month; 19 for 19th day of month; 20 for 20th day of month; 21 for 21st day of month; 22 for 22nd day of month; 23 for 23rd day of month; 24 for 24th day of month; 25 for 25th day of month; 26 for 26th day of month; 27 for 27th day of month; 28 for 28th day of month; 29 for 29th day of month; 30 for 30th day of month; 31 for 31st day of month.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A hookkeeper—the man to whom you lend one.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Tourem says it only takes a cent to run his auto a mile." "I always wondered what the scent was for."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

Flirtation: Stella—"Did you buy a nobleman while you were abroad?" Bello—"No; merely shopped."—*Ex*.

"The Paddingtons are great on style, aren't they?" "They have no automobile, have they?" "No, but they belong to a church that has a curate."—*Ex*.

No doubt about it: He—"Is he a self-made man?" She—"Oh, yes; he spells English the way it is pronounced and pronounces French the way it is spelled."—*Judge*.

"I've got no use for the man who mixes business with religion." "No; but some of us would be better for mixing a little religion with our business."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Madge—"What makes you think that handsome music teacher is mercenary?" Morjorie—"He charges Dolly's father two dollars an hour for making love to her."—*Town Topics*.

Patience—"That was the sixth time she's been married; and yet she looked nervous, didn't she?" Potrice—"Yes, poor girl; perhaps she's afraid it will be her last."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Widow Wixen—"Yes; Henry died quite reconciled. I was at his bedside until the last moment." Dumley (meaning to be complimentary)—"Ah, that accounts for it."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Golightly—"This is my new sixty-five-dollar hatching dress, my dear. What do you think of it?" Golightly—"Think you got less for your money than any one I ever knew."—*Town Topics*.

"I have been told," remarked the visitor in Salt Lake City, "that your lake is drying up. What seems to be the cause?" "I guess, mister," said the native, "if you had as much salt in you as that lake's got, you'd be gittin' purty dry, too."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"That's my last canvas," said D'Auber; "I started that six months ago. You see, some days I paint away feverishly, forcefully, absordedly, while on other days I can't paint at all." "I see," said Crittiek; "you painted this on one of the other days."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Not susceptible to tillage: Mrs. Lakeside—"Oh, yes; some of those narrow, exclusive Eastern people say that Chicago isn't cultivated." Mr. Lakeside—"H'mph! All the city is except the south part, and that's too marshy. The land ain't worth cultivating."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"I suppose you'll take in the St. Louis fair?" said Mr. Staylate. "No," replied Miss Patience Gonne, making no effort to suppress a yawn. "Well," he continued, "I simply must go—" "Oh, must you? It is late, isn't it? I'm so glad you called."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Haven't you got a typewriter girl yet?" "No, I haven't been able to find one with dark red hair." "Eh? What's the idea in that?" "Well, when I carry long hairs home from the office hereafter, I want them to be the same shade as my wife's."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"You must not imagine," she said, "that I would consent to be your wife simply because I have let you kiss me." "Oh, of course not," he replied, "but I wish you'd tell me something. Are you letting me kiss you because you like it or merely because you want the practice?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Teacher was explaining the meaning of the word recuperate. "Now, Willie," she said, "if your father worked hard all day, he would be tired and all worn out, wouldn't he?" "Yes'm." "Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?" "That's what ma wants to know."—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

"But," remarked a member of the young millionaire's Bible class, "the good hook says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." "Never mind that, my friend. Stick right to business. None of us will have a cent when we get to the gate."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Sternman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "make de mistake of hopin' foh de bes' instead o' breakin' in an' doin' deir hes'."—*Washington Star*.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

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Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

#### San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30 and 11:30 p. m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:30 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p. m.

#### San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 2:00, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p. m.  
SUNDAYS—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p. m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 1, 1904.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.		Sun. days. Week Days.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Ignacio.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		10:20 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		6:00 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	5:10 p. m.		6:20 p. m.
			7:25 p. m.
			8:45 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Novato	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	Petaluma	10:20 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.	and Santa Rosa.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	5:10 p. m.		7:25 p. m.
			8:45 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Fulton.	10:20 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		6:20 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.
			8:45 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:25 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:20 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Willits, Sherwood.	7:25 p. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	Guerneville and Camp Vacation.	10:20 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		6:20 p. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.
5:10 p. m.	5:10 p. m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:00 p. m.
			8:45 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Sebastopol.	10:20 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		6:20 p. m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Cauto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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### FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc.

Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS at 6:30, 7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11 A. M.; (11:40 A. M., Sausalito only); 12:20, 1:45, 3:45, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 9, 10:20, 11:25 P. M.

DEPART SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9, 10:20, 11:35 P. M.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7:45 A. M., 3:15 P. M., 5:15 P. M. (except Saturday); on Sundays and legal holidays at 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 3:30, 7:15, and 8:15 P. M.

#### THROUGH TRAINS.

7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc.

9:15 A. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.

3:15 P. M., daily except Sunday, for Cazadero, etc.

5:15 P. M., daily except Saturday, Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc.

7:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.

8:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Cazadero, etc.

Ticket Offices, 626 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St.

### MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Francisco	Via Sausalito Ferry Foot of Market St.	Arrive San Francisco
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days. Week Days.
8:30 A	8:30 A	8:45 A
10:00 A	10:00 A	2:05 P
10:00 A	11:00 A	3:35 P
1:45 P	1:45 P	8:40 P
8:15 P	1:45 P	6:15 P
4:35 P	4:35 P	8:50 P

\* Via Gravit Car, Tamalpais to Mill Valley.  
Ticket Office, 626 Market St. (North Shore Railroad)  
Offices (and Sausalito Ferry, Foot Market St.)

## Santa Fe ALL THE WAY

### CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30** A M—"BAKERSFIELD LOCAL": Due Stockton 10:40 a. m., Fresno 2:40 p. m., Bakersfield 7:05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8:55 a. m.

**9.30** A M—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p. m., Fresno 3:10 p. m., Bakersfield 5:50 p. m. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 10:50 p. m.

**9.30** A M—"VALLEY LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p. m., Fresno 3:10 p. m., Bakersfield 5:50 p. m. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 10:50 p. m.

**4.00** P M—"STOCKTON LOCAL": Due Stockton 7:10 p. m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a. m.

**8.00** P M—"OVERLAND EXPRESS": Due Stockton 11:15 p. m., Fresno 3:15 a. m., Bakersfield 7:35 a. m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a. m., Chicago (fourth day) 8:47 p. m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:35 p. m.

\* Daily, 2 Mondays and Thursdays. † Tuesdays and Fridays.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p. m.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

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# The Argonaut.

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That the Russian Empire faces the greatest crisis in all its history is a conclusion from which it is impossible to escape. The Czar is a weakling; "he is ever struggling with phantoms, fighting windmills, consulting spirits of the dead." As every bully is a coward, so none are more cruel than the weak. Good as the Czar's instincts undoubtedly are, he can now be depended upon neither to bring about reforms nor to pursue a firm policy of repression. No hope for Russia is to be expected from Nicholas the Second.

The murder of Wenceslas de Plehve seems, like most murders, to have defeated its purpose. It is made the pretext for new oppression and new cruelties. De Plehve was the best-hated man in all Russia; he it was who played so large a part in the destruction of the

liberties of Finland—an act which Andrew D. White characterizes as "the most wicked thing in the history of the last two centuries"; he it was who was responsible for the horrors of Kishineff, for the oppression of the Armenians, for despotic treatment of the Poles. The world abhors the crime, but mourns not for the slain. For a moment it was hoped that his death might bring back to Russia the leader of the Liberal party, M. de Witte, with consequent alteration of the whole trend of affairs. But it was not to be. Apparently the place of M. de Plehve has been filled by a man who will not suffer the people to escape from the galling yoke laid upon them by the dreaded and detested minister. As there is no hope for Russia from the Czar, so apparently there is no hope from the new minister of the interior.

Meanwhile, disaster follows disaster in Manchuria. Daily the troops of Kuropatkin fight, and daily they retreat. The hope that Kuropatkin might relieve Port Arthur—a faint one at best—decreases daily as the distance between the beleaguered city and the Russian army increases. The fall of Port Arthur may be delayed, but that it can hold out until relief reaches it by sea seems in the highest degree improbable. The siege has been longer than anticipated at the outset, but we know now that the reason is the loss of many large siege guns while they were being transported from Japan to Manchuria. The ships bearing them were encountered by the Vladivostok fleet, and summarily sunk, and no more guns of such calibre can now be obtained. But even without them, the siege is progressing, and Shantaikow, one of the important defenses, has been captured.

Up to the present, the vast unlettered population of the empire has been kept in ignorance of the extent and meaning of the disasters that have overtaken the army and navy. But such a tangible thing as the fall of the supposed impregnable fortress—the Gibraltar of the East, the commanding city of the Yellow Sea—could not be concealed. In a country like ours, where the people read, and are in touch with the progress of affairs, it is perhaps impossible to comprehend how great will be the effect upon the Russian populace of the great, and to them unexpected, calamity of Port Arthur's fall.

These three things, then—the weakness of the Czar, the continuance of a despotic policy in the ministry of the interior, and the likelihood of disaster in the war—bring about a grave situation. In addition, we know that Finland is ripe for revolt; that revolutionary activity in Poland has resulted in wholesale hangings in Warsaw; that in south-western Russia multitudes of citizens are being deported; that commercial depression which existed before the war has only been intensified. The burning question is, Will revolution come, and if so, what will be its result?

"So far," says the historian Reich, "revolutions in Western Europe have not been of the making of a discontented peasantry, but of a middle class, which has risen to consciousness of its own power, and has grasped the fact that it is its prerogative to govern itself." But Russia has no middle class. It has no great class of people intelligent and aspiring to self-government. On the one hand is the peasant, ignorant and poverty-stricken. On the other are officialdom and the Greek Church, infinitely baneful in their joint influence, both satisfied with a condition of affairs which permits their monopolization of power and wealth. The great middle class, which is the bulwark of republics and the foe of despotism, does not exist. The commercial interests of Russia are largely in the hands of Jews, and the Jew is not one to lead the Slav peasantry to successful revolution. It is a question if the Russian

people is in any sense fit for a government other than an absolute monarchy. If it is not, then while disasters in war and oppression at home may impel the peasantry to riot and revolt—may, indeed, bring about a condition of anarchy—any real change in the character of government is improbable. "Every one of the great Western nations," says Reich, "has had to stand the test of a triple trial before it could reach its actual condition. It has had to pass through an intellectual Renaissance, a religious Reformation, and a political Revolution. And we may suppose that Russia will not escape the necessity of passing through a like series of stages. The idea that a form of government may be drawn up upon ideal lines to fit the requirements of any nation, and that nation will be able to don it and wear it like a new suit of clothes, has long been proved false."

In other words, Russia is mediæval. In the march toward civilization she has lagged behind. There is no royal road to civilization. First must come intellectual progress, then liberal laws will follow in sequence. Under present conditions there appears no immediate hope that disturbances which seem to be impending in the great Slav empire will usher in a day of representative government and liberty.

The mystery of death is as insoluble as ever, and the light thrown by modern research upon the avenues that lead to it seems to be lost in the darkness of terror. We hail each day a new discovery, either of the serum which will cure tuberculosis, or of the ray which will extirpate a parasite, or of the elixir able to freshen our vital powers beyond the drag of senility. Lately we have rejoiced because we thought that cancer, the most fatal of all diseases, had been at last tracked to its source. But the report of the English General Committee of the Cancer Research Fund throws us once more back upon the mystery. We do not know what cancer is, how it originates, how it grows, or how to kill it.

The conclusions of this committee, composed of the eminent of British physicians and surgeons, tell us this: cancer is not an infectious ailment, it can not be transmitted from one species to another, it is not caused by a parasite, and the cell has powers of self-propagation. Why it afflicts one person and not another, we do not know.

The sole remedy advocated by the surgeons of the committee is immediate operation. No medicine has the slightest effect. Once seized upon by the disease the patient has but one recourse, and that a perilous one, the knife. Serum, radium, the X-ray, are useless. The cancerous growth is a living organism, and it is not a question of extinguishing a poison in the blood, but of killing a living thing.

San Francisco has only lately been heralded as the greatest cancer place in the United States. This was shown by statistics to be false, but the fact remains that here is the rendezvous of the afflicted of a whole coast, and here centres the scientific effort to attain a saving knowledge of cancer's phases. We are assured that it is not infectious, and the experience of surgery shows that if taken in time it may be arrested. But we need something more than this. If smallpox and diphtheria and typhoid can be eradicated, why not this most deadly of all? We are impatient of anything in this matter but success. We desire most earnestly to know why when one man irritates a certain portion of his body cancer develops, while another man undergoes everything, and comes out scot free.

In the absence of positive assurance that cancer is a specific disease, the best thing we can do, according to the committee, is to seek surgical aid. Tal- son, the growth may be removed and life saved.



can not carry our decimal out to the fifth figure, let us at least approximate roughly. The wise man and woman will not wait too long, say the surgeons who have studied the matter. So we turn again to the merciful knife.

The *Argonaut* has received from a correspondent the following earnest and interesting letter:

GLASGOW, July 15, 1904.  
SCOTCHMAN OBJECTS.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have written you twice about the insults you offer to my country—Scotland—by using the term "England" when referring to Great Britain. This is my third communication to you on the subject, and I therefore conclude the misuse is not occasioned through ignorance. I have no alternative but to say that when my year's subscription comes to an end I will not renew, and I believe there are Scotsmen in San Francisco who share my views in the matter. I have been a reader of the *Argonaut* for nearly fifteen years; it is one of the smartest papers in America, and just because that is so, I think you ought to take note of such a glaring inaccuracy as the one referred to. One would not be surprised to see the editor of a fourth-rate paper committing these errors, but that a paper of your standing should do so is past all comprehension. If you want to realize my position just think to yourself how you would like the United States bracketed under the description "Canada," and yet this is exactly the position, as England is not the mother country, but Britain, which includes Scotland and England. On the front page of your issue for May 30th, in dealing with the war or mission in Tibet, you head the article "England's Little War," and you use the words "England" and "English" as if this little affair was being carried through entirely by the southern portion of this island. You seem to be utterly unaware of the fact that Scotland has some share in the control of the empire, has had far more than her share in the building up of the empire, and has an equal right in the name of the empire with England. However, I need not enlarge on this. I have given you my last protest on the subject, and if you have not the common honesty to act straight in the matter, then those of your readers who are patriotic Scots will probably act as I have done.  
Yours truly, JOHN WILSON.

What determines in a matter of terminology, fact or usage? Take, for example, the word Indian as applied to the autochthonous inhabitants of North America. The word is indisputably a misnomer. It was applied to the natives of this continent by Columbus, who believed that he had reached some of the isles of the Indies. The use of the word Indian to describe both the inhabitants of India and the natives of North America has caused a deal of confusion in the last hundred years. It will cause more in the future. Yet the term—error though it is—is irrevocably fixed in the language. Only a pedant would object to the use of the word in its usual meaning in the United States.

Take another example. The people of Japan do not call their country Japan, but Nippon. The word Japan is obscurely derived from a Chinese word applied to the country of the "little brown men." But like many other errors in terminology, the word Japan has become so firmly fixed that no power will ever succeed in dislodging it. The Japanese themselves have adopted the word in so far as they speak or write for Occidental ears and eyes.

The word America is another case in point. By all the rules of logic, America means either that body of land south of the Isthmus of Panama, or that body of land north of the Isthmus of Panama. Logically speaking, it is perfectly absurd for the people of the United States to lay hold upon the word and declare that for all practical purposes America simply means United States. Mr. Wilson himself used the word America in his letter obviously with the meaning United States. Logically, he is quite wrong; actually, he is entirely right.

Such examples as the above might be multiplied—take the word *matinée*. The root of the word is, of course, *matin*, morning. It originally referred to an entertainment of some sort held in the forenoon. In course of time, it has come to describe an *afternoon* theatrical performance. Anything more absurdly odd than to call an afternoon performance a *matinée* it is impossible to imagine. Yet it is universally done; usage sanctions it; there is no use kicking against the pricks.

We might continue to cite such examples till this page was filled; but we have perhaps cited enough to show that the rule which governs in such matters is simply—usage. From usage there is no appeal either to logic, or to facts, or to history. If this is granted—and no one who "thinks straight" will differ from the dictum—then the only thing that remains to be established in order to give a complete answer to our correspondent is that Great Britain and England are constantly used as synonymous terms in this country. And that is not difficult. For example, here in the last New York *Herald* to hand is the heading: "England Demands Apology and Salute to the Flag." We pick up the New York *Evening Post*—the most carefully edited daily newspaper in the United States—and read: "England and Tibet; An Embassy at Lhasa Almost Certain." We open the New York *Sun* only to find an editorial on "England's West Indian Interests."

We do not think there is a great daily paper in the

United States in which similar use of the word England could not be found. The cause, of course, is clear. Great Britain is a long and cumbersome term. "England's Little War" is a far neater heading for an editorial than "Great Britain's Little War." For the same reasons precisely we often speak of our country as America rather than as the United States. Euphony and brevity are both on the side of America and England.

We are not concerned to deny Mr. Wilson's contentions that "Scotland has some share in the control of the Empire," and that she "has had far more than her share in the building up of the Empire." Like the "flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la," they have "nothing to do with the case." Usage supports us in speaking of "England's Little War"—one about over now, by all appearances—and when in future the word England comes *currente calamo*, we shall not cross it out and write instead Great Britain.

"The Russian Vladivostock squadron will recoil and resume its raids at once, with full authority to sink ships. . . . The government . . . does not recognize any distinction between contraband on board an enemy and contraband on board a neutral ship. In either case the ship may be sunk at the discretion of the officer"—such is the gist of a remarkable dispatch with a St. Petersburg date line, August 3d. We say remarkable—it is more than that; it is astounding. *Russian cruisers will sink ships flying the American flag at their peril!* A course such as this dispatch declares that the Russian Government proposes, has no warrant in international law. It is pure piracy. It is in defiance of all principles of right and justice. It can not be tolerated.

The practice of civilized nations in the matter of contraband is this: Any vessels flying a neutral flag may be stopped by the vessel of a belligerent on the high seas, and it is the duty of the neutral vessel's commander to submit to the examination of the manifest, even of the cargo itself. If, in the opinion of the examining officer, the vessel is carrying contraband of war, she may properly be seized and taken as a prize to port; there it is the duty of the seizing power to form a prize court, and to determine by proper methods whether or not the goods carried are actually contraband. If they are contraband, but not munitions of war, they may be seized, but *not* the ship or other innocent goods. If the vessel is carrying a cargo of arms then the vessel itself may be seized.

Now it is obvious that if a vessel—the *Mongolia*, let us say—is stopped on the high seas by a Russian cruiser, and, after casual examination of her cargo by a Russian officer, is sent forthwith to the bottom with all her cargo on board, the evidence upon which the prize court makes its decision is destroyed. The casual "I think so" of a Russian first-mate is substituted for due and proper procedure at law. This is not to be tolerated. We are safe in assuming that the United States Government will permit nothing of the sort. If the government of Russia is so foolish as to attempt any such high-handed piracy on the high seas she will discover that Uncle Sam has a fleet of fighting ships in the Pacific. We have on our side the precedent and practice of civilized nations for a hundred years.

Lord Stowell, the great authority on the rights of search and seizure, says: "Where a ship is neutral, the act of destruction can not be justified to the neutral owner by the gravest importance of such an act to the captor's own state; to the neutral, it can be justified under such circumstances only by a full restitution in value." Another authority, Wheaton, lays down the rule that if the prize be a neutral ship no circumstances will justify the captor in destroying her before her condemnation by a prize court. Still another authority, W. E. Hall, says the same thing—namely, that under no circumstances must a neutral ship be sunk by a belligerent. The London *Times* says of the sinking of the *Knight Commander*, in regard to which England has already made earnest protest, that there is no precedent for such an act within a century.

Russia has had fair warning, both from Great Britain and from the United States that the sinking of a neutral ship will not be tolerated. If she persists in such a course, it will be at her own peril. But we do not think she will persist.

If the Democrats lose New York they lose the election. By nothing short of a miracle could they secure the 239 votes necessary to elect Judge Parker in the Electoral College without New York's 39 votes. For years rural New York has been Republican; New York City is strongly Democratic. Yet some recent "straw votes" taken by the New York *Herald*, an independent newspaper, which will support Parker, show that even in New York Roosevelt is wonderfully popular. The

polling of a wholesale dry-goods house showed that 81 favored Roosevelt, 44 were for Parker, 24 were undecided. In another place, out of 64 men, 50 said they would vote the Republican ticket. At the main office of the New York Life Insurance Company the showing was: For Roosevelt, 125; for Parker, 51. Still more significant was the New York Stock Exchange poll, which gave Roosevelt 307 and Parker 103. In the face of such figures as these in a city supposedly the most bitterly anti-Roosevelt in the country, and with the betting vibrating about odds of 2 to 1, it is no wonder that our old friend, General Apathy, is in command of the campaign!

It is ungentlemanly to fight, we are told, but it is good to see Joseph Wingate Folk, the fighting attorney of Missouri, nominated by the Democratic party for governor of his State. Here is no cynic, no stay-away, no man weak at the moment of success. It must almost persuade sticklers for gentility that fighting is manly. It comes near to proving that the American people love a man whose honeyed words are saved for the bread of honesty and not for the cake of policy.

In this day of graft and cold calculation, it sounds well to hear a man pronounce a confession of faith that rouses the worst in the nature of the scoundrels. It is almost worth the association with a man of unruly temper to hear such challenges to hypocrisy and cant and suave deceit.

No one who has not tried it, knows how hard it is to struggle against the power of money in the legislature. There are so many men who think a cigar covers a multitude of sins. There are so many who find comfort for their consciences in the knowledge that they can take their wives to the Continent or to the fair on the proceeds of political prostitution.

At a time when too many, hoar with experience, are preaching expediency and policy, Folk has come forward with blows. He has refused to arbitrate the eternal verities. He has declared that a man is either honest or dishonest, and that dishonesty merits the jail. To back this up he has sent a good score of Missouri politicians to jail branded with the brand of the rascal. And now he is on the point of being elected chief magistrate of his State. Here some of his friends counsel a halt. Now is the time to let bygones be bygones, they urge. But apparently this talk is vain. Folk has no notion of dropping his sword in the moment of victory. He has come out with a speech of acceptance, in which he plainly tells the boddler and the grafter that he will pursue to the end, and that rather than be governor he will continue to fight in the lesser office.

It is hard to arouse enthusiasm these later days, but Folk seems to have the faculty. He is so fond of fighting, so free from the taint of avarice, and so like the men we dreamed of in our unsoiled youth. He says that when he is governor of Missouri the first law-giver who takes a bribe will have to face an impeachment, and the first man in office who accepts a pass will have to suffer the penalties of the law. If Mr. Folk can carry out this proclamation, he may soon aspire to the Presidency. Just now the American people favor men of his stamp.

Two of the three great foods used by the American farmer are home-made flour and meat, but the third, sugar, is grown almost entirely abroad, and yet we can just as well grow our own sugar as wheat. This is the plain statement of a simple agricultural fact; most of us do not realize that about two-thirds of the world's sugar to-day comes from the modest little beet, and that in the United States the beet-sugar business has now reached the point where it is not only an important factor in the market, but a factor of such importance that the commercial power controlling the market in the United States takes pains to be interested in the manufacturing operations as a directing owner. This year our beet-sugar output will probably exceed that from cane, and, thanks to the profit on the farm, the increase will be of phenomenal rapidity. The farmer does not get the chance very often of producing an article that the tariff protects; but that is what he enjoys when he grows the beet. We have all observed with interest the profits enjoyed by manufacturing cities of the East, why should not California do likewise? A protective tariff is not limited to cities, or, to put it more exactly, a factory is not necessarily confined to brick walls. That place where the raw material is worked up into the finished article constitutes the factory, and in the case of sugar the farm is that institution. The farmer is operating as many factories as he is growing beets; the big brick and steel establishment full of costly machinery is really nothing but an extractive apparatus which takes the elaborated product handed over by the

THE BEET,  
WHEAT, AND  
CATTLE.



grower, separates various by-products he has made simultaneously, and puts the pure white sugar into packages. All the manufacturing is done out in the field, where, thanks to our rich soil and abundant sunshine, the supply of raw material is practically inexhaustible. California therefore is in better condition, agriculturally and commercially, to have home-made sugar in exporting quantities than any State in our Union.

We have lost our place as a great wheat State. The Treasury Department puts it in this way: "The Pacific States have more than increased their share in the country's production of wheat, although even here the centre of production has been shifted northward from California to Oregon and Washington." While California's crop has been lessening from 1,069,719 tons in 1887 to 562,785 tons in 1903, Washington, Oregon, and Idaho have been gaining at such a rate that their crop this year will aggregate 60,000,000 bushels, or nearly double the maximum ever exported from San Francisco, which was in 1882.

The customs district of which this city is the centre is thus losing its hold as a wheat exporter; it should keep an eye on Portland. Herewith are some figures which will not only show the increasing exports from northern customs districts, like Puget Sound and Willamette, but will show how this city and other Pacific ports have fallen in that line:

In 1882, the San Francisco district exported 36,169,497 bushels.

In 1882, the Puget Sound district exported 76,833 bushels.

Sixteen years later, or in 1898, exports from these two places were as follows: From San Francisco a decrease to 16,178,521 bushels, while at Puget Sound an increase to 8,023,915 bushels. During this same time the Willamette district had increased from four to thirteen millions, while other Pacific ports had fallen from two millions to three-quarters of a million.

It is evident that if we are to have a great city here we can not depend on wheat alone; we must offset its decrease with some other of the main foods. The sugar-beet says right here: "I am ready." Conditions are such that the magnificent interior valleys will soon begin shipping this product, beet-sugar, and the first car-load of Sacramento Valley sugar hauled across the Sierras means a revolution in California farm life, because it will be but the first move in a development that should have commenced in that valley fifteen years ago instead of in Utah, which State imported all its sugar in 1890, but now exports. Compare these figures:

Utah's sugar product in 1891..... 1,112,800 pounds.  
Utah's sugar product (estimated) in 1903, 47,500,000 pounds.

While it is a fact that this State has not been idle in this matter of sugar, we have, despite our progress in other lines, failed to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the weakening wheat lands: to wit, to renew their old-time productiveness by raising this new crop, new to our great central valleys, but a pioneer elsewhere. The introduction of the beet to our vast wheat territory means not only a rapid growth of our sugar exports, but a revival of that fertility that not only means great wheat crops, but a grain of high milling quality. History tells what the beet has done in old wheat countries, and history repeats itself. California's interior seems about to follow suit; we look forward with pleasure and satisfaction to those days when all three of our main foods are home-made, because the wheat, the sugar, the cattle industries, would mean the reduction to a common denominator of the tremendous energies existing throughout the interior of our great State.

"Farley the Strike-Breaker" recently told a reporter for the New York *Sun* the true story of the threatened strike of the carmen in this city last May. Farley says that he came to San Francisco with three hundred or four hundred of the best motormen and conductors to be found in the United States. They were a picked lot. At San Francisco they went on board a bay steamer and cruised about for three or four days. On the night when the men were to vote for or against the strike, the boat was within signaling distance, and if the strike had been ordered Farley was prepared to land his men (all of whom were armed) with full authority to operate the road. Of course, thanks to the mayor's intervention, and the fact that the men realized that the company was prepared, the strike was finally voted down. "That is always the great point," says Farley, "make the malcontents know that cars are going to be run, and that anybody who gets in the way is going to be hurt. That's all there is in breaking a street-car strike. Sometimes the strikers are slow in grasping the fact that you mean just what you say about this. It is while they are getting this point

through their heads that the trouble occurs and so many people are hurt." It may be recalled that, at the time of the settlement, the papers had much to say about the influence of public opinion. The *Argonaut* said the influence of public opinion had been exaggerated, and that the reason there was no strike was because the railway company had followed the recipe of Theodore Roosevelt for avoiding trouble—had spoken softly and carried a big stick. Evidently we were quite right.

When we are told that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes forth truth, we do not necessarily posit that out of the mouths of adults and elders, foolishness is the event. But if many utterances, such as that of the venerable Justice Brewer on Chinese exclusion, were to issue from the lips of our wisest and best, the opposite of the Biblical aphorism would become a modern truism. It is inconceivable that so learned, so wise, so experienced a man, should deliberately run a tilt against historical and ethnic axioms.

Justice Brewer said before the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Agents' Association in Milwaukee not long ago, that "the time will come when the people of the United States will look back to the barbarous laws excluding the Chinese as citizens of Massachusetts look back to the hanging of the witches. America is the great composite photograph of nations, with a duty to take all the various races of the earth, with all the various elements of those nations, and put them on the canvas to make one picture, one race."

Without commenting upon the uniqueness of a photograph on canvas, or of a race created by a photographer, it may be allowed to criticize the attitude of a man who would coldly look forward to a time when father and mother, instead of discussing which mode of baptism will be used, shall argue out at length whether the son shall wear a cue or shave his head. It may be permitted to ask the justice if he thinks it wise to encourage the daughters of Caucasian race to marry a dull brown, obtuse, and avaricious Chinese, whose ideas of economy, religion, and table manners were an heirloom from thousands of years before the genteel fork or the delicate finger-bowl were known. We may also ask him if the Supreme Court of the United States thinks that the hybrid is the best citizen, if the mule is the ideal of race.

Chinese exclusion, so far as the West is concerned, may be considered a fixed principle. We object to any effort to mingle white with yellow blood. We do not consider it our duty to assimilate destructive elements. Surely the good citizen should try to keep the standard of his office, not to demean it to the level of a universal franchise. The physiological fact that the hybrid is degenerate would quickly dissolve Justice Brewer's composite photograph into a blank. Nature herself has her laws, and the greatest descendant of these is the silent by-law that the soul has race and will not dwell in a foreign house.

It is a long tough fight that the health board has had with the dairymen to secure the passage by the board of supervisors of a measure designed to prevent the contamination of milk by filthy stables, dirty cans, grimy milkers, and muddy cows. The board seems, at last, to have won a measure of success. It was obliged to amend the proposed ordinance somewhat; but it is in the main satisfactory as it was passed to print by the board of supervisors this week. Now for its rigorous enforcement! We commend the inspectors to an earnest study and sedulous imitation of the methods and policy of Milk Inspector Darlington, of New York City.

One of the most interesting little political scraps that San Francisco has seen for many a long day will be fought out at the primaries on Tuesday, August 9th. For some years now Mr. Gavin McNab has been in control of the Democratic organization in this city. McNab controlled all but a dozen or so of the delegates from this city to the convention at Santa Cruz, where delegates to St. Louis were selected. Since then, he has been able to cement his control of the State Central Committee and the county committee. The rival faction, known as the "Horses and Carts," at the head of which is James H. O'Brien, seemed, until a few days ago, utterly powerless. All of a sudden, however, the *Examiner* has begun a strenuous campaign against McNab. A page is devoted daily to setting forth how despotic is the shrewd Scotchman. A full set of delegates has been nominated in all the districts, and it is simply a question of getting the votes on August 9th. If the Hearst-O'Brien forces are victorious, O'Brien will be

in a position to name the Democratic nominees for State senators, assemblymen, and judges (four) of the superior court. As this power is no very great prize, it is thought that Mr. Hearst is seeking to get even with McNab for nearly causing him to lose the indorsement of the Santa Cruz convention. Then, too, control of the party organization in this city will be a valuable asset in the mayoralty contest a year from next November. One thing that gives the Hearst-O'Brien forces the advantage is the fact that there are no contests to speak of on the Republican side, and as Mr. Ruef and Mayor Schmitz feel friendly toward Mr. Hearst, they will naturally use their influence to secure the defeat of the McNabites. It is indeed a very pretty scrap.

On page 22 of the San Francisco *Examiner* on last Sunday there were two articles. The heading of each was in the same kind and size of type, and the articles were in close proximity and of almost equal length. Both began at the top of the column. Here are the headings:

J. P. MORGAN'S LIFE IS PLACED IN JEOPARDY.

LOU DILLON ILL AND IN DANGER OF DEATH.

J. P. Morgan is the most noted financier in the world. Lou Dillon is a horse. What is fame?

#### A BREEZY LETTER FROM JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA UNITED CLUB, June 26, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I was wrong when, in my last letter, I wrote that the Japanese can not cheer! Hence I take it all back, as I witnessed yesterday an outbreak of enthusiasm which can not be surpassed anywhere else. There was a great *banzai* procession arranged last night, with about four floats, one of them portraying a battle-ship, excelling the usual run of floats in San Francisco parades. The numerous paper lanterns borne on bamboo sticks and the bright costumes gave a color scheme suggesting Venetian nights during the carnival. Viewing the procession from the veranda of the Grand Hotel, on the Bund, this impression was enhanced by the waters of the harbor, which reflected the lights from the sampans and shipping craft of all description riding at anchor. At the Grand were gathered a brilliant array of Yokohama's foreign colony—fair ladies in gauzy summer and evening dresses, lots of them *décolleté*, and gentlemen in the inevitable tuxedos, or "smokings," as they are called here. With the Grand Hotel band playing some lively airs, and all the decorations and paper lanterns glittering, the scene was very animated.

During my stay here and in Tokio, I met several ladies of the foreign colony, and heard various views on life in the Far East. A German lady gave me rather a harrowing description of the hardships and vicissitudes accompanying a prolonged stay in this climate, which—like all tropical and semi-tropical climates—is more severe on the women than on the men. There is the servant problem, too—the native women being accused of pronounced laziness, and, as far as the distinction goes between mine and thine, they resemble the niggers in the States. It is interesting to know what wages they pay here: twenty-five *yen* per month for a cook, whose wife helps along in the house, being about a fair average. Out of this they have to support themselves. Considering the very low wages a factory hand gets, and the still lower wages of the women employed in the Osaka spinneries, this pay is pretty high—some of the latter earning but seventeen to forty *sen* a day, and an employee in a machine shop from one to one and a half *yen*.

One enormous difficulty is the bringing up of children here. Unless a family employs a white governess, children are under the care of the native *amahs*, will play with native children. will speak Japanese, and hear all the tales their *amahs* tell them—and, of course, from their moral standpoint, which is so different from ours. The first thing one knows the children will tell stories about things which are carefully veiled by the Western ethics, and children will squat down in native fashion utterly unconcerned, getting that supreme indifference about showing any nakedness from their playmates and surroundings.

Imagine riding in a street-car with a fellow sitting in front of you wearing the following apparel: low shoes, long black woolen stockings to the knees, then for a while nothing—then, through the opening of his kimono, you can see a pair of trunks, very short, made of the cloth flour-bags are made of, sometimes having the brand of the flour painted on it, and a short kimono, of which both wings are thrown back, the temperature being pretty high. Or you will see an old fellow sitting with one naked leg thrown above the other, and reading his morning paper! Women are not very coy either—nursing their babies in the street, or railway-cars, or sitting in front of their huts. And I hear that on hot summer nights papa and mamma and about half a dozen children lie in their birth-day suits in one room—with front and back door open!

Is all this a sign of greater innocence or lack of morals? Who will judge?—it is to me that great gulf which separates our Western ideas from theirs. They simply look at these things from another standpoint. They certainly do not lack in other ethics. Charity, reverence of parents, politeness to extremes, and, on an occasion like yesterday evening, the crowds could give cards and spades to a San Francisco Fourth of July or New Year's Eve crowd!

Just as the church of Rome holds the most desirable property in many of our American cities, so the missionaries of all denominations—and there are a lot of them—hold the most desirable residence portions here as well as in Tokio, and all over the East, I am told. They certainly live in comfortable houses, enjoy the best of the land, own a little town in the mountains, where they spend three of the warm summer months—and the dictum of lots of foreigners here is to the effect that, if reincarnation is to take place, they wish to come to this earth again as a missionary. Verily, "they loveth those who have faith unto the Lord."

Very truly yours, R. E.



## THE DIVIDENDS OF "LAURA LEIGH."

How They Were Saved by a Pseudo-Sandwich.

As soon as the mail-sack was securely fastened to her back, and she felt her master's weight in the stirrup, Swinging Sarah lost no time in making her departure. She dashed through the outskirts of the town, and mounted the up-trail with that easy swiftness that had given her the euphonious name she bore.

It is not to be presumed, from this daily morning burst of speed on leaving the Ouray post-office, that Tom Alderson was an unmerciful horseman. Swinging Sarah knew better than that, and on sight of a certain petticoat traversing the mountain road ahead, she had learned to regulate her speed to a most unassuming gait.

Between the surprising intelligence of Alderson's mount and the loitering pace of Prince, the worthy pony which conveyed Miss Nellie McSwain, schoolma'am at Potosi school, to and from her duties each day, there was an encounter every morning which it would be strangely humorous to attribute to that greatly overworked "hand of fate." After she had first accepted her pedagogical duties at Potosi school, Nellie McSwain had found the ride over the rough mountain trail long and monotonous, and at times depressing. She soon discovered that this agreeable feature of the trip was not apparent on the mornings when she chanced to be accompanied by Tom Alderson, bullion guard and mail-carrier for the Laura Leigh Mining and Milling Company. Without being distinctly aware of it, this ride together over Sneffel's Road, as the trail was called, had gradually become indispensable to them both.

This morning the ride was particularly enjoyable, as it was the first day of the fall school term, after two weeks' vacation.

"I'm really glad to see the place again," said Miss McSwain, as she drew up at the stile in front of the yard. The school-house was located conveniently at the junction of Sneffel's Road with the trail leading up to the Revenue mines on the right.

"I'm awful glad to see you back, too," was the embarrassed response of Tom Alderson, who was far too sincere to be a graceful lover.

The girl watched him depart, realizing, with the wisdom of a woman, that nothing but the spur of unusual circumstance would ever lead Tom Alderson to speak of love.

"A hen that lays that kind of eggs is a pretty valuable bird!" ejaculated Thaddeus Whipple in his office at the Laura Leigh that afternoon. He was holding up a retort, fresh from the gold room, which the shipping clerk had been hastily preparing for shipment. "Just one more trip this month, Alderson, to get this little nugget safely in the hands of the express company, and the dividends of the Laura Leigh will stay where I put them last month." The latter clause was added with some little show of pride, to which Manager Whipple was no doubt entitled. He had been in charge of the mine from the beginning, and his successful development work had placed it in the front rank of new workings in the San Juan country. He had been a little anxious this month, as the output had been seriously retarded by several mishaps to the milling machinery. By hurried work, however, it seemed likely the month's showing could be brought up to that of the previous month, if the bullion was not delayed in its journey to the mint in Denver.

Alderson had made more than the usual number of trips during the past week, and he could be seen sometimes two or three times a day riding with his Winchester across his knees, and the precious bullion hanging in the bags slung over the horn of his saddle. When shipments were large he sometimes had company, but ordinarily this was thought unnecessary.

"Now don't fall into the cañon, Alderson," the manager called after him as he started out. "At any rate, don't let that bullion go over with you; it gives us just the proper per cent. this month!"

The bullion guard laughed carelessly at the good-natured jest of his manager. He was used to Whipple's final injunctions about not losing the "yellow stuff." He had an hour and a half to make the eight miles into Ouray, and felt very easy about arriving in time to catch the passenger train before it left. It had been years since any trouble had occurred on Sneffel's Road.

He rode along unconcernedly, musing over his morning ride with Miss McSwain. As he neared the end of the third mile between the mine and the Potosi school, he wondered if she would be working late and if he by any chance would see her. There certainly was a girl's figure at the stile, and a pony favoring Prince tethered at the gateway. Could she be waiting for him? If so it was the first time. He put the thought aside. It was too much to hope for.

As he came into sight, Nellie McSwain, for it was she, rose, and began walking rapidly toward him.

"Mr. Alderson!" she gasped with breathless excitement, "you must turn back. There's something wrong to-night!" She leaned against Swinging Sarah, putting out a hand to catch the bridle rein.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss McSwain?" Alderson's self-consciousness disappeared at sight of her agitation.

"Take Andrews just rode down from the Revenue a few minutes ago, and said Black Jack and his gang from the Blue Hills are in this neighborhood to-day. He thinks they are lurking about in the hills between

here and Ouray. The telephone wires are cut, and there are no means of communication with town."

Alderson remembered vaguely that the chief accountant had been vainly endeavoring to get central a few minutes before he left the office.

"You know the gang," she continued. "They stop at nothing—they would kill a man for five dollars."

He looked down upon her with quiet regard. "And you waited here to tell me this. It was good of you, Miss McSwain." His words conveyed the reverence he felt. Then he drew himself up in the saddle and laughed—his gray eyes snapping with the zest of adventure.

The girl's form grew tense, and she clung fiercely to the rein. "You shan't risk it, Mr. Alderson. The cowards may be waiting down there now to pick you off. You have no right to place that gold in jeopardy!"

The gold! How the words stung him. She was thinking only of it, and she was right. Whipple would not thank him for losing the bullion by a rash move. Yet it must reach Ouray in time for No. 5.

"You don't understand, Miss McSwain—I must get this gold to the station within an hour. It must be there!"

"Yes, but you need not go alone. Leave it with me while you go back for help—Swinging Sarah can move faster without it. I can protect it—nobody will know—it will be safe with me. Go back, for my sake, Tom."

Had he heard aright—was that his first name on her lips? He seemed to see but dimly the clinging figure, as through a mist. Then he reached down and lifted the carefully sacked retort from the saddle-bag.

"What will you do with it? Where will you keep it?" His throat was burning and he could scarcely speak.

"Here!" she cried, "my dinner-basket!"

"Good! I've no time to lose. I'm afraid I can't make it, but you shall have your way. Wait here till I come back."

Nellie McSwain stood motionless for a moment as she heard him gallop away. She looked at the white napkin over her dinner-basket, concealing its heavy load.

"What have I done?" Her first feeling was one of fear, and she was white and trembling. "He will never make it, and the gold must be there. Ah!" The idea came to her forcibly, and for a moment unnerved her. Then came that flash; her eyes for a moment resembled Alderson's, reflecting the fearlessness of the Western spirit. "I'll do it!" The resolution calmed her.

Prince no doubt felt it an injustice to carry such an unusually heavy dinner-basket at such an extraordinary pace. And to think that his faithful service should be so far forgotten that he should be rudely stimulated with a riding-whip! Yet he was merely being urged into a simple trot, and no observer would have accused his charming rider of cruelty to her beast.

She glanced back once or twice. The sun was disappearing rapidly from view behind the treacherous path of the U. S. snow slide, and the cañon was narrowing perceptibly in the gloom. This she knew was due entirely to her imagination, and tried to maintain her courage by glancing ahead toward Mt. Abram, the last peak to release the lingering rays of the sun in the evening. She blessed it for its kindly brilliancy as it stood, a guardian sentinel over the mining-camp of Ouray, and was glad it seemed so deceptively close.

Two of the most dangerous places on the trail, the hanging rock and the switchback, were passed safely and without interruption. There was only one more place to be particularly dreaded, the watering-trough, now half a mile ahead. She tried to forget the frightful disasters that had occurred at this spot, which had proved the setting for several tragedies every year. She endeavored to shut from her mind the thought that the cañon was deeper there than anywhere else along the road, and that the rocks jutted out as though attempting to push travelers over the edge. Yet try as she would, in that brief half-mile every incident she had heard about the place came back to her with startling clearness.

The day had almost faded as Prince slunk into the narrow passageway leading around to the watering-trough. They passed safely along for a considerable distance, and her heart gave a bound of joy as the trough came into view. Surely the worst was past and her fears were groundless.

As they reached the trough, however, her worst fears were confirmed. An arm shot out to the bridle rein, and three figures sprang from the shadows. Prince snorted wildly, and it was brute strength that kept him from plunging frantically over the edge.

Two of the fellows, all of whom were masked, stood at the horse's head. The third advanced slowly toward her, and she felt the cold barrel of a revolver touch her cheek. He laid one hand upon the horn of her saddle and leered up at her; the white mask gave his face an unearthly aspect.

"Why, this aint our man," he growled, sullenly, after a brief inspection. "It aint a man at all—it's a woman."

"By gad, it's the schoolma'am," said a second voice. "She's purty as hell, aint she boys?"

The first speaker interposed. "Let her go, boys, its dangerous to talk here. She can't get to town in time to interfere with our game."

The second man reached out a hand. "I'm powerful hungry, miss, and that dinner-basket looks good to me." Both men released the bridle rein as he spoke.

Nellie McSwain felt her heart throb wildly, and then

it almost seemed to fail her. For a moment it seemed she would faint.

"I'll give you a sandwich—it's all I have left in the basket." Her voice was a mere whisper. She reached in under the napkin and her hand came out holding something bright and shining.

"This sandwich is buttered with powder and lead!" she shrieked, "and I'll give you all a bite of it if you don't look out!"

Poor Prince has never understood the cruel blow he received from the schoolma'am's riding-whip at that moment, though she has tried to explain it to him time and again. He responded nobly, however, and then began a wild flight over the winding trail, during which the schoolma'am was conscious of nothing save the reverberations in her mind of the discordant laugh that followed from the ruffians behind.

It was a wild figure that rode up to the little station, where the trainmen were giving the air-brakes on No. 5 a final test before its departure. She gasped out her story to the open-mouthed station-agent, and almost dropped the heavy basket on his foot in her anxiety to perform her self-appointed duty to the end. She breathed easily only when she had seen the gold safely deposited in the hands of the express messenger.

Nellie McSwain was not the only rider who dashed down the Sneffel's Road unmindful of all danger that night. When Tom Alderson returned to the school-house, accompanied by several sturdy miners, armed to the teeth, and ready for any affray, he found the place deserted, and both the girl and the bullion gone. One of the men said afterward that Alderson was "plumb locoed," and agreed that he was hard to follow in his mad chase over the trail.

They reached the watering-trough in perhaps a shorter period than the trip had ever been made before, and the party burst upon the three crouching scoundrels in a manner that was entirely unprecedented in the history of their carefully planned misdeeds. They were entirely disarmed, figuratively and literally, without so much as an interchange of shots, and the men roped them together, preparatory to a march on foot down the hill to Auray.

Alderson personally engaged the attention of one of the luckless villains, inquiring almost incoherently about "the girl." He coupled his inquiries with so generous a use of his fists that the poor devil was rendered quite incapable of performing the function of speech for a time. He finally managed to state that she had passed them without interruption—it was well for him that he lied—and had no doubt reached the town safely.

On the outskirts of the mining-camp, Alderson, who had dashed on ahead, met a party of horsemen who had been quickly mustered together to go up the trail and see what they could do toward "fixing things" for Black Jack and his gang. Alderson told them in a few words that the wretches were in safe hands, and made further inquiries, in a somewhat restrained manner this time, as to the whereabouts of the school-mistress. He learned that she had ridden over somewhere in the neighborhood of Box Cañon to await further news.

The information was accompanied by significant grimaces and ill-concealed smiles, which the early moon, now visible, revealed with undesirable clearness. "There'll be something doin' when them two meet," was the comment of "Dad" Austin, stage-driver, as Alderson moved away.

The sudden neighing of a horse, which he recognized immediately, and which was quickly answered by Swinging Sarah, came from the mouth of the cañon. The girl sat quietly on her horse as though waiting; Alderson was first to break the awkward silence.

"I'm glad you are safe," he said, huskily. She felt the intensity behind his words.

"Thank you—" her voice went off into a whisper, and he could not be certain she had called him "Tom."

"I found this at the watering-trough." He held out a silver case-knife. "I—I didn't know but it would be all I would ever see again that belonged to you. I was afraid—"

The girl stopped him with a subdued laugh. "That was the sandwich which I was going to feed to Black Jack and his unpleasant companions." Then she told him the story of her ride, and how she had delivered the bullion in time for No. 5.

"You saved the dividends of the Laura Leigh," said Alderson laying a hand gently on Prince's mane.

They sat without speaking for a moment or two. The horses moved closely together, and Alderson was trembling with the nearness of this brave girl who he now knew was everything to him. Over on the trail they could hear the lusty voices of the miners and townsmen, gleefully bringing the culprits to town.

"I thought for a moment you might have gone over the side of the cañon, Miss—Miss—" His voice failed.

"Would you have cared—Tom?" She was looking at him with the one look a lover always knows, and he gazed at her long and earnestly.

"Would I have cared? Nellie!" He reached over in the saddle and drew her to him.

Tom Alderson has been described as ungraceful in the art of love-making, and as Swinging Sarah and Prince rubbed noses in the moonlight, it is probable they accomplished fully as much in the matter of a caress as did their riders in the awkwardness of that first kiss.

ROBERT C. McELRAVY.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1904.



## THE COST OF LIVING IN PARIS.

Its Cheapness Exaggerated—Easier for the Rich than for the Poor—  
Clean, Attractive Poverty—Life at Henriette's—Cheap,  
Well-Served Food—A Typical Party.

When one is not in Paris one hears a great deal of the cheapness of living there. Friends come back and tell how John lived in the Latin Quarter and took lessons at some well-known atelier on fifty dollars a month, and how Sara had a tiny apartment and studied music with a celebrated teacher for sixty. Far off in the distant parts of the distant United States, unsophisticated boys and girls hear wonderful accounts of how they can get on well in Paris on thirty dollars a month, and their yearnings to seek that economical paradise take the definite form of a resolution to go.

When they come they find that things are not as roseate as they were represented. Many of the stories of the extraordinarily cheap living in Paris date from forty years ago. I have heard that at that time one *could* live decently and well on thirty dollars a month. Since then everything has been rising. Americans have come in by hundreds with their extravagant ideas. Rents have gone up, servants demand higher wages, dress-makers' bills are larger. The Western student can still find board and lodging for thirty dollars a month in many *pensions*, but he will discover that he has not enough to eat to satisfy his healthy American appetite. The economy in catering of such places must be experienced to be believed.

On the other side of the river I think that living is, in proportion to what one gets, cheaper than it is on this side. What I mean is that fashionable Paris seems cheaper to the rich than Latin Quarter Paris does to the poor or merely well-to-do. You can get splendid apartments in the very best localities near the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne and the Arch for two and three thousand dollars a year. You can get comfortable ones a little farther from the centre for five hundred. Compared to New York rents, these prices are nothing. You can get a good servant for twelve dollars a month, and an excellent one for fifteen. You can hire for your own use a private carriage, in perfect style, with a man in livery, for half or a quarter of what you would pay for the same turnout in New York.

With these inducements to lure them on, Americans are coming over every year, renting apartments for a season, and settling down in Paris for a rattling good time. It is all so convenient, too. The apartment can be furnished or unfurnished, as you wish. If you do not want to bother with housekeeping, your *bonne* will make the coffee in the morning, and you can take your other meals out at some of the innumerable restaurants and hotels near by. The Americans already there will be friendly and hospitable. As for the French, you never get among them, unless some of your people are married into French families. There is little or no intercourse between the American residents in Paris and the natives, gentle or simple.

On the other side of the river things are not so cheap, according to the American new-comers. These are generally people of no means at all, or of small ones. They know the ins and outs of economical living. They find that one does not live more cheaply on the left side of the Seine than one does, say, in San Francisco, if one has but little money. Even in New York you can exist on as little as you can in Latin Quarter Paris. If you stay in a *pension*, paying at the rate of seven or eight dollars a week, it is about the very lowest you can get that will be decent, and you can get food and accommodations for that sum in many parts of New York, and in all other large American cities.

Where the difference lies is that in Paris it is better done, is more attractive, has none of the sordidness and ignominy of poverty. Economical living in the United States is horrible, apt to be dirty, and always hard and mean, while in Paris it may be delightful, as dainty, well arranged, and carefully carried out as though hundreds were being expended in its accomplishment. This is one of the things which makes the Latin Quarter so indescribably charming to the poor American. There he may live with a self-respecting, cleanly delicacy that in his own country is the outward and visible sign of wealth.

The French are the greatest economists in the world, but they are also people who demand a certain elegance and comfort in their surroundings. They will eat their meals in tiny *crémeries*, off metal tables, where they pay a *sou* for a napkin, and there is often no table-cloth; but they will not tolerate a meal which is not well cooked and well served. It must be neat and clean, the viands which are meant to be hot must be hot. The *bonne* that waits on table must be tidy—no unkempt slattern would be endured for a day—and must also have agreeable manners, and not be rude or ungracious. Some one was telling me, the other day, that the restaurants patronized by the *cochers* were always good, because the *cochers* would not for a moment put up with a poor meal. No Frenchman will stand a bad dinner; it makes no difference to him whether he pays twenty-five cents or two dollars for it.

Let me cite for an example the way we have been living during the short time we have been here. Our street is a narrow one—between two big boulevards—and full of small and large apartments. In our house most of these apartments rent out rooms. You can rent one or two or three or the whole apartment if you want.

The people who live in them seem to have a power of vanishing to other floors that is as quick and complete as the manoeuvres of a lightning-change artist. All the rooms I have seen—and I have seen several suites—are clean, comfortable, and pretty. You pay about three dollars and fifty cents a week for a front one—*tout compris*—and less for a back. Then if you want several, you either move into another apartment, or the family does, and leaves you theirs.

On the ground floor is the *crémérie*. This particular one happens to have been Henriette's, in its day quite a well-known place, hung with posters and sketches signed by many American names, and the tiny *salle à manger* entirely frescoed by two Californian girls, who made a running series of pictures round the walls. Henriette, who built up the business, was a typical French spinster, gaunt, tall, gray-haired, a trifle domineering, but a kindly soul to many who were short of money. She was well on in life when she drew a prize in the lottery—they say the capital one, but I don't know how true that is—searched round till she found a nice, little, docile husband, sold out her business, and retired to the country.

Mme. Grisard now sits behind the counter and adds up your bill (which you recite to her) on a slate with a bit of chalk. She is pretty, plump as a roll of butter, neat and fresh as a daisy. She wears a cotton gown which always fits her and is always clean, a little rim of lace or knot of ribbon at her neck, and has her hair dressed in a glossy roll turned back from her face as if it were done by a professional *coiffeur*. She is always polite, smiling, and soft-voiced. It is part of her business to be so, and she is never otherwise, any more than Marie is—Marie waits on the tables, is also the pink of well-brushed and smiling briskness, never hurries one, and always has a bright and amiable "Bon jour, madame" for the entering guest.

The restaurant is back from the street, down a dark passageway lined with odd, fantastic, and interesting sketches and posters. The *salle à manger* is stone-floored, with a glass roof, extremely small, and generally cool in the hottest weather. Here one can get a good lunch for from one to two francs—twenty to forty cents—and an excellent dinner of four or five courses for one franc fifty to two francs fifty. The food is well cooked, fresh, and appetizing. Some of it is extraordinarily cheap. One gets a good tomato salad for five cents and a plate of fresh fruit for the same. A portion of chicken, tender and young, is fifteen cents. All this is nicely served. There is nothing slipshod or careless or dirty about it. The first *déjeuner* is brought up to your room in the morning, and is the regular French breakfast of an enormous cup of coffee, two "petits pains," and a pat of white butter. One lives here at the rate of from fifty to seventy cents a day for one's three meals. This, if you have only one room, makes the week's living expenses from seven to eight dollars.

The difference between living on this sum or money here and in New York is entirely a difference in style and comfort. In New York, to exist on seven dollars a week would either mean a dreary and badly kept hall bedroom, with meals taken at cheap restaurants, where the food, service, and cuisine are bad, or the fourth floor back in a second-rate boarding-house, where one is fed at a long table with the other inmates, waited upon by a slatternly Irish girl, and forced to attend at the ringing of a bell, with no permission to dawdle cheerfully over coffee and cigarettes—probably both unheard of in the place.

Our country—the Eastern half of it, anyway—makes poverty wretched beyond belief. No wonder we Americans hate it so and work so hard to escape it. Over here it is not only neither squalid nor humiliating, but it has an attraction of its own. There is a charm in its careless, light-hearted irresponsibility. The meanness of it is not forced upon you. It is a recognized side of life in which millions are born and millions die, making no effort to evade it. But these millions demand from the passing hour the ease, comfort, and cheer that it should give, and so they have studied how to get the most from their tiny incomes and their contracted lives; and I believe do it better than any other people in the world.

One of the most interesting features of these Rive Gauche *crémeries* is the odd collection of people one occasionally sees in them. Henriette's became so advertised because of its frescoes and sketches that it got to be a sort of a show place, and Henriette established a visitor's book in which people wrote their names, and smart carriages from across the river often stood at her door. That phase is past now, and the *crémérie* has its usual complement of respectable, shirt-waisted Americans, long, slim English women in slinky skirts, foreigners of various European nations, and French denizens of the quarter, decent, quiet folk, who read the evening paper over their coffee and a soothing cigarette.

The *types* are more rare, but they sometimes come. The other evening I was late for dinner, and found an extraordinary trio at a table beside me. The room was thick with their cigarette smoke, the woman of the party smoking and talking at the same time, with her cigarette just hanging from the corner of her mouth. She was English, very handsome and young, of a tall, slender figure, and dressed entirely in shabby black, which fitted her tightly and trailed behind her when she walked. Her dress ended at the elbows, and was cut away from her throat, and her arms and neck were dazzlingly white. Her lips were painted crimson, and her hair dyed a Titian red that would have made Titian

jump. Of the two young men with her one was English, one American. They were both got up in *char-octer* as typical Latin Quarter students, with long, unbrushed hair, big, baggy trousers, and soft felt hats. Though the night was a roasting one, the Englishman wore a sweater of faded hue, and looked as if the French custom of not bothering about baths suited him admirably. They evidently thought I was French and could not understand them. I wish I had room to give some of their conversation. The American was having a struggle to live up to his more advanced companions, and it was about all he could do to tag feebly behind. But he was making gallant efforts. When they rose to go I heard him say, boldly: "Let us go to a *cofé-chantant* at Montmartre." GERALDINE BONNER.

PARIS, July 13, 1904.

## WINE, WOMEN, AND WAR.

The recent report that the Grand Duke Boris took with him to the seat of war a bevy of St. Petersburg chorus-girls, and that, when ordered to send them back, he affronted General Kuropatkin, who was only restrained from running Boris through with his sword by his attendants—this story has been denied. Evidence accumulates, however, tending to show that there is no improbability in the tale. Manchuria seems to have its full quota of the *demi-mondaine*, who are following the army and monopolizing no small part of the energies of Russian officers. Not long ago, the Manila *Sun* printed a letter written by a woman, who, with a feminine companion, was living in Port Arthur when the fort was bombarded, and who was sent by her "friend," an officer, to Newchwang when the situation in the beleaguered city became dangerous. It was a very frank letter, and threw a flood of light upon conditions in Port Arthur. Now comes the special correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly*, with the Russian army in Manchuria, with a sensational article entitled "Wine and Women Undoing the Russians." The picture that he paints represents conditions only comparable to those that existed during the European wars of the first half of the last century. He tells of a consignment of military stores that arrived at Harbin containing quantities of perfumery, scented soaps, and ladies' toilet articles, bon-bons, garters, fans, and other paraphernalia dear to the heart of the *demi-mondaine*. He says that for nine-tenths of the crime in the Far East the camp-followers from the St. Petersburg *cafés-chantants* are responsible, and continues:

Where these social vultures come from is a mystery, but wherever there is a war they scent the carrion from afar, and fly to it with unerring instinct, he it in the tropics of Africa or the frozen plains of Siberia. Indeed, the broad plains of Manchuria seem to offer a more fertile soil for their operations than any other. The Muscovite falls a ready and willing prey to their wiles, and though in other fields of war they usually follow in the wake of the armies and navies, here they are all but the very vanguard.

To cite an illustration of my meaning is not so difficult as it is incredible. None of the officers at Newchwang would credit the seriousness of the situation at Port Arthur until they heard of the arrival at Liao Yang, among the refugees, of several of the most noted of the *chansonnettes*. If before they were dissatisfied with Newchwang, in spite of its "clubs," with ample equipment of card and hiliard tables and the many opportunities for loot, they became doubly so with visions of the seven gay establishments which rumor had it these unwilling refugees from Port Arthur have established at Liao Yang. There, fortified behind the execrable stuff that is dignified by the name of champagne in the East, the soldiers of the Czar may, to the popping of corks and hursts of female laughter, safely defy "those detestable little monkeys of the Mikado."

Although the ice has long since entirely broken up in the Liao River, and Newchwang and coast are exposed to the enemy, these officers day after day resort to the card-rooms and hiliard-tables. A bottle and a woman would tempt any of them from his post, and the misfortune they lament is that Newchwang affords so little temptation. It is no exaggeration to say that these Muscovite mistresses openly and sometimes bitterly reproach the officers for having to be dragged from their dehaucheries to save the remnants of the Port Arthur fleet, or to go to meet what are to them the mythical armies of Japan.

The first intimation that the Russians are about to abandon a position, or undertake a serious action about it, is the dispatch of this sort of baggage to the ultimate new base on which they expect to fall back. As the lines draw in closer these *hétaira* mark the line of retreat, and we have come to the conclusion that Newchwang is a position despaired of from the fact that it is avoided by this class of refugees. A complete account of the *demi-monde* of Manchuria and its enervating effect on the Russian army would disgust Anglo-Saxon readers. There is not even the palliation for it that one sees in the gayety of Paris, but it is coarse, brutal, and animal. Yet it is a factor in this war that is not negligible. On the field it looms up in all its disgusting proportions, and must be recognized.

There is a bee ranch with more than a million bees in the heart of one of the densest residence districts of San Francisco. It is owned by Philip Prior, principal of the Burnett Grammar School, and is in the little back yard of his home at 2638 Folsom Street. For ten years he has kept his bees there, harvested about a third of a ton of honey each season, and has been at no expense for food for his interesting and ideally industrious pets. Although it is two miles and a half from the bee ranch to Golden Gate Park, the Prior bees make the trip there, collect a tiny load of honey, and get back to the hive in two minutes, making a bullet-like flight at the surprising rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Mr. Prior has demonstrated this by having an observer watching certain bee-favored places in the park and exactly timing the arrival there of bees he purposely sprinkled with flour as they issued from a hive. Then he has kept time on the presence of the whitened bees.



## YANKEE CURIOSITY.

A San Francisco Woman's Experience in New England.

I had been shopping in Boston, and late in the afternoon boarded the train for Salem, and had established myself comfortably with my parcels beside me, when a nice-looking, well-dressed man of middle age stopped in the aisle, and asked politely if I was reserving the vacant seat for any one. I gathered up my bundles and made room for the gentleman, who seated himself, and then proceeded to scan me so closely that I thought he had mistaken me for an acquaintance. Presently he spoke: "Nice soft rain we're having."

Now, when I left San Francisco, a cautious friend, who either distrusted me or feared that trains were crowded with villains lying in wait for unprotected females, had said: "Above all things, never talk to strange men on the train," adding, with deep meaning, "you never know." So I merely inclined my head in answer to his remark, endeavoring, however, to balance distant politeness with the civility due a fellow-traveler. Presently he tried again. Looking at the ticket which I held in my hand for the conductor, who was coming down the aisle, my seat-mate said: "I see you're going to Salem."

"Yes."

"Live there?"

"No."

"Summer resident?"

"No."

"Visiting there?"

"Yes."

"Visiting relatives?"

"No."

"Visiting friends?"

"Yes."

A slight pause, then ashamed of what seemed like unnecessary curtness, I added: "I am visiting John Beverly, of No. —, Mount Vernon Street."

Apparently relieved, he responded, briskly: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I know who he is." Then quickly, as if to seize my relenting mood, "Live in this part of the country?"

"No."

"Not from New York?"

"No."

"Come from some distance?"

"Yes." He waited expectantly, so I added: "I came from San Francisco, California."

He whirled around in his seat to face me, and, gazing with lively interest, exclaimed: "I want to know!" He mused a moment, then began again: "Left your family there?"

I nodded. Thereupon he settled himself comfortably, and proceeded to give me a condensed account of my own State, which he had obtained from statistics sent by a brother who had emigrated there some years before. Apparently refreshed by this monologue, he prepared to resume his catechism. He leaned his elbow on the back of the seat, and gazed at me reflectively for a few moments. I saw by the interrogative expression of his eyes that more questions were coming, but I was quite unprepared for the direction in which his interest next manifested itself. At last he spoke: "I should say that you are about thirty-one or thirty-two."

For a moment I did not know what to say. Then overcome by the humor of the situation, I laughed aloud as I answered, "I'll never tell."

"Why not?" he exclaimed, indignantly. "You're only one human being and I'm another; why not?" Then in a moment, "Thirty-one or thirty-two," he repeated, looking me over as if sizing up my points.

"You should not judge me by my appearance today," I said, by this time quite in the humor to "talk to this strange man on the train," whom I found exceedingly amusing. "I have my rain-coat on, and besides you can not tell a woman's age through her veil."

"Oh, yes, I can," he responded, quickly. "I'm a good judge of a person's age. How old should you say I am? Now, don't be afraid. Say what you think."

"I am not a judge of any one's age," I answered, "but I should take you to be about fifty."

"I'm sixty, but I look young I know," he said in a gratified tone, adding, quickly, "I shan't dispute it if you say you're twenty-eight."

I laughed so heartily at this that a lady in the seat just in front of me, whose very backbone had quivered with burning curiosity, could resist no longer. She turned swiftly and gave me a long, comprehensive look, then settled to listen once more. She was not disappointed.

He opened fire once more. "So you've left your husband and children in California?"

I informed him, with perhaps unnecessary asperity, that I had neither husband nor children.

"But you said you'd left your family behind, and when a woman speaks of her family, she means her husband and children." He ruminated a moment, then remarked, reflectively: "So you're not married. That's why you look so young." The lady in front stirred uneasily, then turned around and looked at me again. I don't know whether she disapproved of my talking to a perfect stranger, and wished to let me know that in her opinion I was old enough to know better, but I thought I detected an air of cold severity in her face this last time.

We reached Lynn, and I started to rise, when my companion laid a detaining hand on my arm, exclaim-

ing, anxiously: "Don't go. This is Lynn, and we're going to Salem." Then lowering his voice a trifle, he asked: "How do you think you'd like to live in Massachusetts?"

I answered coyly that I feared I should find the winters too severe.

Apparently he thought it time to volunteer some information about himself, for he said, presently: "I'm a widower."

"Yes," I said, faintly, wondering why he favored me with this piece of news.

"Yes," he went on, "I had a wife and twin daughters. One girl died when she was nineteen. Then I lost her mother, and my last daughter passed away a year later. So now I'm all alone." I began to wonder if the disappointing lady in front was going to have the pleasure of listening to a proposal.

"I'm thinking of visiting California," went on my widower. "What do you think is the best time for me to go?" I advised him to go in October and spend the winter, whereupon he promptly asked when I was going back.

At this moment the train pulled into Salem, and I hastened to my friends, who were waiting on the platform. My inquisitive friend disappeared in the crowd, and I have never seen him since. I had rather thought, from the deep interest he manifested while in the train, that I might hear from him again, but evidently he was only satisfying the idle curiosity of the moment, and probably has never given the lady from California a thought since.

H. C.

## The United States Supreme Court.

As the hands of the clock point to twelve, the crier of the Supreme Court of the United States raps with his gavel, the murmur of conversation ceases, and attorneys, court officials, and visitors rise while the crier slowly announces, "The honorable the chief justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." Robed in black silk gowns, they walk with slow and dignified steps toward the bench, and as the chief justice appears at the entrance at the rear, they slowly proceed to their seats. As they do, the crier cries, "Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the honorable the chief justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the government of the United States and this honorable court." It is an imposing and inspiring spectacle, the mere witnessing of which increases the red corpuscles of one's patriotism. No man entering that dome-like court-room may wear his overcoat. No member of its bar may appear before it in a coat of any color other than black. Such is the dignity and impressiveness of that tribunal that men, to whom embarrassment has long been a stranger, evidence the renewal of their acquaintance with it by a stammering speech, a quickened breath, a nervous manner, when addressing the court.

A singular trial for swindling has just ended in Berlin. The defendant was Professor Meyer, a gray-haired man of sixty odd, who until recently was professor of political economy at Berlin University. He married, a few years ago, a chorus-girl of twenty. Astounding frauds by the couple led to their conviction. Though Meyer's income was barely four hundred pounds per annum, the pair lived in grand style. Mrs. Meyer's dresses had been the envy of her friends, but she admitted that the money she took at society functions held for benevolent purposes was used for her own expenditure. Damaging letters from the professor to his wife while he was at the seaside were read in court. He therein advised her to get as much money as possible from her many adorers, at the same time expressing full confidence in her faithfulness to him. The sentence of the court was two years' imprisonment and loss of all titles and honors for the professor, and one year's imprisonment for his wife.

After conquering Burmah, the British undertook to carry the great Rangoon bell, the third largest in the world, to Calcutta as a trophy, but dropped it overboard in the Rangoon River, where it defied all the efforts of the engineers to raise it. Some years later the Burmese, who had not ceased to mourn its loss, begged to be allowed to recover it. Their petition was granted, and, by attaching it to an incredible number of bamboo floats, the unwieldy mass of metal was finally lifted from its muddy bed, and triumphantly restored.

Professor Cattell, of Columbia University, has taken the four principal encyclopedias of the world—English, French, German, and American—and made out a list of a thousand famous men and women who are given the most space. He has found that Napoleon heads the list, Shakespeare comes second, Mohammed third, and Voltaire fourth. George Washington, the first American in the list, is number nineteen.

Robert E. Pattison, who was twice Democratic governor of Pennsylvania and twice controller of Philadelphia, died on August 1st at his home in Overbrook, a suburb of Philadelphia. Pneumonia, complicated with a weakness of the heart, was the cause of death. He was fifty-three years of age, and was often mentioned as a Democratic possibility for the Presidency.

## OLD FAVORITES.

[Details have reached this country of the celebration, at Arezzo, Italy, a few days ago, of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Petrarch. A tablet was dedicated in Via dell' Orto, where Petrarch was born, July 20, 1304; there was an oration, a banquet, an illumination, a concert, and an opera. A Petrarch Congress occupied the two succeeding days, and the festivities concluded only on Sunday, the 24th. . . . Petrarch wrote an ambitious poem called "Africa," but he is chiefly famous for his three hundred sonnets celebrating the reserve of his beloved Laura and commemorating her memory after her death. He met her in 1327, and his life was transformed. He met her again in 1342, and she died in 1348. She accepted his homage, but granted him no other favors. She is said by some to have been the wife of one Hugh de Sade, a direct ancestress of the notorious Marquis de Sade, and the mother of nine children. M. Gebhardt, a French writer, has investigated the testimony regarding this, and inclines to the belief that the immortal mistress of the poet is quite unidentifiable, was almost certainly of no importance and of plebeian origin. Petrarch himself is known to have had a daughter, Tullia, the mother of whom he never celebrated in his poetry. Petrarch was so handsome as to cause people to turn and look at him as he walked upon the streets. . . . Leigh Hunt says of the three Italian writers of that period: "Petrarch and Boccaccio and Dante are the morning and noon and night of the great Italian day." Dr. Garnett, from whose translations of Petrarch's sonnets those printed herewith are taken, says that they are an "epitomized encyclopaedia of passion." Lord Byron's poetic sneer at Petrarch is one of the most famous couplets in English verse:

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?"

In prose, Byron wrote of the Italian's sonnets: "They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidity platonic compositions. I detest the Petrarch so much that I would not be the man even to have obtained his Laura, which the metaphysical, whining dotard never could." Petrarch died on July 19, 1374, in his library, leaning over a book, as if sleeping. More than four hundred editions of the sonnets have appeared in Italy alone.]

## XXXIV.

Thou, whom I shielded aye from falsehood's blame,  
Far as I might, and have with honour fraught.  
Wherefore, ungrateful Tongue, hast thou not brought  
Honour to me in turn, but ire and shame?  
For thou, when most thy service I reclaim,  
Suing Love's honors, art then most coldly wrought  
To silence, or if delivering aught,  
'Tis but as stammering speech men dreaming frame.  
And ye, sad tears, who so by night infest  
When I your fellowship so well could spare,  
Fly from my Lady's look with one consent;  
And sighs, so ready else, when she is near  
Creep slow and interrupted from my breast;  
Sole of my heart my face is eloquent.

## XXXIX.

Blessed for aye the day, the month, the year,  
Season, and time, and hour, and moment's space,  
And lovely land and favourable place,  
Where on my neck was laid the yoke I bear!  
And hiest the tender trouble and sweet care  
Begot when Love and I did first embrace:  
And blest the how and shaft whose ruddy trace  
The heart in its deep core shall ever wear!  
And words unsummed wherewith my Lady's name,  
So oft invoked, upon the air I sped:  
And sighing and lament and passion's flame;  
And hiest all songs and music that have spread  
Her laud afar; and thought that comes and came  
For her alone, unto all other dead.

## LXI.

Her golden tresses showered on air were blent  
And wound by wind in thousand witching ties;  
And lustre filled unfathomable eyes  
Not then by malady heddimmed or spent:  
And fleeting lights and shades her visage lent  
Pity, methought, were this or sooth or lies;  
What marvel that where strewed Love's fuel lies  
Around my heart the sudden flame upwent?  
Not like a mortal creature's was her gait,  
But as an angel's, and her speech as one  
More musical than mortal lip may sound:  
A spirit of the sky, a living Sun  
Was she I saw; if other now her state,  
Unstringing of the how heals not the wound.

## LXXIV.

As Love pursued me in the wonted glade,  
Wary as he, who weening foe to find,  
Guards every pass, and looks before, behind,  
I stood in mail of ancient thought arrayed:  
When, sideways turned, I saw by sudden shade  
The sun impeded, and, on earth outlined,  
Her shape, who, if aright conceives my mind,  
Meetest for immortality was made.  
I said unto my heart, "Why dost thou fear?"  
But ere my heart could open to my thought,  
The beams wherely I melt shone all around;  
And, as when flash by thunderpeal is caught,  
My eyes encounter of those eyes most dear  
And smiling welcome simultaneous found.

## XXIV.

The eyes whose praise I penned with glowing thought,  
And countenance and limbs and all fair worth  
That sundred me from men of mortal birth,  
From them discovered, in myself distraught:  
The clustering locks, with golden glory fraught:  
The sudden-shining smile, as angels' mirth,  
Wanted to make a paradise on earth:  
Are now a little dust, that feels not aught.  
Still have I life, who rail and rage at it,  
Lorn of Love's light that solely life endears;  
Mastless before the hurricane I flit:  
Be this my last of lays to mortal ears:  
Dried is the ancient fountain of my wit,  
And all my music melted into tears.

## XLIV.

Not starry motions in clear heavens displayed,  
Not glide of galley o'er unrippled sea,  
Not knight and courser in their chivalry,  
Not joyous bound of deer in woodland glade,  
Not sudden tidings of fair hap delayed,  
Not laud of Love in lofty minstrelsy,  
Not song high crystal fount on verdant lea  
By lovely ladies musically made;  
Can win unto my heart to bring it joy,  
So deep with her ingraven who alone  
Beacon and mirror of my eyes had been.  
Now life is sore and tedious annoy,  
Whose end I crave, impatient to be shown  
Once more the sight I never should have seen.



## WE AMERICANS.

A Frenchman's View of Our Millionaires and Others—M. Huret  
Charmed With Mrs. Clarence Mackay—Huret on Hurry—  
Whisky-Drinking, Large Feet, and Manicures.

Despite the fact that Jules Huret says American women have big feet, and have never learned what "we, in France, term the coquetry of the foot," it is likely that his book, "From New York to New Orleans," will be read in this country with intense interest and not a little satisfaction. For this distinguished Frenchman, of the *Figaro's* staff, is in the main flattering to American vanity in his record of impressions during his sojourn in "the States." We have already printed in these columns copious extracts from his correspondence relating to San Francisco. But what he has to say of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, George Gould, and the millionaire horseman, James H. Hyde, the guest of all of whom he was, is not a whit less interesting. The account of the visit to Mrs. Mackay is delightfully naïve. He says:

After an hour's ride I alighted at a little railway station, and found Mrs. Mackay awaiting me in a victoria, drawn by two magnificent horses. I was flattered by this charming attention, and enchanted by the quick trot of the horses and the elastic spring of the vehicle as we sped over the country roads.

It was cold as Lapland, and, though I drew my overcoat close and shrank under the fur robe which my hostess shared with me, I could feel my ears tingling and my nose getting smaller and smaller in the cold. Mrs. Mackay, on the contrary, smiled and chatted as if before a comfortable fireplace. Her face was barely pink under its large lace veil and big hat covered with ostrich plumes. All Paris knows the charming and elegant silhouette of Mrs. Mackay. A young woman, scarcely twenty-three, with a slender figure, magnificent black hair, and obsidian eyes. She speaks French like a Parisian, without accent, is familiar with our literature, and herself writes with a certain philosophy and imagination at once sentimental and bold. Such a meeting was calculated to warm the heart of a foreigner fifteen hundred leagues from his own country. But the bitter cold froze the compliments that sprang to my lips.

We drove through an immense park that two or three years ago was a virgin forest. As we passed, groups of workmen along the road lifted their hats.

"I have had so much trouble in getting them to make up their minds to do that," said Mrs. Mackay; "in this country workmen are without politeness. Several times I have had to get out of my carriage and explain to them at length that, employed by an estate and well treated by its owners, they owe to them as well as to their guests the ordinary courtesies exchanged by civilized people."

M. Huret was charmed by the "magnificent Mackay château," presented to his daughter-in-law by John W. Mackay. He describes the interior:

Entering I perceived to the right a Louis the Fifteenth drawing-room, hung with magnificent tapestries, and a portrait of Mrs. Mackay by Chartran.

Next to this drawing-room is Mrs. Mackay's own little office, a symphony in green. There were furs on the floor and statues everywhere. I peeped at the low book-case, and noticed a few names, those of Flaubert, Renan, Mirabeau, De Musset, Maeterlinck, Byron, Molière, Montaigne, and D'Annunzio.

Everywhere is luxury purchased by John W. Mackay's millions, which, in the course of the château's construction, ran through Mrs. Mackay's pretty fingers. Nevertheless, in walking with me later in the great park, she took me to a little wooden cabin built on the declivity of a hill, where the solitude of the vast woodland is most complete.

"I come here every day to write," she said; "here only am I happy."

In this little but in the most solitary portion of the immense estate she told me that she spends hours daily in writing. What does she write? What ideas, what sensations can she have strong enough to distract her from the pleasure which her incalculable millions supply?

M. Huret devotes a few desultory paragraphs to an account of the career of Clarence W. Mackay, who was in California at the time of the journalist's visit at the Mackay home, and then continues:

Mrs. Mackay's conversation had surprised and charmed me by the abundance of its ideas and by the boldness of her moral observations. She appeared to me to be profoundly an individualist—as indeed all American women are, and passionately devoted to liberty of thought and feeling.

She was then working on a drama founded, she said, on the letters of Abelard and Heloise, a dialogue on love. Some time after our conversation the drama made its appearance in an American magazine.

Aside from its literary value, which I am incapable of judging, since it was written in English, it must surely have interested them by the boldness of its ideas and the unexpected curiosity of mind which it reveals in its author. Is it not at once paradoxical and significant to see flourishing in the midst of the most practical society in the world, that of the American millionaires, such a divinatory poem on love, and in a Puritan country to hear such a broad human sentiment as this, "Love is the whole life of woman!"

After his visit to the Mackay home, M. Huret was the guest "over Sunday" at the country places, and concludes from observation that "in American country life one discovers the same signs of morbid activity so apparent in American cities." He adds:

In these country homes the inmates are constantly doing something, always "on the go," so as not to be obliged to talk. Compared with Americans, the French are the worst chatterboxes in the world. When the Americans are not outdoors, not playing ping-pong, squash, or roulette, they become bored. They do not know how to talk, and the zealous hostess exercises her ingenuity in trying to furnish her guests with new ways of killing time.

I observed particularly a young girl, daughter and heiress of one of the best-known millionaires of America, a most charming and fragile child. Immediately after breakfast she went out horseback riding, returning only at noon, in time to change her dress and go down to luncheon. Luncheon over, she went for a drive in a tandem or coach which she drove herself. When she returned she would float through the drawing-room, annex some young man—any young man—and take him out for a walk. Half or three-quarters of an hour later they would return and play ping-pong or the far more fatiguing game of squash tennis. You would think that after a day of hard work such as this a young girl would like to rest a while. But not she! After dinner there would be more ping-pong, and once I saw her trying to play on a hunting horn.

"Don't you ever read, mademoiselle?" I was prompted to ask.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "certainly."

"But when?"

"When I have time."

"When do you talk?"

"Oh, riding, driving, walking, or at table!"

"That is to say, when you are doing something else!"

M. Huret exercises the traveler's privilege of telling some tall stories. Here is one:

In the country Americans are not afraid to drink whisky. In one evening I recall seeing ninety soda siphons emptied, and we were not more than a dozen men. After ten o'clock at night whisky drinking is the great American distraction. The American in general is cold, and has little temperament. He is generally tired by his double life devoted to business and to sport. He is not intellectual. He is a practical realist. At the end of the day he has little imagination left with which to amuse himself or others. He needs, in order to excite and animate himself, this fermented corn or rye, which seems to unlock his tongue and unclothe his soul.

American women are gayer by nature, and occasionally the men become animated by contact with them. I remember a Thanksgiving party at Bourke Cockran's, on his Long Island estate. People had come to this party from all over Long Island, for Mr. Cockran is one of the American men the American women think the most of. I have heard the prettiest women of his country speak of him in accents which could not be mistaken. He has young friends all over the United States, and each strives to establish herself as his "oldest friend." With his veiled eyes and his expressive mouth, the illustrious orator has found their hearts by way of their brains, and he may well be proud of his domination, for it is undoubtedly real.

I was taken to Mr. Cockran's home by a fashionable woman. When we arrived, there were already forty guests assembled. The banjo sounded in the drawing-room, playing the most popular of negro melodies, a regular cake-walk, and as I entered I beheld lawyers, bankers, trust magnates, judges, doctors, and litterateurs yield to the irresistible spirit of the music, beat the floor with foolish legs, relaxed arms, seemingly dead hands, bent hips, and a silly smile. This was my first vision of the cake-walk. I observed that in America a serious man of affairs, a great financier is allowed to amuse himself like a man, without fear of ridicule. They have other ideas in France.

We referred, at the beginning, to M. Huret's structures on the American woman's pedal extremities. Here is the passage:

In America the women do not seem to have what we term the coquetry of the foot. In the streets if you walk for an hour or so, and if you take the trouble to keep your eyes on the ground, you will see under their skirts only large, flat shoes, about the same shape as those of the men. It struck me in the United States as much as in England. The Anglo-Saxons must have had at some time a love for an arched, pretty foot. But as they did not possess it themselves, they resigned themselves in their practical way to what they had. It became their ambition to make a long, flat foot the fashionable foot, and they have very nearly succeeded.

The differences between the habits of Americans and Frenchmen are set forth in the book in this interesting fashion:

American men do not perfume themselves except among the lower classes. It is considered very bad form. With us, on the contrary, men who patronize a manicure are held in contempt. In New York there is no fashion more general than that of the manicure among men. There is a manicure in every barber-shop. I have seen them at work while a barber was cutting the patron's hair at one end and a negro was shining his shoes at the other. The three operations apparently did not interfere with his comfort.

On Broadway, if you see a man with a cane in his hand you may take it for granted he is a Frenchman. Americans do not carry them.

Mr. Huret was possessed with the idea when he came to America that the sons of the great American millionaires have already degenerated into mere "sons of their fathers." But he was soon disabused of this conception. He was invited to Georgian Court, George Gould's country house at Lakewood, and he writes thus of Mr. Gould:

Mr. Gould is a dark man, about forty years of age, with a short black mustache, a lively and intelligent eye, an expression of seriousness and energy. He greeted me in excellent French with cordial and simple words of hospitality.

During my visit to the court, Mr. Gould took me into his office. In it there is not only a telephone that covers all his property, but that actually connects him with his New York office! The walls and the tables of this little office are covered with maps and plans. As I looked curiously at a tracery of blue lines on a map reaching from the ceiling to the floor, Mr. Gould said: "That is a railway plan that we are correcting. There were too many inclines in the course as mapped out there. The trains had to move slowly and could not carry many cars. We are, therefore, going to spend a few millions to tunnel a few mountains, flatten a few summits, and instead of twenty cars our locomotives will be able to haul sixty. Then all the wheat from the Central States will go by way of Arkansas to New Orleans for shipment." His finger followed the blue lines as he spoke, and I saw that he was profoundly interested in what he was saying.

"Do you expect to work all your life?" I asked him. "At what number of millions will you be satisfied?"

"I do not work for money," replied Mr. Gould, simply; "I am rich enough to gratify all my tastes. I work to increase my power, to prosper my railways, to see cities spring up along their tracks; to be able to replace the primeval forests by fields of corn and quantities of cotton; to send this cotton, and more cotton, and more cotton, to the markets of London and Liverpool—everywhere!"

"And that makes you completely happy?"

"Yes," he replied, "I can truly say so."

The *Figaro* journalist describes the interior of the Gould home, and speaks in flattering terms of Mrs. Gould:

The luxury of the exterior of Georgian Court is as nothing to the interior. We dined that evening in a beautiful room in green wood hung with moss-covered velvet. As a stranger, I was placed at the hostess's right, in the place of honor, and during the entire meal I was able to observe these happy people swimming in princely luxury, enjoying it, and sharing it with their friends with the naïve simplicity of children.

Mrs. George Gould is in the full splendor of mature beauty. Her voice is sweet and musical. Her long eyes are of black velvet, her skin has a slight amber tinge, a warm tone, which a collar of marvelous pearls caressed. Her regular features produce an Italian effect, which increases when one sees the profile line of her nose and chin, which is very finely drawn. In looking at her that evening I reflected that very fine jewels are only becoming to women with happy and smiling faces.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The most interesting Sunday-school class in Christ Episcopal Church, at Oyster Bay, is one composed of ten little Oyster Bay boys, taught by the President's oldest son, Theodore. He took charge of the class only a short time ago.

Some of the leading Democrats of Westchester County, N. Y., are in favor of nominating Augustus Thomas, the playwright, for Congress. They think he would take the stump for Judge Parker, and be a drawing-card in the campaign.

Miss Faith Moore, of New York City, has taken a five years' lease of an apartment for which she is to pay the modest sum of \$15,000 yearly. The apartment decided upon by Miss Moore comprises the sixth floor of the magnificent new apartment-house just completed at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street, and the rental of \$15,000 agreed up is declared by real-estate dealers to be the highest price ever paid for a flat in that city.

According to the London *Times*, the "personal estate of the net value of £132,951 12s. 4d. has been left by Sir Henry Morton Stanley (formerly John Rollants, or Rowlands), of Furze Hill, Pirbright, Surrey, and of 2 Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, G. C. B., D. C. L., LL. D., the African explorer, member of Parliament for Lambeth, 1895-1900, who died on May 10th last, aged sixty-three years, a native of Denbigh, and the gross value of the whole of his estate is £145,865 10s. 8d." The great bulk of the property goes to his wife and son.

Henry Gassoway Davis, Democratic candidate for Vice-President, has lately been asked the secret of his vigorous old age. "You see," he said, "I don't live where the weather is hot and oppressive, like this you are having in New York. Down where I live it is two thousand feet higher than it is in New York, and it is cool and delightful all the time. Then, I am a very temperate man. I do not drink wine—much, and I do not use tobacco at all. I neither smoke nor chew. Then I go to bed at eleven every night, and get up at seven in the morning. I manage to get plenty of good, refreshing sleep."

Thomas Taggart, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, in charge of the Parker and Davis campaign, once presided at a coffee urn, and answered the call of "draw one" at a railway lunch counter in Indianapolis. Between that time and the present he has been county auditor of Marion County, Ind., twice, mayor of Indianapolis three times, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and a member of the Democratic National Committee. He has progressed from the lunch counter in the station to a restaurant of his own, then to the proprietorship of a small hotel, then to a larger hotel, and finally to the ownership of the Grand Hotel in Indianapolis and a chief interest in the resort at French Lick Springs, Ind.

Secretary Metcalf, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Secretary Morton, of the Navy, recently met the President by appointment, and drove with him to an out-of-the-way corner of Rock Creek Park, where they left the carriage and struck out on one of those walks for which the President is famous. The President made a hot pace for nearly three hours, leading his husky Secretaries over trails and through woods surrounding the Zoo and into the park. At eight o'clock Secretary Metcalf returned to his hotel pretty well fagged out. "I'm an athlete, or thought I was," he said, "but the fact is I have not taken much exercise lately, and I did not know what I was going up against."

The most remarkable figure at the Salvation Army congress in London is said to be the slender, graceful girl in red who commands the recruits from Canada. "Miss Eva Booth," writes Mr. Ford, "has her father's fervor when she speaks, and with it the sensibility and art of an actress. Her voice is clear, penetrating, and sweet; and she uses the purest, simplest Saxon. She tells parables of her own, and acts them out in the most dramatic way. If she had been trained at the school of acting in Paris, she would not have greater command of the art of expression by hand and face; and everything she does is as individual as Mme. Bernhardt's stately poses and tigress springs, or as Mme. Calvé's serpentine twists and voluptuous dancing measures."

Thomas H. Tibbles, recently nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the Populist party, is a unique character of the Middle West. He is a man of strength, indomitable resolution, and original thought. The nomination was entirely unsought, and the compliment came as a complete surprise to him. In the days of the grasshopper plague in Nebraska, Mr. Tibbles attracted some attention by his uncompromising dispute with the noted scientists who were then there studying the subject, and trying to stop the flight of the pests. The scientists declared that the grasshoppers did not travel at night, and devastated the fields only during the day, laughing at Mr. Tibbles's assertion that the pests were active during the night as well as the day. Mr. Tibbles proved his point, and turned the laugh by sending up at night a huge kite liberally smeared with tar. When he pulled it down the next morning hundreds of grasshoppers were stuck fast to the tar.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## "Men and Women."

There is a striking thought expressed at the beginning of Havelock Ellis's book, "Men and Women." It is that while the science of astronomy is many thousands of years old, mathematics almost as venerable, physics and chemistry both sciences anciently studied, the study of man's mind and body—of psychology and anthropology—is something almost new and novel. "Men studied the stars," says Mr. Ellis, "but their own souls and bodies seemed to them both too sacred and too shameful for study."

For this reason it happens that when Mr. Ellis wrote his volume on the subject a few years ago, he was a "pioneer stumbling across an uncultivated field." Since then, progress has been rapid, and the hand of the reviser has touched almost every part of the new enlarged edition that has just been published.

It is interesting to observe, in the first chapter, that Mr. Ellis combats the view that, among primitive races, women were considered "the weaker sex," and regarded with a trace of contempt. On the contrary, he points out, in many savage races the woman's physical strength equals the man's. In Central Australia, it is not unusual for women to heat their husbands severely. Among many other races both strength and skill in diplomacy have given women influence and even authority. In this connection, it is stated that among Russians the sexes are more alike than among the English or French.

As Europe emerged from barbarism, the position of women became, curiously enough, lower. They ceased to be regarded by men primarily as comrades and fellow-workers, but, through the influence of Christian asceticism, as symbols of the sensual element in life on the one side, and on the other—a paradox—as spiritual and refining elements. "Partly, it seemed, women were good to play with, partly good to worship."

In the chapter in which the author compares the relative proportions of men and women, he concludes that fundamental differences are to be noted in all parts and organs—as he puts it: "a man is a man even to his thumbs, and a woman is a woman down to her little toes." Women are more precocious than men, and in women there is an earlier arrest of development. Thus, while at birth male infants are rather heavier and one-fifth of an inch taller, the girls outstrip the boys, and between the ages of eleven and a half and fourteen and a half are actually taller, and between the ages of twelve and a half and fifteen and a half actually heavier, than boys at the same age. At fifteen boys take the lead, and their complete growth is attained, practically, at twenty-three. Girls, on the other hand, grow very slowly after the age of sixteen, and attain their full stature about the twentieth year. Boys grow fastest at sixteen, girls at thirteen. American boys, between the thirteenth and eighteenth year, are taller and heavier than boys of any European nation; but before and after that period they are excelled by the Swede. American girls are heavier than Swedish girls during the fourteenth year alone. The lowest death-rate for boys is in the thirteenth year; for girls, in the twelfth.

In his chapter on the skull and brain, Mr. Ellis points out one conspicuous difference between the male and female skull. It is the prominence, in the male, of the glabella, or bony projection over the nose; that is to say, men have overhanging brows which are little marked in women, and do not exist in children. In women the top of the head is flatter than with men, and the head tends to be relatively longer and not so broad. The eyes of woman appear larger than man's, but are not so in reality; the effect is produced by the over-arching of the bony ridges above the eyes of the male. Men's eyes are really larger than women's. It is probable that the two upper middle front teeth are larger in women than in men. Relative to height, men's brains are heavier than women's—about an ounce—but relatively to weight, women's brains are larger than men's. But it is further pointed out that women are relatively fatter than men; there is a tendency in adult women to deposit fat; while men attain their maximum weight at about forty, women do not attain their maximum weight until the age of fifty. Another thing: tall persons have relatively smaller brains than short persons. When all these facts are taken into consideration, the case becomes so complicated that no satisfactory conclusions can be reached. However, the author is of the opinion that women possess a relatively larger mass of nervous tissue than men. But the question is raised regarding the desirability of a large brain. Mr. Ellis points out that the six largest recorded male brains belong to an undistinguished individual, an imbecile, Turgeneff (the novelist), a laboring man, a bricklayer, and Cuvier (the zoologist). The author concludes: "From the present standpoint of brain-anatomy and brain physiology, there is no ground for attributing any superiority of one sex over another."

The greater physical frailty of men, the tenacity of life in women, are the subjects of a very interesting chapter. In all

European countries and in the United States more male than female children are born. Among Russian Jews it appears that no fewer than 129 boys are born to every 100 girls. A similar, though not so marked, disproportion exists among other races. It is obvious, therefore, that the mortality of men must be greater than that of women. They are, in other words, more liable to die. It was formerly supposed that war and the exposure of men in dangerous occupations were the causes of the higher death-rate, but this seems to be the case only in a degree. For it is during the very earliest period of life and the latest that the great mortality of males is most clearly marked. Male children are more liable to die during teething. They are far more liable to die shortly after birth. There are more female centenarians than male. In England, in 1891, at the age of eighty-five and upward, 8,291 women died to only 5,320 men. The characteristic signs of old age are less marked in women. Baldness is rare, and the thorax more elastic. The majority of sudden deaths from internal or pathological causes are in old men. The author concludes, therefore, that woman's tenacity of life is greater than man's.

In the chapter on "The Senses," Mr. Ellis records his belief, after investigation, that, as regards tactile sensibility, women are superior to men. The sense of touch, however, is susceptible of easy training, and varies with occupation and environment. Women are also more sensitive to pain, but appear to be less liable to die from serious wounds and during operations. In amputations, the records show that more men than women die. As to the sense of smell, the evidence is conflicting; as to taste, it appears that women are superior, but as to hearing, again, no conclusion is reached. Deafness, like blindness, is more common in males than in females. The observations regarding sight seem to show that in range of sensation women are inferior to men, but have perhaps slightly greater power of discrimination. Men are much more frequently color-blind than women.

Measured by the dynamometer, the force of the female hand, roughly speaking, is one-third less than that of the male hand; boys can carry about one-third more than girls, and while a man can carry double his own weight, a woman can carry only about half hers. The average male golf-player lifts a ball from 120 to 140 yards, the average female player only 70 to 100 yards.

Galton says: "If we wished to select the 100 strongest individuals out of two groups, one consisting of 100 males chosen at random, and the other of 100 females, we should take the 100 males, and draft out the seven weakest of them, and draft in the seven strongest females. The general tendency of men to violent muscular action, and the greater tendency of women to repose, has been expressed by saying that men are katabolic, women anabolic."

We have touched only a few of the salient features in this interesting volume, but a sufficient number, perhaps, to have given an idea of its scope and method.

Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
2. "Nancy Stair," by Elinor McCartney Lane.
3. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
4. "The Grafters," by Francis Lynde.
5. "Byways of Braith," by Frances Powell.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
4. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
5. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "He That Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell-Keays.
4. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
5. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.

Dr. Emil Reich, in whose recent "Success Among Nations" occurred several strictures on the American woman, which called forth more or less indignation, and who in the same book exalted the French woman as the secret of French success, is, it appears, married to a French lady. The doctor himself is Hungarian, though his home at present is in London.

## Napoleon's Methods.

In his great work on "Napoleon," in the Commander Series, Colonel Dodge has an interesting passage on Bonaparte's planning out of his battles. It runs:

Spreading out and bending, sometimes lying, over his maps, with a compass in his hand, which corresponded to about seven or eight hours' march as the crow flies (being nine or ten actual hours' march), marking the position of his corps and divisions with various colored pins, as well as the supposed locations of the enemy, he ordered the movements of his army with an accuracy of which one can scarcely have an idea. Moving his compass across the map, he judged immediately, according to the topography, roads, and season, how many marches any corps required to reach on a given day a certain place where he needed it, and the rate of speed demanded; and with this knowledge (and his judgment was absolute of what troops could do) he dictated the instructions the execution of which made him so famous. Napoleon avoided such general orders as would inform the enemy of his wholesale plan should they reach him, and confined himself when possible to such orders as would apply only to the movements of certain corps. Even in his own army he did not permit the general plan to be known, lest it should leak out. Each corps commander was given orders for his own manoeuvre, and was told what was essential about the neighboring corps. Just because Napoleon was thus particular were his orders such models of precision and clearness. No study will repay the student of war better than the series of orders of one campaign. The exactness of the language, the positiveness of the command, and the manifest fitting of any special order into a general scheme of which he alone is the possessor, is marked.

## New Publications.

"Hemming the Adventurer," by Theodore Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co.

"Cynthia's Rebellion," by A. E. Thomas. Charles Scribner's Sons—a light, clever epistolary novel suited to summer reading.

"The Magnetic North," by Elizabeth Robins. Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50—a story marked by not a little imagination, dealing with the Klondike country.

"Brakespeare; or, the Romance of a Free Lance," by George A. Lawrence. F. M. Buckles & Co.; \$1.00—a reprint of an historical tale of interest, which first appeared in 1868.

"The Givers," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25—a collection of eight distinctive, if somewhat unequal, stories in the author's well-known vein; it is the first published since her marriage.

"Our Political Drama: Conventions, Campaigns, and Candidates," by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. With numerous illustrations and reproductions from caricatures. Scott-Thaw Company; \$2.00—a timely and interesting volume.

"Daphne and Her Lad," by M. J. Lagen and Cally Ryland. Frontispiece. Henry Holt & Co.—a story told in letters between a woman editor of a "woman's page" in a newspaper and a sentimental male admirer; pretty silly.

"Working With the Hands," by Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a sequel to, and an elaboration of, the views expressed in "Up from Slavery," with special reference to what is actually being done at the famous school at Tuskegee.

"The Philanthropist," by John F. Causton. John Lane; \$1.50—a clever book in satiric vein exhibiting the meanness and Phariseism of human nature. "Christianity," says the author, "often turns a decent fellow into a snob, and a reasonable man into a bigot."

"Nature's Comedian," by W. E. Norris. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—another well-rounded story by this well-known English novelist, the hero of which is a handsome, clever actor with a fatal facility for falling in love, which brings him at length to a disastrous end.

"The Mother of Pauline," by L. Parry Truscott. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—a painful but interesting story of an English couple who, while engaged, surrender to passion; who are then separated by circumstance; who come together again when the woman has borne a child; who then marry, but for appearance's sake hide the child for a time, but afterward "adopt" it; who live in mortal terror of being found out because of the growing resemblance of the child to its mother, and who finally cut the Gordian knot.

"Love Among the Ruins," by Warwick Deeping. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—a book which begins like this: "The branches of the forest invoked the sky with the supplication of their thousand hands. Black, tumultuous, terrible, the wilds billowed under the moon, stifled with the night, silent as a windless sea. Winter, like a pale Semiramis of gigantic mold stood with her coronet touching the steel sky. A mighty company of stars stared frost-bright from the heavens." There are three hundred pages of this fantastic, poetical, mediæval romance, told by a modern.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Admiral Schley has just completed a memoir, in about five hundred pages, of his connection with the navy. It will be published with the title "Forty-Five Years Under the Flag." About one-third of the text deals with the Spanish-American War. At present the admiral is correcting proofs at the summer home of his daughter at Great Neck, L. I. Those who have been privileged to read the manuscript say that it is a straightforward, unvarnished narrative of a very human career, told, even in the most delicate parts, without malice, but with a knightly appreciation of the feelings of others—withal, a fine spirit of uncompromising patriotism is said to flow through the book from cover to cover.

The Macmillan Company will issue in October Jack London's new novel, "The Sea Wolf," which is now running as a serial.

Richard Le Gallienne's new book of verse bears the singular title "Painted Shadows."

The first authentic portrait of Marie Corelli ever published appears in the *Strand Magazine* this month.

The Methuens will soon publish in London a new novel by Henry James called "The Golden Bowl." It is the story of the experiences of three Americans in Europe—like "The Ambassadors."

A bit of gossip so curious as to be worth recording comes from McClure, Phillips & Co. It seems that Ford Maddox Hueffer, the nephew of D. G. Rossetti, and the author, in collaboration with Joseph Conrad, of "Romance," "always writes standing with a tame lucking fast asleep between his feet."

The new edition of the works of John Lothrop Motley recalls a curious story. In 1839, Mr. Motley wrote a novel, "Morton's Hope"; in 1869, he went to England as United States minister, and an enterprising publisher announced "a novel by the United States minister." He had forgotten what it was like; went to the British Museum to read it, and found it "engrossed by the publisher's copyist"; was invited by the chief librarian to be his guest and read it on Sunday, and bought the publisher off.

Some of the literary journals of the East are telling with great gusto of a California writer, who shall be nameless, who sent an article to a magazine, which was accepted, and a check promptly sent in payment. When asked to deposit it after he had held it a year, so that it could be returned to the office and audited with the other accounts, he replied that he had not cashed it because he had not seen his article in the magazine! He thought it would not be good until the article appeared.

Those whose memories are long enough to remember an interesting little book written a good many years ago, called "The Yoke of the Torah," by Sidney Luska, may perhaps be puzzled to see the same title with the name of Henry Harland attached. The work just mentioned, "As It Was Written" and "The Young Mrs. Peixotta," gained no small amount of circulation, and proved Luska a writer of power, of temperament, and of ability. When several years later, "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," by Henry Harland, made its appearance, there were few, perhaps there was no one, who connected Henry Harland with the name of Sidney Luska. It is said that Henry Harland was compelled to kill Sidney Luska, the Jew, out of whose ashes was to arise Henry Harland, whose name would tell nothing of his Hebraic origin to his readers.

M. Hugues Le Roux, who is now on a mission in Abyssinia, has made a curious discovery. He has found a manuscript in the ancient language of the country, giving what purports to be a contemporary account of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, whose descendants the Abyssinian monarchs claim to be.

Leading artists and authors of France have issued an exquisite volume, the proceeds of which are for the benefit of the victims of the Japanese-Russian War. Anatole France writes a chapter on the philosophy of war. Jules-Prudhomme contributes a sonnet upon the sword. The illustrations include striking portraits of Verestchagin and Tolstoy.

A new popular edition of Krüger's memoirs is to be published soon.

Caleb Powers, the former secretary of state of Kentucky, who is at present in jail, condemned to death for the murder of Governor Goebel, has about finished his book on his personal experiences during the troublous days of partisan war for the control of Kentucky.

R. W. Chambers, the American novelist, was born in Brooklyn, the son of the lawyer, William P. Chambers, in 1865. In his childhood he formed the "outdoor habit," which he preserves to this day, and, in fact, was so appy in his wanderings in the open air that

at one time he had a desire to be a naturalist. This ambition faded, however, and after he had "fooled around a year at the Art League," he went to Paris to study art. Benjamin Constant was one of his teachers. This was in the eighties. In 1893, when he returned to America, he was still "unsettled in mind," and though he went so far in the effort to earn his living as an artist as to produce some magazine illustrations, he also gave some of his time to the writing of stories. The success of these settled his future. Mr. Chambers has been an author ever since.

George Moore has finished a novel which is to be called "General Life."

The Mysteries of the Bastille.

M. Frantz Funck-Brentano, who has been selected as the Hyde lecturer at Harvard University for next winter, for over twenty years has been librarian of the vast Arsenal Library which is situated near the site once occupied by the Bastille. He is the custodian of all the documents, registers, *lettres-de-cachet*, and manuscripts of the famous prison, and has just published a book entitled "La Liste des Prisonniers de la Bastille," from 1659 to 1789, in which he gives the names and descriptions of the prisoners, and information concerning their lives and the circumstances of their arrest and detention. "Here," says the Paris correspondent, "C. I. B.," "one finds a veritable mine of material for historians, dramatists, and writers of fiction. The dossier, or record, of almost every prisoner comprises a story of crime, revenge, feminine intrigue, adventure, martyrdom, or romance."

"The list covers a period of 130 years, and during this time 5,279 persons were confined in the Bastille. Every court scandal, intrigue, crime, or conspiracy had its counterpart in the prison registers. The Marquis de Vardes and the Chevalier de Maupeou were put in the Bastille because they were charged with having written anonymous letters to the queen defamatory of Mlle. de la Vallière. Lar-messin, one of the most skilled engravers of the time, was imprisoned for life, together with his apprentice, because a copper plate was found in his shop bearing an effigy entitled 'Décadence de la France,' which represented a man vomiting forth lost battles, while a woman supported his head with her arms. The man had the features of the king, and the woman strikingly resembled Mme. de Maintenon. The king's mistresses, Mme. de Prie and Mme. de Chateauroux, managed to obtain twenty-five royal signatures for the imprisonment of their personal enemies. A score of literary men were locked up in the Bastille for life, because they were accused of writing libelous songs or pamphlets about Mme. de Pompadour. The virtuous Louis the Sixteenth sent half a dozen street poets to prison for insulting Marie Antoinette. The atmosphere of the prison in the days of the Grand Monarque was austere religious and tyrannical. With the reign of the happy-go-lucky Louis the Fifteenth it became lighter, more frivolous, and more picturesque. Many of the prisoners sent to the Bastille by him were courtiers who had incurred the enmity of the king's favorites or had aroused the vengeance of his mistresses. The severity of the prison rules were relaxed in favor of prisoners of high birth or of wealth. Existence in the Bastille was in some instances not only comfortable, but luxurious. The case is cited of the young Vicomte de Saint-Julien, imprisoned on account of some court intrigue. His rooms were fitted up by the finest upholsterers, and he was allowed to have his own cook prepare his meals. His table was served with truffled pheasants and choice wines. He was allowed to have his books and musical instruments. On Sundays he was permitted to have a friend dine with him, but all these privileges were suddenly withheld because the joyful young prisoner succeeded in seducing the comely chambermaid of the wife of the governor of the prison."

New Words for America.

There have been criticisms of the words of the song, "America," but it has remained for one Henry T. Blake to write to the air a new set of words. His poem appears in the *Connecticut Magazine*, and is better than might have been supposed. It is as follows:

THE NEW AMERICA.

All hail! Columbia grand,  
Our well-beloved land!  
Whose flag unfurled  
In majesty and might  
Calls to his starry light  
To all who love the Right,  
Throughout the World!

Hark! From Atlantic shores,  
To where Pacific roars  
In ceaseless boom;  
From never-melting snows,  
To where the orange grows,  
And lilies and the rose  
Forever bloom,

Is heard the trampling hum  
Of thronging peoples come  
To bide with thee,  
Thy boundless plains to till,  
Draw wealth from every hill,  
And myriad cities fill  
With industry.

All! All, thy children true;  
Whatever climes they knew  
For Fatherlands,  
To thee, their Mother now,  
In loyal love they bow,  
And pledge with joyous vow,  
Their hearts and hands.

Thus Nature moves apace  
Building a mighty race  
But just begun.  
To form her latest horn  
The varied brains and brawn  
From all the nations drawn  
She blends in one.

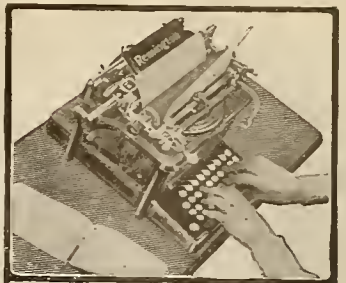
Oh, Father of all good!  
Grant that with mingling blood  
And blending soul,  
Perfecting Nature's art,  
Each nation may impart  
Its noblest traits of heart  
To crown the whole.

The love of God and truth,  
Valor, with gentle ruth  
Ever combined;  
Honor without a flaw,  
Justice, and reverent awe  
For Order throned on Law  
In deepest mind.

Bring in the Age of Gold,  
When in that perfect mold  
All men are run.  
Whose pattern form is shown  
In him who stands alone.  
The Man of Men—our own  
Great Washington!

And in those glorious hours,  
When from their thrones all powers  
Of Wrong are hurled,  
Columbia! Still on high  
Uplift thy stars to sky!  
Goddess of Liberty,  
Lighting the World!

Some one had been trying to impress on Andy Adams the romance of the life of a cowboy twenty-five years ago. "Romance!" exclaimed the author of "A Texas Matchmaker," "ask any man who ever made a trip over the trail if he was ever caught on the plains in a rainstorm with no fuel but buffalo chips. Ask him how many days passed without being able to make a cup of coffee, and did he really enjoy saturated clothing and wet blankets, and how far from the wagon would the herd drift on such a night. Ask him if he ever worked in the north, when every morning he shook the drifting snow from his blankets, and in the eye of a blizzard rode to turn a winter drift of cattle. If he answers in the affirmative inquire further if he was ever lifted out of a saddle, benumbed with cold, and did he really feel that the occupation was a romantic one. If still unsatisfied ask him, from a sanitary standpoint, if there was anything would beat spreading his underclothing on an ant-bill to remove the vermin."



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Charmion continues to be the most notable attraction at the Orpheum, although Olive May and J. W. Albaugh, Jr., play a rivaling second in Grant Stewart's bright and taking comedietta, "The Girl From Kansas." Mr. Albaugh, as a handsome young Mexican in white duck, with a red silk sash girding his waist and a Roman scarf wound around his jaunty hat, is like nothing so much a piece of human brie-à-bac. The young man has a Mexican accent to match, to which he sticks consistently, and he acts with more repose and better taste than we are trained to expect from the average vaudeville player.

Miss May, who plays the enfranchised maid from Kansas, is recognizable as the young actress whose portraits stand for Bonita in the illustrated edition of Augustus Thomas's "Arizona." She is a bouncing blonde, fresh and wholesome, with a hearty style of address, and a personality so breezy and attractive as to make entirely plausible the rapid bowling over in the play of the susceptible young Mexican.

The comedietta is quite a sparkling little affair, containing a number of smart hits at the female suffragist who runs her social and municipal rivalries in pairs, and who discusses politics and peroxide hair in a breath.

Selected operatic scenes are always enormously popular at the Orpheum. I fancy music of the Wagnerian school would be listened to more coldly, but the familiar gems from Italian opera are always bailed with delight. The Decker-Russo-Ahramoff trio continue this week their singing of the prison scene from "Faust," which never fails to bring down the house. Edith Decker's young, strong, ringing voice dominates the others noticeably. It drowns Russo's in places, although the little tenor is in good voice. Longer training and greater moderation in the use of her fine soprano ought to secure this young lady a recognized place on the concert stage.

There are the usual fill-in specialties, queer mixtures of horse-play, rag-time, and slang, to which the non-habitue listens with inner protest and outward lethargy. They induce a state of mental vacuity into which vagrant fancies will occasionally intrude. As to what, for instance, would happen if a Kittie McCarty should suddenly execute a break-down on a real instead of a painted dock, to a similar accompaniment of billowing lingerie being periodically stabbed by a pair of darting black legs? Would she be arrested? Or would the horny-handed sons of toil gather in uproarious acclaim? What would Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, think if they could list to the fog-horny trio which closes the refined entertainment of the Hughes? They would probably turn away with their fingers in their ears. I am persuaded, though, that even those haughty classicists would be arrested in mid-flight at sight of Charmion.

Not that Charmion is a beauty: far from it. Her saucy little visage is something like that of a well-groomed, good-looking pug-dog of sporting proclivities. But she thoroughly understands the art of catching the house. The little trapezist comes running in all glittering with jet and sparkling with diamonds. A plumed picture-hat goes flippety-flop above her be-diamonded pompadour, and the train of her dress goes wiggling after her like an inquisitive snake. She leaps up to the trapeze and whirls round and round like a revolving Parisian doll. It is certainly a curious sensation to see a plentifully be-feathered picture-hat and a decorous, long-tailed, jet-covered dress performing revolutions on a trapeze.

But suddenly Charmion pauses, debates within herself, and finally puts her hands to the fastenings of her waist with a tentative movement. Apparently reassured by the friendly calm of the audience, she strips it off expeditiously, revealing a dainty pink corset. Her dress skirt is next unfastened and allowed to drop off, and every eye is instantly fastened to a dream of a Dresden silk petticoat, all pink roses and lace cascades.

Before parting with her petticoat, the picture-hat describes an arc through the air, and then the trapezist discards her high-heeled walking-shoes and black stockings, beneath which appear pink tights and heelless satin shoes. She is a small woman, with proportionally diminutive feet, which stand being doubly shod remarkably well. Then follows the Dresden petticoat and the pink corset, and Charmion makes a show of being rebuffed by the loosening of her garments. She affects modesty at the next step. She has

but one garment left over her fleshings, a white silk slip, trimmed with quantities of lace insertion. With an air of sudden resolution she gets rid of it by simply turning herself upside down, and with one hand giving it a sudden twitch over her head and shoulders while she suspends herself from the trapeze by the other. The last garment off, Charmion stands revealed in her trapeze costume of pink silk tights, with bodice and trunks of pink satin.

All this time she has been amusing the audience with pouts and smiles, infantile cooings and goings, and occasionally displays of beautifully rounded mounds of muscle. She hums a casual accompaniment to the orchestra, talks to herself like a baby, and intimates in pantomime: "This is as easy as falling off a log; any one of you could do it if you tried," and all the time the house hangs upon her least movements, absorbing her audacities and coquetties with infinite relish. She is certainly a cool and skillful trapezist, although I imagine that if the act were divested of all the entertaining accessories incidental to the undressing, and if Charmion were less completely equipped with fleshly attractions, she would not be considered to over-top the rank and file of her fellow-professionals.

Following out her plan of winning the audience by feminine wiles, Charmion closes her act by throwing over the house little photo buttons of herself, which excite much envious competition among children, adolescents, and even grown men, who hold up their hats to divert the desired souvenirs their way.

A sequel to a good story is rarely as inspired as the original work, to which it serves merely as an addendum. I extracted so much enjoyment from a recent performance at the Alcazar of "The Prisoner of Zenda," that I went with some sense of anticipation to see "Rupert of Hentzau." But the latter turns out to be merely a sequel; nothing more. The book was evidently written in response to a popular demand, for Anthony Hope had really said his last word about the two Rudolfs in his conclusion to "The Prisoner of Zenda." A popular author, however, is obliged sometimes to resurrect characters over whose careers he has practically written "Hic jacet." The annual exchange of etherealized love-tokens between the English Rudolf and Queen Flavia constituted the best solution for a love-affair that could continue to exist only in the pure light of romance.

And now, in "Rupert of Hentzau," back comes Rudolf Rassendyll to Ruritania, all in a wild whirl of daring and adventure about nothing in particular. The blameless queen has written to him a letter avowing a love of whose existence her royal spouse is already aware, and to bid a final farewell to the lover who is too chivalrous to make assaults upon her wifely integrity. Thereupon, because Rupert of Hentzau has seized this letter and means to use it, several gallant gentlemen face battle, murder, and sudden death in order to recover a document that exculpates more than it compromises.

And then Rudolf Rassendyll fortuitously appears upon the scene, and promptly proceeds to play hide and seek with his royal counterpart. He leads an agitated career through the play, making sudden entrances and frantic exits, scaling balconies—for he is not given to patronizing plain, ordinary doors—dashing behind curtains, and playing eaves-dropper in the shadow of open doors. In fact, he is obliged to be so furtive in the pursuit of adventure that no queen of any spirit and dignity could have maintained at such high-pressure the hero-worship which was offered up at his shrine by that somewhat colorless princess, Flavia of Ruritania.

To one who had never read the book, it would prove something of a puzzle as to just what was going to be the outcome of all this pother in the play. Would they kill off the feeble king? Useless. Flavia would still be a daughter of royalty, unable to wed with a commoner. Would it be another long farewell over again for the lovers, as in "The Prisoner of Zenda"? Probably. No other solution seemed possible. Or would they separate them by death? Extremely unlikely. It would be an unnecessary shock to the sympathies of the audience.

This state of suspense, so stimulating to the interest of the looker-on, is an important element in a good play, but there is a suspicion of trickery in the way it is utilized in the last act of "Rupert of Hentzau." The sympathizing spectator hears the English Rudolf—urged by the queen, Sapt, and his two lieutenants to permanently assume the identity of the dead king—nobly refuse. To Sapt's pressing arguments as to the expediency of the assumption, he merely replies: "Lies, lies; all lies. Sapt, you would make a rogue of me." He leaves the room to resist further entreaties, and the seasoned spectator says to himself, sapiently: "This is the way he cuts the Gordian knot. He will never come back." A shot is heard, and Rudolf staggers in wounded. The seasoned spectator is almost equally staggered, but reflects self-justifyingly: "Oh, well, didn't I say he might be killed off?" And suddenly, to his inexpressible surprise and moral indignation,

he sees the curtain going down on Rudolf Rassendyll's final consent to be a usurper.

A bad ending, if only for the reason that the Englishman has already argued so sturdily and cogently against the had ethics of the impersonation, that he influences the looker-on, who believes him possessed of too fixed an integrity to be a party to it. Thus, with all his sympathies in revolt, he sees the curtain fall on a hero with feet of clay, and, as I have said, he experiences a moral shock.

Some apprentice to literature might put in practice by writing another sequel in order to work out the logical retribution that would befall the Rassendyll of the play. It would show how he writhed under his false dignities. How a secret and dangerously betraying marriage with the widowed queen was necessary. How the queen grew cold because her hero, in weekly granting her prayer, was a hero no longer. How James, Rassendyll's servant, levied blackmail upon the false king because he was in the secret. How Sapt's two lieutenants grew jealous of each other's favor in pseudo-royal eyes, and were given to disturbing hints and dangerous babblings when in their cups. How Sapt himself was wont to be over-familiar when alone with the king he had practically created, and proved an inconveniently strict tutor in the matters of court etiquette and statecraft. How, in fact, a genuine man became a mountebank and a fearless one, a prey to ceaseless fears.

These reflections, it must be admitted, are treasonable to the book which has the right ending; treasonable also when intruding into the fields of romance, but they are the natural result of Rudolf's clear-headed right-mindedness when the imposture is first suggested to him. And besides, in the play at least, the romance is strung out to attenuation. Indeed there are a few scenes that faintly approach the farcical. The actors are becoming so used to royalty at the Alcazar that they grow over-familiar. I saw Sapt nudge the royal person, and Fritz's young wife lay a familiar hand upon Queen Flavia's arm. Even Rassendyll forgot the reverence that hedges royalty, and uttered a "damn" in Flavia's presence, the while she smiled indulgently upon him. And, indeed, there was a general nonchalant aspect on all those immediately surrounding the king, which was quite painful to our American ideas of the respect and deep deference due to royalty. For there is never so great a stickler for court etiquette as your democrat who has never been to a court.

White Whittlesey as the "king-uh," as he calls it, had some very athletic work cut out for him. There was a thrilling dueling bout between Rassendyll and Rupert—the rôle of the devil-may-care count being played with considerable dash by Luke Connors—and a constant succession of lightning changes for Mr. Whittlesey: consisting principally, I fancy, of slipping on and off a coat and false beard, and clapping gilt tassels on his king-ship's boots.

Mr. Whittlesey ought to make a desperate attempt to divest himself of a certain suggestion of effeminacy in his bearing. Somehow, tall and broad-shouldered as he is, his forward-tilted gait is apt to suggest that of a lady in a straight-front corset. But he has good points. In spite of undoubted limitations, both of style and temperament, he is evidently interested and thoroughly painstaking in his work, and has no difficulty in making himself extremely popular with the Alcazar patrons. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Frederick Warde declares that his forthcoming tour with Wagenhals and Kemper's spectacular production of "Salambo," in which he will be associated with Kathryn Kidder, will be his farewell to the regular stage. This will not mean that he is to retire from public life, however, as he is to adopt the lecture platform, with Shakespeare and the other great dramatic classics as his theme.

The management of Fischer's Theatre desire to correct the impression that their prices have been advanced. The ruling prices for reserved seats still remain: Twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents at nights; Saturday and Sunday matinees, twenty-five and fifty cents; children at matinees, ten and twenty-five cents.

With Israel Zangwill as author, Cecilia Loftus as star, and Guy Standing as leading man, "The Serio-Comic Governess," opening at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, next month, seems one of the season's most promising offerings.

Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy" and Maxine Elliott in "Her Only Way" will be seen here this fall.

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Monday, August 8th, one week. Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday, WHITE WHITTLESEY and the Alcazar Stock Company presenting  
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Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.  
Monday, August 15th—White Whittlesey in Hall Caine's powerful drama, **The Manxman**.

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Week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, **MR. JAMES NEILL**  
And the original Neill Company in Octave Feuillet's drama,  
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By special arrangement with Mr. Richard Mansfield.  
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Sunday matinee, August 14th—**The Lottery of Love**.

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August 15th—**For Her Children's Sake**.

**Orpheum**  
Week commencing Sunday matinee, August 7th. Vaudeville's superlative! The Five Madcaps, including Miss Lena Madcap with the latest radio effects; Foy and Clark; Guyer and O'Neill; McCabe, Sabine, and Vera; Les Olopas; Hughes Musical Trio; Empire Comedy Four, Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Olive May and J. W. Albaugh, Jr.  
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## STAGE GOSSIP.

**"The Toreador" a Hit at the Tivoli.**

This has certainly been an enjoyable week for local theatre-goers, for in addition to Henry Miller's admirable performance of Madeleine Lucette Ryley's "Mice and Men" at the Columbia, every theatre in town has had something novel or tempting to offer its patrons. Interesting revivals of Bronson Howard's military spectacle, "Shenandoah" and "The Lady of Lyons" have crowded the Grand Opera House and Alcazar Theatre, respectively; a new spectacular burlesque, "The Whirl of the Town," has been happily launched at Fischer's; Kirk La Sells's stirring new melodrama, "Sergeant James," has pleased the Central's audiences; and the Orpheum hill, unusually varied and entertaining, is brightened by the vaudeville debut here of Olive May in a breezy little curtain-raiser called "The Girl from Kansas." Last, but not least, is the Tivoli's surprisingly fine production of the English musical comedy, "The Toreador," which has scored even a greater success than the revival of "Robin Hood," and is in for a long and prosperous run. The lyrics are well written, and the music, while not of a particularly high order, is nevertheless catchy and jingling, and goes with a dash and spirit that is refreshing.

Undoubtedly the most valuable of the new members of the company is Melville Ellis, not because of his neat impersonation of Augustus Trull, of the British consulate at Villaya, but for his noticeable share in the stage management, his arrangement of the graceful dances and groupings, and his contribution of two of the prettiest songs in the score, "Rose Anna," sung by Carrie Reynolds, a nimble-footed, sprightly soubrette, recently seen here with the Rogers Brothers, and "Winning Ways," daintily rendered by Dora de Philippe. Mr. Ellis has a fine blond stage presence, is at least six feet tall, and knows how to wear his smart clothes well, lending a certain air of style and distinction to the male contingent of the Tivoli's company, which has hitherto been sadly lacking.

Teddy Webb makes the hit of his career as the cockney footman, who is mistaken in Spain for Carajolo, the famous toreador. His topical song, "The Ladies' Home Journal," comes in for half a dozen encores nightly. This is not due so much to the words, which are really amusing, but to the droll antics introduced by the diminutive comedian, and his perfect enunciation which enables all in the house to catch every word and enjoy every joke. Willard Simms, no longer the Sheriff of Nottingham, succeeds in extracting much fun from the rôle of Sir Archibald, his make-up, lip, and English accent being excellent. He is handicapped, however, by several tame songs that are neither tuncful nor especially humorous, such as "Everybody's Awfully Good to Me" and "Archie."

Others of note in the cast are Kate Condon, whose velvety contralto is heard to advantage in "O! Señor, Pray" and "My Toreador"; Mary Young, another pretty newcomer, who manages, by her daintiness and graceful dancing, to make one forget the limitations of her tiny voice; Bessie Tannehill, more youthful-looking than ever, as a rich widow; John Dunsmore as Carajolo, the real toreador; and John P. Kennedy as Pettifer, a dealer in wild animals. The latter, also a new addition to the company, does some acrobatic dancing that is novel and taking, but his humor is unconvincing, and he sings in a rather mechanical manner.

The costumes are beautiful and endless, and the two stage settings—a flower-garden in Biarritz, and Villaya, a town on the borders of Spain—are charmingly conceived and full of suggestive detail.

Too much can not be said in praise of the stage management, for which, by the way, our old friend, Ferris Hartman, is also partly responsible. In fact, so thoroughly was the production rehearsed, that a critical stranger, dropping in at the Tivoli on Monday night, might have witnessed the performance and gone home happy in the belief that he had been listening to a first-class, dollar-and-a-half Eastern company closing its tour in San Francisco, after having presented "The Toreador" for an entire season. High praise, it is true, but richly deserved, nevertheless.

**Henry Miller's New Play.**

The first production in America of Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Joseph Entangled," will be given by Henry Miller and his augmented company at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. Charles Frohman has arranged to offer the play to New Yorkers shortly, after it is seen here, with the same people in the cast. Besides Mr. Miller, the players will include Hilda Spong, Jessie Busley, Grace Heyer, Maggie Holloway Fisher, John Glendinning, Frederick Tyler, J. H. Mannes, Stanley Dark, Walter Allen, Frederick Tieden, and Charles W. Butler. The plot of the play briefly is as follows: Lady Verona Mayne, the wife of Mr. Mayne, runs up to London town unexpectedly out of the season, and goes to her own house. By a strange coincidence, Sir Joseph, an old admirer, comes to town that very night, and having lost his

luggage, asks Lady Verona's butler, who does not know that she is in town, to put him up for the night. The next morning the two meet at breakfast, and they are discovered at this compromising meal by two friends of Mr. Mayne, who have come to the house to meet him on business. Sir Joseph tells the friends the story of his lost luggage, which is regarded as not even a fairly decent lie. Lady Verona's mouth is sealed, because she has come to town to prevent the elopement of a giddy sister. Sir Joseph does more explaining, and then, finding his effort serves no purpose, stops talking. Mr. Mayne, who has also unexpectedly come to town, hearing of this breakfast, goes home much excited, but from the welcome concealment of a curtain, hears Lady Verona's sister tell all about the frustrated elopement. He then believes his wife's tale, and all ends happily.

**First Production of "Sheridan" Here.**

White Whittlesey's next week's offering at the Alcazar Theatre will be "Sheridan; or, the Maid of Bath," written for E. H. Sothern by Paul M. Potter, the dramatizer of "Trilby," and author of "The Conquerors." It is a comedy of manners, founded upon incidents in the life of the brilliant young Irishman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who wrote "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." Dramatic license has been used to connect David Garrick, the famous actor, and Michael Kelly, the eccentric art patron, with a love-story with which, in real life, they had no part, and to make the production of "The Rivals" precede Sheridan's own marriage. The scenes include the pump-room at Bath, the manager's room at Covent Garden Theatre, and Sheridan's London lodgings at Castle Tavern, where, as a spirited climax, the dashing young Irish playwright wins a wife by fighting a duel. Eugenie Thais Lawton, who has achieved a real triumph as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" this week, will be the Maid of Bath. The late Wilson Barrett's dramatization of Hall Caine's "The Manxman," will follow on August 15th.

**Spectacular Burlesque at Fischer's.**

Fischer's Theatre is itself once more, and crowded houses are again the rule at the popular little home of burlesque on O'Farrell Street. Gradually, and with much effort, the management has gathered together a new company of even excellence, and of late they have substituted Eastern successes for the feeble efforts of Judson Brusie, et al. As a result, the public has taken heart again, and proved its appreciation by filling the theatre at every performance. The opening night of "The Whirl of the Town" proved to be quite a gala affair. Flossie Hope, the dainty little dancer, made her reappearance, and received a noisy welcome and a wealth of floral pieces. She shared the honors of the evening with Lionel Lawrence, who re-wrote the burlesque for local presentation. Dorothy Morton, despite the fact that she was suffering from a cold, won much applause with her two new songs, "Oh, Willie, Don't You Lose Me" and "The Little Brown Man of Japan." Among the other musical hits was "Mademoiselle Manhattan," capably sung by Nora Bays, who appears as Evangeline Earlybird, the queen of the night on Market Street; and "Roxianna Dooley," revived by Ben Dillon. Others in the cast are Bobby North, Edwin Clark, Jack Prentice, Al Bruce, George Keane, and Mr. Archard. "The Anheuser Push" is the title of the burlesque to follow "The Whirl of the Town."

**"A Bunch of Keys" at the Central.**

Charles Hoyt's ever-welcome farce-comedy, "A Bunch of Keys," which pictures the woes of a hotel manager, who is the victim of an irrepressible hell-boy, and the hundred and one scares and shocking predicaments which that reckless urchin brings upon the hotel guests, will be revived at the Central Theatre on Monday night, with a fine cast. James Corrigan, a great favorite here, will have a prominent rôle, also Henry Shumer, who has just re-

turned from his summer vacation. The piece will abound in clever specialties. Verne Castro, Julia Blanc, and Edna Ellsmere will sing new songs, and the Allen Sisters, who made quite a hit with his Irish jigs and reels during the production of "Robert Emmett," will appear in new fancy dances. Agnes Ranken, the clever little ingénue, will also be in the cast, and will sing several popular songs.

**Neill in a Famous Mansfield Role.**

James Neill continues to fill the Grand Opera House. He will begin the sixth week of his engagement to-morrow (Sunday) matinee with an elaborate production of Octave Feuillet's famous five-act drama, "A Parisian Romance." Mr. Neill will play the rôle of Baron de Chevalier, the dissipated old roué, clinging tenaciously to life, its pleasures and vanities, hitherto associated with Richard Mansfield. He will be supported by the original Neill company. This will be the first production of this play at fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents. On Sunday matinee, August 14th, Augustin Daly's comedy, "The Lottery of Love," will be presented.

**The Orpheum's Excellent Bill.**

The five Madcaps, acrobatic dancing-girls, who created such a sensation here two years ago, will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week. A special feature of their act will be a radium dance by Lena Madcap. Among the other new-comers will be Harry Foy and Flo Clark, the well-known and popular comedy duo, who return with another novel sketch, entitled "Old Curiosity Shop," and Charles Guyer and Nellie O'Neil, eccentric dancers. The latter present a terpsichorean specialty said to be absolutely different from anything of the kind ever offered before. Those retained from this week's bill are Olive May and J. W. Albaugh, Jr., who will continue in Grant Stewart's comedy; McCabe, Sabin and Vera, in new specialties; Les Olopas, the European novelty musicians and jugglers; the Hughes Musical Trio, who will change their instrumental selections; and the Empire Comedy Four.

"The Darling of the Gods," the Belasco-Long Japanese play, with Blanche Bates in the leading rôle, is now the dramatic feature of the St. Louis exposition. On the opening night, a fortnight ago, the Imperial Theatre, which David Belasco has leased for the period of the fair, was crowded to the doors with a brilliant audience. It is said that the advance sale is tremendous, and the success of the enterprise assured.

Frederick Belasco has secured the exclusive Western rights to "Tess of the d'Urvilles" and "Marta of the Lowlands" for the tour of Florence Roberts, who is soon to be seen here. Hobart Bosworth, who was Mrs. Fiske's leading man last season, and originated the leading rôle in "Marta of the Lowlands," has been engaged as Miss Roberts's leading man.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The standards of social honor in army life are discussed by an officer's wife—who dates her letter from Monterey, Cal., and signs herself "An Army Woman"—in a communication to the *New York Sun*. There will be interested speculation in army circles regarding the authorship of the letter. "A recent woman writer," she begins, "has declared that in society generally honor between man and man is an insignificant equation as compared to honor between officer and officer in the army. To illustrate her point, she said that good-fellowship and comradeship exist between officers and the wives of other officers without any fear or suggestion of scandal (real or imagined) such as invariably accompanies the same relations in civil life. This, according to her, is due to an intense loyalty between brother-officers. My impressions, gathered during several years of army life, are different. It is safe to assert, as a first premise, that our army is neither better nor worse, morally and mentally, than any equal number of men and women in more or less the same strata of life outside the army. Possibly if we are honest—and can endure the charge of cynicism—we will admit that in the army, as in all this modern world, there is a crime forbidden by the unwritten law of the twentieth century against which Moses and the prophets were never warned. Sometimes it is called the Eleventh Commandment, and it is: 'Thou shalt not be found out.' If there actually is any higher moral standard in the army (which I doubt), it is unquestionably because of this crime of being 'found out.' It is difficult in army life to cover one's tracks; things are known and proven more quickly and easily than out in the world, and the punishment of being 'found out' is more apt to 'fit the crime.' In civil life, short of capital crime, men suffer only a slight discomfort as a result of their social offenses—especially for offenses embodied in the first section of the Tenth Commandment—and often nothing happens to them at all. In the army similar offenses, if discovered, mean not only social ostracism, but also the loss of a man's career, and often his sole means of support. This is a serious matter, and the fear of it, acting like the fabled word of Damocles, keeps many a natural born backslider in the straight and narrow path. The fear of consequences—human or eternal—is probably the strongest of all motives governing mankind; and in the army, the consequences of being so much worse, possibly the standard of excellence is proportionately higher.

"The writer to whom I have referred spoke touchingly of the relations between army men and women, and of the necessarily innocuous nature of the attentions of officers to the wives of brother-officers. Now, this is really too absurd. In the army a man's attentions to another man's wife mean exactly what they do in civil life, neither more nor less, and are as frequently harmless in the army as out of it, but not more so. In one sense this writer is correct. There is more *laissez faire* in some garrisons than in civil life, except among those known as the 'smart set,' with whom such freedom of conduct is a matter of course. In garrisons where those who compose them must often for months at a stretch rely exclusively upon each other for all social intercourse—as, for example, in the Philippines and many undesirable posts in this country—people become intimately acquainted, and a freedom of fellowship is engendered which would be impossible elsewhere. A man's code of honor is a curious thing, as we know from the well-established fact that while a man usually finds it impossible to betray his friend he will often not hesitate to betray a mere acquaintance, or a man he has never seen. Yet, of course, the course of dishonor is quite as grave in the one case as in the other. But even this discrimination does not carry between officers, many of whom have never seen or heard of each other (except impersonally in the army register). It would be difficult to find in civil life more indifference to the aims, success, or happiness of the individual than exists in our army, where, though friendships are true and strong—often born of and always cemented by propinquity—intolerance, lack of sympathy, of justice, or true comradeship are as humanly frequent as in any other sphere of life."

Commenting on the arrest in a New Jersey bathing resort of former consul to Java, Joseph Solomonson, for appearing, not in a conventional bathing suit, but in a long and voluminous robe, the *New York Times* says that "what strikes the Oriental, and likewise him who has parted with some of his Occidentalism by abiding near the gates of dawn, is the whimsicality of popular prejudice. Bare arms and shoulders at a dance, bare feet and legs on the crowded strand, hair down the back after the bath, peckaboo waists and flapping skirts, do not faze Mr. Solomonson's neighbors a bit. On the contrary. But bare-headed, bare-footed disciple of Pasho Knipp, who thoughtfully conceals his defective proportions in a robe as unreveal-

ing as a gunny sack, is hailed before the justice of the peace as if he were a criminal bent on corrupting youth. It is not so many centuries ago that people did not even wear a night-gown when they retired. Yet here we are confronted with a popular superstition that the nighty is immoral—that chaste, non-committal drapery behind which the bow-legged is safe from the scorn and the scrawny is the equal of a Venus or the Apollo Belvedere. If there is anything immoral in Solomonson's night-gown, it is immorality of a subtle kind, better defined as insincerity, for it conceals instead of explaining. How many a person, arrayed for the public bath in habiliments which seem ingeniously designed to accentuate all the worst points in the physical make-up, must yearn for the kindly embrace of a nighty both long and wide, that nighty which certain Jerseymen besmirk with the innuendo of naughtiness."

"Fashion changes even in the color of a woman's hair," according to "M. A. P."; "twenty years ago hair with a reddish tinge was called 'carrots'; now Titian-colored locks are reckoned a definite beauty, and are possessed by several of the most popular women in London. Besides Lady Anglesey, there may be mentioned Lady Mary Sackville, Mrs. George Hill-Trevor, Mrs. Clayton-Glyn, and Miss Rube, whose engagement was recently announced. And Lady Emily Stanhope, daughter of Lord and Lady Stanhope, has also hair of this bright-tinted description. In an old book written by the late Mrs. Haweis, entitled 'The Art of Beauty,' there is a clever chapter on 'Visible and Invisible Girls,' in which the first word was said in favor of the long-neglected red-haired sisterhood. And they were seriously advised to dress in the pre-Raphaelite style. Now how strange it all seems! Time changes all things. At last week's private view of Reginald Pannett's 'Sketches of the Women of To-Day' a charming lady of much Parisian chic was cleverly pictured with red hair, attired in a rose-red gown, and the effect was perfect. The bright-haired beauty has come to her own in 1904."

A singular letter, signed simply "John Bull," recently appeared in the London *Daily Mail* apropos of a discussion about the American girl. It runs: "Mr. Lindsay's tirade against the delightful American girl as seen by Miss Marie Corelli seems to me an outrage upon truth. For my part I am not ashamed to say that I do not believe that nature's ideal of sympathy and kindness and sincerity finds a better exponent than in the American woman—the same wherever you meet them, London, Washington, Savannah, Baltimore, or New York. They say what they mean; they do not go through life with the conviction that prettiness is an excuse for stupidity; they yield to the women of no nation under the sun in the quality of womanliness and tenderness. For my part I am not ashamed to confess, under the cover of my anonymity, that the one woman in the world I would have chosen for my wife was an American girl whom I met for one brief month at Wiesbaden. I doubted myself, and lost my chance; and I think I shall never cease to regret it all my life."

A brilliant writer recently told Dr. Richard Cole Newton—so he says in the *Medical Journal*—"that the world seems to be reverting to the old Grecian love of physical prowess and admiration for the body beautiful. Of course, we are a long way from this yet. Fancy our hollow-chested, pigeon-toed women with their square hips and hour-glass waists dressed as the Greeks used to dress. Fancy our average business man with his protuberant paunch and skinny arms posing as a Greek hero. Sad as this thought is, there is room for encouragement. Our people, both men and women, are improving in size, figure, and carriage, and will continue to improve. Whether the general intelligence and mental development will ever reach as high an average among us as it did among the Athenians is quite another question."

The letter began, "My Sweet Anne." Surely a stranger must be pardoned for reading it through, for it was found hidden snugly away between the leaves of a dusty and ancient volume of poems drawn from a great library. The finder, who records his find in the *Tribune*, took it carefully to the librarian. The envelope was missing, and the pages were a trifle yellow at the edges and the ink a little dim. The date was June 12, 1860, and it was signed "Lloyd." "Another one?" said the librarian, inquiringly; "out of the old edition of Moore? Well, I guess we won't send it back. I generally return personal letters if they are of enough interest and nobody calls for them. We shake every book that is returned, and almost always something falls out. It may be a letter like the one you have just found, or a visiting card, or a hair-pin. Almost invariably the treasures that we unfold bear the earmarks of feminine possession. I am not charging woman with carelessness. I am simply stating a fact. Generally the things we find are documentary in their nature."

Last week I shook out of a book on bome life a signed and indorsed check for \$70 made payable to the dressmaker whose statement of account was pinned to it. On another occasion a \$50 bank-note fluttered out. Both were called for within a short time. Occasionally one gives us a glimpse of a love secret or a tragedy. Not so long ago a letter was taken from a book which was of such an unusual nature that I remembered the names concerned long enough to recognize them in the newspaper reports of a court case which divided a family. The letter was addressed to a woman, and filled with the frank and open avowal of a man's forbidden love; for the woman was the wife of another. I carefully secreted the missive, and a few hours later was confronted by a tall, heavily veiled lady, who asked if a letter had been found in a book, which happened to be a morbid problem novel of great popularity at the time, the work of a well-known English woman. The question was asked in a voice which tried hard not to shake. I handed the letter over, and the woman hastily took herself off. Yet the writings we find in books are not always so intimate. Embroidery silk by the yard and of rainbow hues may be fished out from some novels; and, alas! an occasional cigarette paper. The evidences of masculine forgetfulness, however, are rarer."

## The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
July 28th.....	64	52	.00	Clear
" 29th.....	72	50	.00	Clear
" 30th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 31st.....	64	52	.00	Clear
August 1st.....	62	54	.00	Clear
" 2d.....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 3d.....	58	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 3, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	100 @ 105		105	105 1/2
Bay Co. Power 5%	10,000 @ 102-103		101 1/2	
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%	5,000 @ 102		101 1/2	104
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5% .....	4,000 @ 84 1/2-85		85	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	7,000 @ 99-99 1/2		99 1/2	101
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	9,000 @ 115-115 1/2		115	
Los Angeles Light- ing Gtd. 5% .....	4,000 @ 102 1/2			103 1/2
Market St. Ry. 6%	3,000 @ 114		113 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 1st Con. 5% .....	2,000 @ 114		113 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 6% .....	1,000 @ 105		105	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% .....	3,000 @ 105		105	
Oakland Transit 5% .....	1,000 @ 110		110	
Oakland Transit Con. 5% .....	6,000 @ 103		102 1/2	103
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	14,000 @ 105 1/2-105		105 1/2	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5% .....	7,000 @ 99 1/2		99 1/2	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5% .....	5,000 @ 117 1/2		117 1/2	118
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910 .....	7,000 @ 108 1/2-108 1/2		108 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905, S. A. ....	10,000 @ 103 1/2		103	103 1/2
S. P. Branch, 6% .....	5,000 @ 132 1/2		131 1/2	
S. V. Water 6% .....	1,000 @ 106 1/2		106 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% .....	9,000 @ 98 1/2-99 1/2		98 1/2	99 1/2
S. V. Water 4% 3d.	8,000 @ 99 1/2		99 1/2	100

	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
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Spring Valley .....	615 @ 36 1/2-37		36 1/2	37
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	BANKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
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American National	50 @ 125		125	130
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Anglo-California .....	12 @ 85		85	87
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Bank of California	15 @ 420		420	425
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	SUGARS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
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Hawaiian C. S. ....	215 @ 51 1/2-52 1/2		52	53
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Honokaa S. Co. ....	85 @ 12		11 1/2	12
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Hutchinson .....	195 @ 8		8	
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Makawell S. Co. ....	55 @ 23 1/2-23 3/4		23	24
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Paahau S. Co. ....	140 @ 13 1/2		13	13 1/2
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	GAS AND ELECTRIC.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
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Central L. & P. ....	100 @ 3 1/2		3 1/2	3 3/4
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S. F. Gas & Electric.	77 @ 61-61 1/2		61	61 1/2
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	MISCELLANEOUS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
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Alaska Packers .....	210 @ 127-130		126 1/2	
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Cal. Fruit Cannery.	15 @ 90 1/2		90	100
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Cal. Wine Assn. ....	10 @ 88		88	
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Pac. Coast Borax .....	45 @ 150 1/2-155 1/2		157	
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Spring Valley Water was steady at 36 1/2-37-61 1/2 shares changing hands—closing at 36 1/2 bid, 37 asked.

There has been a better demand for the sugars, and, on sales of 700 shares, have made fractional advances, the market closing firm, with small offerings.

Alaska Packers sold up two and one-half points to 130 on sales of 210 shares, closing at 126 1/2 bid, 130 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up one-half point to 61 1/2 on small sales, closing at 61 bid, 61 1/2 asked.

American National Bank was quoted at 125, Anglo-California Bank at 85, Bank of California at 420.

## INVESTMENTS.

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men seek a pure tonical stimulant

**Hunter**  
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**Rye**

on account of its age, purity, flavor, satisfies all needs.

Physicians recommend and prescribe it.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
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SAN FRANCISCO.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century .....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine .....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas .....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar .....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) .....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) .....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World .....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly .....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine .....	4.40
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Argonaut and Critic .....	5.10
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Argonaut and the Criterion .....	4.35
Argonaut and Outlook .....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set .....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset .....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young graduate in law, who had had some experience in New York City, wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to inquire what chance there was in that section for such a one as he described himself to be. He said: "I am a Republican in politics, and an honest young lawyer." The reply that came seemed encouraging in its interest: "If you are a Republican the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

A "positively true tale" of Scotch pawkinness is sent us by a naval correspondent. He traveled up to Invernesshire by a Scotsman, on whose taciturnity he failed, after many efforts, to impinge. The Scotsman still stared dully, fixedly from the train. At last intelligence began to show in his face, and grew to ecstasy, and he shouted in his excitement: "Look here, look here, that's whaur it was." His companion rushed to the window. "In yon wee town," continued the Scotsman, "I was charged saxpence for yin cup of coffee."

An English student tells that when he was attending school at Leipzig the feeling regarding the Boer war ran high, the Germans eagerly exulting over any news of British defeat. One of the university professors was the most rabid pro-Boer. One day he posted a notice announcing that there would be a meeting of the professorate to protest against the action of England in South Africa, and that the meeting would be held in the Zoological Gardens. An English student was bold enough to write under the notice: "And a very good place, too," but he had to leave the university on account of his wit.

In Cuha, one night during the El Caney affair, General Lawton was watching a lot of his soldiers file past, and among them he noticed a burly negro corporal, a six-footer, who, in addition to two guns and two full cartridge belts, was carrying a dog. The soldier to whom the extra gun belonged was limping alongside his comrade. The general halted the overloaded soldier. "Look here," he said; "you marched all night, fought all day, and are marching again." "Yes, sah," responded the negro. "Then," said Lawton, "why on earth are you carrying that dog?" "Why, general," said the negro, with a grin, "the dog's tired."

Jay Hambridge, the artist, spent last summer in a sleepy New England village where the older inhabitants are opposed to anything modern. There was a meeting of the hose company one night, and one of the younger members announced that there was a sum of money left in the treasury. He suggested that a chandelier be bought with it. But at this juncture one of the old inhabitants slowly arose and cleared his throat. "I'll vote dead agin any such a fool plan to squander money," he announced, firmly; "for what's the use of huyin' one of them dern things when it's likely there isn't any one in the hull company that knows how to play it?"

Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, of Concord, is fond of telling of an old servant whose heart was exceedingly kind, and in whom the qualities of pity and compassion were developed nearly to perfection. He was once driving his master and Emerson through the country. As they approached a new house that the master was building, they saw an old woman sneaking away with a bundle of wood. "Jabez, Jabez," cried the master; "do you see that old woman taking my wood?" Jabez looked with pity at the old woman, then with scorn at his master. "No, sir," he said, stoutly, "I don't see her; and, what's more, I didn't think that you would see her either."

George Jonathan Dixon, of the supreme court of New Jersey, has a habit, well known to his practitioners before him, of asking three questions of counsel arguing at the bar. The first one is usually simple, and the lawyer answers carelessly; the second one is a little more drastic, and the respondent replies with trembling uncertainty; the third is bound to be a poser fraught with humiliation. On one occasion Richard V. Lindahury, of Newark, was presenting a case to the court of errors, and when the first question was innocently propounded, he said: "I don't know." "Don't know!" cried the judge; "why don't you know?" "Because I haven't heard the other two questions," said the wily advocate.

When Elihu Root arrived in New York recently he was besieged by a mob of reporters, and one of them asked him if it was true that he would accept the nomination for governor of New York. The reporter referred to Senator Platt's speech of a fortnight before. Mr. Root smiled. "Now, really, you would not come to me to prove any statement that Senator Platt might make, would you?"

"Would you accept the nomination?" "Did you ever hear the story of the reporter that met Mr. Lamont in an elevator in the State, War, and Navy Building, at Washington, and said: 'Mr. Lamont, will you take the nomination for governor this year?' 'Have you the authority to offer it?' returned the Secretary."

Lord Kitchener, of the British army, recently made an army order placing the regimental school-master at the disposal of officers that they might have an opportunity to complete their elementary education—a good instance of his grim humor. But it has often been demonstrated that the school-master is needed among the British officers. Some queer quaint efforts at composition have been made in brigade orders. A certain major ordained not long ago that: "Reveille will be at 3:30 A. M. The brigade will parade at 4 A. M. The brigade will move at 4:15 A. M. The sun will rise at 5 A. M." It was during the guerrilla war of 1901-2, after the building of the block-houses, that it became necessary to check the habit of the men of sleeping outside the block-houses for the sake of coolness and comfort. A certain staff officer thereupon issued the following quaint order: "No one is permitted to sleep outside the block-houses except the sentries." Thirdly, though the intention of this order is clear, its phraseology is not: "Men on outpost duty are forbidden to strike matches on the skyline."

## When Your Wife Goes on Her Vacation.

Don't look too resigned on the day of your wife's departure—women sometimes change their minds.

Don't wear your gladdest rags the day after. Be moderate. A gradual change in the style of your attire is less noticeable.

Don't at any time affect too jaunty a manner or too noisy raiment. You are undoubtedly young and lovely, but there might be the suspicion of the would-be "devil-of-a-fellow" about you, which the knowing instantly ticket as belonging to the man left behind.

Beware of the fascinations of the peek-a-hoo waist—the man hanging on the strap may belong to her.

Don't start in with ten-dollar dinners the first week. The summer is long.

Don't mix your drinks just because it's summer. It's a strong stomach that knows no turning.

Don't assume a virtuous air with your green complexion, and say that you are sticking too close to your desk and expect people to believe you.

Don't forget to go to bed. You will look better the next day at the office.

Don't invite too many bibulous friends to the house. They don't improve the appearance of things.

Don't play poker on the best polished mahogany table. Chips scratch.

Don't fail to change your address if your next-door neighbors are at home. You will save yourself future trouble if you do.

Don't forget to visit the family the first Sunday or two. You will enjoy your week in town better, and your wife's vacation will probably be extended.

Don't forget the box of candy, new magazines, and, if possible, a trifling present when you do visit your family. Your popularity will surprise you.

Don't send a telegram saying that important business detains you in town. Your infant daughter wouldn't believe that gag nowadays.

Don't acquire too many roof-garden songs. Your office-boy couldn't teach them all to you.

Better wait till afternoon before writing your daily epistle to your family—your hand will be steadier. A little shaking is an obvious thing.

Don't expect much sympathy from your family when you dilate upon the horrors of being left in town all through the hot summer. They know a thing or two, sometimes. —Edna Wallace Hopper in the New York World.

## A Comprehensive Address.

The Musical Courier says that Camille d'Arville, the former opera-singer, who is now Mrs. E. W. Crellin, recently retailed to her friends a joke good enough to hear publishing, even if it is on her own father, who lives in Holland. Just after reaching New York, Mrs. Crellin wrote the old gentleman a letter, and used the regular stationery of the Empire Hotel. In due time she received a reply, addressed as follows:

Mrs. E. W. Crellin,  
Care Empire Hotel,  
F. F. Quinn, Proprietor.  
Absolutely Fireproof.  
New York.

Don't gamble on the price of meat unless you are in a position to hold the steaks.—Philadelphia Record.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL Co., phone South 95.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Poem of Passion.

Man,  
Ran,  
Peel,  
Heel,  
Slip,  
Trip,  
Skip,  
Rip,  
Slam!

—!!!—Houston Post.

## Back from the West.

Oh, long ago  
'Twas Westward Ho!  
When prairie schooners traced  
The trackless way  
To Santa Fe  
And unknown dangers faced.  
Then we could read  
A scrawling screech  
On canvas dark with dust,  
In letters dim  
This legend grim:  
"We'll see Pike's Peak or bust."

But now to-day  
Another way  
The tide of travel turns,  
And one who stays  
At home these days  
A newer lesson learns;  
Returning hosts  
Forget their boasts,  
But strangely still alike  
From weary souls  
This burden rolls:  
"Busted—but saw the Pike."—Life.

## When It Comes Hard.

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When your automobile is in trim,  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When he has to go home on a rim.  
—S. E. Kiser in Ex.

## Well.

He held her little hand in his,  
They stood thus for a spell,  
And then she shyly looked at him  
And said the one word: "Well?"

Nay, let us draw the curtain now,  
Why spy upon them there?  
She spoke the word, and it was well  
For that enchanted pair.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Upturned Trousers.

The men with turned-up trousers show  
But little of conceit;  
They let all other persons know  
That they have good-sized feet.  
—H. M. B. in New York Sun.

## The Meditations of an Ox.

A beef ox stood at the stock-yard gate,  
Moo, moo!  
In Chi-ca-go.  
A-lookin' just as happy as a new tin plate.  
Moo, moo!  
I tell you,  
In Chi-ca-go.  
"Moo," said the beef ox, "this is what I like,  
Master's on the rampage, butcher's on a strike  
Moo, moo!  
Nothin' to do  
But to eat all day and to sleep all night  
And to wake in the mornin' a-feelin' fresh and  
bright,  
With hope renewed of a long, sweet life,  
And never a fear of the butcher's knife.  
Moo, moo!  
I like it, I do.  
But I can't quite see—  
It's a puzzle to me  
Why they don't keep on with the strike idee;  
The world's just as bappy in my belief  
Without its pork chops, mutton, or beef.  
Why, just look at  
My healthy fat  
From the clover-top salad I eat all day—  
Why can't the human folks live on hay?  
Then the strike might last  
Till my days are past  
And none need hunger and none need fast."  
"Ba-a!" said the lamb,  
"I'm with you, I am."  
"Quack!" said the duck,  
And the hen said, "Cluck!"  
And the little pig, he  
Remarked, "Wee, wee!"  
Your sentiments are the kind we like  
And we'll all chip in to encourage the strike  
In Chi-ca-go."  
Moo, moo.  
I tell you,  
In Chi-ca-go.  
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

## Nelson's Amucose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## TARTAR IS A TARTAR

Soft, spongy, sensitive gums result from tartar accumulation. It should be removed at once by your dentist and thereafter prevented by the use of

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

and its complement, SOZODONT Liquid. The Powder is slightly abrasive, is absolutely free from grit and acid, and is just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....Aug. 13 | New York.....Aug. 27  
St. Louis.....Aug. 20 | St. Paul.....Sept. 3  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Haverford.....Aug. 13, 10 am | Noorddam.....Aug. 27, 10 am  
Friesland.....Aug. 20, 10 am | Merion.....Sept. 3, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis.....Aug. 13, 7 am | Min'et'nka.....Aug. 27, 30 am  
Mesaba.....Aug. 20, 9 am | Minnehaha.....Sept. 3, 11 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Kensington.....Aug. 13 | Vancouver.....Aug. 27  
Dominion.....Aug. 20 | Canada.....Sept. 3

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Noordam.....Aug. 16 | Potsdam.....Aug. 30  
Statendam.....Aug. 23 | Rotterdam.....Sept. 6

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 A. M.  
Zeeland.....Aug. 13 | Vaderland.....Aug. 27  
Finland.....Aug. 20 | Kronland.....Sept. 3

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Baltic.....Aug. 10, 4 pm | Oceanic.....Aug. 24, 5 pm  
Majestic.....Aug. 17, 10 am | Arabic.....Aug. 26, 5 pm  
Cedric.....Aug. 19, noon | Teutonic.....Aug. 31, 10 am  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Republic (new).....Aug. 11, Sept. 8, Oct. 6  
Cymric.....Aug. 18, Sept. 15, Oct. 13  
Cretic.....Aug. 25, Sept. 22, Oct. 20

## Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.  
Romanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 3  
Canopic.....Oct. 8, Nov. 19  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Doric.....Thursday, August 18  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, September 10  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Aug. 6, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Aug. 9, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 339 Market St., San Francisco.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Coming Military Manœuvres.

During the two weeks beginning August 13th all the regular troops and nearly all the National Guard in the Department of California will assemble at Camp Atascadero, San Luis Obispo County, for a series of war manœuvres that promise to be unusually novel and instructive. The camp will be commanded by Major-General Arthur MacArthur, the details of the manœuvres being under Colonel S. P. Joselyn, Major W. P. Duvall, and Captain S. A. Cloman, of the general staff. In all there will be about four thousand five hundred troops engaged—including four troops of cavalry and three batteries of artillery. Each day the general staff officers will prepare a plan for the day's work, the command will be divided into parts, generally consisting of two opposing forces, and the entire machinery of armies operating against each other will be put in motion. Orders, dispatches, signals, reconnaissances, and all movements will simulate real war as closely as possible.

When the camp is in full swing, Paso Robles will be the gathering place of people, from all over the State, well known in society and military circles. Among those who are at present sojourning at Paso Robles are Mrs. Margaret Irvine, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Flora Low, Mr. J. J. Tobin, Mr. W. V. Huntington, Mr. James W. Byrne, Major George McK. Williamson, Captain John H. Parker, Captain C. F. Andrew, Captain W. E. Gilmore, and Captain Carl Hartmann.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Edith Findley to Mr. George Gardiner, will take place at four o'clock on Saturday, August 20th, at Christ Church, Sausalito, the Rev. Charles Lathrop, of the Church of the Advent, officiating. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Thomas Findley.

The wedding of Miss Celia Tobin, daughter of Mrs. Mary Tobin, to Mr. Charles W. Clark, son of Senator Clark, of Montana, was quietly celebrated at the Tobin residence on California Street on Thursday. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Archbishop Montgomery, assisted by Father Prendergast. Miss Agnes Tobin was the maid of honor, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin acted as best man. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Clark departed for San Mateo, where they will spend the remainder of the summer months.

The wedding of Miss Mary O'Sullivan to Mr. Oscar Sutro, took place on Wednesday at the residence of Archbishop Montgomery, who performed the ceremony at high noon. Miss Ellen O'Sullivan, the bride's sister, and Mr. Alfred Sutro, the groom's brother, were the only attendants. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Sutro departed on their wedding journey, which will be a trip through Canada and the Great Lakes to New York and Washington. On their return they will live at the Davenport house on Broadway.

The wedding of Miss Grace Martin, daughter of Mrs. Camillo Martin, to Mr. William Palmer Horn, took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. George Hyde, 710 Geary Street. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by the Rev. Archbishop Montgomery, the bride's brother, Mr. Herbert Martin, giving her into the keeping of the groom. Miss Caroline Merry, of New York, was the maid of honor, and Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Thomas Van Ness, Jr., was best man. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Horn departed on their wedding journey. Upon their return they will reside here.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Cameron Hooper, daughter of Mrs. E. H. Hooper, of Berkeley, to Mr. John Osgood Blanchard, took place last Saturday at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. E. L. Parsons. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Mr. W. W. Lyman, of St. Helena. Miss Ethel Hooper was the maid of honor, little Miss Mary Gayley the flower-girl, and Mr. Frank D. Madison the best man. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the Hooper home on Hawthorne Street. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard will reside in Berkeley.

Mr. Robert Aitken, the sculptor, who left for New York on Thursday, via New Orleans, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Professor H. Morse Stephens at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. Fred Teggart, Mr. C. S. Aiken, Mr. Charles Field, Mr. Jerome B. Landfield, and Mr. Archibald C. Coolidge, of Harvard. Mr. Aitken was also given an informal farewell dinner on Wednesday evening by the members of the Bohemian Club.

Mr. Chandler Howard gave a luncheon at Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday, at which he entertained Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Howard.

## ART NOTES.

## Return of a Well-Known Artist.

Theodore Wores, the artist, surprised his friends by his unexpected return to San Francisco a few days ago. Mr. Wores left San Francisco nearly two years ago, and has divided this time between New York and Spain. He spent nearly a year in the latter place, and amid the artistic surroundings of the ancient Alhambra and its Moorish gardens found abundant fresh material for his brush. These pictures of Spain were shown at the Century Club of New York last winter, and were generally conceded to be the best that Mr. Wores has painted. He has taken a studio in the Phelan Building, and may later place some of his pictures of Spain on exhibition in this city.

An interesting exhibition of Edward Cucuel's collection of paintings of German court scenes and social life in Berlin, Paris, and New York, is attracting much attention at Schussler Bros. Gallery, 119 Geary Street. Mr. Cucuel received his early training in art in San Francisco, subsequently studying in Munich, Dresden, and other European art centres. He will go to the Orient in a few weeks for the *Illustrated London News* to draw phases of social life in Japan.

## The Red Lion Grill's Sunday Dinners.

Now that the summer vacation days are practically over, The Red Lion Grill, situated under the Stock Exchange on Pine Street, is again the scene each noon of a notable gathering of well-known business men. Its closeness to the insurance, professional, and brokerage offices, and the leading mercantile houses, obviates the necessity of a trip up town at lunch time. The quiet that reigns in that part of town in the evening also makes it a desirable place for ladies and their escorts to dine. Every Sunday an excellent *table-d'hôte* dinner is served from 5 to 8 p. m. for one dollar, including wines. The service is of the ideal kind—quick, noiseless, and anticipatory. The Red Lion can be entered from Bush or Pine Streets, below Montgomery, or from the Mills Building.

One of the New York dailies recently started the rumor that Ethyl Barrymore's father, Maurice Barrymore, was at the point of death. This caused a delegation of his friends from the Lambs' Club to visit the sanatorium where he is an inmate, with the result that Mr. Barrymore was found to be in neither a better nor worse condition than he has been for the last four months. The actor is at times quite rational, and he seems to be well posted on theatrical events.

The San Francisco Golf and Country Club, which has been in process of organization since last spring, has filed its articles of incorporation with the county clerk, and announced its intention to "acquire, improve, and maintain grounds and buildings for athletic purposes," and to "acquire and maintain a club-house for the social intercourse of its members." The incorporators are J. S. Oyster, H. M. Hoyt, J. R. Clark, R. D. Girvin, and R. J. Woods.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, wife of General Miles, formerly head of the United States army, died suddenly of heart disease at West Point on Monday while on a visit to her son, Sherman, who is a student at the military academy. Mrs. Miles was sixty-two years old. She was the daughter of Judge Charles Sherman and a niece of the late Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, and General William T. Sherman.

The third piece of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's property to be disposed of is the northwest corner of Washington and Drumm streets, just purchased by Benjamin M. Gunn for \$115,000. The lot fronts 145 feet on Washington Street and extends 120 feet on Drumm Street to Oregon Street, on which it faces 145 feet. It is covered by a substantial iron and brick two-story and basement building.

The ride up Mt. Tamalpais on the crookedest railway in the world is a delight throughout every mile of the route, and the view from the top of the mountain is the most diversified in California. The Tamalpais Tavern is noted for its comfort and hospitality.

It is said that the leading Democrats of Westchester County, New York State, favor the nomination of Augustus Thomas, the playwright, for Congress, and the county convention is expected to indorse him when it meets.

SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS wedding invitations, dies, and crests. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

—THE LADIES' SKIRT-WAIST CUTTER OF THE coast is Kent, "Shirt Tailor," 121 Post St., S. F.

## BLACKTHORNS OUT FOR MR. YEATS.

The New York *Globe's* correspondent, "H. T. P." (presumably Harry Thurston Peck), writes of Yeats's play, "Where There Is Nothing," as follows: "It has recently been produced in London—in metropolitan London at the height of the season, and all Bohemia-on-Thames, has seen and applauded it. All Bohemia-on-Thames is, likewise, writing letters about it to the newspapers. 'The rapt gaze and the ethereal contemplations of the Mystic Minor Poet,' it remarks, 'are quite compatible with sound commercial principles.' Therefore, perhaps, did Mr. Yeats look down more contentedly from his box on the performance of the play."

"H. T. P.," although acknowledging that Yeats has written some excellent plays, is not at all enthusiastic over, "Where There Is Nothing"; in fact, he pokes fun at it, and at Bohemia-on-Thames. He writes as follows:

Scraps of Buddhism, like "Where there is nothing, there is God." Scraps of George Borrow and other enthusiasts over gypsies, about the delights of free life in woods and fields. Scraps of Bernard Shaw about the wide gap that separates what most men do from what they profess to believe. Most of all, scraps of a sort of talk that it is easy to hear among very young persons who dabble in what they call literature in Bohemia-on-Thames, Bohemia-on-Hudson, and especially Bohemia-on-Seine. In Paris they even get it printed. In New York and London they must usually be content with the spoken word. It is one of the easiest kinds of talk to make. Simply deny everything that the world has accepted as to the conduct of life for the last two thousand years, and propose as a substitute a very vague freedom where all these accepted things shall be as nothing.

The hero of the play is a declaimer against conventions, of whom the writer says that, "as he has no profession, no family, and an independent income, there isn't the slightest reason, except his own fondness for indulging in sloppy talk, why he shouldn't do what he pleases, as long as he keeps out of the police courts." So the hero, to show his independence, joins a hand of strolling tinkers, marries a tinkress, and goes forth with them to "taste the splendid drunkenness of free existence," and "overtake the great Beast-laugher." But he catches rheumatism on the road, and joins a religious brotherhood, where he causes trouble by inducing trances through protracted fasts. He is banished from there, so settles among some peasants, whom he tries to persuade to abandon their way and go his. A plague falls upon their cattle at that time, and they blame the new-comer for it, "and with hudgeons set him on his way to Nirvana."

The writer finds merit in the play, poetical fancies, and bright touches of humor. But he says:

There is not the slightest reason why all this should happen in Ireland (or anywhere else), but Mr. Yeats chooses to put it there, presumably to make it a part of the Celtic revival. . . . Throughout, "Where There Is Nothing" is all pose and propaganda, and why they should have been put into the normal form of a play only Mr. Yeats can say. . . . There are speeches, incidents, ironies, and contrasts in the piece that would tell, if Mr. Yeats would give them half a theatrical chance. As it is, there are only fifteen or twenty voices, in Irish dress, repeating some notions of Mr. Yeats's about life.

Yeats has a nemesis in the person of one F. Hugh O'Donnell, who has issued a pamphlet, "The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic Drama." The following is a sample of O'Donnell's belaborment of Yeats, in whom, unlike "H. T. P.," he can see no good:

Unfortunately, Mr. Yeats has not been content with expressing his own visions. In his plentiful innocence of ancient and modern history and literature, some impish fate drew him to select his innocence of Irish history and letters as the special sphere of his advertisements. He sought to make the legends of the Gael, and the ancient heroes and heroines of Gaelic Ireland, the vehicles, or the pretexts, of the most un-Gaelic and un-Irish conceptions which it is possible to conceive. . . . His occult mission, it seemed, was to celebrate the wedding of Mme. Blavatsky and Finn MacCumball. A sort of witch's caldron of aboriginal superstition and Ibsenite neo-paganism was declared to be the permanent spring of Celtic genius and Celtic religion. Sometimes he soiled a Gaelic saga. Sometimes he caricatured it.

I have always regarded him as a writer who applies Irish names to cover his own private views. Mr. Yeats writes a sort of Maeterlinckish-Ibsenitish-Baudelairean drama, or what he calls a drama, and labels his characters Maire and Cathleen, Conan and Shemus and Maurice. He says, "the scene is in ancient Ireland." . . . There is the whole art of the Yeatsites in a nutshell. He is alien. He is exotic. To debase the finest of Irish legends (Diarmid and Grania) into an adulterous French novel, there is a Celtic revival for you! We are always let down to the French novel basis when this Celtic revival talks Gaelic history, just as we are let down to the Blavatsky-cum-Demon basis when it talks Irish religion. . . . The first falsity is his fundamental contention that Ireland is a special land of mysticism and demonism, sowths, thivishes, fairies, warlocks, and the rest. The second falsity is that William Butler Yeats is distinctively Irish or Celtic in any sense ancient or modern.

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18 lbs. new fancy head Table Rice, very best..... 1.00  
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5 lbs. Mocha and Java Coffee, roast or ground, none better..... 1.50  
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Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Menneen's (the original). Sample Free.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have returned from their trip East. They will leave in a few days for their cottage at Lake Tahoe, where they expect to spend several weeks.

Mrs. John I. Sabin, Miss Irene Sabin, and Miss Pearl Sabin returned from their country place at Mountain View this week, and are occupying their residence on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sperry, Mrs. Austin Sperry, and Miss Bada Sperry returned on Monday from their trip to Tahiti.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are at Lake Cushman, Wash., on a fishing tour.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor have taken the Lansing house on the corner of Octavia Street and Pacific Avenue for the winter months.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and her daughters, Mrs. Philip Landsdale, Miss Helen Smith, and Miss Bertha Smith, expect to arrive in New York from Europe this month. They will spend some weeks in the East before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson are home again after a six months' absence in the East.

Miss Mahel Gunn is anticipating a visit next month from Miss Edith Johnson, of Dayton, O., who will probably remain here all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, who have been passing the month of July at Banff, returned home a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell are visiting Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. George Buckingham will reside at the former home of Dr. and Mrs. Davis on Green and Scott Streets, which they recently purchased.

Mr. Gerald Rathbone has been the guest of Mrs. John Kittle at her country place in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher F. Ryer are at Del Monte, having just returned from a visit East.

Mrs. James M. Gowey has returned from Oregon, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson and Miss Bessie Wilson are at the Hotel Rafael, where they will spend the months of August and September. They returned from Lake Tahoe last week.

Mr. William H. Keith, the haritone, who has been making a short visit with relatives in this city, leaves on Sunday for New York, visiting the St. Louis exposition en route.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, after a few days' stay in town, have returned to Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. de Laveaga (née Calaghan) have been spending the past week in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Emily Wilson has been the guest of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey at Burlingame during the present week.

Mrs. Beverly Macmonagle and her sister, Mrs. Fred Moody, are sojourning at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and her daughters have ranged to spend the coming winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. J. E. Bermingham will remain in the East until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley have arrived from the East, and will remain here during the fall and winter.

Mrs. Thomas Darragh has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne at the Sabin ranch in Santa Clara County during the past ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan have returned from a three months' trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Pond have been sojourning at Byron Hot Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger arrived last Sunday from Paris, where they have been residing for several years. They will be at the Palace Hotel during their stay here.

Miss Ardella Mills has been visiting friends at Portland, Or., during the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles have gone to Lake Tahoe. They are to be absent until the end of the month.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott has returned to town after several weeks spent at Rowdennan.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupont Coleman returned to town last week from San Mateo, where they passed the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cuyler Smith and Mrs. John Barton have left Carlsbad and arrived at Scheveningen, Holland, where they will spend a few weeks before going to England.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and her daughters, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marion Huntington, are in England. After touring the British Isles, they will go to Switzerland, returning to San Francisco in October.

Mrs. Kittle and Miss Isabel Kittle are sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. John D. Spreckels left for San Diego on a short business trip early in the week.

Mrs. Albert Gerherding and her little daughter Beatrice have returned from their trip in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Katharine Dillon and Miss Patricia

Cosgrave are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Grant are spending a few days at "El Nido," their country place, near Napa.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John was a recent visitor at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss Mabel Toy have returned from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart L. Rawlings expect to leave next week for Sinaloa, Mexico, where Mr. Rawlings is located.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd returned early in the week from "Casa Boyd," and are staying at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. J. A. Folger has returned to Oakland after a visit to her son, Mr. J. Athearn Folger, at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald were at the Hotel Vendome, San José, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Costigan have closed their cottage at Sausalito, and returned to town for the fall and winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollo V. Watt were visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mrs. David Henderson and daughter have taken apartments at the hotel Majestic until their departure for Europe early in September.

Among the week's guests at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Chase, Mrs. S. M. Dodge, Miss Kate Humphreys, Mr. William F. Humphreys, Mr. L. Kalmuk, Mr. Robert Kalmuk, Mr. F. E. Finnerty, Mr. J. G. Eagleson, and Mr. Charles Matthews.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Trescott, Dr. and Mrs. A. Garceau, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. J. Stethemier, Miss J. Wolff, Miss Hawkins, Miss McNally, Mr. G. S. Maltman, of Los Angeles, Mr. L. Lowndes, of London, Mr. G. H. Roos, Mr. A. A. Wilson, Mr. A. D. Harrison, Mr. L. Boqueraz, Mr. M. Friedlander, Mr. W. M. O'Connor, Mr. H. de Bathe, Captain de Bathe, and Mr. E. N. Bee.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. King, Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. James, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Koster, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Ruddock, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Growall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, Miss Beatrice J. Kelly, Mr. T. W. Ford, Judge Gilbert Little, of Hawaii, Mr. J. Costa, and Mr. J. Windham Carey.

## Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A., who is here on a tour of inspection, spent a part of last Saturday at the Presidio, where he was entertained at luncheon by Colonel Morris, commandant of the post, and Mrs. Morris.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by Colonel Parker West, U. S. A., was at Ord Barracks during the early part of the week, where he witnessed the finals of the target practice, and presented the medals to the winners.

Colonel J. B. Girard, Medical Department, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Logan* last Monday.

Colonel George B. Rodney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rodney were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas C. Prince, U. S. M. C., who has been the quartermaster of the corps in this city for several months, sailed on the transport *Logan* for the Philippines, where he goes on inspection duty, which will probably last for six months. During his absence Lieutenant-Colonel George Richards, U. S. A., will have charge of the quartermaster's department.

Major J. L. Bullis, Pay Department, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex., where he will act as chief paymaster.

Major W. A. Purdy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Purdy will be at the Hotel St. Francis during the autumn months.

Major John Stafford, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Stafford and their two daughters, was among the passengers on the transport *Logan* which sailed for Manila.

Major Reynolds, Medical Department, U. S. A., is visiting Dr. William Kneeder, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kneeder at Coronado.

Captain Peyton Clark, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clark (née Caldwell) have departed for Alameda to visit relatives of Captain Clark.

Mrs. Frederick J. Horne has joined her husband, Lieutenant Horne, U. S. N., at the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., who has succeeded Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., in command of the Pacific squadron, will arrive with his fleet from Bremerton about the middle of August, en route to South American waters.

Captain Henry W. Lyon, U. S. N., who is at present at the navy-yard in New York, will in December next succeed Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., as commander of the naval station at Honolulu.

Lieutenant G. E. Stewart, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at department headquarters in this city, was re-

lieved from duty last Monday, and departed to join his regiment.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, U. S. N., has been ordered for duty at Morriston, N. J. Accompanied by Mrs. Blue he expects to leave for the East in a few days.

Lieutenant R. H. Leavitt, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is en route to Fort Lincoln, N. D., for duty at that post.

Lieutenant R. M. Brambila, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed for duty at army headquarters.

Dr. H. N. Kierulff, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at the Presidio post hospital.

Lieutenant William Beverly Daly, U. S. A., visited the Tavern of Tamalpais this week.

## Wilson Barrett's Early Struggles.

The story of the boyhood of the late Wilson Barrett, the famous English actor, who recently died in England, reads like a page from one of those improving volumes about poor boys who become famous. According to James O'Donnell Bennett, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, he was a precocious lad, and, what was more to the point, he was passionately industrious. It is said that he mastered every line of "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" at the age of thirteen, between whiles of his tasks in the warehouse of a grain dealer. His wages were six shillings a week (one dollar and fifty cents), and of that sum his parents allowed him to retain two and sixpence to clothe and feed himself. Supper and bed, however, he got at home. He worked from seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night—taking one hour out of his long day for meals. Most of that precious hour he devoted to reading—his preference being for anything about the stage. All the money he could save he spent for books. One of the duties the grain dealer imposed upon the boy was moving sacks of flour weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. Once he had to go about his work so poorly protected that his hands were frostbitten.

When he was fourteen years old his master allowed him, as a special privilege, to attend night school once a week, the lessons costing twopenny, which the boy paid. At the end of six weeks the permission was withdrawn because the study hour interfered with Barrett's work. In those six weeks the future actor-manager received all the formal schooling he ever had. Yet he became a man of generous culture—though his learning did not strike very deep. His tastes were catholic and lofty, albeit a certain tendency to showiness, a kind of picturesque, childlike ostentation, marred the symmetry of his histrionic efforts when he assumed stern and weighty roles.

## Society at Paso Robles.

Already many parties are planning to spend a good part of August at Hotel El Paso de Robles, which will be the social headquarters for the big army camp to be maintained from August 13th to 31st. Over five thousand men of the regular army and National Guard will be encamped there, and incidentally at the hotel there will be a merry round of social functions. The camp is about ten miles away, but a special train and automobile service over oiled country roads will make Camp Atascadero readily accessible. Special railway rates will be made from San Francisco, Los Angeles, and intermediate points, with hotel accommodations. For details apply Information Bureau, Southern Pacific.

May Irwin is to return to the stage in October under the management of Henry B. Sire. It is said that she will have a new farce by George Broadhurst, and may also play some of her former successes.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN correct form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## A Treat for Sportsmen.

Take a trip over the California Northwestern Railway and get a deer the next morning. This is easy. A few hours' ride over this road will take you right into the deer-hunting grounds. Deer never before were so plentiful in Sonoma and Mendocino Counties as they are this year. They have been carefully protected during the closed season. The other morning the north-bound train nearly ran down a spike hick near Ignacio. Between Ukiah and Willits deer are frequently seen on the right of way, and, as it is fenced, there is great scampering. Only a few Sundays ago there were five at one time.

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## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

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## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Three trains daily. Leave San Francisco ferry depot 8:30 A. M., 10 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager, Byron Hot Springs P. O.

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Is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where after-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hot dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 p. m., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

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FROM JULY 18, 1904  
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(Foot of Market Street.)

# MAIN LINE. — ARRIVE

7:00A	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey,.....	7:50P
7:00A	Benicia, Elmira and Sacramento.....	7:50P
7:30A	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon,.....	8:20P
7:30A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton,.....	7:20P
8:00A	Basia, Export, (via Davis), Williams, for Bartlett Springs, Willows, Fruto, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle,.....	7:50P
8:00A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville,.....	7:50P
8:30A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Yuba City, Yuba, Porterville,.....	4:20P
8:30A	Port Costa, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield,.....	4:50P
8:30A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff,.....	4:20P
8:30A	Ukiah, Chinese, Jamestown, Bonora, Tulame, and Angels,.....	4:20P
9:00A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East,.....	5:20P
8:30A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	5:50P
10:00A	The Overland Express—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis,.....	5:20P
10:00A	Vallejo,.....	12:20P
10:00A	Los Angeles, Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	7:20P
12:00M	Bayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	3:20P
1:00P	Sacramento River Steamers,.....	11:00P
3:30P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Groville and Way Stations,.....	10:50A
3:30P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	7:50P
4:00P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa,.....	9:20A
4:00P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi,.....	4:20P
4:30P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore,.....	11:50A
5:00P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	8:50A
5:30P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	7:20A
5:45P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	9:50A
5:45P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno,.....	12:50P
6:00P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday,.....	7:50P
7:00P	Vallejo, Sunday only,.....	7:50P
7:00P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	11:20A
7:00P	El Paso Passenger—Port Costa, Lodi, Elgin, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks,.....	7:50A
8:05P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa,.....	12:20P
8:05P	Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Way Stations,.....	8:50A
8:15P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton,.....	10:20A
8:15P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene, Astoria and West,.....	8:50A
8:15P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only),.....	11:50A

# COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

7:45A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only),.....	8:10P
7:45A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations,.....	5:55P
7:45A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz,.....	8:10P
7:45A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations,.....	10:55A
7:45A	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos,.....	10:55A
7:45A	Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only,.....	10:55A

# COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

7:10A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	6:30P
7:10A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:40P
7:15A	Monteclair, Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only),.....	10:30P
8:00A	New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only),.....	4:10P
8:00A	The Coaster—San Jose, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Guadalupe, Burbank, Los Angeles,.....	10:45P
8:00A	Gilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc,.....	10:45P
9:00A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations,.....	4:10P
10:30A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	1:20P
11:30A	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations,.....	7:30P
11:30P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:36A
11:30P	Del Monte Express (except Sunday)—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove,.....	11:25P
3:30P	Hollister, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Salinas, Pacific Grove,.....	10:45A
4:30P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	10:00A
5:00P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday),.....	10:00A
5:30P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations,.....	10:40A
8:45P	Sunset Express—Hedwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Clara, Los Angeles, Bellingham, El Paso, New Orleans, New York,.....	7:10A
6:45P	Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove,.....	10:30P
6:45P	Matteo, Berensford, Richmond, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto,.....	10:45P
8:30P	San Jose, San Luis Obispo, Santa Clara, Palo Alto and Way Stations,.....	10:45P
11:30P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto,.....	8:45P
11:30P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose,.....	10:45P

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Sunday excepted  
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Ethel—"What makes you look so pleased?"  
Edith—"Oh! Jack says I'm the first girl he ever proposed to on his automobile."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Johnny—"What does it mean to take a thing philosophically?" Mother—"It's the way your paw pays his card debts, but not the butcher bill."—*Ex.*

Gardener—"This here is a tobacco plant in full flower." Lady—"How very interesting! And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"—*New Yorker.*

Kate—"She asked that question just out of idle curiosity, don't you think?" Laura—"No; busy curiosity. Her curiosity is never idle."—*Somerville Journal.*

Under the surface: They were watching Judge Parker in swimming. "There seems to be more to him," they said, "than appears on the surface."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Customer—"I'd like to get something in the shape of a Panama hat." Salesman—"Well, Panama hats haven't any shape, you know—but we've got the hats, all right."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Artist (at work)—"Now give me your honest opinion of this picture." Visitor (who fancies himself a critic)—"It's utterly worthless." Artist (dreamily)—"Y-e-e-s—but give it all the same."—*Punch.*

Mrs. Holder—"Why, John, why aren't you reading your evening paper?" Mr. Holder—"On account of my conscience. I found an umbrella to-day, and I'm afraid I'll see it advertised."—*Chicago News.*

Cyril—"You may spurn me, cruel one, but remember, I shall not always be a clerk at nine dollars a week!" Marie—"That's just the trouble. You may lose your job at any time."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Mrs. Hay—"Hiram writes from college that he is learnin' French." Mr. Hoy—"By heck, a college education is some use, after all. If he ever gets a job as waiter he can write the menu cards."—*Boston Traveler.*

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman, "the baby has just eaten a lot of that dog-biscuit." "Never mind," replied Mrs. Swellman, "it just serves Fido right, for he has often eaten the baby's food."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The optimism of the Georgia darkey is without limit. One of them, toiling in the hot sun, the other day, said: "Thank de Lawd fer a persiprin' life dat leads us ter think of de fine hereafter!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mrs. d'Anno—"I advertised for a French nurse." Applicant—"O! hov been in France, mum?" Mrs. d'Anno—"Not very long, I guess." Applicant—"No, mum; O! only stayed long enough to get the accent."—*New York Weekly.*

"Parlor chairs? Yes, ma'am," said the salesman; "I suppose you want something stylish and yet comfortable." "Not too comfortable," replied Mrs. Schoppen; "my parlor chairs will be used mostly by callers."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"You say he has a visionary and impractical nature?" "Yes," answered the girl who is employed in the post-office; "he is one of those people who write 'Rush' on an envelope instead of putting on a special delivery stamp."—*Washington Star.*

Wandering over Salisbury Plain on Whit Monday, a correspondent came across a large stone inscribed: "Turn me over." After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the under side of the stone the words: "Now turn me back again, so that I can catch some other idiot."—*Tit-Bits.*

Daughter—"Doctor, father has been acting so queerly lately. Will you please examine him and see if he should be put in an asylum?" Insanity expert—"What is he doing now?" Daughter—"He's reading the Sunday colored comic supplements." Insanity expert—"Gimme me the commitment papers and I'll sign 'em."—*Judge.*

Agreed with her: "You ought to have more consideration," sobbed the unhappy American countess. "True," exclaimed the representative of the effete aristocracy, "the beggarly ten millions your father passed over in exchange for my espousal of you were hardly sufficient consideration to make a valid contract."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Steadman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

Johnny—"Pa, what is alimony?" Pa—"Alimony is the pension paid to the best fighter."—*Ex.*

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SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 12:50, 2:00, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p m.  
SUNDAYS—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 1, 1904.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun- days.		Sun- days. Week Days.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.		7:45 a m.
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m.		8:40 a m.
8:30 a m.	8:30 a m.		10:20 a m.
9:30 a m.	9:30 a m.	Ignacio.	6:00 p m.
5:10 p m.	5:10 p m.		6:20 p m.
			7:25 p m.
			8:45 p m.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	Novato	7:45 a m.
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m.	Petaluma	10:20 a m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.	and Santa Rosa.	6:20 p m.
5:10 p m.	5:10 p m.		7:25 p m.
			8:45 p m.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	Fulton.	10:20 a m.
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m.		7:25 p m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.		6:20 p m.
			8:45 p m.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	Windor, Hillsburg, Layton	10:20 a m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.	Geyersville, Cloverdale.	7:25 p m.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	Hopland and Ukiah.	10:20 a m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.		7:25 p m.
		Willits, Sherwood.	7:25 p m.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	Guerneville and Camp Vacation.	10:20 a m.
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m.		8:45 p m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	8:40 a m.
5:10 p m.	5:10 p m.		6:00 p m.
			8:45 p m.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	Sebastopol.	10:20 a m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.		7:25 p m.
			6:20 p m.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Layton for Lytle Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Winter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, Ohio Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Half-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Calito, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia and Eureka.

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DEPART SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 3:30, 3:45, 4:45, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9, 10, 10:20, 11:35 P. M.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7:45 A. M., 3:15 P. M., 5:15 P. M. (except Saturday); on Sundays and legal holidays at 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 3:30, 7:15, and 8:15 P. M.

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3:15 P. M., daily except Sunday, for Cazadero, etc.  
5:15 P. M., daily except Saturday, Sunday, for Point Reyes, etc.

7:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc.  
8:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Cazadero, etc.  
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8:30 A.	8:30 A.	12:48 P.
10:00 A.	10:00 A.	2:08 P.
10:00 A.	11:00 A.	3:38 P.
1:45 P.	12:20 P.	5:40 P.
5:15 P.	4:45 P.	6:15 P.
6:15 P.	4:38 P.	8:50 P.

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9.30 A M—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p m, Fresno 3:10 p m, Bakersfield 5:50 p m, Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a m, Chicago (third day) 2:15 p m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. Second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p m.

9.30 A M—"VALLEY LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p m, Fresno 3:10 p m Bakersfield 5:50 p m. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p m.

4.00 P M—"STOCKTON LOCAL": Due Stockton 7:10 p m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a m.

8.00 P M—"OVERLAND EXPRESS": Due Stockton 11:15 p m, Fresno 3:15 a m, Bakersfield 7:35 a m, Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a m, Chicago (fourth day) 8:4 p m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and reclining-chair cars through to Chicago. Also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives a 6:35 p m.

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# The Argonaut.

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Some few great works of literature are willfully cryptic.

Kipling's "About even 'The Ancient Mariner'" is still there is still dispute. Precisely what Tale. Emerson meant by the poem, "Brahma," which begins:

"If the Red Slayer think he slays,"

and which Longfellow parodied so neatly with:

"If the red sleigh thinks it's sleighin'"

the literary disputers have never agreed. Tennyson said that of Browning's "Sordello" he understood only the first line—

"Who will, may hear Sordello's story told,"

and the last—

"Who would, has heard Sordello's story told,"

"and neither line," he added, "is true."

Apparently, now, there are some—some whose in-

telligence may not be questioned—who feel toward a recent masterpiece of poetic prose somewhat as Tennyson felt about Browning's epic of a troubled soul in old Italy—as instance this questioning epistle:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 7, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Mr. Rudyard Kipling has a new tale in Scribner's entitled, "They," and for the life of us (some of your readers) we can not make out the mystery of it.

The story is about a visit of a man to an "ancient house of lichen and weather-worn stone, with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tile in some out-of-the-way wood."

In it dwells a beautiful blind woman, of a rather peculiar and mystical nature, and through the story appear, like will-o'-the-wisps, children who are heard and sometimes faintly seen, but only glimpses of them at the most.

The man tries to get a closer acquaintance with them without success, and all his inquiries concerning them are skillfully but firmly evaded. To add to the mystery, it is the duty of some one always to walk in the wood around the house, and the house itself is regarded with terror.

Finally, one evening, the children are cornered behind an old gilt-leather screen, and the man places his hand, without looking, upon it, and feels his relaxed hand taken and turned softly between the soft hands of a child—"The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close; as the all-faithful half-reproachful signal from a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of an old mute secret code devised very long ago. . . .

"Then I knew."

Now the question is, What did he know, who and what were the children, and who and what was this woman, and what was the mystery of the story? Could you please answer?

SOME OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

"Ghost story" is too material and gross a phrase to describe a work of such wistful beauty, of such haunting loveliness and strange indefinable charm, as this tale entitled "They." It is a perfect thing. With "They," as with a perfect poem, to change a line, to alter a phrase, would be like casting a clod into some still forest-pool. Its beauty is as absolute as that of sunset or of dawn. To class it with the thousand tales and one which deal with ghostly things is not to be thought of. Yet, to be plain and exact, a "ghost story" it is. The children who flit through the still old galleries of the House Beautiful are ghostly children. The child who brushes with soft lips the relaxed hand behind the leather screen is—his own dead child.

It has been said that all stories really worth while may be expressed by a phrase. If we were asked what is the idea of "They"—the core of the story—we should venture: "The potency of yearning unsatisfied love and deep abiding sorrow to dissolve the veil that divides the real world of things from the imagined world of the spirit." It is by no means a new idea.

It is curiously abroad in the world. In one of Lafcadio Hearn's books he tells of the ancient heirlooms of some noble family of Nippon—dolls with which a score of generations of children have played. And he found that these material things were thought of as being endowed with a sort of life and sensibility "because they had been loved so much." This is the idea that runs all through this remarkable story. This blind woman—she is, of course, no spirit—the mistress of the old lonely house, by sheer yearning for children which she knows she can not bear, draws down to her the spirit children. And he who writes the story, because he has lost a child, has suffered grievously, is thus able to see them with his mortal eye, though he does not understand that they are wraiths until his own dead child kisses him in the old secret way upon the hand. And Jenny, who walks in the wet woods by night, searches for—and finds—her ill-begotten but beloved one. Lastly, the doubt and hesitancy of the blind woman toward the end of the story is because she feels that her right to the spirit children is not absolute; she has loved, it is true, but she has "neither borne nor lost"; she has only journeyed half way on the circle of holy experience.

Considered broadly in its relation to modern tendencies in thought, this tale is somewhat significant.

It is not altogether unimportant that Rudyard Kipling, in the maturity of his powers, should be drawn toward the mystical. "Wireless," the story which preceded "They," dealt, it will be recalled, with the idea that thoughts, like the electric impulse, might pass between mind and mind. And there is in fact a strange swing of the modern world toward a pagan mysticism, there is a renaissance of wonder and a growth of feeling for nature that is almost Greek. It is a revolt against the tyranny of those twin monarchs of the materialist, King Matter and King Force. Even in making the woman of the House Beautiful blind, Kipling is in curious harmony with pagan traditions—the tradition that the fool and the madman, the halt and the blind, are favored with the secrets of the gods.

Our correspondents do not inquire regarding the "Egg Itself," but the incident of the Egg and the Colors must have puzzled many. The blind woman and the teller of the tale are sitting together when into his mind come angry thoughts. "Don't!" she exclaims, "those colors hurt," and tells him that to her mind's eye comes the vision of horrible colors as of port wine mixed with ink—black streaks and jags across the purple; and then she stoops and traces with a grass stem "the figure of the Egg Itself." This will be clear only to those aware that some students of the occult nowadays profess to believe that every person is at all times surrounded with an aura, shaped like an egg, visible to the clairvoyant eye, and colored according as thoughts are good or bad. Thus, somewhat amusingly, the gentler passions, love and pity and generosity, are represented by pale pinks and blues and yellows, while hate and envy and anger enshroud us in an aura of purple and red and other baleful hues.

But considered merely as "a story," it is a wonderful one. It ranks with the best that Kipling has written—and that is merely another way of saying with the best of modern works of the imagination. None but an artist, skillful beyond words, could have brought together a motor-car and ghost-children without the slightest artistic dissonance. Who but Kipling could have made the luring of these children to him by the device of spreading forth on the grass the bright metal repair-tools and extra parts of the motor-car seem anything but absurd? Indubitably, this story marks the beginning of a new artistic epoch in the work of Rudyard Kipling.

There is an old newspaper song to the effect that when news and pictures are scarce "run a cut of Bishop Potter." If news be scarce at present we are not aware, but it is a fact that Bishop Potter has occupied a deal of space of late. He has dedicated a saloon in New York, and placed his episcopal approval on it. It is called the Subway Tavern, and is another example of the movement to elevate the lowly. As its promoters—among the most prominent and honest of Manhattan's best citizens—assert, "the Subway Tavern is an experiment for the purpose of lessening the evils of intemperance."

All this has aroused a prodigious amount of criticism and approval. The genuine, simon-pure temperance people have been prostrated, and the rather debonnaire Socialists have joined together in a doxology, as if the millennium had suddenly come over the hill. The rest have settled back in their chairs, and are waiting for the outcome, for the season when the excise people descend and close it as a public nuisance, or raise it to the dignity of a charity which pays no taxes.

The manager of this new concern is a newspaper man, Joseph Johnson, Jr. Whether his profession particularly qualifies him for the position or not, we do not know. It purports to sell "every drink



the saloon world." At the same time its surroundings "are not so elegant as to frighten away the Bowery hobo." To let Mr. Johnson (ex-newspaperman) speak for himself: "If a man has got to drink a gallon of beer, we give him beer that is pure, and that will not hurt him any more than as much soda-water—perhaps not so much." Further Mr. Johnson vouches for the quality of his whisky, and calls attention to the extremely low price. No women will be allowed anywhere, except in the soda-water division, but "beer will be served them there."

All this is odd, most awful odd. But the strangest thing, the thing that chokes the staid and the sober, is the fact that Bishop Potter, the man whose picture is in every paper so often, the ecclesiastic of ecclesiastics, should lead in prayer at the opening of this saloon and dedicate it. We must suppose that he sees something of good in it, we must take it for granted that pure beer by the gallon is all right. Cavillers have pointed to the "mural paintings depicting a company of young women with little or no clothing, dancing hand in hand across a greensward." But behind this beautiful, if somewhat licentious, scene is the picture of Bishop Potter in full canonicals. King Gambrinus is at last among the saints. We wonder how he will behave in this new circle.

Had not a great Oriental war absorbed the world's at-

ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. attention, the wonderfully picturesque invasion of the last stronghold of mystery in Asia would have eagerly been watched by the people of all nations. As it is, the perilous march of some five thousand British soldiers, with eight thousand animals and eight thousand carriers, over snowy passes higher than Mont Blanc, the assault of ancient *jongs*, or forts, defended with leather cannon, the fording of historic rivers like the Brahmaputra, and finally the penetration to the Forbidden City, to Lhasa itself, has been regarded with the most languid interest outside of England. Indeed, the leading morning newspaper of this city, with almost unbelievable stupidity, compressed into exactly four lines the dispatch stating that the British had at last reached Lhasa, and buried it in seemingly the most inconspicuous place in the paper.

The precise reason for England's forcible invasion of Thibet is not yet clear. The excuse is that an old treaty negotiated by China, which country exercises suzerainty over the Land of the Lamas, has not been carried out by the Thibetans. But the treaty is really a matter of small importance. It is an excuse—but merely that. It is said, again, that England fears Russia's dominance in Thibet, but this is ridiculed by Sven Hedin and other explorers, who point out that, difficult as is the penetration of Thibet from the south, it is a thousand times more difficult from the north. Russia could never march an army across Thibet into India. Prince Oukalatomsky, a Russian, who writes in the *North American Review*, says flatly that the real reason of the invasion is in order that Englishmen may be enabled to sell "brick tea" in Thibet. Hence "this solemn and hypocritical procession in the direction of the Sacred City." Still another reason is that Britons have the imperialistic itch, and really can not refrain from laying violent hands on any small, unprotected state that happens to be conveniently situated. As to this, however, Mr. Broderick, of the British Foreign Office, has declared that Great Britain does not intend to annex Thibet "so long as no other powers attempt to intervene." Circumstances alone will in all probability govern England's future course regarding the country whose capital her armies now occupy.

Lhasa itself, the disappointingly brief dispatches tell us, agrees with the descriptions of Japanese and Indian travelers who have visited it. But the London *Times's* correspondent speaks of the exquisite foliage and towering architecture which strikes the eye when Lhasa is viewed from end to end. "Potala," he continues, "would dominate London, and Lhasa is almost eclipsed by it." The *Daily Mail's* correspondent says: "Potala, the Dalai Lama's palace, surpassed the greatest expectations. The golden domes shine in the sun like tongues of fire, and they must strike with awe and veneration the hearts of pilgrims from the barren table-lands." On August 5th, for the first time in history, British troops marched through Lhasa's streets—and found them filthy—while the inhabitants climbed on the house-tops to view the strange sight—a sight to them as strange as were long ago the helmeted soldiers of Cortez to the Aztec inhabitants of the City of Mexico, or the gold-lustful men of Pizarro to the people of Peru.

Aside from the picturesque features of the opening up of a civilization of what is practically the only unexplored land in all the habitable world, it may well be that the rocky table-lands of Thibet will be found to be rich in mineral wealth. A recent expedition under Captain Rawling, for the purposes of exploration,

brought back glowing accounts of the richness of some of the mineral deposits. Gold, for example, is known to exist in quantity in the Thok Jalung district. It is not impossible that the merchant and gold-hunter will within a decade be playing a more conspicuous part in the life of this strange country—a country that has been called a cross between Siberia and Sahara—than do now the grotesque monks and sacred Lamas.

The first thing to be noticed in Alton B. Parker's speech of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency is his characterization of the St. Louis platform as "admirable." Then he proceeds to modify it in a dozen particulars. The St. Louis platform, for example, says: "We denounce protection as a robbery." Parker points out that, as the Senate is sure to be Republican during his term—if he should be elected—nothing, probably, can be done, but he states "our position" to be "in favor of a reasonable reduction of tariff," which differs not so much from the position of the Republican party.

Judge Parker alludes vaguely to the trouble in Colorado. He credits the view of the dynamiting that it was done by employees, not by outsiders, or in order to win the sympathy of the public for the employers, and continues:

The perpetrators of this offense against the laws of God and man and all others engaged in the conspiracy with them should, after due trial and conviction, have had meted out to them the most rigorous punishment known to the law. This crime added perhaps to others led to the formation of a committee of citizens that with the support of the military authority deports from the State, without trial, persons suspected of belonging to the organization of which the perpetrators of the dynamite outrages were supposed to be members. In both cases the reign of law gave way to the reign of force.

Regarding the trusts, Judge Parker thinks no further legislation necessary, prosecutions under the common law sufficing, in his opinion. Here he differs from the platform, which unequivocally demands "an enlargement of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission," and, if necessary, "demands the enactment" of further legislation. However, Judge Parker is willing to be convinced. He says:

While this is my view of the scope of the common law, if it should be made to appear that it is a mistaken one, then I favor such further legislation within constitutional lines as will give the people a just and a full measure of protection.

In favor of ultimately granting independence to the Philippines, Judge Parker speaks strongly. He favors giving the islanders immediate assurance that independence will come as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it.

He speaks of the position of the United States as a world power, and continues:

I protest, however, against the feeling, now far too prevalent, that by reason of the commanding position we have assumed in the world, we must take part in the disputes and broils of foreign countries, and that because we have grown great we should intervene in every important question that arises in other parts of the world. I also protest against the erection of any such military establishments as would be required to maintain the country in that attitude.

In other words, the candidate sets his face against the enlargement of the navy to adequacy, which is an essential feature of the Republican policy.

The most striking thing in the long—and, it must be said, not very stirring—address, is the statement with which he concluded: "I shall not be a candidate for nor shall I accept a renomination." The reason for so remarkable a determination, if elected, is that he believes a President "should be unembarrassed by any possible thought of the influence his decision may have upon anything whatever that may affect him personally." Judge Parker takes pains to say that this statement is not made in criticism of the several Presidents who have accepted renomination; nevertheless it is a criticism, for only by viewing the evil effects following from the acceptance of a second term in the past can Judge Parker argue harm in the future. The Presidents who have served more than one term are George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and Grover Cleveland.

Judge Parker makes no allusion to Panama. He says nothing of the "race problem" upon which the platform is so emphatic. He does not say he is "for" the gold standard—merely that he considers it "established."

"There can be no denial of the fact," says *Harper's Weekly*, "that the strongest independent journals are lining up for the Judge. Of the big newspapers here in New York the *Tribune* alone supports the Colonel. The *World*, *Times*, *Staats-Zeitung*, *Evening Post*, and *Brooklyn Eagle*, all of which favored McKinley, are opposed to Roosevelt. All this we could have guessed. But the

taking up of a positive position [against Roosevelt] by the *Herald* is a complete surprise. The *Sun* certainly is not supporting him." Not then—but it is now. After reading the speech of acceptance, which we have fairly outlined above, the *Sun* flatly refuses to swallow such insipidity. "Nothing," it says, "has come from Judge Parker's lips to indicate he possesses a single political idea." It refers to him as "the mildly conservative, temporizing, opportunist representative of the Hun vote." It calls the St. Louis platform "a miserable hell-broth of ditch-water and dynamite," and says it was "tasted yesterday at Esopus by the respectable candidate, who declares with gusto that its flavor is admirable."

The *Sun* thinks straight. We expect to see other independent journals take the same stand. The strong, positive character of Theodore Roosevelt—even if it be true, as alleged, that he is impulsive, a quality far less marked in his make-up than when he assumed the heavy responsibilities of his office, and certain to diminish with every passing year—is infinitely preferable to the nervelessness and colorlessness of Parker, especially when it is considered with what sort of men he surrounds himself (Hill would doubtless be Secretary of State), and how all but dishonorable was the breaking of his long silence at the eleventh hour when he had the nomination secure.

Superior Judge Hunt last week rendered the long-awaited decision in the suit of the proprietors of the Nevada Stables against the Stablemen's Union for an injunction against boycotting by active means. As the decision reads, though the *Chronicle* does not take that view of it, Judge Hunt has enjoined the strikers from any interference with the Nevada Stables, either by sandwich-man, picket, or delegate. It is a wide and sweeping victory for the association which has so bitterly fought the unions in this city, rendered more far-reaching by the declaration that the recently enacted "anti-injunction act" of the legislature is unconstitutional. The stablemen had rested their whole defense on this, averring that the only remedy for any damage alleged to be suffered by the stables at the hands of the boycotters was in a civil or criminal suit on the merits of the case, not in an injunction.

The basis of Judge Hunt's reasoning is that the right to work is a right of property, and that every man must be left in peaceable possession of his property. "No syndicate of employers or union of employees can bar one of the right to labor, for the right to labor is the right to live. But how can a right be said to be inviolate if, when violated, the law affords no redress?" The decision recites that a civil action for damages against the union would be of no advantage owing to its impecuniosity, and a suit individually against the members would mean financial disaster to the complainant owing to the multiplicity of suits. Therefore the injunction is the remedy which no act of legislature can take away from the courts of equity.

Judge Hunt recognizes the potency of numbers in all acts of boycott, and expressly says that a single picket may not amount to an "unlawful assembly" or be an unlawful "obstruction of a street," but that "what one may do it does not follow many may do." Evidently this decision, far-reaching as it has been heralded to be, does not settle by any means all the points in dispute.

Mr. McNab says his faction of the local Democracy will have "at least 100" delegates out of 168 in the local convention. Mr. O'Brien says his faction of the local Democracy will have "over 100" delegates out of 168 in the local convention. Here's harmony, all right. But Mr. McNab seems to be the nearest right. He carried assembly districts that give him 93 votes against O'Brien's 75. O'Brien insists that numerous individuals are going to change their mind. But it is the general belief that O'Brien and his backer, the *Examiner*, simply don't know when they have been beaten. On the Republican side, there were contests in six districts only. Three were lost by Ruef, which is said to insure the renomination of State Senator Welch. In all 17,914 votes were cast, of which 9,010 were Republican, 7,220 Democratic, and 1,435 Union Labor, with a few scattering. It is the current gossip now that the Democrats will renominate Livermash and Wynn, and the Republicans Julius Kahn in the fourth, and perhaps Robert M. Countryman, a Ruef adherent, in the fifth. Charles M. Shortridge and John D. Radford, of Santa Clara, are, however, aspirants to the nomination in the fifth district. In the senatorship contest, Flint made good his boast of winning in Los Angeles. The latest estimate gives Kern (1), Santa Barbara (2), Riverside and Orange (3), Los Angeles (5), San Diego (2), and Ventura (1), a total of 14 to Bard, and San Bernardino (2), Los Angeles (9),



and San Diego (1), a total of 12 to Flint. It is apparent, therefore, that Flint is going to furnish formidable opposition to Senator Bard. But what becomes of the Honorable Henry T. Oxnard?

Two weeks ago the *Argonaut* said that it was "exceedingly unlikely" that the government of the United States would accept Russia's declaration making coal contraband. A week ago we said—in commenting upon a dispatch from St. Petersburg, stating that Russia would sink neutral vessels suspected of carrying contraband—that the United States would permit no sinking of American ships, and that Russia would persist in such a course at peril. "But," we said, "we do not think she will persist." Secretary Hay has now issued a statement to the effect that the United States does not recognize Russia's treatment of coal as contraband "as in accord with the reasonable and lawful rights of a neutral commerce." The Russian Government has suddenly reversed its position in the matter of sinking neutral ships, and it is officially stated that there will be no repetition of the *Knight Commander* incident. It was in fact perfectly apparent all the time that there was but one attitude for England and the United States to take. Russia was in the wrong, and she has backed down.

Once in a great while we pick up the morning paper, glance over a page, scan a head-line, dip into a paragraph—and smell earth, the fresh, old, indescribable smell that our unclad forefathers sniffed when they rolled out of their packed leaves in the dawn. It comes all too rarely, but when it arrives it is with the double bliss of the unexpected. And now the mayor of Dubuque, Ia., writes confidently to the naval authorities that he can find no young woman in his city willing to undergo the fatigues of a perilous journey from Iowa to the Atlantic Coast to christen the latest cruiser, *Dubuque*. The navy people read this letter and its postscript that "nearly all of them are at the St. Louis fair," and said "What!" The Washington authorities will never get over the chagrin of it. The perils of the voyage, the expense—those pleas would have been accepted with a smile of resignation. But to prefer St. Louis in September, steaming, teeming, and a little tawdry, to launching into the cool waves a quivering yet serene ship amid gold lace and champagne—the officials smelled the good earth again, just as their and our hirsute ancestors did long ago when a bit of blue glass was preferred as a toy to the sunrise or philosophy.

The census of 1900 says Dubuque has 36,397 inhabitants.

If there is one thing illustrative of the foolish desire of the ordinary man to get something for nothing it is the "trading stamp." It is the acme of greed—or if one looks at it reasonably and not psychologically, the furthest reach of absurdity. Psychologically, it is natural for Goodman Poor to buy his sugar and coffee where he will get, besides his so many pounds for the dollar, a grand piano and a chandelier. It is also natural that Dame Economy should buy her ribbons where she will get, besides her three yards, a chance at a sewing-machine and cradle.

But those who do this hardly reckon up the cost. If sugar is twenty pounds to the dollar, the trading stamp can not offer much more, or the merchant will go bankrupt. If sewing-machines are worth eighteen dollars, the seller who presents the purchaser with trading stamps to the amount of five dollars more must be losing horribly. Who is to lose? Men are not in business for their health, as the vulgar phrase goes. They are not selling simply in order to get rid of their goods at a less price than competitors receive.

In New York an investigation has been conducted lately, and the *New York Daily News* has some interesting figures as to what the trading stamps really bring. It is instructive to learn that the ordinary trading-stamp book of one thousand is worth about ten cents. This makes one stamp worth a tenth of a mill. The color does not seem to matter. Green and red are alike in value. Of course it is nice to get a green stamp with a purchase of coffee, and red stamps go well with perfume in glass bottles with pink wrappings. But when one gets only five stamps, or five-tenths of a mill, or half a cent—if the computation is correct—and pays a cent more for the article, where is the gain?

Red tape satisfies many souls that they are doing the best possible thing. An army in retreat is a poor solace to the patriot, but when he reads a dozen verbose orders, and sees a dozen men in gold lace riding on chargers, the manœuvre takes on the glory of an advance. So the three transfers necessary to turn the

trading stamp into goods satiates the passion for occupation, and gives all the glamour of a financial achievement. Thoughts make the man—in certain cases. But thoughts can not make a half-cent worth a dollar in these days, and those who delude the public into so thinking do only themselves a service.

That great battle which has been "imminent" for the last three months—and necessarily so, for when two great armies face each other at close quarters, you can never tell when they are going to mix it—has still to be fought. But it really does not seem that it can be delayed much longer unless General Kuropatkin cuts and runs for Moukden and beyond. Not only is the Russian record an unbroken series of small defeats and retreats, but the Japanese appear to be numerically superior to the Russians, besides out-manceuvring them at every point. At least 300,000 men are said to compose the armies which confront General Kuropatkin, and nearly 100,000 are operating at Port Arthur. How strange it is that a nation of 140,000,000 should have been unable to put more than 150,000 men in the field, while Japan, with less than 50,000,000 people, seems to have no less than 400,000 men in Manchuria. If it be true that Kuropatkin's army is indeed inferior in numbers, the battle soon to be fought can have but one result, and the fall of Port Arthur can not be expected to be long delayed thereafter. The reported sally forth of the Port Arthur Russian fleet is an indication that the case is indeed becoming desperate. Already there is talk of what shall follow these two imminent disasters. Will the nations step in and cry halt? Will Russia be willing to admit defeat? Will Japan forego still more humiliating chastisement of the Northern Bear? These may so in the burning questions.

#### SAN FRANCISCO A LAGGARD IN THE ORIENT.

Kobe, July 14, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "What is the matter with San Francisco?" has often been asked by your paper, and here in Japan I have been asked the same question a number of times. Lots of people were surprised to hear I really represented San Francisco houses, and that Frisco people were really trying to do business out here. But the San Francisco merchant has a black eye out here! Various, and at times really entertaining, are the tales I hear of the way they do business, and of the ways of some of the few representatives that ever were sent over here.

One house here had the good will to look up trade possibilities in a certain line, took time and labor, money, too, tried to get the thing started, and, after sending a lengthy report, did not even get an answer! Another firm, after sending previously a cipher code to save expense, got a cable: "We can not understand your cable message of so and so"—there evidently not being a man in the office at Frisco capable of translating a cipher dispatch. "We know you 'Frisco people' is the quite frequent comment. "You wish large orders right away, make hell of a big profit on them, and then you ask for a confirmed banker's letter of credit."

As the manager of one of the largest British banks here told me, such a thing is quite unusual, most shippers on the Continent being quite satisfied with a bank's authority to draw on their constituents, and many a handsome order was lost to San Francisco merchants on account of their ridiculous terms. I suppose it is through sheer ignorance of Continental banking laws that such unfortunate mistakes are made—and are still being made right along—and I would suggest that the average clerk, instead of going to the Orpheum or Fischer's regularly, or walking up and down Market Street evenings, visit an up-to-date commercial school, where he may find out about such things; also about such terms as f. o. b. and c. i. f. prices, so that, when San Francisco commerce stretches out across the Pacific, they will be equipped for export business as their Continental brothers are.

Take an average bill-clerk in an average wholesale or manufacturing concern—what does he make of himself? Does he ever try to get out of San Francisco to a foreign country? Does he even try to acquaint himself with foreign business methods? In most cases, he is satisfied if he gets a chance to "go on the road" and become a drummer; and in many cases he is satisfied to stay behind his desk figuring out bills, and is satisfied with an occasional raise of five dollars per month.

Go to South or Central America, to the Orient—you will find lots of English and German clerks who get thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the country where they reside, and command, through that knowledge, high salaries at home. Besides, they have much larger chances to start in business for themselves. Thus the Continental firms are in a far better position to cater to foreign markets, and when the time comes when San Francisco shall be more dependent on her export trade, where will San Francisco get her trained staff to handle it successfully and intelligently?

What is the matter with San Francisco?

By the way, at Kobe I saw the yellow peril! My business took me to Osaka, to one of the large shoe factories, turning out about thirty thousand pairs of shoes per month for the army. A tannery is connected with it, and the manager, a conceited little chap, took me around, and with great pride showed me the various machinery used—even had the gall to ask me whether we had the same machinery. Fortunately for my national pride, I did not need the interpreter for my answer—I simply pointed at the little shield on the machine. "Machinery Works, Detroit, U. S. A." and presume he understood my meaning all right. The yellow peril alluded to consists in the fact that these people import our machinery, have cheap labor, and these two things combined form, according to my ideas, the real yellow peril. It is not the Japanese officers drilling Chinese hordes in the art of warfare, but Japanese brain using our machinery and conquering the markets of the Orient—the world's largest dumping place at present. Herein I see the peril which menaces us. The idea was brought home to me more keenly when a representative of a San Francisco hardware concern, sent out here to look into the conditions of this "market," told me he had made arrangements with a view of importing Japanese brass manufactures into the United States. Our duty on these goods is, I believe, from forty to sixty per cent, ad valorem. Does not this look like yellow peril? Truly yours, R. E. H.

#### PLAYWRIGHTS AS PLAYERS.

By Jerome Hart.

It has long been a favorite pastime with actors to guy authors. At rehearsal, when a playwright objects to an actress's rendering of his pet scene, she will demurely beg him to show her how it ought to be played. Sometimes he doesn't try, in which event the actors guy him. Sometimes he does try, in which event they guy him more. For when a near-sighted playwright (in a plug hat) kneels, lifts his eyeglasses toward heaven, and talks about "me chee-ild," the actors could not help but guy him, and they always do.

Therefore, when we saw the announcement that W. S. Gilbert would produce a burlesque of "Hamlet" for a charity benefit, the players all to be playwrights, we made haste to secure seats at the Garrick; we anticipated, not without reason, that the playwright-players would be slaughtered to make an actors' holiday.

The theatre was crowded. It was the end of the season. It was a hot, muggy, London afternoon. I had forgotten how hot and how muggy a London underground theatre can be on a summer afternoon. The Garrick is a fashionable London theatre, and frequented by the upper ten; but in London the upper ten fall very low when they go to the theatre. I do not mean in morals or manners—merely in linear feet. It is a curious sensation thus to descend into the bowels of the earth; to go down flight after flight of stairs when you step in from the street; to look up, when you finally get down to the orchestra floor, and observe that the gallery is about on a level with the street which you have just left. The Londoners must be extremely fond of the theatre to go down and listen to as many poor plays as they do in these horrible underground dungeons, which in summer are not unlike one's idea of the Black Hole in Calcutta.

I said hastily but now "poor plays." I repeat it deliberately. Nearly all the plays in London this season, according to press and public, have been poor. The best were only quasi-successes, and some of the plays were dire failures. The managers have lost heavily—as they deserve to do with their poor plays—but the poor players are in a worse plight, for they have lost their jobs. London is full of idle actors and actresses.

As a man grows older he is apt to believe that contemporaneous plays are not so good as those of his youth. It is easy to reply that such a belief is entertained by each succeeding generation. But a striking corroboration of this theory is furnished by the recent theatrical season in London and Paris. During the dying days of the season here, the only play that holds the boards is "The Fairy's Dilemma," by W. S. Gilbert, a veteran of the Victorian age. In Paris the success of the season was "La Sorcière," by Victorien Sardou, a veteran of the Empire epoch. There are scores of younger dramatists who sneer at these veterans as being "out of date," but the young men's plays when produced are either damned or forgotten, while these two veterans still hold the boards. Last year three of Sardou's twenty-year-old plays were running in three Paris theatres, while one of Gilbert's old Savoy pieces was reproduced successfully in London, although nearly twenty-five years old.

It is evident, then, that these veterans still possess drawing power, although declared to be—dramatically—dead by younger rivals. So it is not surprising, when Gilbert announced that he would appear in one of his own burlesques for the benefit of the Bushey Heath Cottage Hospital, that there was a grand rush for seats.

Let me here remark, parenthetically, that the number of charity entertainments given during the London season is astounding. Their number is so great that the ordinary ticket-agencies are unable to keep the run of them, and a "social bureau" in Bond Street is devoted almost entirely to filling this want. Sometimes there are half a dozen in a day. We went to a garden-party one afternoon at the Botanic Garden in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund. In the course of the afternoon fifteen thousand dollars was taken in at the gate, and a much larger amount from the various booths and shows inside. Such crowds of well-dressed women blocked the way leading to the ticket-office that the managers erected signs in three or four places, "Cash taken here." It was a curious sight to see the stream of silver pouring in.

When lesser benefits draw such crowds, it is



surprising that there was a rush to the Gilbert charity performance. In addition to the interest in the play, there was a keen interest in the players, for all the rôles were assumed by playwrights. This was the cast of characters:

"ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN."

A Tragic Episode, in Three Tableaus, founded on an old Danish Legend.

By W. S. GILBERT.

King Claudius, of Denmark.....Mr. W. S. Gilbert  
Queen Gertrude.....Lady Colin Campbell  
Hamlet.....Captain Robert Marshall  
Rosencrantz (a Courtier, in love with Ophelia).....  
Guildenstern (a Courtier).....Mr. Leo Trevor  
First Player.....Sir Francis Burnand  
Second Player.....Miss Clo Graves  
Ophelia.....Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley  
Courtiers.....Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Bernard Shaw,  
Mr. Edward Rose, and Mr. Anthony Hope.

What have these respective playwrights done? Of Mr. Gilbert's productions it is unnecessary to speak. Lady Colin Campbell is not so well known as a playwright; she was once the wife of a younger son of the Duke of Argyll, and the noise of their divorce-suit rang through the realm. She is a magazine writer of some note, and has produced novels as well as plays. Captain Robert Marshall is the author of "The Duke of Killikranks." Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley is an American, and the author of "Mice and Men" and several New York successes. Miss Clo Graves's most notable play is "The Mother of Three." Leo Trevor is the author of "Brother Officers." Paul Rubens wrote "Three Little Maids." Sir Francis Burnand is editor of *Punch*, the author of the famous "Happy Thoughts," and has written much for the stage.

Some of the most notable playwrights filled inconspicuous "thinking" parts as courtiers. Among them were Henry Arthur Jones and Bernard Shaw. So, too, figured timid Anthony Hope and the gentleman who dramatizes Hope's books, Edward Rose. All of these shy playwrights so concealed their identity by means of grease-paint, wigs, and whiskers, that their best friends did not know them. There were five pretty girls cast as court ladies, who seemed altogether too young to have perpetrated plays. But they were said to be playwrights. They did not seem to be past reformation. Perhaps their plays were very little ones.

From the players to the play. Mr. Gilbert has given an entirely novel turn to the story of "Hamlet." King Claudius in his youth wrote a five-act tragedy. It was performed once, but proved to be "more than even sycophancy could stand." The king suppressed the book, and decreed death as the punishment for any mention of it—"the play was not good, but the punishment was capital." One copy, however, remains—that deposited with Polonius as lord chamberlain. His daughter he has betrothed to Hamlet, of whom it is believed that he is "idiotically sane, with lucid intervals of lunacy." But Ophelia's heart belongs to Rosencrantz.

Hamlet has developed the soliloquizing habit. The queen, his mother, is alarmed, and tries to divert his mind by private theatricals. Rosencrantz and Ophelia plot to get rid of Hamlet by inveigling him into acting the king's play. Ophelia surreptitiously secures Polonius's copy. It is shown to Hamlet. He finds that there is only one good rôle in it, and becomes enamored of the one-part play. He presents it before the court. The part which so pleases Hamlet is that of a mad archbishop. When King Claudius recognizes his play, he stops the performance, and would fain kill Hamlet on the spot. It is concluded, however, to banish Hamlet to England, where his diseased brain will be no disadvantage to him, for the same reason that the Germans give for saying and singing that crazy people should go to Berlin.

It is needless to say that Mr. Gilbert's curious humor rioted in the opportunities afforded by burlesquing "Hamlet." Queen Gertrude, for example, is filled with alarm over Hamlet's soliloquizing habit; she is determined to cure him of it, and takes measures to that end. Therefore, when he enters, looks around to be sure that he is alone, coughs, and begins, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern suddenly appear. "To be or not to be," remarks Hamlet. "That is the question," at once interrupts Rosencrantz. Hamlet stares severely at him, but goes on: "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer—" "Er—the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," interjects Guildenstern. When the much badgered Hamlet begins putting his frenzied questions concerning the mysteries of the universe, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern treat them as conundrums, make polite efforts at solving them, and then courteously give the riddles up in courtier fashion. Then when Hamlet turns upon them in a rage, and speaks of him "who might his quietus make with a bare bodkin," Rosencrantz politely proffers the prince his own dagger, while Guildenstern fetches from behind the arras an ancient pistol, which he assures Hamlet will afford him a speedy taking-off. Then Hamlet turns on the two tormenting courtiers, and says to Rosencrantz: "I prithee play upon this pipe," adding, "Now do not say, 'Nay, my lord, I can not,' or 'I know no touch of it, my lord,' but prithee play," handing him the flute. But Rosencrantz briskly takes the instrument of torture, and replies, "In good sooth, my lord, I am told by connoisseurs that I play it rather well." Whereupon he proceeds to tootle on the flute a lugubrious melody.

The piece abounds in humorous touches satirizing not only the play but the Shakespeare commentators

and the famous actors who have played Hamlet. When Guildenstern asks what Hamlet is like, Ophelia replies:

"Alike for no two seasons at a time.  
Sometimes he's tall—sometimes he's very short.  
Now with black hair—now with a flaxen wig,"

and adds that he "always dresses as King James the First."

She further adds that Hamlet sometimes talks with a provincial burr or a brogue, and sometimes with an American accent. These allusions are evidently leveled at Fechter, who played Hamlet with a flaxen wig because the melancholy prince was a Dane; at Barry Sullivan, who spoke with a North Country accent, despite his Irish name; and at Edwin Booth.

Not the least amusing passage in the play is that in which Hamlet gives his advice to the players. They listen to him courteously, but when he has finished, the Player King replies at length, saying that he does not believe an heir-apparent can tell actors much about their business; that they would hesitate before instructing an heir-apparent how to be understudy to a king. The rôle of the Player King, by the way, was played by Sir Francis Burnand. He was made up, so some people said, to resemble Henry Labouchère. However that may be, he played his part admirably. Burnand and Gilbert were the best among the men.

There was a very large contingent of actors present, and when Burnand repeated the lines bidding Hamlet not to attempt to teach players how to play, the actor gallery broke forth with uproarious applause. In fact, the actor contingent seemed to experience a keen joy in watching the stage-fright of the playwrights.

The matinee began with Mr. Gilbert's latest success, "The Fairy's Dilemma." As it has been running for some months and has been already noticed in the *Argonaut*, I shall not discuss it here. It is enough to say that it is as rich in humor as any of Mr. Gilbert's previous plays, and that is saying a great deal. When a man has set so high a level as he has done, it is easy to fall below it.

There is one point in "The Fairy's Dilemma" which I must mention. It has always been Gilbert's boast that he did not depend on feminine nudity to make his pieces go. Therefore when I observed the "ballet" come on in "The Fairy's Dilemma" I concluded that he had been forced to eat his words. But as the "ballet" progressed I saw that I was mistaken. It was a guy—a joke—a burlesque on the ballet. It was enormously funny, but the audience did not seem to think so. They persisted in applauding it with a pleased seriousness which was delightful to contemplate. When I come to think of it, this burlesque ballet was no worse than many serious "ballets" I have seen in England and America—countries where the school of the ballet does not exist, and where there are no ballet-dancers. Gilbert's ballet was a joke—a burlesque on a school of dancing, as some of Sullivan's skits were burlesques on schools of music. Do you remember the fugue movements in his orchestration which went with the words "By Bach interwoven with Spohr and Beethoven"? But this British audience did not see Gilbert's joke. They accepted the awful "ballet" in entire good faith.

In the pantomimic part of "The Fairy's Dilemma" Gilbert gives a burlesque on the "grand transformation scene" of the good old days. Perhaps they have such scenes still at the theatres nowadays—I don't know. English people who used to go to the pantomime on Boxing Night will well remember the kind of scene. New Yorkers who recall George L. Fox in "Humpty Dumpty" will know what I mean. So, too, will it arouse vivid recollections among those staid Californians who in their salad days used to see, at the old California, the Metropolitan, and Maguire's Opera House, "The Black Crook" and "The Sheep's Foot," played by the Martinettis; "The Forty Thieves," by the Zavistowskis; "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp," by Lydia Thompson and her troupe of Beautiful British Blondes; and last but not least, Soldene, the "mammoth Soldene," with "Sara the Kicker" and "The Velvet Vesey."

Yes, it was the same old scene—"The Birth Of Venus; Or, The Gorgeous, Coruscating, And Scintillant Vision Of Radiant Beauty Evolved From The Foam Of The Sea." The same palm-leaves flapped and waved; the same beautiful creatures in pink cotton tights stood in round gilt temples; other beautiful creatures in pink cotton tights, their belts hooked on the ends of clothes-lines, dangled from the flies; more beautiful creatures in pink cotton tights held gilded windmills, which they twirled with cords on little windlasses; every few minutes a bell rang from behind the scenes, and a brazen "Slam!" from the orchestra knocked down more lath-and-canvas tropical trees and revealed more blushing beauties in pink cotton tights. Finally, last scene of all—to end this strange eventful history—from the holy of holies, the tabernacle, of the Bower of Beauty there appeared Venus herself in pink silk tights. Then everything turned around—the gilt temples revolved, the gilt windmills turned, the dangle beautiful beauties pendant on the clothes-lines twirled—not all in the same direction, by the way, which added to the highly comic effect.

It looked like a dress-rehearsal of a new Christmas play—all that was needed to complete the illusion was the voice of the stage-manager loudly cursing the chorus-girls.

Ehcu! Alas for the flight of years! This "grand transformation scene" made me pinch myself and sit

up, thinking that I was again a boy; that I was at the old California Theatre; that I was looking at Marie Gordon, Minnie Walton, and Alice Harrison in "Ixion." But no—I was not at the old California, but at the new Garrick; not in San Francisco, but in London; not on the earth, but in a deep hole under it; and not, alas! any longer a boy.

Will it be believed when I say that this matinee audience took not only the burlesque ballet but the burlesque transformation scene seriously? It is true.

Ever since the Act of Union, Englishmen have been fond of saying that the Scots are dull of wit. Perhaps they are—I know not. But I do know that the wittiest wit of the Victorian age has been not a Briton but a Scot. I have heard British audiences in provincial theatres laugh loudly at very simple jests, but I did not expect to find such ingenuousness in a London audience, even at a matinee. How keenly it must delight Gilbert to present a jest so subtle that the British who stigmatize the Scots as dull should take seriously the subtle jest of the satiric Scot!

LONDON, July 22, 1904.

The Maker of the "Rogers Groups."

The recent death of John Rogers, the sculptor, passed almost unnoticed. Yet the "Rogers Groups," which he modeled, were famous in their day, and represented the acme of artistic achievement to thousands of American households. Born in Salem, Mass., in 1829, his parents intended that he should become a merchant like his father. He, however, learned the trade of a machinist. He went West, and when the railway machine shop in Hannibal, Mo., shut down during the panic of 1857, he found himself out of work, and determined to cultivate his talent for sculpture. After spending eight months in the art galleries of Paris and Rome, Rogers returned to this country to work as a surveyor in Chicago. He had learned, he said, that he had no taste for classic art, but he continued his modeling. His first popular group was called "The Checker Players." It represented two small figures, one an old and one a young man, seated at a table improvised from a barrel. The old man's face wore a broad smile of triumph. This group sold well, and he followed it with another, "The Town Pump," which was so successful that Rogers made sculpture his business, and opened a studio in New York. At the outbreak of the Civil War he produced "The Slave Auction," which brought him to the attention of Beecher, Garrison, and others of the abolitionists, and added greatly to his fame. It was a plaster group of negro slaves, an octoroon and two children on the auction block, with a leering auctioneer bending toward the bidding crowd, whose presence the imagination readily supplied. It made a sensation in 1860—it was a piece of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in vital form. The Southern clientele of the North, the fashionable people, were enraged—because it was so true; and the new awakened spirit of the North found it important. It was a really stunning opening of the young man's career. This was followed by "The Picket Guard," "The Union Refugees," "Camp Fire," "Sharpshooter," "News from the War," "Coming to the Parson," and a host of other groups, all of the same general style.

A very unique feather guessing contest was recently conducted by a prominent company manufacturing feed for poultry. Five hundred dollars in prizes was offered for best estimates or guesses as to the number of feathers on a hen. The first prize was one hundred dollars. Thousands of guesses were received, including some very amusing ones. One person, who was probably looking for some "catch" scheme, estimated "none at all." Many estimates in the hundreds of thousands were received, several in the millions, the highest estimate being 600,060,017. The correct number was found to be 8,120. The company says: "We feel a pardonable pride in having contributed to poultry science an item of information actually new."

The sea wall which is to protect Galveston from the incursions of the Gulf of Mexico during storms is now completed. The wall is 17,539 feet in length, sixteen feet wide at the base, and five feet wide at the top, with a granite apron extending twenty-seven feet out on the Gulf side. The wall cost \$1,198,318. The filling in of the two hundred feet space behind the wall is now in progress, and will cost about \$1,142,000.

It is said that the word "tip" goes back a couple of centuries to the coffee-houses of England for its origin. At the doors of eating-rooms there hung brass-bound boxes, engraved with the phrase "To Insure Promptness," and into the slit in the top customers were expected to drop coins for the waiter. The initial letters of that phrase came in time to be used as a word.

Swedish restaurant keepers of the old-fashioned sort charge less for a woman's meal than a man's on the theory that she is physically unable to eat so much. A married couple traveling together are debited at many hotels as one person and a half.

The first meeting of the English and French archers since the wars of the Middle Ages took place at Le Touquet, near Etaples, July 16th, the French being the victors in the international match.



## FOREVER.

The Strange Long Love of Kaomao.

Kaomao's thatched hut was far up on one of the hill-sides of the Nuuanu Valley. It was sheltered from the noon-day sun by a far-spreading banyan tree, and on one of the lower branches of this Kaomao was resting. Her white cotton *muumuu* revealed soft rounding curves and long slender lines; her eyes were shadowed by her dusky hair, and her fingers idly plaited a lei of heavily perfumed, heavily petaled jasmine. From her lips fell a cadence of tones softer than the wind that rustled the tattered banana leaves, sweeter than the rippling brook that hurried by. But Kaomao was not happy, and her song was more plaintive than the note of the mourning dove.

Umanunu, the girl's grandmother, thrust her wrinkled face between the leaves; with her skinny arm and hand she snatched the jasmine wreath.

"Is it your wedding wreath, Kaomao?" The tone was mocking, and the girl did not answer.

"And you sing a funeral dirge!" the old woman jeered.

"It may be my wedding wreath." The girl's voice was still soft and sweet, still full of mournful music. "The perfume of the jasmine lasts long after the flower dies."

"Ah! But even its perfume will not last until the coming of a faithless lover," croaked Umanunu.

"Paliopaleke is not faithless!" cried Kaomao. "I will believe in him forever. I will believe in him until he himself tells me that he is false."

The old crone laughed, but her merriment was cracked and discordant.

"Paliopaleke is beautiful," she taunted, "and the girls in the town have eyes. He is strong, but the girls down there will not let him leave them. His voice is sweet, and the women have ears."

"He is strong for me!" Kaomao's voice was passionate. "He is beautiful for me, and he sings only for me. I know that he would come if he could. We are far—far out of the world, and he has been detained. He can not come to me I know. And there is some good reason."

"Far out of the world," echoed the woman. "Three hours to the coast! If I were a girl, and my lover deserted me, I would find him. I would go to him, and if he were faithless I would—" The sinister laugh conveyed her meaning quite as well as words would have done.

"And I would not have Paliopaleke imagine for an instant that I doubted him, that I thought him faithless," answered Kaomao. "He will come in his own good time, and his time will be my time."

Umanunu, angered by the girl's obstinacy, hobbled back to the hut, muttering her scorn for the girl who trusted, her maledictions on the lover who lingered. For many weeks no word had come to Kaomao from her betrothed, although the day for the wedding was drawing near, and the old woman's heart burned with vicarious vengeance for the grandchild she loved.

Kaomao, left alone in the banyan tree, lay silent now, her fingers resting on the heap of blossoms in her lap. The noon-day sun, high above her sheltering leaves, dropped warm patches of gold on her white gown, on her black veil of hair, on her small brown hands. So motionless she lay that a brilliant iridescent lizard crept cautiously at first, then carelessly along the twisting root, across her breast, and nestled in the warm flowers in her lap. She was not asleep, but her thoughts were far away from her surroundings. They were with Paliopaleke, searching for him, following him, calling for him, assuring him of her love that would last forever, of her love that would believe in him forever.

When she opened her eyes at last it was to see Paliopaleke sitting on the ground at a little distance from her, his eyes intent upon her, his hands so tightly clasped about the gnarled root of the tree that the veins stood out in ridges.

"Paliop—"

The girl's first impulse was to rush to him, to throw her arms about him, but pride held her back. Umanunu's sinister laugh, Umanunu's jeering words, were still ringing in her ears. Why had Paliopaleke been so long away? Why did he sit there so far from her? Why had he not taken her into his arms as he had so often done when he had found her asleep in the banyan tree? Why had he not aroused her with love's murmured words, with love's impassioned kisses? All these questions held her, and beyond the half-spoken name she uttered no sound.

The man sat still, looking gloomily at her, hungrily drinking in the lovely dusky face, the half-veiled eyes, the slender lines, the soft rounding curves.

"I have been long away—a long time away." His voice was hoarse and rough and low. "I—I could not come."

Kaomao's only answer was a slow movement of the delicate brows, a faint quiver of the full scarlet lips.

"And Kaomao—" He gasped for breath.

"Kaomao, I am going away—going away to-night at sundown."

"Going away?" Kaomao sat up straight, and leaned toward her lover. He was faithless, then! He had come himself to tell her that he was faithless!

"I am going away!" Again he struggled for the breath that formed the words. "Forever, Kaomao."

Kaomao's brown hands were crushing the jasmine petals they held. Her eyes were intent on his eyes.

"Paliopaleke!" She breathed the name questioningly, brokenly.

"I have been detained for three weeks—" There was a long pause, his voice grew rougher, harsher, lower. "For three weeks at the Kalihi hospital. I go to-night on the *Kilauea Hou*—to-night at sundown!" Paliopaleke's slow words ended in a long heartbroken sob. His eyes were swept by a torrent of tears.

For an instant Kaomao's eyes grew wide with horror. Kalihi—the leper hospital! *Kilauea Hou*—the Molokai boat! A single shriek like no human sound burst from her lips. Then, stretching her arms toward him, she sprang forward to fling herself on his breast, but she stumbled heavily over an obstacle that had been thrust in front of her, and fell outstretched on the ground.

Umanunu, who had thrown her down, crouched low over her, wildly waving her hands, warding off the man who now bent over the girl, but made no move to touch her.

"A leper! A leper! How dare you, a leper, come near her!" the old hag screamed. "I've killed her, perhaps, but better a thousand times that she should be dead so than that you should touch her!" Shrieks and oaths and curses filled the air, but Kaomao, stunned by her fall, lay inert and still, and Paliopaleke bent lower, lower over the prostrate form. Not even the outer hem of her garment did he touch with hand or lip.

"Farewell, farewell forever." The words were breathed not spoken. Crashing through the undergrowth, he rushed down the hill, out into the sunlit valley, on and on, with never a backward glance until he found himself on the boat that would carry him to the land of living death.

Umanunu knew well enough how to prolong Kaomao's swoon, and not until the afternoon was well advanced did the girl move. The shadows stretched far, the sun sank low, its red disk hovering over the blue sea. At sundown! The *Kilauea Hou*! With a wild shriek Kaomao sprang to her feet, and rushed down the hill along the path her lover had traversed. She was followed only by the cackling chuckle of the old woman who, motionless and speechless, waited where she was for the girl's return.

The upbraidings she expected were never spoken. Like a slender white ghost Kaomao traversed the moonlit grove, passed the woman silently, and silently entered the hut. Never again, in fact, did Umanunu hear Kaomao's voice. Mutely the girl listened to the reports that Umanunu brought to her from the town. With downcast eyes and firmly closed lips she heard how the attention of the health officers had been attracted to Paliopaleke working on the wharves; how he had been sent to the Kalihi hospital; how, although he had but the faintest taint of the dread disease, he had been ordered to Molokai for the safety of the islands; how he had broken from the guards for his farewell visit to Nuuanu.

The days passed and, curiously quiet, the girl moved about doing apparently nothing, apparently seeing nothing, but the curves of her red lips grew straighter, and in the depths of her luminous brown eyes was the shadow of a definite resolve.

Heavily perfumed, heavily petaled jasmine blossomed everywhere, pink and white begonias shook their petals at her, scarlet and crimson and yellow flowers poured themselves profusely at her feet, but Kaomao ignored them all. When she did anything she worked automatically, fashioning some leis of soft white feathers. It was a month after Paliopaleke's departure when she stood one day in the doorway of her hut, a wreath of the soft plumes on her dark hair, another about her neck, hanging far below her waist.

"If I could but see you thus, a bride, my Kaomao!" cried the grandmother, and she held a small mirror before the girl's eyes.

Kaomao, taking the glass in both hands, looked long at her own reflection, and then she smiled for the first time in all that month. That night Umanunu slept profoundly, and in the morning when she awoke she was alone in the grass hut under the banyan tree.

Down on the beach, on the other side of the hill, Kaomao, gowned in the clinging white *muumuu* that Paliopaleke loved, was pushing a light canoe out into the water. The sea and the sky gleamed like a soft gray pearl. The pearl faded slowly, definitely, and grew milky white. The sky blushed rose and red, the sea stole its color. The coral reef flashed pink, then pearl, then white, and straight toward the rising disk of the sun Kaomao pointed the prow of her canoe. She paddled steadily out through the reef, and as she paddled, she sang. Her voice was softer than the morning breeze that rustled in the fringing palms behind the beach. It was sweeter than the lapping water that crept about the coral reefs. Her melody rippled gayly with the waves that caressed her boat, for it was of love, of love's triumph, that she sang. Once she looked back at the land she was leaving, but only once, and then she saw the island stretching itself, rosy and flushed with light, up from the sea to greet the sun. After that one backward glance, Kaomao kept her eyes and her boat steadily toward the east, and gave no further heed, no further thought to the home she was leaving forever.

She was as familiar with the sea as with the banyan

tree that sheltered her thatched hut. She had spent days in her canoe, long days and long nights. Her muscles were as tireless as the bronze they counterfeited, and now her slender body swayed with the movement of the waves, with the rhythm of her song. Dried fish and fruits she had brought with her, and at night she slept as securely, as peacefully, upon the ocean's breast as in her own Nuuanu hut. The waves and the winds were with her, and she was guided by the sun and by the stars.

It was early morning when the gaunt gray cliffs of Molokai rose out of the pearly sea, but Kaomao knew better than to approach the settlement upon its shores by daylight. Rounding the first high promontory, she ventured close to the land, and saw a small deserted beach, a short stretch of white sand, from which the hills sloped gradually up and back. She stopped paddling, and, with a sharp knife, cut the things that bound the outrigger to her canoe. For a few moments she gashed and hacked the bottom and sides of the tiny craft. If she could destroy the boat that had brought her to him, Paliopaleke could not make her go back as she had come. For a single instant she stood erect in the canoe as it settled slowly down into the water. Her white cotton gown was drawn close about her waist, her brown body gleamed in the morning sun, her arms were stretched high above her head. Then she plunged into the sea, and with long straight strokes swam toward the deserted beach.

The next day, at sunrise, she stood on the hill above the leper settlement. She looked down on the white houses, on the church, on the school, but still she did not dare to show herself. She must find Paliopaleke. She must know where Paliopaleke lived. And all at once she saw him, quite near her, stretched out on the desolate hillside, his mournful eyes turned with passionate longing toward the west, toward Nuuanu.

Stealthily she crept closer to him. But even now she must not speak to him. Even there in that deserted wilderness of gray crag and rock she must not let him know that she had come.

The day passed, the noon sun brooded low over the sea and land, the night fell all gold and sapphire blue and ruby red. The moon rose clear and full. The same moon that mellowed and softened the mellow softness of Nuuanu Valley revealed the scarred white desolation of Molokai, but Paliopaleke's eyes saw only the Nuuanu moonlight, saw the deep perfumed shadows of the banyan sheltering a small grass hut, saw the frayed leaves of the banana tree, and in its fringed fan shadow he saw Kaomao gowned all in white, crowned with a jasmine lei.

Quietly, softly, out of the shadow into the moonlight came Kaomao, her white gown falling about her, a white feather wreath on her head, a white feather wreath about her neck and hanging to her waist.

"Kaomao! Kaomao!" cried Paliopaleke. But he buried his face in his arms to shut out the haunting moonlit vision.

"Paliopaleke!" It was a cry, but it was soft and low and sweet.

Kaomao's tender arms were about his neck, his head was on Kaomao's breast, her lips were pressed to his.

In an instant, he realized the truth. It was Kaomao. Kaomao herself, in all her exquisite beauty, with all her sweet young life. Almost brutally he repulsed her, but she would not be repulsed. With angry words he tried to drive her from him, but she would not go. He ran from her, but she followed him. He begged and pleaded, but her arguments were stronger than his, for the love that weakened his gave strength to hers, and before the morning came she had conquered, he had yielded.

The old priest who had given his life to those island wrecks, was slowly climbing the hill to Paliopaleke's house. In his heart was a prayer for aid in comforting this latest exile, this most unreconciled addition to his flock. At the doorway he stopped aghast, for he saw Kaomao's arms about her lover's neck, Kaomao's soft cheek against her lover's cheek.

In hurried words she told her story. With firmness she announced her intention of staying with Paliopaleke. The priest's arguments were more fluent than Paliopaleke's had been, but they were of no use. Kaomao's dark eyes met his steadily, she did not falter, she did not waver. To his threats, to his warnings, to his commands in the name of the island authorities, she made but one reply. She would stay with Paliopaleke. He was her lover. She would live with him as he lived. She would die with him as he died.

As she had overcome the arguments of Paliopaleke's love, she overcame those of the priest's fear, and before the sun had absorbed the island's shadows, the priest who had given up his life for love of God, blessed in the name of the Church the woman who had given up her life for love of a man.

KATHRYN JARBOE.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1904.

A totem carved from a single piece of Alaskan yellow cedar by Annahlahaais, chief of the Takoa tribe of Indians at Juneau, has been shipped to President Roosevelt. The totem is two feet long, and the ears, eyes, and mouth are inlaid with native seashell. The totem was sent by Annahlahaais to P. M. Mullen, of Omaha, receiver of the United States Land Office at Juneau, with the request that he send it to the "Great White Father at Washington," as a token of the friendship of the chief for the President and the government of which he is the head.



## THE WITS OF EARLY BOHEMIA.

High Jinks Papers of the Seventies—"Doings" that Would Have Shocked the Present Clubmen—"Old Soc," the Devil, and Others—When the Club Moved.

The "old member" of the Bohemian Club who has compiled, and written the preface for, a neat brochure containing some two score invitations to the Bohemian High Jinks of the late seventies, avers that witty sentences are often stolen from these old proclamations by new wits who imagine they will never be detected in their petty larceny. But the purpose of this little volume is not, as might be presumed, to make this verbal pilfering less easy, but to prevent the younger members of to-day from forgetting how brilliant were their predecessors. Incidentally the writer of the preface to "Early Bohemia" (Paul Elder & Co.; 75 cents) offers a few general remarks on the development—or degeneration—of the club:

There are just as many bright minds as ever—but . . . the club is also older, more sedate, and has social aspirations, which means death to genius and a general dead-level mediocrity. The present Bohemian Club would be shocked at many things that used to happen every day in the old rooms: . . . the money-social element has not benefited the club. Imagine Jim Bowman and his ilk walking into the magnificent bespangled present-day club rooms; they would start a new club inside of two weeks more congenial to their surroundings and their merry disputatious spirits. . . . In the beginning, rich men were absolutely barred, unless they had some of the elements of true bohemianism (could do something). A short time after the organization of the club, a very prominent rich man was blackballed, simply because he had money. Could that happen to-day?

The very first invitation in the book is signed as Sire by W. H. L. Barnes, and dated November 22, 1873. After thirty years, it may still provoke a smile:

The members of this Battalion of Wit, Wisdom, Music, and (Dutch) Courage are hereby notified to assemble on Saturday evening, the 20th inst., at eight o'clock sharp, for exercise in the Art of War, as taught by "the Poets who have sung of the Battle-Field."

William of Germany, Bismarck, Von Moltke, Marshal McMahon, Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman are hereby excused from attendance.

The heroes of the Amador War will report promptly at the hour named, and bring their scars (and dues) with them.

Any Bohemian failing to comply with this order will, like General Dix at the Battle of New Orleans, be hauled down and shot on the spot.

Another interesting invitation, couched in medical phraseology, as befitted the Esculapian professions of both the celebrated and the chief celebrant, is the following:

Members of the Bohemian Club are invited to a clinic over an apoplectic punch-bowl in *rigorem mortis*, on Saturday next, February 28th, at 9 P. M. sharp, when, in addition to the careful diagnosis of this plethoric patient, the heart and brains of

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

will be subjected to a careful dissection by some of the most renowned Bohemians.

The labors of the Club having been heretofore directed by *live* sires in its post-mortems of *dead* authors, a change of programme is proposed for this particular occasion, and the autopsy of a living author will be presented under the auspices of a *dead* sire; it is therefore incumbent on all true Bohemians to come early, that those who are sober enough for the solemn ceremony may see that he be decently interred.

C. T. DEANE, Sire.

We do not not know that the stanza that Dr. Holmes sent by wire to the Club has ever before been published. It runs:

BOSTON, February 28, 1874.

Message from San Francisco, whisper low,  
Asleep in bed an hour and more ago.  
While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,  
Say to the friends that sent these loving lines,  
Silent, unanswering, still to friendship true,  
He smiles in slumber, for he dreams of you.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

From one of Dr. Behr's invitations we cull this droll saying: "As there is ample time and space at our disposal, each representative speaker will be allowed ten minutes of time and two square feet of space," while in one of Charles A. Low's he speaks of the subject for the evening being like "a buoy that points to a hidden danger—to be kept in sight, but given a wide berth."

One of Daniel O'Connell's High Jinks invitations, dated October 28, 1876, deserves full quotation. The Jinks were to celebrate the approaching removal of the Club's rooms from Sacramento Street to the new place on Pine:

My CHILDREN: Fortunately for the future prosperity of our esteemed landlady, Mrs. Macstinger, and the respectability of this building, your dubious sphere of usefulness will ere long be transferred to another quarter of this growing city. To whose financial prosperity, I am proud to say, you have in no way contributed.

Saturday night, October 28th inst., is, by my imperial command, irrespective of race, color, political complexion, or monetary prejudice, to be devoted to the resurrection of the old jokes, the old tunes, the old stupidities, and the old soul-harrowing dissertations which have many a time and oft shocked the pensive spider on his perch, and disturbed the digestion of our solemn but unreconstructed owl; therefore, I charge ye, children of the night and minions of the San Francisco Gaslight Company, that each and every one of you constitute himself a resurrectionist. The forgotten corpses of the good things you did say, or might have said, were you not choked off by the sire, must, at the risk of a similar catastrophe, be resuscitated. Be again the Bohemian of yore, and the child that appears before the all-discerning eye of the Sire, in a shirt starched beyond the standard we have established for the government of Bohemian linen, shall be visited by our supreme displeasure. Any trifling weakness on the part of the Sire, which may be perceptible in the heel of the shoe, is to be attributed to the heat of the rooms; and all allusions references to the strength of the punch as explanatory of any eccentricity on the Sire's part, will be treated as a high crime and misdemeanor, and punished accordingly. At nine o'clock the opening discordancy of the evening will

be perpetrated, under the directorship of Brother Harry Hunt, by the musical portion of our organization, who have done so much to lower rents in this neighborhood.

The actual departure of the Club to its Pine Street home occurred on January 24, 1877, and from the invitation "to say farewell" we extract the following:

Thirsty members can embrace empty bottles, filled with departed spirits, while the minstrels of the Club are searching for the old corks to subject them to cremation.

High Jinks and Low Jinks will wear appropriate mourning, and the chaplain will be prepared to decently inter all the dead issues that have interrupted harmony, while the choir chants a requiem and the organ peals Amen.

The Owl (initially related to our brother Oliver Wendell, of Boston), shall be given precedence of exit, as he leaves his owl's nest on Sacramento Street for the new aviary of Pine Street, "to wit, to wit," and for all we know of his wakeful hours, "to woo."

The "Special Judicial Jinks" of May 12, 1877, evoked the following:

On the twelfth day of the month named in honor of the daughter of Atlas, the emblematic judicial spear will be set up in the *Basilica Bohemia*, convening the Centumviral Court in a *Sessiones pro tribunali*.

*Recuperatores* will be summoned *ex corpore comitatus*, to assess damages claimed at three hundred sesterce of Marc Antony, by Bishop Hill, Long Greene Keene, and other plebeians of Rome, for bravos, shouts, rumbles, and other yawps, done over the dead body of Julius Caesar, when Antony was playing the corpse for the crown which it thrice denied upon the Lupercal.

Witnesses who heard the claque are summoned petitorily. In default of appearance, will be brought in *denunciatio sub pana*.

By order of FRANK M. PIXLEY,  
Prætor et Magistratus Populi Romani.

Perhaps as clever a summons as any in the lot is signed by J. C. Williamson as Sire, and dated August 27, 1878:

CHILDREN OF EGYPT AND BOHEMIA: In order to wake you from your Midsummer Night's Dream, and that the spirit of levity inspired by your revels in the wilds of Paper-Mill Creek may not retain too great a hold on you, I deem it fitting that at the next session a grave, grand, and mighty subject should be discussed—the PYRAMIDS—or the Bohemians of the Sahara.

From a hitherto unknown work of Herodotus, unearthed during his travels by our worthy brother Stoddard, it has been discovered that these monuments of antiquity were not built to serve as tombs for kings and heroes, but that Cheops and other old-time Bohemians might have a safe and quiet place in which to hold their Midsummer High Jinks.

Saturday, August 31, 1878, being the 3,899th anniversary of the birthday of our much venerated brother Cheops, is thought to be a fitting time to hold a little jollification in honor of his memory, just to show that we have not forgotten the old man who did so much for us many thousand years B. E. (before Edwards).

Hark! from the sarcophagi, in the dark banks of the Nile, the sweet notes of the ibis and the owl are heard in the melodious communion singing

I've a letter from the Sire,—baby mine,—baby mine!

Fertility of imagination will be stimulated by an overflowing punch-bowl. To prevent torpidity, lotus-eaters, and those who refuse to carry bricks and straw, will be put under the influence of ozone at eight o'clock P. M.

Isis and Osiris guard thee.

Still another clever one bears the name of H. N. Clement:

MOST WISE AND STATELY BOHEMIANS: Too long already have we delayed giving expression to the sorrow and indignation which we all so deeply feel at the unmerited indictment, unfair trial, unjust conviction, iniquitous sentence, and ignominious death of our great Athenian brother, SOCRATES.

Let us make even a tardy reparation for our neglect by gathering together in solemn conclave at our usual place of rendezvous,

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 5, 1878,  
AT 9 1/2 O'CLOCK,

when it is very dark and our owls have begun their hooting, and there, "amid the gloom as it were," pour out our hearts in agony and grief for poor old "SOC."

We will speak (hem) to the younger members of his wisdom.

We will commend to the married members (hem) his virtues.

We will generously omit mention of his vices, in view (hem) of our own.

We will speak with admiration of him who (hem) locked (hemlocked) horns with the wisest of 'em.

Strengthening cordial will be provided for those who may have overcome by excessive grief, and carriages for those who may have overcome by excessive cordial.

Space forbids quotation in full of the summons of March 1, 1879, when John H. Boalt was Sire. The subject was "Fine Arts," and here are a few of the clever sayings:

To you shall be assigned the fine art of listening.

The Sire hopes you will like your part.

But do not make the mistake of thinking it an easy one.

You are expected to listen discreetly—not with distended auricle, agape for whales; nor yet with too pointed ear, like a faun's, pricking at words ere they have gained an entrance.

Do not listen too coldly nor be too chary of your smiles. Profundity may ripple without losing depth.

Take heed lest you discharge our words before you have quite unloaded them.

Precious freights are small and may pass unobserved. Let there be no smuggling.

Be careful of your nose, that it be not turned up, except for its own fault, and of your lip, that it do not curl, unless about a glass. Lineaments have required liniments ere this for less cause.

Hy. J. Brady is responsible for the immoral reflections upon an occasion when "The Devil" was the theme of debate:

Were it not for his Satanic Majesty, two-thirds of the literature of the world would be unwritten, and the remaining third would be flavorless; the chiaroscuro of life, that makes up a page of history, would be obliterated; the earth would be peopled with a homogeneous motley of dodos and goody-goodies, sans salt, spice, or relish, and Tragedy, Comedy, Romance, and Chivalry would be meaningless terms.

A quarter of a century (which time divides us from all but the latest of the papers) is liable to work havoc with any airy wit. But these invitations of the seniors appear to resist very well Time's yellow tooth.

## LATE VERSE FROM OVER SEA.

## The God of Love.

It is not gold of rippled hair,  
Like cornfields swept by winds at play;  
It is not cheeks as fresh and fair  
As apple bloom at dawn of day.

It is not these that sing to Love,  
And hid him wake so sure, so soon;  
That set the skies alight above,  
And set him crying for the moon.

It is not heart-gold, pure and bright  
As virgin gold in hidden seams;  
It is not soul as clear and light  
As sunrise in a poet's dreams.

It is not these that give Love food  
And drink—the magic wine and bread,  
That set, amid his solitude,  
The enchanted garland on his head.

Love only knows one god sublime,  
The trinity in unity:  
And the god's names are Space and Time  
And—Opportunity.—E. Nesbit in Ex.

## The Dulcimer.

The leaves were blowing red and brown  
Beneath the beech trees bare,  
When the Dark Maid came to our town  
With gold pins in her hair.

Her eyes were like a forest pool,  
Her lips they were so sweet,  
Every man put aside his tool,  
To watch her down the street.

The leaves were blowing yellow and gray,  
In the waning of the moon,  
When the Dark Maid came along the way  
With silver-buckled shoon.

Her mantle fell like folds of mist,  
That rift and shift and change:  
Was never wandering lutanist  
That played a tune so strange.

The leaves were blowing crimson and gold,  
The wind was like a sigh  
That sohs across a ferny wold  
Before the raindrops fly.

And none beheld her, whence she came,  
Or knew the way she went,  
Our hearts being stirred to smoldering flame  
Of tenderest discontent.

The leaves were blowing ash and dun  
Athwart the edge of night,  
When the Dark Maid toward the setting sun  
Sang herself out of sight.

And every man, from marvel roused,  
Took up his toil again;  
How should that fairy joy be housed  
In homes of mortal men?

But still against a singing wind  
In dreams we follow her . . .  
The Dark Maid never looks behind,  
That plays the dulcimer.  
—May Byron in the London Spectator.

## The Coal-Black Horse.

The Devil he brought me a horse to ride—

And he was a rare one, too—

With a head of pluck and a heart of pride

And a sin in every shoe.

The Devil he tossed me up in his glee,

And prodded my steed on the thigh

With the point of his pitchfork. One—two—three—

We are out in the open sky!

I was only a half-fledged youngster—see?

And the black was hard to hold.

But I steered him past Dishonesty

And Falsehood and Greed of Gold;

But he came to the mire of Laughing Lips

And the swamp of the Swelling Breast,

And down he went to his coal-black hips

Ere ever his rider guessed.

I flogged him up with the double of Pride,

I raked him with Conscience's spur,

But deeper he stumpled at every stride,

Ham-strung by the hands of Her;

I waled his hide from wither to hip,

I lathered his flanks in blood,

Till my arm grew tired and I dropped my whip

And lost my spur in the mud.

It is warm down here in the clinging mire

White wanton arms within,

But I have sated my last desire

And tasted my sweetest sin.

And I drown in the depths of a slow remorse:

While, sick of the soul he slew,

The Devil has bridled another horse

And mounted a rider new.

—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

## Morgan le Fay.

I will put by my violent days and the ill deeds that I wrought,

All wayward sins of a wild heart, all empty joys I sought;

I will forswear the fruitless year and the heedless day,

And the long gold tresses and false caresses of Morgan le Fay.

The songs are hollow and empty; the wine is down to the lees;

I am full sick of the witching dance and unclean mysteries.

And the palace of magic and wonder just an ill shadow seems.

Wild feasts and vile faces out of evil dreams.

There shall no sleep come nigh me all through the long night,

Where I watch mine arms alone for a space ere I ride forth to

fight,

Alone with the cold altar and the cross of my slain Lord,

With the stark helm and the gray mail and the cross-hilted sword.

I have bound the spur to my heel again, I have rent my life

like a scroll;

In the bitter waters of sorrow will I wash clean my soul;

I have put by the worthless world and the heedless day,

And the long gold tresses and false caresses of Morgan le Fay.

—C. Fox Smith in London Outlook.



## HOT FRANCE AND THE COOL ALPS.

The Train of the Dreadful Night—Cross Dogs and Tired Travelers—The Odoriferous St. Bernards—Bad-Mannered Americans, Personally Conducted.

On a red-hot morning in the middle of July, four ladies started out from Paris for Lausanne. Two of the ladies were bound for Italy, and carried only hand luggage of such vast and cumbersome proportions that even the hardened Paris porters stood baffled before its magnitude, scratching their heads and grinning at one another. The other two ladies had, I think, a trifle more; also they had two immense American trunks in the van, and a pet skye terrier, limp and spiritless from heat and terror.

When we got into the compartment we found three other people already there, each one equally well supplied with luggage, one of the ladies having another pet dog. The carriage was as hot as only a European railway carriage can get. The luggage was piled in the racks, on the seats, under them, and on the floor. It seemed impossible to stow it all away, and in the intolerable stewing, steaming atmosphere of the small, half-lit space, we sat down despairingly upon ends and edges of it, and looked at one another, and weakly laughed. The pet dogs, after eying each other from the shelter of their owners' arms, began to growl murmurously. We were to pass eleven hours in this place, being bound straight across France for Switzerland.

An obliging and well-tipped porter finally induced the owner of the second pet dog to descend and allow herself and her packages to be stowed away elsewhere. This was an alleviation of the situation, but even without her it was a distressful journey. I have heard people say that they preferred the continental railway carriages to the American open cars, and the more I travel on continental railways the more I wonder at this. There is little or no upper ventilation, and the roof sets low, close down on your head, with the fierce sun of midsummer beating relentlessly upon it. The rates on luggage are so heavy that every one carries an enormous quantity of bags, valises, hold-alls, and packages. These, crowded into the small space, seem to add to the heat and discomfort of it. There is no way of getting anything cold to drink on the car, and as the only manner of obtaining air is to keep both windows open, a cloud of burning dust sifts through the carriage, and induces a thirst which only quarts of iced Apollinaris can assuage, and you have to wait for that till the end of the trip.

I will not dilate upon the journey. Enough is said when I state the fact that it was awful. A hot wave was brooding over Europe, and it seemed to make that portion of France through which we passed its centre of operations. In the early darkness of a breathless, stifling night, we ran into Lausanne, catching glimpses of the black, still bosom of the lake, into which long lights threw reflections that lay on the blackness in oily golden coils like melting spirals of butter. Here and there the velvet inkiness of the opposite shore was spangled with a sudden outbreak of fireworks. A bunch of colored stars bloomed in the upper air, hung there a moment, and then slowly glided downward like long, reluctant tears.

I will always retain a pleasant memory of a restful, tranquil morning in Lausanne. It was very hot, the lake shone below us like a sheet of burnished metal gleaming under the fiery sun. The mountains were dimly blue, with a dotting of white villas and towns about their feet. But the hotel was cool, a shadowed, airy place, with half-lit rooms and lowered awnings. The energetic members of the quartet went out to explore, and at half-past twelve only two of us were sitting at *déjeuner* at a little metal table just off the sidewalk.

The air about us was cooled by perpetual sprinkling with a hose. Under our feet there were flags—upon which the exhausted little skye terrier stretched herself flat, cooling her stomach on the stones—and a line of oleander and laurel trees in tubs cut us off a trifle from the life of the highway. Beyond the misty pale mountains rose high in the sky, vague and unreal as scenery in dreams. Straw-hatted men, waving fans, came and took tables near us, and lounged over the morning paper, sipping small cups of ink-black coffee. We sat long at our *déjeuner*, conversing scrappily to a languid pulsing of fans and the clinking of ice in the tall bedewed glasses.

Soon after leaving here our party broke; one-half of it went to one of the Swiss valleys for the summer; the other farther along to where the Simplon Pass makes an easy crossing from Switzerland to Italy. We were to cross by diligence, starting from Brig and fetching up in the end of the afternoon at Domodossola, a little way over the Italian border.

At five o'clock in the rose-flushed, mountain-chilled dawn of a Swiss morning, a bass-voiced man-servant came and banged on our doors, ordering us to get up. From the dead sleep of exhaustion we struggled to awake, stupefied with fatigue, hearing through the last, delicious moment of dreams, the loud jubilant song of the mountain river under our windows, the twittering of swallows about the eaves. It was a wonderful hour. Standing out on our balcony I saw the crowding of rosy summits all about, here and there a loftier one, crusted with snows, blushing pink under the kisses of the morning. The air was extraordinarily thin and

clear, every smallest sound separate and distinct. It was full of the smell of pines, and was sweet and refreshing to breathe, as clear, pure water is to the thirsty traveler. Only let me inform others contemplating the trip not to get up at five unless they want to. The diligence does not go till seven, and why they force you to rise at that unholy hour I can't imagine.

At seven o'clock, every seat occupied, the diligence stood in the public square of Brig ready to go. We sat in the *banquette*, two sleepy-eyed, yawning American ladies, one with a headache and very sulky at being waked up so early in the morning. The diligence is a curious, archaic affair, much the same I should think as what they have used for the last century or two. It is drawn by four horses, and is driven by a man in a sort of uniform, who carries a whip with an incredibly long lash. The carriage is shaped in the middle like an ordinary landau, with a covered seat, holding two, perched high in the back. This is the *banquette*, and is the choice seat of the vehicle, as you are lifted above every obstacle, and survey the scenery unobstructed from all points.

I will not attempt to describe that drive. In the first place, unadulterated description is a bore, and in the second I could not do it. These bits of fierce and undecorated nature check the pen of the scribe. His poor little vocabulary seems smaller and meaner than ever; his choice of words becomes more commonplace and stilted. Coleridge, opium-inspired, can write a hymn on the Valley of Chamounix, and Byron, breaking for a moment from the fetters of the flesh that held him in ignoble bondage, can give forth awed and solemn words on the mystery of ocean. But, strange as it may seem, I am neither a Coleridge nor a Byron. Let me say that it is a wonderful and amazing drive, and that any one who loves nature in her wilder and less gentle moods had better take it at the first opportunity.

Two things I can touch on—the Hospice on top of the pass and the Americans one meets every mile or two. Delightful chills were imparted to my placid and happy childhood by stories of travelers lost upon the Alps. Great dogs with little cantenets round their necks always rescued them, and it was a new pleasure to think of the noble dog saving a life and the gratitude of the rescued when he realized how he had been spared. What was then my joy when I reached the top of the Pass to see before us the Hospice just as it was in the pictures—a grim, gray building of rough stone, with a pointed tower rising from the slope of slate roofs. Wild Alpine crests, snow-enamelled, swept up behind it into the glittering blue, and now, in the heart of the gracious summer time, the meadows about it were bright with wild flowers.

The driver halted and shouted at us in French to get down and go in, he would wait long enough for us to see the inside. So we scrambled down and ran up the steps. It was chill, bare, and rigidly monastic—and oh, the smell of the dogs! Those noble, life-saving canines have got their drawbacks. They are housed on the ground floor, and as one enters an odor of penetrating power greets one. Down a wide stone passageway I saw them lying, languid and lazy with the warmth of summer—huge, gaunt beasts, their bodies outflung on the cool flags, half asleep in the drowsy heat of the noon hour.

There were a pair of Americans at the Hospice, a man and a woman, sitting on a bench near the steps. They were evidently stopping there, and they looked at us with exploring eyes as if to discover just where we hailed from. They were a quiet, nice-looking pair of people, not like the parties we began to encounter farther along. I have the greatest admiration for my fellow-countrymen. I think them the pleasantest and most agreeable of human beings, but I would like somebody to tell me why there are so many common, second-rate, and offensive ones sprinkled over Europe. Where do they come from? One does not meet them in America.

We met two or three personally conducted parties on our way across, the "personal conductor" being, in each case, a managing, middle-aged lady, perspiring and exhausted, with a hectoring manner and a very bad French accent. Each party was designated by its conductor's name. Members of Mrs. Jones's party swooped down upon the dining-room at Simplon at lunch and anxiously inquired if Miss Brown's party had yet passed by. We ran into Miss Brown's party later on, journeying in a long line of carriages and a cloud of dust. They were mostly hatless, and all wore white shirt-waists. That is one of the marks of the "personally conducted" party. It is invariably clad in white shirt-waists and high linen stocks.

It remained for us to encounter the third party at the hotel at Domodossola. That appeared the worst party of all, but I don't know whether it was, or whether it seemed so because they stood out so startlingly against the Italian background. They shouted so at dinner that nobody could hear themselves speak in the dining-room. They had the most awful voices I have ever heard. Some French and German guests of the hotel stared at them silent and awestricken, while we exchanged surreptitious side glances of ashamed amazement. Some of them were young and pretty, others old and ugly; but they all seemed to share in common the idea that they owned the place and were *The People*.

MILAN, July 20, 1904.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Cassava starch, also known as tapioca, is the chief element of the gum on the back of postage-stamps.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Somebody puts this interesting question: "Is Alton B. Parker the first red-headed man who ever contested for the Presidency?"

If brevity be the soul of wit, then the Rev. Charles H. Yatman has a first mortgage on the distinction of being the wittiest preacher in America. To an Ocean Grove audience the dominie recently announced his text, then said: "Don't worry; it's wicked," and—sat down.

The nomination by the Republican party of Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, better known as "Prince Cupid," to succeed himself as Hawaiian Territorial delegate to Congress, is now assured. It will be recalled that "Prince Cupid" had some interesting adventures during his last term at Washington.

Barrett Wendel, professor at Harvard University, has been engaged to give a series of lectures on American literature, manners, customs, and institutions, during the first semester of the next scholastic year, beginning probably in November, at the University of Paris. This is the first lectureship of the sort to be established.

The two young sons of Emperor William, August Wilhelm and Oscar, are now at the Heustrich Baths in Bernese Oberland. The younger son, Oscar, who is about fourteen years old, is seriously ill with a pulmonary complaint that has developed a growth in the throat similar to the emperor's trouble. In the case of the son it is stated on good authority that the growth is of cancerous nature.

Two of the most interesting men who have just entered the Columbia University are Srirangan Desikachar Sheshadry Iyengar, an East Indian, who has been sent to this country by his government to obtain an electrical education, and James Euman Kodwo Mensa Ostiwadu Humanpunsam Kwegyir-Aggrey, a South African, who will be the first negro to receive the degree of Ph. D. from Columbia.

The Japanese generals who are directing the campaign against the Russians are by no means youthful. Marquis Yamagata (field-marshal) is sixty-six years old, Marquis Oyama (field-marshal) is sixty-two, Count Nodzu is sixty-three, Count Katsura (premier) is fifty-seven, Viscount Sakuma is fifty-nine, Baron Kuroki (first army) is sixty, Baron Oku (second army) is fifty-eight. The facts are from the *Japan Weekly Mail*.

Should Henry G. Davis be elected to the Vice-Presidency and afterward succeed to the Presidency, the great American game of draw-poker would of necessity become a regular institution in the White House. There is seldom an evening, except on Sundays, when Mr. Davis is in his home at Elkins that the regular poker game is omitted. He finds that this evening game takes his mind off his business and enables him to sleep soundly. In this respect he differs from some poker-players.

In this column was recently printed a statement, emanating from Paris, that General Kuroki, of the Japanese army, is half French. General Kuroki's nephew, Josake Oshima, a student at the Berlin Technical University, has now written a letter to the *Tageblatt* correcting this story. Oshima says General Kuroki's father was a Polish nobleman named Kurowski, who, after the revolution of 1831, fled from Russia, and after being in the Dutch service in Borneo, settled down in Japan, where he married a Japanese woman. On his deathbed, Oshima adds, the father of General Kuroki charged his son to avenge the wrongs of Poland upon Russia. This, if true, is indeed a very piquant bit of romance.

To few Americans is it given to round out forty years upon the bench and have health and mental powers unimpaired. David J. Brewer, of Kansas, justice of the United States Supreme Court, can claim for himself that unusual record. Transplanted from his birthplace, at Smyrna, on the other side of the world, to America, he received his education at Yale College and the Albany Law School. Then he went to Kansas, and entered upon the practice of law at twenty-two. He is now sixty-seven, and hale and hearty. "For many years," he recently said, "I have been getting up at four o'clock in the morning. Lately, however, the hour has been five o'clock, for I find I enjoy taking more sleep. My retiring hour at night is usually about ten o'clock. I began early rising when I lived in Kansas. As a young judge I was ambitious, and at night I found myself dreaming over the cases I had tried during the preceding day. I did not rest well, and this troubled me so much that I consulted a doctor, an old friend of mine. He advised me to drop all work in the evening. In those days we had dinner at noon and a light meal, our supper, toward midnight. I was to go out in the evening with my wife, attend the theatre, play cards, or go to parties, but forget the law. Then I might get up as early in the morning as I pleased. I followed this advice, and gradually acquired the habit of rising at four o'clock. I began to sleep soundly and without dreaming of anything so far as I could tell. I got up in the morning with a clear head, and was able to do two or three hours of good work before breakfast. I have followed that practice ever



## THE GENTLE ART OF BOOSTING BOOKS.

Being Some Remarks on an Obscure but Important Profession.

The theatrical press-agent is a notorious person. Though his name is unknown to the laity, his mighty deeds are celebrated in song and story by the comic papers. His lies are famous, his audacities are enviously admired. How comes it, then, that the own cousin to the booster of actors and, more particularly, of actresses, is unknown and unsung of—we, mean, of course, the Boomer of the Author? It is he who pours into the capacious, slightly pointed ears of the novel-reading public the sweet story of how Mary Q. Quicksales, author of "Edition Ninety-Seven," "at the age of four [we are quoting directly from a sheet put forth by the press-agent's hand] was horrified by the neighbors to entertain their guests. With flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes she danced on to her climaxes, feeling the sweets of success [at the age of four!], and not dreaming till later years that her own picturesqueness and fervid speech had anything to do toward winning her audience of grown-ups." It is the author-boomer—this fellow in the cellars of every new novelist's Temple of Fame—who acquaints us with the bue of the author's hair, of the shape and size of his nasal protuberance, who tells us whether he habitually uses a stub-pen or the festive typewriter, whether he is single or married (the hooster is chary of revealing this latter fact, by the way, because the ladies who consume novels prefer their favorite authors unmarried), and whether the author in question is descended from an Irish king or a Revolutionary patriot, or is, perchance, a fresh-air child—any case serves the author-boomer; all is grist that comes to his mill. Certainly, now, this gentleman who labors so mightily for the adequate instruction of novel-consumers ought to have his due meed of fame.

At the best, his task is a hard one. Actresses have diamonds that may be stolen in a manner highly advantageous to the box-office; authors are, as a rule, impecunious persons—not even the most gullible of publics would believe a story of stolen jewels. Actresses may baply come from aristocratic families, now humiliated to see the old and honored family name on the flaring posters. Novel-writing has not—yet—become so darkly disgraceful. Actresses are apt to bave (for advertising purposes only) wealthy patrons who, from purely humanitarian motives, defray their expenses; alas! the charming custom of having an author in your retinue has all but passed away. Actresses who have a widowed mother and four little sisters, whom they are respectively supporting and educating, give great joy to press-agents; it is hard to work up remunerative sympathy for a lady author by such sweet true tales.

So it is apparent that author-boomers have a hard time. They have to fall back upon expedients that, from the point of view of the theatrical press-agent, are infinitely mossy. A favorite scheme lately has been to send out the usual little slips, all gummed upon the back, for the benefit of constitutionally tired editors, saying that Miss Edinburg, the noted author of "The Deliverance," is on the brink of matrimony, and then following this notice up closely with an indignant denial from Miss Edinburg, and profuse apologies for the mistake from the author-boomer. John Kendrick Bangs, who apparently has many pushful friends "in the trade," says, according to a recent veracious anecdote, that the best scheme is to have a pair of galoshes made to order, with raised letters on the soles, so that when you walk down town of a snowy morning you will print with every step, for the benefit of the reading man who runs, this legend: "I am Bangs, I am Bangs," or "I am S-h-f-f-u-r, I am S-b-f-f-u-r," as the case may be. Another scheme: In behalf of a book of verses that appeared recently, a Boston press-agent got up a "strike." In his advertising masterpiece we read: "In a Maine high-school the scholars devoted their speaking exercises so entirely to Mr. Day's verses week after week that the principal was obliged to issue orders that no more selections from 'Pine Tree Ballads' should be rendered. Thereupon the boys of the school, to the number of twenty, struck." It is indeed a happy relief to know that the strike situation "was at last arranged amicably through mediation!" Other bright young men in the author-booming business model their masterpieces on the old familiar patent-medicine plan. You know how they go—

## A SEA SERPENT SEEN

in San Francisco Bay would not cause greater excitement than has the wonderful cure of Mrs. Charles H. Briggs, of 444 Strentb Street, by Dr. Skinnem's Rapid Remedy for Rickets, etc., etc.

Here is a bona-fide sample of the author-boomer's clever imitation of the patent-medicine man:

## DO YOU KNOW

in New Jersey is called the "Sharp-Backs." The nickname comes from the razor-blade dogs which were once its chief product. The origin of the term came up recently in connection with Miss Margery Williams's

story, "The Price of Youth," which pictures, etc., etc.

Only, alas! the patent-medicine man pays for his "Sea-Serpent" item, while the publisher wants you to print his lit'ry note free gratis for nothing. The author-boomer who succeeds in this is known as an "editor buster," since he is poetically supposed to "bust" editors as a cowboy does broncos, making them tractable to the bit of the small paragraph and submissive to the saddle of the long anecdote—each freighted with advertising.

But here is another sample of "fine work" in a different line:

AN AUTHOR WHO SAVED THE LIVES OF A THOUSAND DOGS.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, the author of "The Deliverance," saved the lives of not less than a thousand dogs during a motor-car trip through Normandy and Brittany last summer. She made a sort of whirlwind trip on the forty-five horse-power machine, which finished eighth in the memorable motor race from Paris to Madrid. Killing dogs is part of the daily work of a motor-car abroad. Miss Glasgow, who is very fond of dogs, was very much distressed. Shortly after she started on the trip, she read in a Paris newspaper that by using a long whip the dogs could be kept away from the moving car. At the first stop, which was a very small town in Normandy, she entered a shop and bought a long American whip. For the rest of the journey she was busily engaged in cracking this whip around the legs of curious dogs, who harked and ran in front of the moving car. Miss Glasgow estimates that she kept at least a thousand dogs from being killed under the wheels.

Bully for Miss Glasgow! It is this same able press-agent of hers who conveys to us the thrilling news that "she usually writes seated in a large rocking-chair, with her pad in her lap." But the taste of this person is far better than that of the emitter of "newspaper feed" who beaded an advertising item: "Brother of Mrs. Humphry Ward Dead," ending it with the title of a late book of the lady's. And the same man furnishes forth the following: "William Harhen, author of 'Ahnor Daniel,' who has completed a new novel, writes that the Southern summer has been delightfully cool," and also that "Booth Tarkington, whose last story, 'Cberry,' ranks with the best books of the day, as a representative Hoosier author has been meeting a number of titled people in London."

"As a representative Hoosier author!"—the Lord save us!

Indeed, the author-boomer needs to be taken in hand by the comic journals. Too long he has escaped the thrusts aimed at the actor-booster. He needs discipline: he deserves notoriety which his soul—if he boasts such an organ—mightily craves. The author-boomer is an institution: he is as oil on the wheels of the book-presses from which fly the Novel of the Hour and the Story of the Moment. Upon the proper performance of his burdensome task depends the reading of feminine thousands. He needs discipline. His is a bead made for knocks. Hit it.

H. A. L.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "He Tbat Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell-Keays.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiaab Lyneb.
5. "The Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
2. "Pillar of Light," by Louis Tracy.
3. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
4. "Woman Errant," Anonymous.
5. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister.
4. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.

It will be remembered that when Sully-Prudhomme, the greatest of living French poets, was awarded the Nobel prize of 100,000 francs a few years ago, he generously set aside the sum of 1,500 francs annually to pay the expenses of publishing the first book of verses by a new and struggling poet. This prize was awarded first to Emile Michelet, last year to Charles Dumas, and this year a judge has just selected the poems of Mlle. Marthe Dupery from among 180 submitted as most worthy. Mlle. Dupery is a young woman, the daughter of a sculptor of Blois, and was formerly a telegraph operator. The book of poems is called "Idylles en Fleurs." Very poetically, the young poetess lives in a garret up six flights of stairs.

## Andrew Lang on Hewlett's Queen Mary.

As the author of a history of Scotland and "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," and a poet withal, Andrew Lang is excellently equipped to pass judgment upon Maurice Hewlett's much-talked-of novel, "The Queen's Quair." In a recent letter to a New York paper he has this to say of it:

Mr. Hewlett, though he is very sorry for a passionate girl tossed like a hone into the kennel of hungry Scottish nobles and angry Protestant preachers, is by no means the advocate of the queen. His novel is in a way an experiment; it is less a romance *à la mode* than an effort to clothe actual history with flesh and blood. The device of the queen's boy lover, the French page, with his manuscript narrative, "The Secret of Secrets," is not, I think, a happy idea. There was no such boy, nor do I believe that the queen would have kissed little Will Douglas, the lad who saved her out of Loch Leven Castle, as she embraces Des Essarts. In many a passage Mr. Hewlett seems to draw a Mary more like the real woman, both in person and in mood, than any historian, poet, or novelist has yet designed. But I feel convinced that the queen, though she was driven to use her only weapons, charm and fascination, for political ends, was not a wanton. Her manners were French and free, coquetry was her sceptre that swayed the hearts of friends and even of enemies, and she fell under a passion for Bothwell which, like Phadra's passion for Hippolytus, the ancients would have attributed to the anger of the Goddess of Love. She was, no doubt, feverish, on occasion hysterical, but a wanton, a constitutional *détraquée*, I think she was not. Mr. Hewlett takes the more adverse view. . . . With the exceptions noted, the book succeeds in clothing with flesh and animating with blood these dry old bones which history, forbidden to invent, is compelled to mumble. . . . Nothing can be more unlike the conventional historical novels by authors ignorant of history, while Scott, in "The Abbot," was too chivalrous to do more than touch, with the touch of a poet, on the central crisis of tragedy of the brave, loyal, fallen queen who sinned *contre son naturel*, and suffered up to the measure of her sin.

## New Publications.

"Forms of English Poetry," by Charles F. Johnson, L. H. D. American Book Company.

"A Hill Prayer and Other Poems," by Marian Warner Wildman. Richard G. Badger.

"College Training and the Business Man," by Charles F. Tbwing, LL. D. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00.

"Frenchy: The Story of a Gentleman," by William Sage. Illustrated. Scott-Thaw Company; \$1.50.

"Francis Parkman," by Henry Dwight Sedgewick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—a good brief biography of a great man.

"Rosahel," by Esther Miller. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50—a not very good novel, treating the theme of a mother and daughter heing in love with the same man.

"True Republicanism," by Frank Preston Stearns. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50—a concise and unprejudiced treatment of the subject from a partisan, but not blindly partisan, standpoint.

"The Sociology of a New York City Block," by Thomas Jesse Jones, Ph. D. Studies in history, economics, and public law. The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Company, agents; \$1.00.

"The Confessions of a Club Woman," by Agnes Surbridge. Illustrated by A. I. Keller. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a book in which the author endeavors to show that club life is a had thing; pretty fair satire.

"Note-Book of an Adopted Mother," by Eleanor Davids. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.00 net—a seriously intentioned but delightful hook, especially valuable to kindergarten teachers, and deserving of a wide circulation.

"Tattlings of a Retired Politician," by Forrest Chrissey. Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. Thompson & Thomas, Chicago—a hook which is the real thing in its way, one which should put many people "wise" as to the way the great game of politics is played.

"Lychgate Hall," by M. E. Francis. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50—a pleasant English story which appeared serially in the London Times (weekly edition); the time is the early years of the eighteenth century; there are mystery, pretty descriptions of rural scenery, and a good plot.

"The Heart of the Orient," by Michael Myers Shoemaker. Profusely illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons—a sprightly account of a trip through Georgia—sometimes called Transcaucasia—Armenia, Persia, Turkomania, and Turkestan; the author is pro-Slav and anti-Japanese.

"Richard Gresham," by Robert Morse Lovett. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50—an honest straightforward story of the life of a man from boyhood until he meets the right woman; in a rather literal way is detailed a first love-affair, the meeting with a chorus-girl, etc.; an interesting book.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Pleasant Book of Children's Verse.

The little book of child-verse, "Elfin Songs of Sunland," by Charles Keeler, is distinctive in its charming simplicity. Unpretentious as the poems are, they are just such verses as can be read with all the extravagant emphasis so dear to the heart of a child. Fancy bow a Lionel or Margaret will demand that you throw stress on "rounds" and "rolls" and "looks" and "wise" in a couplet like this from "The Baker Man":

"He pats pats pats at his little mud pies;  
He rounds them and rolls them and looks so wise."

And what small boy would fail to yield to this:

## THE BRASS BAND.

It makes me feel so fine and gay  
When drums are beat and bugles play;  
I think I'd like to be a king  
And rule the earth and everything.

The big bass-drum  
Goes dum, dum, dum,  
The horns play twiddle dee.  
And every toot and every beat  
Just catches bold of my two feet  
And makes them run away from me.  
And this is what I hear them say:  
As down the street they march away:  
Te dum, ratta dum, ratta dum dumde,  
Te dum, ratta dum, about hurrah boys with me!

Twiddle twee twee twee, twiddle anything you can,  
For I'm going to be a soldier when I get to be a man!

The songs are divided into five groups: "A Ring Around of Playtime," in which there are verses about popping corn and tops and kites and soap-bubbles; "Songs of the Wild-wood," in which the coyote, the jay, the polliwog that lost its tail, and the horned toad, figure; "Quips and Cranks," where we hear of Farmer Jones's goat and a gobbler in trouble; "Rhymes for Toddlers," a title that is self-explanatory; and "Brown Baby Bal-lads," where, among others, six little Eskimos and the Honolulu boy appear.

Of course we know that it is the highest art to conceal art, but such concealment does not always help a book such as this with rushed reviewers and hurried searchers for gifts for children. Many books of juvenile verse are superficially more clever than Mr. Keeler's; few, we think, are written with more genuine sympathy with the heart of the child, or with better appreciation of childhood's needs. Such a poem as "The Leopard Lily," simple as it is, will, we think, be found by children very charming:

"In the forest stilly  
The leopard lily  
Sways on her stem so stately  
Tall as a child  
In the mountains wild  
She stands and nods sedately.

"Orange and red  
Is her dappled head  
And her anthers brown are a-quiver;  
O fie on you, lily,  
So vain and silly  
To look at yourself in the river!"

Mrs. Keeler's graceful pencil designed the attractive cover and decorated the pages with their quaint and pleasing borders. The verses are printed in an artistic style of black-faced type, and the volume is neatly bound. The dedication is to the poet's daughter, Mero-dine.

Published at the Sign of the Live Oak, Berkeley; 75 cents.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Mary Austin, author of "The Land of Little Rain," has just finished her new romance of Southern California and Mexico, which is to appear serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, beginning with September, under the title "Isidro." Mrs. Austin is also to publish this fall some tales of the California desert, collected under the title "The Basket Woman."

Thomas Whittaker announces for publication in September or October "Saturday Night Sermons," by the Rev. Dr. George Thomas Dowling, rector of Christ Church, Los Angeles, Cal. The sermons originally appeared in the *Los Angeles Express*.

Kate Douglas Wiggin and the Misses Findlater visited Allan McAulay at Ardvorlich Cottage, Lochearnhead, Scotland, July 1st. These are the authors who have written in collaboration the love-story entitled "The Affair at the Inn," which will appear in September. Mrs. Wiggin is remaining abroad longer than usual this summer, and has gone from Scotland to Paris.

W. L. Alden hasn't discovered yet that the baptismal name of the author of "The Call of the Wild" is Jack, not John. In his last London letter to a New York newspaper he has the inexpressible nerve to write: "John London's new book [new in England], 'A Daughter of the Snows,' has been highly praised in the first review that I have seen of it. Mr. London unquestionably knows how to write in a picturesque and forcible manner, and there is noticeable in his work a steady improvement in matter and style. I

hope he will not long persist in calling himself Jack. Why not Jacky at once? The other sex has surely made sufficiently ridiculous the practice of using nursery diminutives instead of Christian names, and it is rather too absurd for men to imitate them."

The scenes of Gouverneur Morris's new novel, "The Pagan's Progress," are said to be laid in the times of "primitive man," whenever that may have been, at least far enough back, it is to be presumed, to enable the author to give free scope to his imagination without fear of contradiction by the student of history. The book will be issued by A. S. Barnes & Co. in the autumn.

There is to be a new biography of Balzac published in the autumn.

At the very moment when American and English readers take up the new collection of short stories which Mr. Kipling is to issue in the autumn, the book will make its bow to the public of nearly every European country. Editions will then be published in Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

"Chinese Made Easy" is the title of a volume for the home student by Walter Brooks Brouner, A. B., M. D., of Columbia University, and Fung Yuet Mow, Chinese missionary in New York, which the Macmillan Company has in press for publication shortly. An introduction for the book is being written by Herbert A. Giles, M. A., LL. D., professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, England, and late H. B. M. consul at Ningpo. Speaking of the book, Professor Giles says that "any one may gain, with the assistance of this book, a knowledge of the Chinese language, colloquial and written," and that "the student . . . can take it up and positively progress from day to day without further assistance of any kind."

The Vicomte de Spoelbergh de Louvenjoul has brought out in Paris a book called "La Veritable Histoire d'Elle et Lui," in which he endeavors to clear up all the obscurities in that celebrated episode in the life of George Sand. The collection of posthumous and unpublished articles by the novelist, which has recently been put in print, deals with such subjects as Jules Janin, our Civil War, Victor Hugo, women in politics, acting, and the play.

A volume of prose by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is also announced, and its title, "The Life Beautiful," is one more indication, if any were needed, that both Bunyan and the book to which his inversion of words referred, are less read than they might be. The volume is composed of short essays on familiar topics, and is to be prettily bound.

Mr. Howells's "The Son of Royal Langbrith," which has been running serially, will be published in book-form early in August, simultaneously with "The Story of a Dog," by Mark Twain.

A Shakespearean relic, which possesses an attraction of tragic and gruesome association, is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's rooms soon. It is a copy of Shakespeare's works published in 1747 and interesting from the fact that it belonged to the notorious clergyman, Dr. William Dodd, the author of "The Beauties of Shakespeare," but who was more notable as having, strange to say, been the author of a work entitled "The Frequency of Capital Punishments Inconsistent with Justice, Sound Policy, and Religion," published shortly before he was himself hanged for forging the name of Lord Chesterfield to a bond for £4,200.

The new volume in the English Men of Letters Series (Macmillan) is "Maria Edgeworth," by the Hon. Emily Lawless.

An aftermath of the sensation caused by the publication of former-Lieutenant von Bille's novel, "A Little Garrison," has developed in the conviction by a court-martial of Lieutenant Witte, the original of one of the characters of the book, on the charge of perjury. He was sentenced to one year in prison, to be cashiered, and to the loss of civil rights.

## The Reg'lar Army Man.

TACOMA, WASH., August 3, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some three or four years ago, about the time of the Spanish-American War, you published in your valuable magazine, a poem that I think was entitled: "The Reg'lar Army Man." Would you oblige an old subscriber by republishing this in the *Argonaut*? Thanking you for this and past favors, I remain,  
Very truly yours, VIRGIL WHEELER.

He aint no gold-lace "Belvidere,"  
Ter sparkle in the sun.  
He don't parade with gay cockade,  
And posies in his gun;  
He aint no "pretty soldier boy,"  
So lovely, spick and span,  
He wears a crust of tan and dust,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The marchin', parchin',  
Pipe-clay starchin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

He aint at home in Sunday-school,  
Nor yet at social tea,  
And on the day he gets his pay  
He's apt ter spend it free;  
He aint no temp'rance advocate,  
He likes to fill the can,  
He's kinder rough an' maybe tough,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The rarin', tearin',  
Sometimes swearin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

No State'll call him "noble son,"  
He aint no ladies' pet,  
But, let a row start anyhow,  
They'll send for him, you het!  
He don't cut any ice at all  
In Fashion's social plan,  
He gits the job to face a mob,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The millin', drillin',  
Made fer killin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

They aint no tears shed over him  
When he goes off ter war,  
He gits no speech nor prayerful "prcach"  
From Mayor or Governor;  
He packs his little knapsack up  
And trots off in the van,  
Ter start the fight and start it right,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The rattlin', battlin',  
Colt or Gatlin',  
Reg'lar Army man.

He makes no fuss about the job,  
He don't talk big or brave,  
He knows be's in ter fight and win,  
Or help fill up a grave;  
He aint no "mamma's darlin'," but  
He does the best he can,  
And he's the chap that wins the scrap,  
The Reg'lar Army man;  
The dandy, handy,  
Cool and sandy,  
Reg'lar Army man.—Joe Lincoln.

Archer M. Huntington, son of the late Collis P. Huntington, has given to the city of New York his collection of Spanish books, coins, and manuscripts, worth upward of one million dollars, and has undertaken to build a museum to hold them. Huntington is an enthusiast on the subject of Spanish literature, history, art, and archaeology. He is the author of many books on Spanish subjects, and has reprinted about fifty rare Spanish books. In the literary world, Huntington is best known as a translator and editor of the poem, "The Cid." His work has been recognized in this country and abroad, and has won for him honorary degrees from Yale and Harvard Universities. He is a member of the Royal Spanish Academy, the Royal Academy of Seville, and similar organizations in Spain and other parts of Europe.

D. Appleton & Co. have secured the American rights to a new novel by Charles Marriott, author of that admirable story of the Cornwall coast in Hellenic atmosphere called "The Column." The forthcoming effort is a Welsh tale to be published with the title, "Genevra."

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When Henry Arthur Jones wrote "The Liars," he planned for the principal situation the assembling of a large group of people who unite in trying to convince a suspicious husband that a series of glittering lies are so many exculpatory truths. In "Joseph Entangled," he has diametrically reversed things. In the latter play, an innocently compromised couple are husily engaged in telling the exact truth to a number of interested persons, including a distracted husband, all of whom wave it away with polite but positive incredulity.

The situation has that questionable piquancy so characteristic of the present-day English society drama, which always includes the hankering after forbidden fruit, either by married women or by men whose age and position should decide them to settle down and cease coveting the wives of their friends. Lady Verona terms this mutual attraction of ill-regulated natures "matrimonial kleptomania." The entangled Joseph is an agreeable specimen of the English profligate—a profligate, that is, within bounds—a most engaging fellow, who is regarded with toleration by the author who creates him, and with indulgence by the audience that views him; a type that is recognizable at once as one that we are rapidly becoming familiar with in the Jones-Carton-Pinero dramas.

Sir Joseph is like Pinero's Lord Quex, in that he has the reputation of being a universally successful lady-killer, and the hero of numerous adventures in gallantry. Husbands distrust him, justly relegating him to the ranks of Lady Verona's "matrimonial kleptomaniacs"; but they go on liking him just the same, because he is a "good sort." Sir Joseph has, however, met his Waterloo, having been rejected some eight years previous to the action of the play by Lady Verona herself, who is a handsome, fashionable, and fascinating woman, with a good-sized balance-wheel of common sense. In spite of lurking *tendresse* in his direction, she has known that Sir Joseph as a husband would be likely to prove a risky investment, and has elected, instead, to marry Hardolph Mayne, who is unthrilling, but safe. As everybody knows by this time, Lady Verona and Sir Joseph arrive in town the same day, and, unconscious of each other's proximity, sleep under Lady Verona's roof, and meet, to their mutual surprise, at the breakfast table. The series of minor incidents by which Mr. Jones makes this improbability seem plausible is so ingeniously construed as to win the willing credence of the looker-on, and the play is safely launched upon a path that is set with constant entertainment.

The first act, so full of surprise, and so provocative of interest, is the best. We discover that Lady Verona has come to town suddenly, and almost secretly, to prevent the elopement of a younger married sister; that Sir Joseph, like the generality of profligates, is extremely likable; that he is popular with Knapman, the Mayne's butler, and a former servant of his own; and in a very neatly outlined interview between the two, Knapman permits himself to indulge in reminiscent chuckles over Sir Joseph's youthful escapades, thus enlightening the listeners as to the sort of man he is.

Breakfast and the meeting reveals another matter or so of interest. One is that the eight-year-old rejection of Sir Joseph by Lady Verona has left the rejected lover still faithful, in so far, at least, as a polygamously inclined matrimonial kleptomaniac may be faithful. It is scarcely possible to sympathize very deeply with the love disappointments of a man of Sir Joseph's type. One feels instinctively that Lady Verona stands to him in the relation of a daintily decorated and luscious sweetmeat that has been provokingly snatched from his grasp, and hangs dangling temptingly in sight but out of reach. Sir Joseph, having been denied, continues to hanker for this especial bon-bon, but that, we feel sure, has not prevented him from having appropriated a great many other choice morsels during the time that has intervened since he lost it. The pair chat over an informal breakfast, a regular English breakfast, at which, with a rack of toast, appears the inevitable marmalade; and Sir Joseph makes love, or rather tries to; for Lady Verona, with great skill, keeps at arm's length a man whose arms have a sort of magical facility for bridging the space that lies between them and an adjacent waist. Nevertheless, the chairs of the couple gravitate to rather intimate proximity. And then comes the fateful moment. The World, in the

shape of the Tavenders, a pair who love to spread the latest thing in the way of scandal, enters, and Lady Verona finds herself instantly and instinctively put upon her defense. When, after one or more scenes, the act closes, Lady Verona goes off in a wild panic—a panic which Hilda Spong makes very real and extremely womanish, and we find ourselves looking forward with keen interest to the sequel of the adventure. Although the two subsequent acts fail to reach the standing of the first, being neither so skillfully provided with incident nor so ingeniously constructed, yet the interest of the play keeps up to the last moment.

The friends of Sir Joseph and Hardolph Mayne, the injured husband, meet and talk the matter over luxuriously and at length; but though much more is said than done, the dialogue and characterization are so divertingly put in, that one scarcely perceives the lack of action. Then Lady Verona bursts in, a distracted figure, to beg for help from her partner in the scrape. It would be in the highest degree injudicious for Lady Verona thus to compromise herself at such a time, but evidently Mr. Jones thought it entirely out of the question to allow a whole act to pass without the brightening presence of a beautiful woman; a little weakness with which we must needs sympathize.

In the final act, Joseph is disentangled, much to his own dissatisfaction. It is rather a curious situation here, when he says to the wretchedly doubting husband, "This must have a happy ending either for you or for me. The choice remains with you." What mortal man would hesitate at such a moment? It is a world-old instinct to prize what another would eagerly grasp, and the husband decides to condone until he is affronted by the indignant cry of his wife, who rejects the condoning of an offense that has never been committed. Curiously enough, Mr. Jones has chosen to depict a total lack of affection in Lady Verona toward her husband. The sympathy that we feel for her is almost altogether of a worldly tincture. She is going to lose her high place, her good name—there is a hurt of womanly grief over that at the last, which awakens a quick response—but nothing is said of a wounded love, for this union stands as a type of the English marriage of convenience in which the husband loves the wife and the wife puts up with the husband. It is a sufficiently faithful reflex of the life which Jones and his fellow-dramatists satirize for us not to cavil at; and then, besides, in spite of Hardolph Mayne's tragic state of mind, "Joseph Entangled" is pure comedy, not to be taken too seriously. For that reason, no doubt, the author does not undertake to tag on a moral at the end. We have come to be amused, and Mr. Jones performs his share of the task in an eminently successful manner. If one wishes, one may deduce the moral that when an attractive young matron, no matter how blameless she may be, finds herself in a compromising situation, she should telegraph instantly for her husband.

With the addition to the company of Hilda Spong, Stanley Dark, and J. Hartley Manners, the acting talent is absolutely unexceptionable. The piece is presented in first-class style down to Mr. Tyler's butler, one of the most unerringly conceived and best-acted piece of characterization in the play.

Miss Spong is just as perfectly at home in the character of Lady Verona as she would have been ill-placed as Peggy in "Mice and Men." Her acting has gained appreciably in lightness and delicacy of touch, and she indicated that peculiar mingling in Lady Verona of indulgence toward Sir Joseph, of a sort of calm callousness toward her husband, and of keen concern for her own imperiled position, without at all estranging the sympathies of the audience; a triumph of charm under the circumstances, although Lady Verona's claim on the sympathies is greatly reinforced by the impregnability of her position as a faithful wife.

Henry Miller is always perfectly at ease in the character of a well-bred and agreeable man of the world; and his Sir Joseph is neatly expressive of that type, with now and then a tone of banter and an eye-gleam of humor to illustrate the casual charm which is the especial *appanage* of the society simmer.

Miss Jessie Busley, deposed to the rank of second lady in the company, stepped down but to adorn her descent. Both she and Mr. Tieden gave particularly clever sketches of those cheerful society idlers to whom tittle-tattle is the breath of life.

The characters of both Professor Sofield and Jermyn Pycroft have that element of exaggeration which is sometimes characteristic of Jones's lighter studies. Like that of Ferguson Pybus in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," they occasionally project so far in advance of the rest of the picture as to give it the appearance of being out of drawing. None the less they were most skillfully sketched in by Walter Allen and Stanley Dark. Mr. J. Hartley Manners gave a particularly competent representation of that incompetent worldling, Gerald Fannere, and the minor parts were filled by Miss Heyers, Mrs. Fisher, and Messrs. Glendinning and Staddon with such aptness as to complete the suggestion of the whole representation being a

bit of London life passing in review under our observation.

A prevailing characteristic of the most recent works of noted English dramatists is the tendency, so noticeable in "Joseph Entangled," to entirely eliminate the young girl from the drama of the hour. It is really odd to observe how insignificant she has become. No doubt it seems as if there were a fixed purpose in this omission, but dramatic works of able men must always be regarded as in some degree a reflex of contemporary social conditions. The American young girls, who stand as social representatives of the national wealth, are too important to be overlooked, but the English maiden, like the French *jeune fille*, must wait for marriage to rise to her full stature as a creator of drama.

Apparently, to the modern English view, matronhood bestows a newer and more baffling charm upon the brow of beauty. The woman who is already appropriated appeals to the Sir Josephs of London society, while upon the eager ranks of young girls waiting to be chosen he casts an indifferent eye. I fancy that the rise of the married woman dates from those early and lively years of England's king, before he had harvested such a plentiful crop of wild oats and taken to statecraft and a hygienic diet. The stamp then set upon society has remained, and its superficial aspects are no doubt presented with approximate fidelity in the Jones and Pinero comedies, of which "Joseph Entangled" stands as a most entertaining specimen.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Maeterlinck's Play Doubly Starred.

A. B. Walkley writes the following of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Sara Bernhardt in Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande," given by them in London:

Mme. Sarab Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell playing together on the same stage and using the same vocabulary, if not the same accent—this is surely what Jem Pinkerton would have called a "Monster Olio of Attraction." It was an "Olio," at any rate, that sufficed to fill the Vaudeville, the other day, with an audience for which the conventional epithet of "brilliant" seems miserably inadequate. By the few who find the virtue of a work of art in its art, and not in any extraneous interest of curiosity, occasions of this kind are perhaps rather to be endured than enjoyed. Such people, confronted by an actress acting in a language not her own, may be vaguely reminded of a certain remark of Dr. Johnson's about a dog that danced on its hind legs. Fortunately, "Pelléas et Mélisande" is a work of sheer beauty which it is difficult even for "fancy" experiments to spoil. In listening to it we were sometimes able to dismiss from our minds the conviction that Mrs. Campbell was not a Frenchwoman—always in her moments of silence and occasionally at other times. In fact, her accent showed marked improvement as the piece progressed, and over a longer course—say, a couple of dozen acts or so—would doubtless have attained perfect purity. As regards looks and postures and intonation, we all knew beforehand that Mrs. Campbell's Mélisande was as beautiful as the thing could conceivably be. It was amusing to see Mme. Bernhardt playing Pelléas, just as it would be amusing to see Mr. Fry or Mr. Warner standing up at the wicket with a broomstick. For there is nothing in this part to call forth Mme. Bernhardt's powers. She simply smiled and warbled and languished through it. What else could she do? One thought of Peg Woffington dancing a jig to amuse Triplet's children.

Johanna Gadski will make her first American transcontinental tour in concert and song recital this coming season, under the management of London G. Charlton. By reason of what she believed to be a breach of contract, Mme. Gadski left the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company, and she refused the offer from H. W. Savage to sing Kundry in the English "Parsifal." Beginning in November with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mme. Gadski will give recitals in New York and Boston, the North-Western cities, the Pacific Coast from Vancouver to San Diego, and return by way of Texas, or about eighty concerts, extending through next April.

Clara Morris, at one time considered the greatest portrayal of emotional rôles on the American stage, has been induced to continue in the part of Sister Gueveuve in A. M. Palmer's all-star cast of "The Two Orphans." Miss Morris had intended to retire permanently from the stage at the conclusion of the run of "The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam Theatre last May, to give her attention solely to literary work.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## End of the Miller Season.

Next week, at the Columbia Theatre, Henry Miller, supported by Hilda Spong, John Glendinning, J. Hartley Manners, Stanley Dark, Walter Allen, Jessie Busley, Grace Heyer, and others, will continue in Henry Arthur Jones's "Joseph Entangled," which, on Monday night, was given its first American production. This will be the closing week of the Miller season. The next attraction at the Columbia, commencing August 22d and running for two weeks, will be Arnold Daly in Shaw's "Candida," which aroused so much discussion in New York last season. It was seen for twenty weeks there, and immediately after its presentation here it will be taken back for another run.

## Daly Comedy at the Grand.

James Neill will begin the seventh week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) matinee with a production of Augustin Daly's comedy, "The Lottery of Love." Mr. Neill will play the rôle of Adolphus Doubledot, twice married and once done for. It is one of his best impersonations. Eddythe Chapman will be seen as Diana, and the remaining characters will be performed by the pick of the Neill company. It will be the first time of this comedy at fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents. Sunday matinee, August 21st, William Gillette's famous war drama, "Held by the Enemy," will be produced.

## Revival of "The Manxman."

Beginning on Monday evening, White Whitlesey will open the eighth week of his summer season at the Alcazar Theatre as Pete Quilliam in Hall Caine's "The Manxman," in which he was seen last season. The cast will include Luke Connors, John B. Maher, George Osbourne, Eugénie Thais Lawton, and Marie Howe. Sterling Lord-Whitney, who will accompany Mr. Whitlesey on tour during his coming season, will also be seen in the cast. The following week Abbey Sage Richardson and Grace L. Furniss's dramatization of Agnes and Egerton Castle's heroic romance, "The Pride of Jennico," will be presented. This play was originally produced by James K. Hackett.

## A New Musical Comedy.

Commencing Monday evening, "The Whirl of the Town" enters upon its last week at Fischer's Theatre. Dorothy Morton, the leading lady, has entirely recovered her voice, and Nellie Gerin, the new soubrette, seems to have made herself a favorite. It is announced that she has over forty specialties in her repertoire. A new and original musical-comedy, "The Anbeuser Pusch," will follow "The Whirl of the Town." It is by Will Carleton and Lee Johnson. Among the scenes will be the opening of the new Fairmont Hotel and the electric panorama on the St. Louis exposition grounds. It will be full of local songs and allusions.

## Change in the Cast.

The Tivoli Opera House's musical-comedy, "The Toreador," enters upon its third week on Monday evening. An important change in the cast takes place with the beginning of the coming week. John Duns-mure, who has been singing the title-rôle, returns to New York to fill a winter engagement, and his part will be sung by Forest Dabney Carr. Mr. Carr was a member of the Grau-Savage Grand Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The usual Tivoli matinee occurs on Saturday.

## Mother Love the Motive.

The Central Theatre will on Monday evening next present Theodore Kremer's New York success, "For Her Children's Sake," in which Ethel Clifton, the new leading lady of the Central stock company, will make her initial appearance here. Miss Clifton is reported to possess a magnetism and charm of manner that readily commend her to popular favor. Her opening part is a strong one, and the drama itself is full of twentieth-century realism. The play opens with a daughter's defiance of her own father, who has demanded that she abandon the man to whom she has plighted her troth. The love of a mother for her offspring, and the suffering she will endure for them, is the chief motive of the play. It will be mounted with unusual care.

## The "Ohio" on the Biograph.

Emmett Devoy and his company of comedians, including Hermine Shone, will make their first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this coming week. The medium for their introduction will be "The Sainly Mr. Billings," a farce said to be full of amusing lines and situations. A novel act will be offered by the three Barretts. It consists of cluh juggling and hat throwing. They use the modern wide-rimmed straw hats, and seem to be able to do almost anything with them. Mlle. Little and Louis Pritzkow will also be new to this city, and they will offer

their singing sketch entitled "A Mixed Affair." Miss Little is a soprano with a compass of three octaves, her top note being F above high C, while Mr. Pritzkow is a tenor robusto. C. Kelly, a dialect comedian, will make his first appearance west of Chicago. The original Madcaps will continue their dancing act; Harry Foy and Flo Clark will unload new jokes in their skit, "Old Curiosity Shop"; and Charles Guyer and Nellie O'Neil will evolve new terpsichorean surprises. The Hughes Musical Trio has been retained for a third and final week. The Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, including the speed trial of the United States battle-ship *Ohio*, at Santa Barbara Channel, August 1st, will complete the programme.

## FILIPINO DRAMA.

Arthur Stanley Riggs, in an article contributed to the New York *Evening Post*, on ancient and modern Filipino plays, says that the first plays seen by the natives were presented by the monks and priests who were sent to the Philippine Islands by the Spanish Government in 1564. They were of a distinctly religious nature, and their purpose was to make the Christian doctrine more comprehensible to the natives. The latter, up to that time, had had no drama of any kind, their entertainment consisting of songs handed down "by word of mouth," and now entirely forgotten.

The natives, of course, took part in the plays that the priests introduced, and hence long began writing plays of their own. Gaspar de San Augustin, Chirino, and other chroniclers of that time, pronounced these plays "well written and skillfully conceived." Says Mr. Riggs:

Rendered into modern thought, that means that the plays were gaudy and violent melodramas, crude and superficial in every respect, and with small reverence for sacred subjects, which were treated with the utmost familiarity. Some idea of how far this was probably carried may be gathered from the Filipino passion play of to-day, in which the scourging before Pilate is carried out with painful exactitude, and the scene in which the Saviour is unmercifully whipped and lashed lasts for almost a half-hour, to the wild and continuous laughter of the spectators, who voice their approval at every cut of the scourge.

The first dramatic period was followed by a time when the natives ceased play-writing, but contented themselves with translations of Latin plays made by the priests. Then came the historic drama, of which Mr. Riggs writes:

This middle-period drama, as I have called it, is known to the native as the Moro-Moro play, and deals almost entirely with intertribal wars. Having been taught and given a chance by Spain to learn of what the outside world did and used, the playwrights wove in with the fabric of their purely Filipino thought, speech, and action a curious and jumbled strain of foreign and outlandish nonsense; kings, dukes, counts, princesses, and villains were mixed up in a weird hodge-podge with rajahs, gats, barangáts, and cabézas, while through all ran the thread of the struggle between the Christian and infidel, or Mohammedan, factions. It was because of this religious element that the natives call these plays Moro-Moro.

Fray Joaquin Martinez Zuñiga, in his "Estadismo de las Yslas Filipinas ó mis viajes por este Pais" ("State of the Philippine Islands; or, My Journeys Through that Country") tells of other details in the drama of his day—1803. A short play in verse was given in honor of General Alava and himself. He says that it was "composed very rhetorically in bombastic style," and continues:

In it they celebrated the naval expeditions of the general. . . . They did not fail to include in it the expeditions of Ulysses, the travels of Aristotle, and the unfortunate death of Pliny, as well as other passages from ancient history, which they like greatly to introduce into their relations. All these passages are wont to be full of fables, and

they affect always the marvelous; therefore, inasmuch as that to which reference is made is most extraordinary, they receive it with the greater approbation; of Aristotle they say that, not being able to comprehend the vastness of the sea, he threw himself into its waves and drowned himself; of Pliny, that he precipitated himself into the crater of Vesuvius in order to understand the fires that raged in the interior of this volcano; and in this manner they mix other tales with history. . . . In these *loas* the verses are always of twelve syllables, well proportioned to the tone of the relation which they observe in the dramas.

Zuñiga gave the natives no credit for originality, saying that they had no ideas that could not be traced to the works of some European author.

Mr. Riggs says that since Zuñiga's time, and up to recently, the Moro-Moro play has been the most popular with the Filipinos, but that "the latter-day drama of sedition, and the passion plays and kintoscopes performances of sacred subjects, strangely blended with the sacrilegious and profane, have a large and steady following, so that within the past two or three years the genuinely Filipino drama has fallen almost into disuse, except in the provinces and in the smaller towns on other islands than Luzon." He gives the plot of a modern play, "Hindi Aco Patay" ("I Am Not Dead"), which deals with the insurrection, and which was suppressed because seditious:

The story the play tells is simple. The heroine is Karangalan, the wealth and dignity of the islands, who is betrothed against her will to Macámcam (Ambitious), the American government, by her scheming and miserly brother, Ualang-hinayan (Pitiless). In the meantime, she has engaged herself to Tugulan (Defense), the native who is loyal, or, in other words, an *insurrecto*. Tugulan and Macámcam fight a duel, and the former is hard hit and carried away to die, while Macámcam gets ready to marry the girl, willy-nilly. By a series of ingenious complications, the funeral procession of Tugulan is brought past Karangalan's house just before the wedding ceremony. As the hier reaches the house, Tugulan, supposed to have died, springs up, armed, shouting "Hindi aco patay," and the Americans, for Maimbót, Macámcam's father (Covetous), has come to see his son married to do desirable a *partie*, desist and decide, in the words of the play, "to wait until another day." . . . Kahapón, Ngayon, at Bukás," or "Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow," is even wilder and more lurid in style and action, as it contains several burnings, burials alive, and resurrections, while the hero burns the face of a corpse and does other pleasant things. In this play the Filipinos are given their freedom at the request of the children, and there is talk of electric bullets, air-ships, and other things the natives have never seen.

Mr. Riggs concludes:

Last of all the productions is an opera, so-called, by Paterno and Carluen, which was supposed to be pure Filipino in every respect, score as well as libretto. The music is a series of pilferings from "Gismonda," "Faust," and other well-known operas, and gives the non-technical mind an impression of the keenest disappointment and some discomfort. The words are weak and poor. The feature of the play, when given for Governor Wright, was a disgusting hallet and *dance du ventre* at the end of the second act, which was so bad that even the shameless native women dancing the encores did it with their backs to the house, while the gallery pounded and howled its satisfaction, though the party in the gubernatorial box was ominously grave and silent.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has returned to New York from Germany. She expresses herself as delighted with the prospect of appearing in comic opera. The piece in which she is to have the rôle of a laundress is called "Love's Lottery." Mme. Schumann-Heink has sung in comic opera before, appearing in Germany in "Die Fledermaus," and playing Katisha in "The Mikado." "If one has the voice and dramatic talent," she said in an interview, "why shouldn't one be able to lift comic opera to the plane of grand opera—if the music and ensemble are good?"

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—OF—

## The Argonaut

From 1877 to 1904

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VANITY FAIR.

Commenting on the recent edict by King Edward—unwritten, but an edict none the less—against reversing in the waltz, a writer in the *Times* says that it has a queer sound to Americans. "The fashion of dancing in English ball-rooms," he continues, "is something extraordinary, and New Yorkers and Newporters have looked with amazement at the efforts of Englishmen in a ball-room. The two-step, which was taken to England and combined with the old 'dancing in the barn' during the advent of Sousa some years ago, made a revolution in dancing in English ball-rooms. Craig Wadsworth, who is one of the best dancing men in New York, and also one of the best cotillion leaders, has not been taken up with much enthusiasm in London by the general run of English people, because few know how to dance in American fashion. They all go around one way, and spin slowly and awkwardly like great tops. The visiting Englishmen in New York for the past twenty years have been, many of them, extremely nice fellows, but none of them knew how to dance. The quadrille is more to their manner. When the polka was revived one year at Newport, young Peel created a sensation by dancing most furiously, taking light chairs in his hand, at the end of the dance, and giving them a terrible bang on the floor. For an Englishman's idea of dancing by his countrymen nothing is more delicious than Thackeray's 'Mrs. Perkin's Ball.' Those who have had the honor of going to a state hall at Buckingham Palace have remained only for a short time, as they are the dreariest of functions, and, besides royalty, very few people dance. The best dancers in England are Englishmen whose relatives are Americans, or who have had their training over here."

Among the things noted at the garden-party of President Loubet in Paris by the correspondent of *Truth* was that while "our friendship for our ally is unchanged, we can not help borrowing shades of color from the Japanese, with the names the latter give them. The steel gray now *a la mode* is called *la nuance Shimose*, after the terrible explosive that annihilated the Russian artillery in the different engagements between Japs and Russians. The *nuance poisson d'argent* is imitated from the torpedoes which wrecked the Russian war vessels. These implements of destruction look in the sea like great silver fish, and, if they twisted about the narrow ends, might almost pass for sharks. The figured silk imitations of *linon*, or cambric, are covered with patterns borrowed from Japanese embroideries, and parasols used with them are bright, with colors reminding one of a parterre aglow with bedded-out flowers. This is very Japanese. Mme. Loubet herself followed at her garden-party the mode that favors Japanese patterns."

"Although her visit East was a brief one," says the *Sun*, "Miss Mary Sutton, of Pasadena, defeated all opponents in such impressive style that her strong athletic figure and smiling face will not soon be forgotten. The crack Eastern lawn-tennis players were all routed in a regular Waterloo fashion, and now that the champion has departed they are wondering among themselves whether they really know anything about the game of tennis after all. Possibly ping-pong would be more to their taste in their present frame of mind. Miss Sutton's trip East had been long in her mind. After winning everything in sight at home, and holding her honors for four years, Miss Sutton longed, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. That she stood in a class by herself was so evident that Wright and Ditson's official note of the California season says of her: 'In the lady champion's case, the chief difficulty seems to be to handicap her so that she will have a chance to lose, as odds of one to four receive 15, given to a one-time champion here, do not seem sufficient, and she has lost but one set in match play in over four years.' If this reputation ever penetrated among Eastern players, it was usually heavily discounted as a tale from the West which nearer view would disclose as nothing wonderful. The Pacific Coast champion entered as her first tourney here the open meeting for the women's championship of America, deciding to face at once the crack players of the country. The result of this tourney, held at Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, is now a matter of history. There Miss Sutton defeated all opponents without the loss of a set, a remarkable and unparalleled record in a championship meeting. She won from Miss E. Howell, of Philadelphia, 6-2, 6-1; from Miss Coffin, of Staten Island, 6-1, 6-0; from Miss Homans, the West Side champion, 6-1, 6-1; and from the champion, Miss Bessie Moore, 6-1, 6-2. In all these matches Miss Sutton held her opponents on the defensive, with the result never in doubt from the start. Local players had a chance to see the new champion in the Middle States tourney at Mountain View, N. J., which took place the week following. Miss Moore, the ex-champion, did not enter this meeting, but Miss Sutton again went through with ridiculous ease, not losing a set. She defeated in turn Miss Swift,

6-0, 6-0; Miss Jewett, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Homans, 6-0, 6-0; and Miss Carrie B. Neely, the title-holder, 6-1, 6-1. Miss Sutton also won first in the women's doubles and the mixed doubles, pairing with Miss Marion Hall in the former event, and with E. B. Dewhurst in the latter. Later, on the Kings County courts, a round-robin event gave Miss Sutton easy wins over Miss Carrie B. Neely, Miss Anna M. Risch, the New York Tennis Club champion, and the ex-champion, Miss Moore. Against these players Miss Sutton lost only three games in all, defeating Miss Moore without the loss of a game, a great performance considering the reputation of her opponents.

"In appearance, Miss Sutton is of the sturdy, athletic style, with a muscular forearm that many a man might envy. She plays a hard, aggressive game, and wields her thirteen-and-a-half-ounce racquet with perfect ease. While inclined to hit the ball from near the base line, she can play a net game with telling effect. Her backhand strokes are made with freedom and force, frequently scoring along the side lines. It's her strength and ease of motion that impress the on-looker. She plays smilingly and confidently as one who has yet to meet a real rival. 'You won that point, but I was only fooling,' is what she seems to say to an opponent when a rally goes against her, and a few swift, well-placed strokes end the game in the champion's favor. A man opponent must leave his gallantry in the dressing-room if he would hold his own with Miss Sutton. When it was suggested at the Kings County Club meeting that the 'gallery' would appreciate a match between Miss Sutton and one of the blue-ribbon winners of the club, the men present became suddenly very quiet. This was just after the champion had polished off Miss Moore in two love sets, and seemed a bit hungry for more. Perhaps they knew of the match at Bay Ridge, played before a select number since pledged to secrecy, in which Miss Sutton defeated a Crescent man whose name is not disclosed, but whose reputation with the racquet is such as to rank him well up among the leaders. 'I first began to play when I was eleven years old,' says the champion; 'I went into my first tournament when I was twelve, and was beaten by one of my older sisters. This tournament was for the championship of Southern California, and my sister Violet won it that year (1899). The next year I beat Violet, and therefore won the championship, and have held it for the last four years. In 1901, I went to San Rafael for the championship of the Pacific Coast, and have won this tournament for the past three years.' Miss Sutton's success in the Western championship tournaments at Chicago was no less marked than in the East.

Which is the punctual or the least unpunctual sex? A correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, who has been making studies in the portico of the Royal Academy, arrives at very certain conclusions, and he has given us the benefit of them. The two benches that flank the door are filled each morning at an even hour, such as eleven, with ladies who have arrived any time during the preceding fifteen minutes. Their patient eyes are fixed on Piccadilly. For ten minutes nothing occurs. Then one by one men arrive, and the awaiting woman rises with cheerful alacrity to join her dilatory lord. She offers no reproaches, and he makes no apologies. "We are both punctual" is the first man's complacent exclamation to the woman who came a quarter of an hour early, and smiles, not in irony, but in pleasure, that her thirty minutes of monotony is relieved by the assured presence of her expected man. The last laggard to arrive is halt an hour late. "I thought it better to give you a little grace," he says, benevolently. And she murmurs, "Thanks."

Interesting facts regarding the question of physical degeneracy have been furnished by the use in England of old tailor measurements for comparison. A firm in the North of England has compared the measurements for clothing made two generations ago with those of to-day, the results going to show that chest and hip measurements are now three inches on the average more than they were sixty years ago. The same conclusion is reached by the experience of the ready-made clothiers, who, it is said, nearly always find that the present-day wearers of clothing require distinctly larger sizes than their ancestors.

It is not difficult to imagine Mrs. Florence Maybrick, once sentenced to death for the murder of her husband and now released, after spending many years in an English prison, singing the refrain of Stephen Adams's popular sacred song, "The Holy City." But it is not generally known that hers was the voice which first gave utterance to the strains which were destined to become as world famous as those of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," or "The Palms" by Faure. The song was the work of the younger brother of the man Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning. Its composer was (according to the *Sun*) her most relentless enemy, and was mainly instrumental in

securing her conviction. "Stephen Adams" is merely the name under which Michael Maybrick publishes his songs. Mrs. Maybrick was a good musician, had a great liking for music, an excellent voice, and a love of conviviality. Her husband owned a fine yacht, a feature of which was a music saloon. There many well-known singers and musicians were entertained. Michael Maybrick, who had just leaped into fame as the composer of "Nancy Lee," but as yet had not gathered in enough of the profits to indulge his passion for owning a yacht, was a frequent guest. It was on one of these musical evenings, while the yacht was anchored in the Mersey, that Michael Maybrick produced from his pocket a manuscript song which he said he had written that afternoon, while dreaming the time away in his cabin, and listening to the plash of the waters. He had caught the inspiration of Weatherly's words, but the voice part only had been jotted down. The accompaniment had still to be filled in. Sitting at the piano, he vamped an introduction, and asked his sister-in-law, Mrs. Florence Maybrick, to sing "The Holy City" from the voice part. She was an excellent reader, and readily did this, he filling in an extemporized accompaniment. Thus it was her voice which, for the first time, stirred the air with strains destined to become almost classic.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 4th.....	58	52	.00	Clear
" 5th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy
" 6th.....	58	50	.00	Clear
" 7th.....	58	50	.00	Cloudy
" 8th.....	58	52	Tr.	Cloudy
" 9th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy
" 10th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 10, 1904, were as follows:

	BONOS.		Closed Bid, Asked
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.			
C. T. 5%.....	5,000 @ 84½-84¾		85
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	26,000 @ 100		99½ 100
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	10,000 @ 115½		115
Market St. Ry. 6%.....	1,000 @ 114		114
Market St. Ry. 1st			
Con. 5%.....	1,000 @ 115		115
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	5,000 @ 118		117¾ 118½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 105		105 105½
North Shore Ry 5%.....	5,000 @ 100		101
Oakland Transit			
6%.....	1,000 @ 119½		118½ 120
Oakland Transit			
5%.....	5,000 @ 110¾		110¾
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	2,000 @ 105¾		105¾ 105
Park Ocean Ry. 6%.....	1,000 @ 114¾		114
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	9,000 @ 99¾		99½ 100
S. F. & S. J. Valley			
Ry. 5%.....	5,000 @ 117-117½		117½
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1909.....	4,000 @ 107½		
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1910.....	5,000 @ 108¾		108¾
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	10,000 @ 132½		132
S. V. Water 6%.....	1,000 @ 106½		106¾ 107
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000 @ 99½		99½ 100
S. V. Water 4% 3d. 12,000 @ 99-99½			99¾

	Shares.		Closed Bid, Asked
Water.			
Spring Valley.....	430 @ 36¾-37		37 37½
Banks.			
California S. D. T.	10 @ 147		150
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	65 @ 60½-61		60¾
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.....	110 @ 52¾-53		52¾ 53
Honokaa S. Co.....	445 @ 12-12½		12½ 13
Hutchinson.....	40 @ 8¾		8¾ 9¾
Makaweli S. Co.....	145 @ 23½		23¾ 24¾
Pauhan S. Co.....	245 @ 13¾-13½		13¾ 14
Gas and Electric.			
Central L. & P.....	100 @ 3¾		3¾ 3¾
S. F. Gas & Electric	295 @ 60½-61		61 61¾
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	90 @ 125-127½		123 126
Cal. Wine Assn.....	70 @ 83		82¾

The sugar stocks have been active, and about 845 shares changed hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar advanced one and three-eighths points to 53; Hutchinson, one-half point to 8½; Honokaa, one-half point to 12½; Pauhan Sugar Company, three-eighths of a point to 13½, the whole line closing at the top of the market, and in good demand.

Spring Valley Water was strong, 430 shares being traded in at 36¾-37.

Alaska Packers sold off two and a quarter points to 125 on sales of 90 shares, closing at 123 bid, 126 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was steady at 60¾-61.

INVESTMENTS.

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THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puick.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

According to one account of the Parker telegram episode, it made Senator Tillman "so agitated that he almost cried." When his Virginia colleague besought him to be calm, he replied: "I always think the best, Senator Daniel, when I am greatly excited."

The old gentleman had just stepped into the crowded car, and had accidentally trodden on Algy Fitzgerald's foot. "Confound you, you careless old buffoon!" cried Algy: "you've crushed my foot to a jelly." "Ah!" said the old man, calmly; "a calf's-foot jelly, I suppose!"

The late Miss Julia Moore (Sir John Moore's niece), like many very old people, was extremely proud of her age, and lost no opportunity of showing it. When she was asked by a friend if she was going to see the king's coronation, she answered: "No. I have been out of London for the last three coronations, and I don't care to alter my record." What an exaltation one must feel at being able to say a thing like that!

The late Paul Joseph Blanc, the French artist, studied in Rome in his youth, and he was noted in those days for his truculence. Blanc dined at a students' café one evening in Rome, and a young German who sat near him said: "It is easy enough to see, sir, that you are a Frenchman." "How so?" said Blanc, frowning. "Because you eat so much bread." Blanc did not like this. He retorted: "It is easy to see that you are a German." "Why?" asked the other. "Because," said Blanc, "you eat so much of everything."

That sudden Cabinet changes are apt to be confusing to the officials of the United States in other parts of the world is evident from a message received at the Navy Department from Admiral Yates Stirling, of the Asiatic squadron. Since Paul Morton, of Chicago, the new Secretary of the Navy, was sworn into office, some instructions were sent Admiral Stirling, and, with the usual brevity of the cable code, were simply signed "Morton," the last name of the Secretary. Admiral Stirling answered promptly as follows: "Instructions received; will be carried out. Who is Morton? STIRLING."

In the "Realities of Irish Life," by W. S. French, is this anecdote: "I have heard a story that upon one occasion the Bishop of London asked the celebrated actor, Garrick, if he could explain how it was that he and his clergy failed to arrest the attention of their audiences, although they preached every Sunday of the realities of the world to come, while he (Garrick) filled crowded houses with the most rapid attention, although they knew perfectly well that all he was saying was fiction. 'The reason is very plain, my lord,' replied Garrick, 'you deal with facts as if they were fiction; I deal with fictions as if they were facts.'"

At a dinner given to Sir Alfred Harmsworth, in commemoration of his recent knighting, one of the editors of the *Daily Mail* said of the guest of honor: "Our friend Harmsworth, as a school-boy, was shy and quiet. One day to his horror, an inspector called him up before the class. 'You appear to be a clever lad,' the inspector said; 'what do five and one make?' The little fellow made no answer. 'Come, now,' said the inspector; 'suppose I gave you five rabbits, and then another rabbit; how many rabbits would you have?' 'Seven,' said Harmsworth. 'How do you make that out?' 'I have a rabbit of my own at home.'"

"In Moscow," said Nathan Haskell Dole, translator of Tolstoy, "I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls soon brought a big crowd around him. 'What is the matter, my child? What troubles you?' every one asked. The boy paused finally. He looked at the multitude which had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble: 'I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Trouhetskoy, the champion clothier of the South End, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than any one else in the city?'"

Out at the general store at Esopus the village wisecracks gather each night to discuss the events of the day. On every night save Friday, by the light of a very smelly oil lamp, they talk Judge Parker. On that night they talk something else, for Judge Parker invariably is present. To the simple minds of the villagers, Judge Parker is certain to be the next President. They all talk of "when the judge is down to Washington," and they often refer to "President Parker." One of the shrewdest of the wisecracks is "Uncle John," the hottest Parker man in the country. "Reckon I'll go down to the 'inauguration,'" he remarked. "Inauguration of

whom?" inquired the writer. "Humph! Who'd you think? Why, the judge, of course!" "Would the judge make a good President, 'Uncle John'?" "Why, of course, he will! Why, land's sakes, he's got the finest bunch of Herefords in the hull of York State! Will he make a good President? Humph!"

The late Clement Scott was much interested in American Indians, and had a fund of stories about them. He told one of a robust Indian who asked a farmer to give him work, but was refused on the ground that the Indians were no good—that they always got tired. This particular Indian said that he didn't belong to that class, and had never been tired. So he was put to work hoeing corn. An hour afterward the farmer went around to see how he was getting on, and found him asleep under a tree. "Here, wake up here," he cried; "you told me you never got tired." "Ugh," said the other, yawning, "this Injun don't. But if he not lie down often he would get tired, just the same as the rest."

At a dinner-party Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, was describing the absent-mindedness of a certain mathematician. "This man," he said, "is so absent-minded that once he walked along for a quarter of a mile in the gutter instead of on the sidewalk. He would have kept on in the gutter indefinitely, had not the polished back of a hrougham, that was drawn up before a shop, brought him to a halt. The mathematician stopped within a foot of the hrougham. He looked at the black, smooth, lustrous surface before him, and it suggested to his mind a blackboard. Accordingly he drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and began to work out an abstruse problem. On and on he worked, covering the carriage with figures, until finally it started off. Still working, the mathematician followed it; he held on to the body with his left hand, and not until the pace became too quick for him did he realize that something was wrong. Then he sighed, looked about him in a dazed way, pocketed his chalk, and started homeward."

## Senator Vest's Tribute to the Dog.

The most famous speech of Senator Vest, of Missouri, who died on Tuesday, August 9th, at his home in Missouri, aged seventy-four, was delivered in a case at law where a farmer had been sued by a neighbor whose faithful dog he had maliciously shot. All through the trial—during the giving of the evidence and the argument of the plaintiff's counsel—Vest sat silent, his eyes closed, his head bowed upon his breast, seemingly oblivious of all that was going on. When, at length the time came for him to speak, he rose slowly, and in a monotonous voice, without gesture or appearance of effort, said:

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in his embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff without leaving their seats.

A brilliant idea: Clerk—"Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hardwood kindlings, but the hardwood is all gone." Mr. Muldoon (dealer)—"Sind 'em soft wood." Clerk—"They will notice the difference because soft wood burns too fast." Mr. Muldoon—"Bejabbers that's so. Wet it."—*New York Weekly*.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
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Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Cupid's Lyre.

As soon as this world evolved  
From nebulae and fire,  
Dan Cupid sought materials  
To make himself a lyre.

Some heartstrings he selected first,  
And then, to help along,  
He chose with sly and cunning skill  
Some purse strings good and strong.

Some apron strings, more than a few,  
He added to his plan,  
And then he played with music sweet  
To charm the ear of man.

—McLanburgh Wilson in *New York Times*.

## A New Opening.

"Women ought to be parsons—they would make excellent parsons."—*George Meredith in the Daily Chronicle*.

Since woman must man's right deny

To be—may I say?—boss of her,  
Good counsel she is proffered by  
Our poet and philosopher.

Of fitness there would be no breach.

For I indeed were blessed if I

Had her ability to preach,

As countless husbands testify.

Then though for years doubts that she could

Undoubtedly have married men,

To see her taking orders would

Delight, I swear, all married men.

I'd choke to see folk pointing at

(Though Mabel might be hard on me)

Her mother in a bishop's hat,

His apron, and his—pardon me!

With nice girl curates I profess

My zeal for church would never end.

And happy Strephon would address

His Chloë as The Reverend.

Then though it would be clear to me

She never would escape a sea

Of protest, Joan at last would be

Invested with the Papacy.

And last, till when for whales we fish

We use but currant-jelly bait,

To meet the universal wish,

No clergy would be celibate.

—*London Chronicle*.

## The Sweet Sorrow of Parting.

"Good-night," he said; the parlor light

Was soft and dim and low.

"Good-night," he breathed again; "Good-night,

It's time that I should go."

She rose and smiled into his eyes,

Then shyly bent her head.

"Good-night," he murmured, loverwise;

And then, "Good-night," he said.

"Good-night"—Ten minutes later they

Were standing in the hall,

But he was on his homeward way.

"Good-night"—He was so tall

Her head came barely to his heart,

And she was fair and slight,

"The hour has come for us to part,"

He said, "and so, good-night."

"Good-night—A half an hour had gone;

He had his hat and cane

And said that he must hurry on,

Then said, "Good-night," again.

"Good-night," "Good-night," "Good-night," and

so

"Good-night," they ever sighed;

'Twas really time for him to go;

"Good-night—The door swung wide.

"Good-night," he said, and took her hand;

An hour or so went by;

"Good-night"—They could not understand

The grayness of the sky.

"Good-night," again, and then "Good-night";

Upon the steps they stood;

"Good-night"—He kissed her fingers white,

As every lover should.

"Good-night"—The eastern sky grew pink

As though about to blush;

"Good-night"—The stars began to wink,

The breezes whispered: "Hush."

Soon on their ears there clanged a knell

That smote them with affright—

The ringing of the breakfast-bell—

That time he said "Good-night!"

—*Chicago Tribune*.

His telegram: "I can remember," said Senator Sorghum, "when I sent the telegram that practically decided my political future." "Indeed. Was it addressed to a convention?" "No. To a man who was seeing about a campaign fund. It read: 'Terms accepted. Draw on me at sight.'"—*Washington Star*.

Old at the game: Stella—"Have you learned to swim yet?" Ethel—"Not this season."—*Puck*.

## Nelson's Anycose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## SINFUL NEGLECT

How is it possible for a sane man with good teeth to destroy them through careless neglect! SOZODONT is positively beneficial. It has made the toothbrush habit a real pleasure.

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

the natural complement of SOZODONT Liquid, is a beautiful polisher, absolutely free from grit and acid. Are you using it? You ought to be.

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## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

Germanic.....Aug. 20 | St. Paul.....Sept. 3

New York.....Aug. 27 | Philadelphia.....Sept. 10

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Friesland.....Aug. 20, 10 am | Merion.....Sept. 3, 10 am

Noordland.....Aug. 27, 10 am | Westland.....Sept. 10, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba.....Aug. 20, 9 am | Minneapolis.....Sept. 3, 11 am

Minnetonka.....Aug. 27, 6 30 am | Minneapolis.....Sept. 10, 6 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Dominion.....Aug. 20 | Canada.....Sept. 3

Vancouver.....Aug. 27 | Ottawa.....Sept. 10

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BRUGES.

New Twin-Scrub Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Potsdam.....Aug. 20 | Rotterdam.....Sept. 13

Rotterdam.....Sept. 6 | Noordam.....Sept. 20

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NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.

(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.

Finland.....Aug. 20 | Kronland.....Sept. 3

Vaderland.....Aug. 27 | Zealand.....Sept. 10

SPECIAL NOTICE—The large new twin-screw steamships of the Red Star Line call at Dover, England, both east and west bound.

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Arabic.....Aug. 29, 5 pm | Baltic.....Sept. 7, 3 pm

Teutonic.....Aug. 31, 10 am | Majestic.....Sept. 14, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cretic.....Aug. 25, Sept. 22

Republic (new).....Sept. 8

Cymric.....Sept. 15

Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 10

Canopic.....Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Jan. 7

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and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

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S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, September 10

S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

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S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 14, at 11 A. M.

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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Anna Ashe Sperry, daughter of Mrs. James Sperry, to Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., will take place at the residence of the bride's mother in Sausalito on August 31st. Mrs. Murphy, wife of Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., will be matron of honor, and Miss Mary Langhorne will be bridesmaid.

The wedding of Miss Mary Barker to Mr. Wallace Alexander, will take place on Tuesday at the Barker residence on Castro Street. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Mr. Brown. Miss Jane Rawlings will be bridesmaid, and Mr. William Cooke will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Beulah George to Mr. Ashley Faull will take place on August 20th at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. William Kirk Guthrie.

The wedding of Mrs. Josephine de Greayer to Captain Andrew S. Rowan, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., took place at the Swedenborgian Church, Sunday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Wooster at five o'clock. No cards were sent out, and there were no attendants. Captain and Mrs. Rowan are at present at Paso Robles, the captain having been ordered to participate in the coming army manoeuvres at Camp Atascadero. Mrs. Rowan will return to St. Dunstan's during the month of September, and later will proceed to Vancouver Barracks, where her husband is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Mahel McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald, to Mr. William Hamilton Hamilton, took place at the home of her parents in Santa Rosa Thursday noon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Hemphill. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, Mr. Mark McDonald. Miss Edith McDonald and Miss Edna Hamilton were bridesmaids. Mr. Henry St. Claire Boyd best man, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. T. Ralston Hamilton ribbon-bearers. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton departed for the south. Upon their return from their wedding journey they will reside here.

The wedding of Miss Mahel F. Dillingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dillingham, of Honolulu, to Rev. John Erdman, of Japan, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Chickering, 970 Sixteenth Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Erdman, father of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Irma Woodward, Miss Bessie Woodward, Miss Eleanor Sturgeon, and Miss Ruth Whitney. Mr. Walter Dillingham was best man. Rev. and Mrs. Erdman, after a wedding journey in the East, will sail for Japan, where they will reside.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Patten, daughter of Colonel W. S. Patten, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Russell Eastman, U. S. A., took place on August 4th at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Burr M. Weeden. A wedding breakfast followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee gave a dinner on Thursday evening at their residence, 2510 Pacific Avenue, at which they entertained Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., Mr. Robert Greer, and Mr. Josiah R. Howell.

Miss Josephine Loughborough gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood. Others at table were Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Minnie Nash, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Leontine Blakeman.

Mrs. William Magee gave a luncheon at Fruitvale yesterday (Friday) in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper (née Goodall). Others at table were Mrs. Robert Lee Stephenson, Miss Ellen Chabot, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Harry Knowles, Mrs. Henry Adams, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. Christian O. Miller, Mrs. Ernest Folger, and Mrs. George Greenwood.

Mrs. R. A. Bray gave a tea on Sunday evening at her residence in Piedmont.

Miss Mae Perkins gave a dinner recently at "Palm Knoll," Oakland, in honor of Admiral William H. Whiting, U. S. N., and Miss Whiting.

Mrs. L. Lowenberg gave a luncheon on Wednesday in the Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. F. G. Sanborn. Others at table were Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Bowman McCalla, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. Reginald Smith, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. James Edwards, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Miss Hughes, and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown.

Belasco & Mayer, owners of the Alcazar and Central Theatres, have leased the Macdonough Theatre, of Oakland, and will take charge just prior to the holiday season.

Hector Fuller, war-correspondent for the Indianapolis News, was an incoming passenger on the Occidental and Oriental steamship Saturday.

MR. F. STREIBER, VIOLINIST; LESSONS 155 O'Farrell St. Telephone Larkin 3693.

## Wills and Successions.

The will of Mrs. Emma J. Crocker, who died in New York recently, has been filed in the surrogate's office in that city. Her husband, George Crocker, receives the house and lot on Fifth Avenue, to be held by him until his death, or until he marries again, in which event the property is to be divided among Mrs. Crocker's children, Alice H. Rutherford, Alexander H. Rutherford, and Emma Rutherford Kearney. Mrs. Crocker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hanchett, are each to receive \$100 a month for life, and Louis Hanchett and Virginia Carroll, brother and sister of the deceased, are to receive \$10,000 each. All the residue of the estate, with the exception of part of the jewelry, which was left to Mr. Crocker, goes to the three children. The estate, all situated in the State of New York, consists of \$450,000 in real estate and \$10,000 in personal property.

The will of Henry S. Crocker, who died on July 18th, has been filed for probate. One-half of his estate, including all the household furniture, goes to the widow, Clara Ellen Crocker, and the balance goes to Charles H. Crocker, the son of the deceased, with the exception of the following bequests: To Sara E. McKee, sister of the deceased, \$600 a year until the estate is distributed; to Emma W. Curtis, \$5,000; to Nettie Cornwall, a niece, \$5,000; to Lizzie E. Platt, \$5,000; to Arthur Swinnerton, 150 shares of the H. S. Crocker Company, or \$10,000 in lieu thereof. Mr. Crocker had planned erecting a building on a lot on Market Street, below First, and left directions for his widow and son to carry out his intentions. The will made them executors without bonds.

Work will soon be commenced on the medical library to be known as the Levi Cooper Lane Library of Medicine and Surgery. It is to be built under the bequest made by Pauline C. Lane, wife of Dr. L. C. Lane, and will be in the nature of a memorial to the latter. The library is to be at Clay and Webster Streets, opposite Cooper Medical College, and is for the use of the students of that institution. It will equal the libraries of Boston and New York.

Señorita Guadalupe Vallejo, niece of General Vallejo, died at the French Hospital last week. She was a native of California, sixty years of age. Señorita Vallejo lived until five years ago at Mission San José, and for the past four years had lived in this city, at 822 Leavenworth Street. She wrote much, both verse and prose, and at the time of her death was engaged in translating "Ben Hur" into Spanish.

H. J. Brown and H. E. Athearn, London Times war-correspondents, arrived from the Orient on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Doric* Saturday. They were employed during the first weeks of the Russian-Japanese War in gathering news for their paper by using wireless telegraphy as a preliminary means of reporting events.

Marie Dressler has been engaged by Joseph Weber to be one of the principal comedienne of the Weber & Ziegfeld stock company at Weber's music-hall in New York next season. This practically completes the list of principals, which includes Anna Held, Mr. Weber, Aubrey Boucicault, Harry Morris, and Bonnie Magnin.

Enjoyable as it is, the trip up Mt. Tamalpais over the crookedest railway in the world is but a faint foretaste of what awaits the visitor. The view from the top of the mountain is unsurpassed. The Tavern of Tamalpais is a model hostelry.

Is your family sick for lack of sunshine? Then come to Alameda to live. Write for folder containing map and general information. ALAMEDA ADVANCEMENT ASSOCIATION, Alameda, Cal.

## In Camp at Atascadero.

The regular army soldiers and National Guard of California troops now at Camp Atascadero, near San Luis Obispo, will begin active manoeuvres next week. The camp is well situated as regards climate, the days being warm and the nights cool. There is plenty of water and shade. Telephone and telegraph communication with the outside world has been established, and an automobile, the first to be employed for such a purpose, is used by General Arthur MacArthur and his aids, who, later, will view the manoeuvres from the same vehicle.

Paso Robles, ten miles from Atascadero, is the social centre of the encampment, many officers' wives and others socially prominent being gathered there. Automobile service, first from camp to Ascunson, and later to Paso Robles, is being installed.

The executive committee of the Pacific Coast Golf Association has decided to postpone the "open championship" and the "women's championship" to some time in the fall. The annual competition for the "Del Monte Cups" will be held at the Hotel del Monte beginning with August 18th. As in the past, these will be cups for men and women, offered by the hotel management, to be competed for at match play, handicap. The competitions will be under the auspices of the P. C. G. A., all amateurs being eligible, and the executive committee urges that the secretaries of the associated clubs give this their particular attention that the entry list may be as representative as possible. Entries can be made through August 17th at the Hotel del Monte.

John Drew is spending his summer vacation at his home near East Hampton, L. I. William H. Crane is visiting London and Paris. William Gillette is cruising on his house-boat, "Aunt Polly," and writing plays. Annie Russell is in the Maine woods, and William Faversham and Julia Opp are in Surrey, England. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert is passing the summer near New York, so that she may run into town every day or so to prepare for Clyde Fitch's new play for her, in which she will be starred next season by Charles Frohman.

The new battleship *Ohio* will be turned over to the government and formally placed in commission about October 1st. Captain Leavitt C. Logan will command the battleship, Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Buchanan will be her executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander M. A. Anderson her chief engineer, and Lieutenant-Commander Volney O. Chase her navigator. Captain J. T. Boates, U. S. M. C., will command her marine guard.

In a recent issue the *Figaro*, of Paris, in reviewing a performance in which Fannie Francisa sang the prima-donna rôle, said that the soprano's efforts were sensationally successful. Mme. Francisa sails for America this week, stopping at London on the way to arrange for her appearance there during the coming season.

The summer school at the University of California has closed, after a six weeks' session. The total number of student registrations was 913, against 859 last year. It was the largest attendance in the history of the university.

Professor William A. Setchell, head of the department of botany at the University of California, has returned after spending a year abroad in travel and research work. He visited all the great hotanical gardens of the world.

SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS wedding invitations, dies, and crests. Schnsler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

MISS M. E. BOHRMANN WILL RESUME HER course of private German lessons at 2416 Gough Street, beginning Monday, August 15th.

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Clearance Sale

Discounts on Everything

Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

At Hotel Del Monte

Hotel Vendome  
SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

The Empire Cafe

Corner of Bush and Leavenworth Streets,

Is now open to the public. The cuisine and service surpass in excellence and efficiency anything of its kind in San Francisco.

Adjoining the main dining-room is a commodious and luxurious palm-room, where after-dinner coffee and cigars are served if desired.

Our table-d'hôte dinner, which is served from 6 to 8 p. m., has the reputation of being the finest in the city; the price is moderate. The only café in San Francisco conducted on New York lines.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis will spend a part of the month of October at the St. Louis exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott are sojourning for a few weeks at Boca.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding arrived from New York last week to attend the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson will spend the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard have gone East. They will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy are the guests of Mrs. Murphy's sister, Lady Woolsey, at her home in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee were among the guests at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs when last heard from were in Christiana, Norway.

Mr. E. M. Greenway was among last week's visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Bryant (née Bixby) have been in town for a short visit.

Prince Andre Poniatowski arrived in New York from Europe a fortnight ago.

Miss Susan Blanding and Mrs. Moseley have arrived in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Bissell arrived home Monday from Honolulu.

Mr. Arthur Cheshbrough, who recently returned from Corea on a visit, will probably spend the coming winter here.

Miss Ethel Barrymore returned this week from "Arcadia," Napa County, where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin.

Mrs. R. Townsend Huddart has prolonged her visit to the East, and is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Stephen C. Hunter, at Shelter Island Heights, Long Island.

Mr. J. R. K. Nutall was among recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Walter Dean is now en route home from Europe. Mrs. Dean and Miss Helen Dean will remain in Paris for the present.

Miss Maren Froelich was a recent visitor to Byron Hot Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black have returned from a two month's sojourn in the Siskiyou Mountains, and have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Milton Latham has returned from Clear Lake, where she was the guest of Mrs. George B. Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Allen, Miss Ruth Allen, and Miss Elizabeth Allen are again occupying their city residence after several months spent at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirkpatrick were among last week's visitors to Byron Hot Springs.

Miss Susan Patton has gone south for a visit of several months. She will spend most of the time at Catalina as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hancock Banning.

Mrs. Luke Robinson, Miss Bernadette Robinson, and Mrs. F. Tallant have gone to Munich to be present at the Wagner festival.

Mr. B. A. Worthington arrived from Chicago this week.

Miss Agnes Buchanan will pass the greater part of the autumn with relatives in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin, who are now at their summer residence at Mountain View, will depart in a few weeks for Colorado Springs, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Carrie Gwin, who has been sojourning during the summer months at the Hotel Rafael, expects to leave for St. Louis in September, en route East, where she will probably remain all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ghradelli and Miss Carmen Ghradelli were visitors at Byron Hot Springs last week.

Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mr. Charles Field, and Mr. John Hausman expect to depart on September 5th for St. Louis and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore and Miss Carol Moore have sailed from Europe for New York. They will spend some weeks in the East and at St. Louis before returning home.

Mrs. James Cunningham, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Sarah Cunningham, and Miss Elizabeth Cunningham are spending a couple of weeks in Mendocino County.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau, who are to pass the winter at the Hotel Richelieu, will remain at the Hotel Rafael for several weeks before returning to town.

Miss Tillie Feldman has returned from her visit to Mrs. William Weir on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Dean have returned from Pacific Grove.

Mrs. George H. Mendell is spending the month of August at Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop have returned from Independence Lake.

Mrs. Francis Davies and her daughter, Miss Davies, are at 939 Bush Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper, of Oakland, have returned from Blytheedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson have been sojourning at Santa Cruz recently.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gunst came home last

week from an extended visit abroad, and are now at their cottage at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from their trip to the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Heller and Miss Heller, of New York, who arrived a few days ago, will spend the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jennie McMillan will spend the next six weeks in Lake County with her sister, Mrs. D. E. Allison.

Mr. J. D. Tallant was a recent guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse have been at Cisco this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies (née McIntosh) have returned from the East, and are at their residence in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis depart for a year's tour abroad on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Collier are in the city again, having closed their summer place at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mr. Mark Requa, and General Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long will sojourn for the next two months at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frederick S. Moody is visiting the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Runyon are home after a visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawson were recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Helen Wagner has returned from Rocklin, where she has been the guest of Mrs. George Whitney.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will sojourn at Los Angeles for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Osgood Blanchard (née Hooper) have returned from Del Monte, where they went on their wedding journey. They will live in Berkeley.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood has returned to town.

Mr. Chester Donaldson, United States consul at Managua, was among the guests at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Waldeck are back from Europe, and have taken permanent apartments at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hecht and Miss Hecht visited the Hotel Rafael recently.

Mr. Walter Dillingham has arrived from Honolulu, and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dillingham, who are in Oakland for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. N. W. Femer, of Tucson, Ariz., are registered at the Hotel Granada.

Mr. S. Prentiss Smith is at the Hotel Linda Vista, San Anselmo, where he will spend some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Starr and Miss Florence Starr are spending the month of August at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright and the Misses Wright have taken apartments at the Hotel Granada for the winter.

Among the weeks guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. T. Stow, of Portland, Mrs. A. Frank, Miss Frank, and Miss C. Walter, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Dithrich, Mrs. J. F. Smith, Mrs. G. Florsheim, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss M. H. Smith, Mr. L. Lowndes, of London, Mr. C. P. Colburn, Mr. L. C. Brown, Mr. L. Bocqueraz, Mr. J. Gallois, Mr. R. Bocqueraz, and Mr. J. Brownstein.

Among the week's visitors to Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wing, Mrs. J. Gohiere, Mrs. W. G. Stafford, Mrs. Hufschmidt, Mrs. H. A. Long, Mrs. C. Mangels, Mrs. E. Buchanan, Miss L. Armsby, Miss Marjorie Stafford, Miss Katherine Madden, Miss Margaret Slavich, Miss Ilma C. Chase, Mr. Lewis Morrison, Mr. H. Maundrell, Mr. Alex J. Less, Mr. W. A. Downs, Mr. Philip Kiefer, Mr. F. O. Johanson, Mr. J. A. Eagleson, Mr. G. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. H. G. Morrow, Mr. Samuel Hubbard, Mr. C. P. Hubbard, Mr. C. C. Eaton, Mr. Daniel O'Donnell, Mr. Julius F. Hale, and Mr. James O'Neill.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mrs. S. A. Moss, of Vermont, Mr. Oscar Seeley, of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. P. Spindle and Mr. J. P. Spindle, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mortimer, Mr. and Mrs. Fries, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. William Haas, Mrs. F. Rhine, Mrs. J. C. Thompson, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. J. T. Dean, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Parks, Miss Thompson, Miss Alice Rhine, Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, Mr. Charles G. Lyman, Mr. Earle Talbot, Mr. L. M. Robbins, Mr. Charles H. Hasings, Mr. W. W. Tracy, Mr. R. A. Martin, and Mr. W. M. Clark.

## Army and Navy News.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., who departed on Monday for Camp Atascadero, the scene of the army manoeuvres, was accompanied by Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., Colonel George Andrews, U. S. A., Colonel W. S. Patten, U. S. A., Colonel A. C. Girard, U. S. A., Major Lea Febiger, U. S. A., Major T. R. Adams, U. S. A., Major W. B. Rochester, U. S. A., Captain G. W. Rubens, U. S. A., and Captain W. F. Creary, U. S. A.

Major S. W. Dunning, U. S. A., will be in

charge at army headquarters during the absence of General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., at Camp Atascadero.

Colonel George H. Torney, Medical Corps, U. S. A., will be in charge of the office of chief surgeon of this department at army headquarters during the absence of Colonel A. C. Girard, U. S. A., at Camp Atascadero.

Captain John Howard, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to join his regiment at Vancouver Barracks.

Captain Edwin O. Sarratt, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sarratt will leave in about two weeks for Fort Totten, N. Y., where Captain Sarratt will be stationed for several months.

Captain Percy Kessler, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kessler have recently gone from Fort Totten, N. Y., to Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor.

Captain D. L. Tate, U. S. A., was registered at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Lieutenant George C. Rockwell, U. S. A., was a visitor to the Hotel del Monte last week.

Lieutenant Andrew J. Dougherty, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dougherty have gone to Fort Leavenworth, where Lieutenant Dougherty is to be stationed.

The battalion of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., will remain at the Presidio for the present, the orders to Walla Walla having been countermanded. Major R. C. Van Vliet, U. S. A., is in command.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., and Mrs. MacArthur and Captain Parker W. West, U. S. A., were among recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Lieutenant Gilbert Allen, U. S. A., has returned to Vancouver Barracks.

## Rear-Admiral Henry Clay Taylor.

The death of Rear-Admiral Taylor, which was briefly mentioned in these columns two weeks ago, has caused sincere sorrow throughout the navy.

In addition to genuine popularity, which he had long enjoyed among his brother-officers, Rear-Admiral Taylor had earned a reputation as a most able commander, while as a student of modern naval science and tendencies, his name will be inseparably linked with the most progressive strides made by the navy since the Spanish-American War.

His service as commander of the battleship *Indiana* in that conflict is well remembered by the public. He proved himself a resolute fighter at the Battle of Santiago. In the unfortunate controversy for laurels which followed, he was an ardent adherent of Rear-Admiral Sampson.

But it is as the foremost advocate of the establishment of a general staff in the navy that Rear-Admiral Taylor is most thought of in the service. He was a close observer of naval administration. He had a mind which easily grasped the obligation and subordination of the military branch of the government to the civil administration. This knowledge combined with diplomacy enabled him to do much for the navy in the trifle more than two years he had been the head of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department.

Among the musical stars who will soon visit San Francisco are David Bispham, who will appear in concerts and recitals, and Josef Hofman, who will open his American tour here on October 8th. Campanari will probably come here, and Henry Savage's English opera company will visit us next winter.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM BY COOPER & CO., 745 MARKET STREET.

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FROM JULY 18, 1964

FERRY DEPOT

(Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Rumsey.....	7:50 P
7:00 A	Bentley, Elmira and Sacramento ..	7:20 P
7:30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Callotoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon.....	8:20 P
7:30 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton.....	7:20 P
8:00 A	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Fresno, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle.....	7:50 P
8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville.....	7:50 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville.....	4:20 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Modesto, M. Meade, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield.....	4:50 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millton), Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff.....	4:20 P
8:30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Tolunumne and Angela.....	4:20 P
9:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East.....	5:20 P
9:30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	6:50 P
10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis.....	5:20 P
10:00 A	Vallejo.....	12:20 P
10:00 A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	7:20 P
12:00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	3:20 P
1:00 P	Sacramento, Lodi, Stockton, San Jose, Livermore.....	11:00 P
3:30 P	Bentley, Winters, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Way Stations.....	10:50 A
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.....	7:50 P
4:00 P	Martinez, Sausalito, Vallejo, Napa, Callotoga, Santa Rosa.....	9:20 A
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi.....	4:20 A
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Lodi, San Jose, Livermore.....	11:50 A
4:00 P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles.....	8:50 A
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	7:20 A
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose.....	9:50 A
6:00 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno.....	12:50 P
6:00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.....	7:50 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only.....	7:50 P
7:00 P	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations.....	11:20 A
7:00 P	Reno Passenger—Port Costa, Suisun, Elmira, Ovals, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks.....	7:50 A
8:00 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Bakersfield, Fresno and Way Stations.....	12:20 P
8:00 P	Yosemite Valley, via Bakersfield and Wawona.....	8:50 A
8:15 P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton.....	10:20 A
8:15 P	Oregon Express—Goshen Junction, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.....	8:50 A
8:15 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11:50 A

LEAVE	COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge), (Foot of Market Street)	ARRIVE
7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	8:10 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.....	5:55 P
19:15 A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz.....	8:10 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.....	10:55 A
1:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	18:55 A
4:15 P	Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only.....	18:55 A

LEAVE	COAST LINE (Broad Gauge), (Foot of Market Street)	ARRIVE
6:10 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	9:40 P
7:15 A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only).....	10:30 P
8:00 A	New Almaden (Thurs, Fri, Sat, only)	4:10 P
8:00 A	The Coast—San Jose, Sausalito, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles.....	10:45 P
8:00 A	Gilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc.....	10:45 P
8:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Sausalito, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations.....	4:10 P
10:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations.....	12:20 P
11:30 A	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations.....	7:30 P
1:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:36 A
1:30 P	Del Monte Express (except Sunday)—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Sausalito, Pacific Grove.....	11:25 P
3:30 P	Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Sausalito, Pacific Grove.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	18:00 A
5:00 P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).....	9:00 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).....	9:40 A
5:45 P	Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, San Jose, Gilroy, Sausalito, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, New York.....	7:10 A
5:45 P	Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove.....	11:45 P
18:15 P	San Mateo, Bercelona, Belmont, San Carlos, Watsonville, Capitola, Menlo Park, Palo Alto.....	18:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:38 A
8:00 P	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	10:15 A
11:30 P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto.....	8:45 P
11:30 P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose.....	18:45 P

A for Morning, P for Afternoon  
1 Sunday excepted, 1 Sunday only  
1 Saturday only, 1 Monday only  
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Guest—"I want a good porterhouse steak."  
Waiter—"Gents what order porterhouse steak are required to make a deposit, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Another hateful thing: "How did you like our new duct?" she asked. "Oh, was that a duct? I thought you were only quarrelling!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Customer—"The last fish I had from you didn't seem very fresh." Fish dealer—"Well, mum, 'ow can you expect fresh fish to come out o' salt water?"—New Yorker.

Roosevelt and Parker outdistanced: Stella—"Men are so stupid." Bella—"Yes, indeed; do you suppose it would take me weeks to write a letter of acceptance?"—Ex.

"I don't want poverty, an' I don't want riches," says Brother Dickey; "all I wants is plenty political campaigns an' canditates runnin' de year roun'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

First mosquito—"I feel like a Scotch highball." Second mosquito—"Me for rye." First mosquito—"Then you take the man on the right and I'll take the one on the left."—Town Topics.

A schemer: Mr. Sport—"Ethel, I'll bet you a new dress to a box of cigars that the Valiant wins." Mrs. S—"No, Jack. Make it a new dress to five pounds of candy and I'll take you."—Brooklyn Life.

At the seaside: She—"Oh! George, what lovely waves!" He—"Very nice; hut, poor things, they're just like me—we both arrive at the shore in splendid style—and go back broke."—Judy.

"It is very hard form for a person to make a spectacular display of his wealth." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "and in politics its worse than that. It's injudicious."—Washington Star.

Sure enough: "Of course, I don't want to criticize, hut I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars.'" "Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him."—Philadelphia Press.

Diagnosis: Patient—"Do you consider this trouble fatal, doctor?" You know my means are limited, and—"Doctor—"Well, as a rule, the patient succumbs to it after about two thousand dollars' worth of treatment."—Life.

Pretty dry: Young beginner (fishing with dry fly)—"Am I keeping my fly properly dry, Duncan?" Scotch keeper—"Oh, I'm thinkin' she'll be dry enough. She's stickin' up in that high willow near hy where ye started fushin'!"—Punch.

The health-food man: "Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," said the seer. The man told him what he ate. "You're a blanked fool," said the seer. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the man.—Puck.

The death of Remus: Romulus had just founded Rome. "Pretty good joh, eh?" he modestly suggested. "Bah," sneered Remus, "if you wanted a first-class town you should have founded Oyster Bay or Esopus." So Romulus had to kill him.—Ex.

Artist—"Have you taken my picture to the exhibition?" Porter—"Yes, sir; it seemed to please the gentlemen very much." Artist—"What did they say?" Porter—"Oh, they didn't say nothing, hut they laughed that 'earty."—Glasgow Evening Times.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church, provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount." "Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife. "Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute \$100 in cash."—Brooklyn Life.

Jones—"It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return." Brown—"Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole vest-pocketful of pencils." Jones—"Doesn't that prove just what I said?"—Boston Transcript.

The elder Miss Spinster (appearing at the back door)—"Tell me, my good man, are you the person who called here last week?" Knight of the road—"You don't mean the bloke wot you give the 'omade pie to? No, mum, I aint 'im. 'E left me 'is ole togs when 'e pegged out, that's all."—Judge.

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Steedman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

Johnny—"Pa, what is a specialist?" Pa—"A specialist, Johnny, is a man who only stops the murder on his own beat."—Ex.

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Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:30 p.m.  
Sundays—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a.m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p.m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p.m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p.m.  
Sundays—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p.m. (Except Saturdays).

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect May 1, 1964	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sun. days.	Sun. days.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
2:30 a.m.	2:30 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
3:30 a.m.	3:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
4:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
5:30 a.m.	5:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
6:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
6:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
7:30 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
8:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
9:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
10:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
11:30 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
2:30 a.m.	2:30 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
3:30 a.m.	3:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
4:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
5:30 a.m.	5:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
6:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
7:30 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
8:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
9:30 p.m.	9:30 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
10:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
11:30 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
1:30 a.m.	1:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
2:30 a.m.	2:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
3:30 a.m.	3:30 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
4:30 a.m.	4:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
5:30 a.m.	5:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
6:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:25 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 p.m.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
11:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	6:20 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
4:30 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	6:20 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	7:25 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	6:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
7:30 p.m.	7:30 p.m.	10:20 a.m.
8:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
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12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.	10:20 a.m.
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A very great discontent with Parker's speech of acceptance is observable among Democrats. This is no random statement. We are able to give chapter and verse in proof of it.

Of course it was to be expected—was in fact inevitable—that dyed-in-the-wool, old-fashioned, hard-shell Bourbons would swallow the speech whole, smack their lips, and cry, "Good." Nothing but unqualified assent was to be expected from that quarter. It was said of Gladstone that he could convince almost anybody of anything, and himself of everything. Partisan newspapers enjoy that same doubtful faculty.

But the more independent section of the newspapers

that profess to support Parker are finding it very difficult to suppress the risings of disgust. Take an honest Democratic newspaper like the *World*—its "Devery at Esopus. Is not this 'the limit'?" is the bitter cry of a friend. Here and there throughout the country, similar straws show how the political wind is blowing.

The New York *Herald's* editorial on the speech of acceptance is significant. A few weeks ago, contrary to all its precedents of impartiality, the *Herald* declared for Parker. The initial editorial was from the resolute hand of James Gordon Bennett himself. Now, it heads its comment on the Parker speech: "What Judge Parker's Speech Says and Does Not Say." And the very first sentence runs: "Judge Parker's speech accepting the nomination is not stamped with the aggressive quality suggested by his telegram to the St. Louis convention." The whole editorial, while it contains passages of praise, is rather a return to the attitude of impartiality. The *Herald* is plainly disappointed in its chosen candidate.

The New York *Evening Post* seems to be in a similar state of mind. To a correspondent who writes that at no time in twenty years have the positions taken by the *Post* been "based on so insincere and partly ridiculous foundations as your present ones," the *Post* replies: "What would our correspondent have us do?" It goes on to say that its principles of long standing are low tariff, anti-imperialism, etc., and continues: "Now that we have a candidate of high character who agrees with us on all these issues, what can we do but support him?"

Even the *Times*—which is a pretty "regular" journal—says that the passage of the speech relating to the Philippines is "not of vital significance," and remarks, regarding the passages which relate to the tariff, that they are "perhaps somewhat over-careful." And the *World* comes right out and says that Mr. Parker "discusses the issue [of imperialism] vaguely," and, after striving valiantly to elucidate the meaning of the vexed passage, inquires: "Is this what Judge Parker means?"

The Democratic discontent with the sort of men with which the judge chooses to surround himself is quite as marked as the discontent with the pale flaccidity of his single utterance. The *Sun* (which is, of course, no longer a supporter of the judge) says that it had hoped that in case of Parker's election the Secretary of State might be Olney or Gray, or, perhaps, Grover Cleveland. But, "as it looks to-day, David B. Hill, of New York. A Hill for a Hay!" Not only is Hill's influence still great at Esopus, and the Deverys, Belmonts, McCarrens, and Sheehans particularly welcome, but the selection, with Parker's hearty assent, of "Tom" Taggart for national chairman is another evidence that Parker is not such "a high-minded gentleman" but that he is willing to put a thoroughly unscrupulous vote-getter in charge of his campaign. Listen to prominent Democratic newspapers on Taggart: "He can get votes when he needs them," says the *Post*, "without being the least bit scrupulous as to his methods. . . . Compared with Mr. Cortelyou, Mr. Taggart is plainly of a much coarser grain and poorer quality." The *World* protests against a campaign of "boasting and lying," and says that "wire-pulling in the dark and attempted buying of votes will not carry the election." And the *Times* holds similar views.

Men as prominent politically, and as widely separated geographically as Judge Seabury, of New York, and Governor Hogg, of Texas, are at one in open criticism of the Democratic nominee. Governor Hogg said recently in an address: "Roosevelt has done much for this country in 'busting' three of the greatest trusts—the Traffic Trust, the Northern Securities Trust, and

the Transmissouri Trust. If Parker is elected, and does as well in four years on his rickety platform as Roosevelt has in three, I say bless him." Judge Seabury objects to the "tricky telegram," and will not support Parker.

This growing conviction among Democrats that the man they have nominated is neither a radical nor a conservative, but simply "a negative," is further supported by the remarkable incident connected with that part of the speech of acceptance which related to the money question. It should be remembered that Judge Parker has never said that he is an advocate of the gold standard. He was very careful to say nothing of the sort. What he did say in his telegram was that he regarded the gold standard as "established." He did not say whether its having become "established" was agreeable or repugnant to him. He simply recognized the fact. In his speech of acceptance, as it was printed over the country, he neither elaborated nor enlarged upon his telegram—simply reiterated it. But in his speech as delivered, according to the statement of several newspaper men, who followed the speech closely during its delivery, there was an interpolation in which the gold standard was declared for in forcible terms. Now Judge Parker denies that there was such an interpolation. What is the inference? Only that the man who voted for Bryan and silver in 1896 and 1900 has not changed his views. He still refuses to state in plain English that he believes in the gold standard, and the only logical conclusion, therefore, is that he does not believe in it.

Far be it from us to gloat over the situation in which the Democratic party finds itself. But it strikes us that the party nominated a man whose opinions it did not know; whose measure it had not taken; that now, too late, it discovers the true character of its nominee, and that it is disappointed in the revelation.

Mr. Parker is doubtless an able judge and a man of high character. But he has not shown himself to be a man of Presidential size.

Walter Wellman, one of the great newspapermen of the country, has been sent to Colorado by the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Record-Herald* to investigate the miners' war. Mr. Wellman's reputation for fairness has never suffered eclipse. His sanity of judgment has always made the keenness of his vision valuable in a degree not granted to most. His conclusions will be worthy of remark, and the *Argonaut* will present them as he arrives at them.

In his first letter, Mr. Wellman opens by comparing the war which has racked Colorado to the French Revolution. He divides its heat into two reigns of terror, the first of labor, the second of capital, and gives as his own aim in his inquiry "the judgment of a neutral and careful investigator as to the merits of the case—a judgment formed from critical inquiry, from interviews with and scrutiny of the chief actors, from knowledge of facts and incidents, most of which can be published, but a few of which are necessarily obtained in confidence."

"To my mind there is a right side and a wrong side in this war. The blame," says Mr. Wellman, "or the greater part of it, ought to be and can be located. Some one is responsible for this crime against our civilization." This is the corollary to his further assertion that the war was not necessary, and was not a natural evolution of industrial differences, that it was not an inevitable method of settlement. He states that he intends to name the criminal.

As to the social side of the war, Mr. Wellman is convinced that the lines drawn between the miners represented in the Western Federation, and the



owners, as centralized in Governor Peabody, could not be more sharply set. It is, according to his view, an array of every citizen on one side or the other for a battle to a finish. It is class against class. This fight is now transferred from "the bull-pen to the ballot-box," and in explaining how Governor Peabody may be again elected, Mr. Wellman has no hesitation in expressing his singular distaste of the methods of his chief deputy, General Sherman Bell, who declared to the correspondent during a prolonged interview, "I went up there to wipe out the Western Federation, and, by God, I wiped 'em out!"

But it is also suggested in his letter that Mr. Roosevelt may carry the State of Colorado on the Republican ticket, and at the same time Governor Peabody be defeated on the same ticket—so far does the bitterness of class feeling override the old party boundaries. Various efforts have been made, Mr. Wellman records, to draw President Roosevelt into the war, but without success. It is hinted, however, even suggested, that now is a fitting season for him to receive a request from both parties to establish a commission of inquiry. "The importance of the questions involved," Mr. Wellman urges "not only to Colorado, but to the entire country, not alone to capital but to union labor, justifies such an effort to ascertain the truth."

In the very hour of Russia's deepest humiliation her prayer of ten years has been answered, and a man child born to her rulers. While the *Rurik* and the *Rossia* were steaming full speed through the waters of the Japan Sea to escape an enemy that would not be shaken off, the cannon in St. Petersburg were booming out news greater to the Russian folk than tidings of a dozen victories on a far-off coast. And the reason is not hard to discover.

In every despotism the necessity of an heir who can take over the reins of power without dispute has always been considered prime. Possibly this was the excuse for the early practice of polygamy. The greatest of despotisms is that of Russia, and this present war has shown her citizens that the emperor's arm needed strengthening. There was too much of palace intrigue, too much faltering, too little iron determination. Rightly or wrongly this has been attributed to the Czar's sense of loneliness, to his conviction that others not of the direct line were only waiting a chance to lay the plan of a grand usurpation when the throne devolved upon a girl with a foreign mother.

The baby sleeping peacefully in the Alexandra Villa has supplied strength. The Czar can plan and carry out with the confidence that his son is behind him to take up the succession if death comes to his father. Whether the omen so eagerly welcomed will be instantly fulfilled by a defeat of the Japanese, no one will care to predict. In this day Western people are slow to trust their destinies to tokens. We desire some firmer warranty for the constitution than a child's birth. But, on the other hand, we never know the thrill which must go through the marrow of the subject whose ears tell him that cannon are booming because a new ruler is come, the future emperor, the man who will dispense life and death, bring grief or joy, and save or desolate a hundred millions of men and women and children.

This is the thrill that has stirred Russia. How she may respond we can only guess. It may be that victory over the Japanese is delayed till the chubby hand that now half consciously closes upon the finger of the Czar can crush in a man's grasp the hilt of a sword.

A national campaign is very serious business. We have grown to look upon it much as a child looks upon the mystery of Providence—with one eye on the maternal slipper. But even national elections and campaigns have their humorous incidents. Judge Parker has thanked the "Hon. William S. Devery" for his kind indorsement, and has asked him to visit Esopus. There the Sage of the Pump will, with Perry Belmont, Augustus of the same name, Asa Bird Gardner, Victor J. Dowling, and John B. McDonald, consult upon the destinies of America and the Democratic party.

The staid papers of Democracy are scandalized—which adds to the comedy. The New York *World*, Judge Parker's sponsor in the first place, has merely this and nothing more to say about it: "Devery at Esopus? Is not this 'the limit'?" The New York *Globe* says it is "a tactical blunder," and the *Sun*, now of course for Mr. Roosevelt, remarks that "Bill" will find congenial company at the Rosemount council board.

It is an old adage that the meekest and most servile cow will once in a while kick over the milk-pail. While no one for a moment would apply the saying to so pronounced a partisan, and so impetuous a leader of the Democratic forces as Judge Parker, it is

to be feared that even David B. Hill will regret that he did not take greater care. Amid the beautiful idealism that has so gracefully enhanced the virtues of the Sage of Esopus, the realism of the Pump will be somewhat out of place. The sleek red-poll bulls of the judge will not foregather amicably with their kindred that have made "the best chief of police New York ever had" famous.

To look upon the other face of the matter, Devery will have a good time. Bill has said with enthusiasm that he will go. He asserts with emphasis that he believes Judge Parker to be "the goods." This beautiful metaphor does not hide Bill's opinion under a bushel-phrase. Undoubtedly it will gain the judge many votes.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the well-known author, relates a story of "thought transference between himself and a dog," vouched for by himself, his wife, children, a veterinary surgeon, and a servant. This most peculiar story bears the marks of being a tale of truth. We give a synopsis of it as it appeared in that most veracious of journals, the London *Times*.

On the night of Saturday, July 9th, Mr. Haggard went to bed at about twelve-thirty, and suffered from what he took to be nightmare. He was awakened by his wife's voice asking him why he made such queer noises. As he awoke he remembered an awful sense of oppression and "of desperate and terrified struggling for life such as the act of drowning would probably involve." He dreamed that a black retriever dog named Bob, the property of his eldest daughter, was lying on his side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water. According to Mr. Haggard, his own personality seemed in some way to be arising from the dog's body when he was awakened, and in his prior vision the dog was trying to speak to him in words, and, failing, transmitted to his mind in some undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Haggard told the story, and laughed at it. The dog had been seen at eight o'clock the night before. But Sunday night the animal was missing, and inquiry was made. Nothing was found of the dog.

Thursday, July 14th, Mr. Haggard's servant, Charles Beddingfield, and Mr. Haggard himself discovered the body of the dog floating in the Waveney against a weir, about a mile and a quarter away, and a veterinary surgeon performed an autopsy, certified that the dog had been dead at least three days, and had probably been killed the night of July 9th. It had suffered a fracture of the skull and of the fore-legs.

Friday, the 15th, as Mr. Haggard was on his way to Bungay to offer a reward for the killer of his dog, he was hailed by two plate-layers, George Atherton and Harry Algar, who said they had found a piece of a dog's collar and other evidences that a dog had been killed on an open-work bridge across the Waveney, and that Monday afternoon they had seen the body of a dog floating down toward the weir. The collar was identified as that of Bob.

On Saturday night at eleven a train had crossed this bridge, while none had crossed all day Sunday. The body would not have arisen Monday, had it been killed then. Therefore this body must have been killed Saturday night.

It was quite possible, from the injuries, that the dog might have lived till after twelve-thirty Sunday morning, and therefore the terrible nightmare of Mr. Haggard might have been a transference of the dog's thought to his master's—all of which Mr. Haggard believes.

His explanation of this belief, apart from the physical circumstances, is interesting. He believes that "the long arm of coincidence" would be fractured by such an occurrence. He believes that the dog's mind sought him, and gave him knowledge of what had occurred. He does not see how it could have been a mere nightmare without any other foundation than indigestion.

His final conclusion is that there is a connection between what we call the animal world and the human world more close than we have acknowledged, at least we of the Western world. He draws even a tentative conclusion as to a "central, informing life, though inhabiting the world in such various forms." He admits that perhaps the dog was killed Monday morning, but asserts that the dream was premonition, and asks whether that is less strange. In Mr. Haggard's own words:

Both in a judicial and a private capacity I have been accustomed all my life to the investigation of evidence, and, if we may put aside our familiar friend, "the long arm of coincidence," which, in this case, would surely be strained to dislocation, I confess that that available upon this matter forces me to the following conclusions: The dog Bob, between whom and myself there existed a mutual attachment, either at the moment of his death, if his existence can conceivably have been prolonged till after one in the morning,

or, as seems more probable, about three hours after the event, did succeed in calling my attention to its actual or recent plight by placing whatever portion of my being is capable of receiving such impulses when enchained by sleep into its own terrible position. That subsequently, as that chain of sleep was being broken by the voice of my wife calling me back to a normal condition of our human existence, with some last despairing effort, while that indefinable part of me was being withdrawn from it (it will be remembered that in the dream I seemed to rise from the dog) it spoke to me, first trying to make use of my own tongue, and, failing therein, by some subtle means of communication whereof I have no knowledge telling me that it was dying, for I saw no blood or wounds which would suggest this to my mind.

Here is an interesting problem for the occultly inclined.

Details of the two great naval battles fought this week, and information as to the ultimate fate of the ships concerned, have reached this country in such piecemeal fashion that an orderly and connected account of the stirring events may prove interesting:

At dawn on Wednesday, August 11th, the Russian Port Arthur squadron got under way, and at nine o'clock emerged from port. The squadron consisted of six battle-ships, the cruisers *Askold*, *Diana*, *Pallada*, and *Novik*, and eight torpedo-boats. The Japanese force consisted of the battle-ships *Asahi*, *Mikasa*, *Fuji*, *Yashima*, and *Shikishima*, and the cruisers *Nisshin* and *Kasuga*, composing the first detachment; the cruisers *Yakumo*, *Kosogi*, *Chitose*, and *Takasaga*, composing the second detachment; and the third detachment consisting of the cruisers *Akitsuishima*, *Idsumo*, *Matsushima*, *Itsukushima*, and *Hashidate*, and the battle-ship *Chin-Yen*, with about thirty torpedo-boats. It thus appears at the outset that the Japanese fleet, which waited twenty miles out at sea, was considerably superior to the Russian.

While the Russian squadron was manœuvring for position, the Japanese torpedo-boats were laying floating mines, which made evolutions difficult. Not until twelve-twenty did fighting begin, continuing for forty minutes, when a passage was opened in the line of Japanese warships, and the Russian fleet made off to the south-east. The fact that not until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon did the Japanese fleet catch up with the Russian fleet shows with what caution Admiral Togo handled his vessels. Evidently he felt that he must save his precious fleet for the possible coming of the Baltic squadron, and so he put the brunt of the work on the cheap little torpedo-boats, and placed reliance on mines, which, however, appear not to have proved effective. Even after the Japanese caught up with the Russians at five o'clock, the fight must have been of the long-distance sort, for we are told that it continued for some hours without either side gaining much advantage. However, the *Czarevitch*, which, as the flagship, had been specially singled out for attack by the Japanese, and which, owing to injuries sustained early in the war, was unseaworthy, lagged behind, when the other Russians gallantly, but suicidally, refrained from leaving her solitary. Some time shortly after five o'clock a shell struck the bridge of the *Czarevitch* upon which Rear-Admiral Witthoft, the captain, and other officers of the ship were standing, and they were blown to pieces. Only a mere fragment of the admiral's body was found. Shortly afterward, another shell damaged the *Czarevitch's* rudder and engines, and toward nightfall the squadron scattered, the *Askold*, *Novik*, *Czarevitch*, *Pallada*, and *Diana* making southward with torpedo-boats harrying them as hounds a stag, while the remainder of the Russian squadron, consisting of five battleships, got safely into Port Arthur. The battle certainly shows no wonderful qualities on Togo's part, for with a superior fleet he succeeded in seriously damaging only two vessels, while all the others temporarily escaped harm. The Japanese battle-ship *Mikasa* suffered severely, but remained on the fighting-line, while the cruisers *Yakumo*, *Nisshin*, and *Kasuga* were hit but not badly injured.

All this was on Wednesday, the 11th. On the evening of the following day, the protected cruiser *Askold* attempted to enter the port of Tsingchow, but was prevented by a Japanese cruiser, when she made along the coast, and finally, that night, crept into the port of Woosung on the Chinese coast with a funnel gone, one gun dismounted, and several large shell-holes on the port side. She reported one lieutenant and eleven men killed, and fifty men wounded. She remained there until the following morning, and then sailed for Shanghai, where she arrived on August 13th.

Neither of these vessels has yet been dismantled, and the Japanese threaten to enter the harbor and capture them, unless the Chinese authorities act promptly. Undoubtedly the Russian vessels will be disarmed.

On the noon of Thursday, August 11th, the Russian torpedo-boat destroyer *Grozovoi* reached Shanghai.

On Thursday, August 11th, toward night, the battle-ship *Czarevitch* (steaming at the rate of four knots



an hour), the protected cruiser *Novik*, and a torpedo-boat entered the harbor of Tsingchou, at the entrance of Kiachou Bay, a German concession on the Shantung Peninsula. The commanders of these vessels were promptly notified that they must leave the port within twenty-four hours or submit to disarmament. The *Novik* left within the twenty-four-hour limit, that is to say, on the evening of August 12th. On the thirteenth, she was sighted by the steamer *Gaelic* steering for Van Dieman's Strait, and it is thought she proposes to try and reach Vladivostok by the east coast of Japan. The battle-ship *Czarevitch* and the torpedo-boat lowered their colors, and were disarmed. They lie useless in Tsingchou Harbor.

On Thursday, August 11th, two Russian torpedo-boat destroyers were reported stranded on the Shantung Peninsula. One of them, the *Burni*, was subsequently blown up, and her officers and men walked to Wei-Hei-Wei.

On Thursday, August 11th, the Russian torpedo-boat *Ryeshitelni*, Captain Shestakovsky, entered the harbor of Chefoo, and was disarmed by the Chinese authorities. At three-thirty o'clock the following morning, the Japanese torpedo-boat destroyers *Asashio* and *Kusumi* entered the harbor, sent a boarding party to the unarmed Russian vessel, and after a fierce fight with fists, towed her out of the harbor. Most of the Russian crew jumped into the sea, and were saved by Chinese boats in the harbor.

Four days after the great battle off Port Arthur, Admiral Kamimura's fleet, consisting of the armored cruisers *Idsumo*, *Adguma*, *Tokiwa*, and *Iwate*, at dawn encountered the Russian Vladivostok squadron, consisting of the cruisers *Rossia*, *Gromoboi*, and *Rurik*. The battle was joined, and Admiral Kamimura reports that the *Rurik*, being the slowest of the Russian vessels, was constantly left behind, when the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia* gallantly returned to protect her. Finally the *Rurik* was disabled and began to sink, and the Japanese cruisers *Naniva* and *Takashiho* coming up and attacking the *Rurik*, the first detachment followed the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia*, which fled northward at full speed, and, at about ten o'clock, the Japanese, most strangely, ceased pursuit. The report of the Russian admiral shows that had the Japanese continued the fight a little longer, the cruisers must inevitably have succumbed to the withering fire of the Japanese, which has already rendered the Russian ships almost helpless. Every officer had either been killed or wounded. The main body of the Japanese fleet, after leaving the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia*, returned to the scene of the fighting, finding that the *Rurik* had in the meantime sunk. The Japanese picked up 600 Russians from the sunken vessel, and landed them at Sasebo.

The six seaworthy battle-ships and seven cruisers that Russia had on the morning of August 10th are thus accounted for: cruisers *Rossia* and *Gromoboi*, badly damaged, now at Vladivostok; *Diana*, somewhere at sea; *Pallada*, probably sunk; *Novik*, somewhere at sea; *Askold*, in harbor at Shanghai; *Rurik*, sunk; battleships *Czarevitch*, dismantled at Tsingchou; *Retvizan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet*, *Sevastopol*, and *Potava*, safely at Port Arthur, where, however, the closing-in of the Japanese land forces, preceding the city's fall, will make it necessary for the Russian admiral either to sink his ships, to peaceably surrender, or to sally forth and fight to the death.

The events of the week reflect no great glory on the Japanese. The capture of the defenseless *Ryeshitelni* at Chefoo was an outrageous act. But the Russians proved themselves gallant and courageous in the face of overwhelming odds.

As California is pretty generally expected to give Roosevelt a majority of 30,000 or 40,000 or even more, the chances are good for sending to Congress a solid Republican delegation of eight instead of, as at present, five Republicans and three Democrats.

The situations in the various districts are something like this:

First district—J. N. Gillett will be renominated. He has no opposition. The district is not doubtful. But the Democratic nominee will probably be Caminetti, of Amador.

Second district—The Republican nominee will be Duncan McKinlay. He has no opponent for the nomination. He will be opposed in the election by Theodore Bell, the present congressman from that district. The fight will be a vigorous one; but as Bell won by a small margin over Coombs (who was unpopular) in an off year, it is reasonably predicted that the national election will aid McKinlay to win by a good-sized majority.

Third district—J. R. Knowland has been nominated to succeed Victor H. Metcalf, resigned. His election is certain.

Fourth district—E. J. Livernash is rather expected to get the Democratic nomination, and he may have the

Union Labor indorsement. Julius Kahn, whom Livernash defeated by a few votes two years ago, is watching the situation, and will take the Republican nomination if things shape themselves favorably. There seems to be no other avowed candidate for the Republican nomination.

Fifth district—Charles M. Shortridge, of San José, is the most prominent candidate for the Republican nomination. Mr. Renf has a candidate in Robert Countryman, of this city, and R. H. Hatton, of San José, is also a candidate. Present Congressman Wynn, who had both Union Labor and Democratic indorsement two years ago, is expected again to be named by the Democrats.

Both the fourth and fifth districts are normally Republican, and there is a fair chance of their being carried by the Republican nominees this year.

Sixth district—Present Congressman J. C. Needham will be the Republican nominee. William M. Conley, of Madera, will probably be the Democratic nominee. The district is a close one; the contest will be hot; but Needham is expected to win out, as he did two years ago.

Seventh district—James MacLachlan will be the Republican nominee, and will have a walk-over, as the district is overwhelmingly Republican.

Eighth district—A strenuous contest between M. L. Ward, of San Diego, and S. C. Smith, of Bakersfield, for the Republican nomination is one of the most interesting features of politics in California at present. The contest is so close that no predictions may be made. The district is safely Republican.

There are exactly twenty-five votes in the State legislature from south of Tehachapi. Three men have been fighting for them now for three months. They are Henry T. Oxnard, Frank P. Flint, and Thomas R. Bard. Oxnard has no instructed nominees for senator or assemblyman. Flint and Bard run almost neck and neck. It is doubtful who will have a majority of the twenty-five. As near as can be guessed the case stands thus:

	BARD.	FLINT.
Los Angeles County.....	4	10
Ventura County.....	3	..
Riverside and Orange Counties....	3	..
San Bernardino County.....	2	..
San Diego County.....	..	3
	12	13

The doubtful county is San Diego. It will be observed that San Diego County holds the balance of power. And there the senatorial contest is inextricably bound up with the fight between Smith and Ward. Smith is for Bard. Ward is for Flint. It depends largely upon who wins whether Bard or Flint has a majority of the Southern California vote.

But does it so much matter? South of Tehachapi is a small part of the State. At the most, it will have only twenty-two or twenty-three Republican legislators. Competent observers predict that the total Republican vote will not be less than ninety out of the one hundred and twenty. So far, neither Flint nor Bard seems to have made much progress in the northland. The party is all split up in the south between them, so strenuous has been the fight. In view of this disharmony in the south, Mr. Knight—who, by the way, is not asking for indorsements, but holding dignified aloof—may prove a happy solution of a vexed problem.

The boasts of the *Examiner* and James H. O'Brien that the Democratic League would organize the local Democratic convention proved hollow. J. C. Sims, Mr. McNab's candidate for chairman, was elected by a vote of ninety and a half against Charles J. Heggerty's seventy-seven and a quarter, and then the convention adjourned to the call of the chairman.

But this does not indicate that Hearst will not have everything his own way in the State convention. It will be recalled that, with only a dozen or so of the San Francisco delegates, Hearst won the State's indorsement for President. He now lacks only a few of having half of the San Francisco delegation—why should he not dominate the convention? Certainly he will, unless McNab gets the further support of a good-sized bunch of country delegates. In any event, the Santa Cruz convention will be a highly interesting one.

San Francisco has the lowest liquor license of any city of its size in the United States. Our present absurd license rate of \$84 a year simply breeds cheap groceries and makes work for the police. A movement is on foot to amend the charter so that the license may be increased to \$500 a year. To secure the submission of this amendment a petition signed by 9,000 voters is necessary. Four thousand names had already been secured

at the end of last week. Only a week more remains. Every voter who has not already signed this petition should make a point of doing so at once. The *Argonaut* has long urged the adoption of a higher license rate. We should like to see the charter amendment submitted to the people this fall.

Now that the supreme court has affirmed the validity of the bond-issue of \$17,174,000, covering nine propositions, the next concern of the public is to have the bonds properly marketed and the great expenditures made without waste.

The board of supervisors bear the burden of responsibility. All the money passes through their hands. It is their purpose to offer for sale now bonds in the sum of \$4,500,000. Bids have already been called for, and the bonds will be sold in October to the highest bidders. The money will be immediately available, and by the beginning of next year street improvements, school, library, and hospital buildings are expected to be well under way. The bonds will be good investments for small investors, as they pay three and a half per cent. interest against the savings banks' average of three and one-eighth, and are exempt from State and municipal taxes. It is likely, however, that they will fetch a premium, which will reduce the interest rate.

It is to be hoped that "nature study" in the schools will result, during the next decade or two, in so spreading enlightenment and animating life that it may finally reach the newspapers.

Some things they print nowadays make one weep. The *Chronicle*, usually thought of as an intelligent journal, printed, the other day, a dispatch from Redding which stated that "butterflies by countless millions are denuding the summit of Mt. Baldy of all vegetation . . . eating the leaves and bark clean from the brush that grows there." Astounding phenomenon! Especially so, when it is considered that butterflies have neither teeth nor jaws; that their means of sustenance is a suctorial tube, as innocent of capacity to destroy leaves or bark as a short piece of bath-room hose—as incapable of "eating" as an elephant's trunk. And the brilliant mind of the *Chronicle's* correspondent goes to pile an Ossa of absurdity upon his Pelion of ignorance by adding: "They seem to be all of one specie." "Specie," forsooth! Next we shall hear of Colonel Brown's having studied a tactic on a golf link in a shockingly old pair of trouser.

#### SAN FRANCISCO NOT A LAGGARD IN THE ORIENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 15, 1904. "R. E. H.," deserves credit for his endeavor to establish trade relations between San Francisco and the Orient, but if his success is in keeping with his *Argonaut* reports, the houses he represents are to be pitied, because their selection of a representative has been a failure.

"R. E. H." seems to be one of the commercial fair-weather soldiers who loses his grip when meeting competition instead of looking upon competition as a stimulant to induce him to emulate the example of his foreign brethren of "the knights of the road."

I have dabbled a little myself in foreign countries on behalf of San Francisco commerce, and have yet to experience the humiliation of being asbamed of my city. "R. E. H." is evidently on his first voyage, and should he continue for twenty years he will, I am sure, only see what to him seems "really entertaining," but, in the language of the street, "what we want are orders."

Now as to details: No house of any standing will neglect any offered opportunity "to get a thing started," much less to answer commercial letters and propositions. Our manufacturers and dealers are only too willing to go to any amount of trouble and expense to submit estimates, plans, etc., to any of our exporters, even though knowing that their chance of doing business is very doubtful. I have occasion to demonstrate this daily, and never met with any refusal similar to which "R. E. H." accuses our commercial body.

Our terms are the same as those customary in the Orient, and adopted by all foreign countries. To responsible houses we ship against documents, as is done daily in our market, but we prefer letters of credit when obtainable. Our own importations from the Orient, such as silks, tea, etc., are always based on letters of credit, and no importer would dream of sending an order to the Orient without the necessary letter of credit. Why should we not demand the same? If the articles we offer are interesting, and our prices compare favorably with our foreign competitors, the question of furnishing letters of credit has never presented itself to me as a serious obstacle. We insist on letters of credit when we can not fully trust to the ability of some of our foreign representatives in using proper judgment in the selection of their customers. Between first-class houses in San Francisco and first-class houses in the Orient, the question of financing is no serious obstacle, no matter what "R. E. H." and his British bank manager state.

F. O. B. and C. I. F. are the *a b c* of commerce, and every office-boy in our wholesale and export houses knows sufficient about these terms without the necessity of depriving himself of a little recreation in the evening. Our clerks compare favorably with those I meet in foreign countries. Our foreign commerce is expanding daily, and our staff is thoroughly trained and capable to take care of all necessities.

Such men as "R. E. H.," who write long letters to their houses, explaining their failure to do business, and trying to cover their own defects, constitute "what the matter is with San Francisco."

"R. E. H.'s" comments on the "yellow peril" are nonsensical. "R. E. H." seems to have more national pride than anything else. Does he fail to see that the presence of Detroit machinery in Japan is a triumph to our industry? "R. E. H." evidently would like to sell them machinery and obtain a decree from the Mikado prohibiting the use of same after the machinery has been landed in Japan.



## A JUDGMENT BY THE SEA.

The Day of the Missing "Entree."

He who has not partaken of crab, brought to his kitchen alive and cooked on his own stove, knows not the true joy of an epicure. But that is neither here nor there; only talking of crabs makes me think of my crab-fisher, one Spinello, a handsome, dare-devil, American-Italian, who lived down on the Fair Lagune. You remember the little, compact, fenced-in village, situated on the western rim of the Lagune, looking, from the Heights, like a collection of dog-kennels and chicken-coops. It is an uninviting place, inhabited excessively by thin, black-eyed children and bushy-haired, evil-eyed dogs. Spinello lived in the village in a one-roomed shanty with his friend Garcia.

These two, Damon and Pythias of the Italian colony, kept their gasoline launches at the same wharf in a little inlet from the bay, and stored their live crabs in square wooden cages, submerged after each catch to await a favorable market. They shared the simple pleasures and complicated brawls of the neighborhood, and their comradeship might have continued to the end of the chapter but for the woman.

Here is the story as I had it first hand:

Nanny Goat Hill and Cow Hollow, part of the untamed landscape lying between the bay and Union Street, have been these many years the public pastures of the neighborhood live stock. Hither in the green season of a wet year came Babette Larue, the daughter of Jules Larue, a North Beach restaurateur, to pasture her cow, planting her plump body on the end of the rope for stake-pin, and busying her fingers with a piece of knitting. Babette was the owner of a pair of uncommonly big brown eyes and a square little figure, always clad in a bright red frock and a voluminous blue-check apron. A bit of sun-bonnet on her head and a blue knitted shawl around her shoulders made her a cozy picture for the two friends to gaze on when they came in, damp and tired, from a day on the deep sea.

Babette had a way of tying the stake-rope to a lupine bush and going down to the water's edge to watch the fishermen unload. She tiptoed and peeped around the boats and tackle, and it was "Oh—oh—ee— isn't he a grand, beautiful one!" when Spinello, the debonnaire, looking like a knight of the old prints in his long, flapping rubber boots, swung out a particularly fine crab and dropped him, all sprawling and protesting, into his half-submerged cage; or it was "Oh, how very brave you are! They'll pinch you—sure they'll pinch you!" when Garcia, small and weazened and hot-tempered, picked up a crab in either hand and threw them over his shoulder into his cage.

The unloading done, and the boats hoisted out of the water to keep them clean, Babette went back to the cow, carrying a fine live crab by a stout string; and the sight of her squeamish *moues* and pretty affected airs of fright amply repaid her two admirers.

It was not long till the practical Garcia drew conclusions from his unwonted generosity that he loved Babette, the little cow-herd. Spinello, more used to the admiration of the ladies, had not so easily succumbed to ma'm'selle's roguish eyes, and had given his crabs for the fun of seeing his close-fisted friend put to it to uphold his place in the young lady's esteem.

Garcia, in love, must needs believe that his lady-love's charms were irresistible, and he swore to himself that his long-tried friend, Spinello, was making overtures to her in secret. Garcia, jealous, was an ugly proposition to deal with. First he doubted his friend's loyalty, and from that it was an easy step to doubt his honesty. And it seemed that Garcia had reason to doubt somebody.

He had announced his intention of taking to himself a wife as soon as he had accumulated two hundred dollars in the bank; yet each night for a month his crab cage had been opened and every crab had disappeared. At this rate he was steering a long course from the fair haven of matrimony, and his temper was ugly. He followed Spinello to the market, and made sure that he sold no more than his catch, but jealousy drives a man with a cruel bit, and whither he would or no, he must believe that his erstwhile comrade was guilty. Driven to desperation, and in a blinding rage, he accused Spinello of opening the cage for the purpose of defrauding him of a wife. Spinello, frank-eyed and debonnaire, turned his back with a laugh. After that Babette received all her crabs from Garcia.

The following Monday was a dark, lowering day, with a wind blowing sixty miles an hour at Point Reyes. The waves outside the Potato Patch were rolling mountains high and leaping about with the uncertain direction of bubbles in a tea-kettle. Spinello, never daunted by a gale, put out in the *Victory* at five o'clock in the morning, and ten minutes later was followed by Garcia in the *Liberty*. The two boats hugged the shore, slipping through the boiling waters of the Golden Gate like two huge sea-tortoises. At Point Bonita, Spinello left the protection of the shore, and took a course due west in the leaping waters. Garcia hung back. Not that he was afraid, but there was Babette. And yet good crabs and plenty of them were to be caught only if he open. He watched Spinello's launch ascend an activity of glassy water, slip down the incline like a cork, sending back over the water its spiteful *chug-chug*, *chug-chug* of derision.

The handsome, dare-devil Spinello turned and hurled a half-laughing taunt at the laggard.

"Come on, little one, catch crabs. What you wait for? Sneak back, tell Babette your nets fouled—you lost your catch—tell her your gasoline engine got broke. Don't tell her a coward was at the helm."

His boat swept into a yawning chasm and his voice was lost.

Stung to recklessness, Garcia stood up in the *Liberty*, and flung forward his answer: "I'm not afraid, you thief, you liar. You turn my crabs loose. I loose hell on you."

A green mountain of water lifted the *Liberty* and swept her outward. Garcia sent her along under full headway, and the spray dashed out on either side, great spreading plumes of water, that fell over him and soaked him as in a shower-bath.

Spinello, rising on a wave, looked back with a loud laugh. It was not in his merry soul to estimate the venom of the small man's anger. He did not push the *Victory*. He was already four miles out from the Heads, and this was a good place to cast his net. It would not be convenient to lose his beloved launch in that wild sea: Spinello without a launch would be "broke," but what the launch would be without Spinello out there in the madcap waters never entered his head. He slowed down, and began to haul on the nets. The stanch little *Victory* slipped into the trough of the sea. She bobbed like a peanut shell in a boiling caldron. The waves curled above her big and threatening, and at times it looked as if man and boat would be swept under in a watery embrace. This was not satisfactory to Spinello. It was just a bit rougher than any fisherman could calculate from shore, and here was the *Liberty* coming at him like a live thing.

Garcia's head shot out of the little hatchway. "You call me coward," he yelled, hoarsely. "I call you thief and liar. I will ram your boat to the bottom."

Spinello grasped the situation. It was to be a duel between two gasoline launches in the open sea, with waves running mountain high and spray filling the air like smoke. He thought regretfully of his great strength and scornfully of the wiry muscles of the little man in the boat. On shore he could have finished Garcia with one shake, as a dog finishes a cat; but Garcia in a gasoline launch was as capable of inflicting damage as a man twice his size.

Garcia was steering straight at the *Victory* to strike her amidships, but Spinello started his boat forward at full speed, and saw the other dash by and bury her nose in a wave. He threw out a tantalizing laugh.

"So, very little man, you would make an end of me. Now just see what the *Victory* can do at ramming."

The *chug-chug* of the other launch was lost in the granulated noises of the boisterous sea. It was as if thousands of pounds of loose shot rattled in tin canisters. The tiny cockle-shells plunged and rocked, swept out in a circle, and came at each other, the one driven into the fray by the might of wind and water, the other staggering forward by the puny efforts of a little gasoline engine. For an instant *Victory* and *Liberty* viewed each the other from the crest of two mountains, the next moment the height slipped from under them, and they were down in a deep valley, wriggling and twisting like two ungainly tortoises. Before the men got their launches under control, the sea had uplifted them again, this time both on the same wave. Spinello and Garcia were close enough to look into one another's eyes and read the purpose in them. They had passed the stage of wordy conflict. They looked. That was enough.

That day in the rhythmic succession of the waves the seventh gathered all the force of the wind and the furious sea, and moved across the expanse of water like a frowning coast line. As the watery height began to feather on the crest and spume and curl, *Victory* and *Liberty* swung in the trough directly in its course.

Then Spinello heard a roar like the breaking apart of the skies, and green water was above him—on either side—everywhere. He thought the end had come. But the sea rejected him. He was popped to the surface, coughing and gasping for breath. The *Liberty* and *Victory*, wallowing fearfully, engines flooded, were still afloat.

Spinello was a brave man, but he was not ready to die at twenty-five. Garcia thought of Babette, and fought death at thirty.

In their terrible peril, facing death by the sea, the two men forgot their personal grievances. They were ready to unite against a mightier power and a more relentless than they.

"Keep your boat back—keep back," shouted Garcia. "Engine's dead," yelled the other, a foot away.

A mountain of water, so high the men dared not raise their eyes to it, had reared beside them. The two launches were swept to its spuming crest bow to bow. It seemed as if the world was rising in a mighty swell directly under them. Then with spiteful fury wave and wind spat the two boats at each other. The men were thrown into the sea, and the two little crafts, smashed to kindling wood, were scattered on the foaming crest of the next wave.

Babette sat on the end of the stake-rope and knitted till late in the afternoon that memorable March day, and toward dusk, cheeks tingling and eyes smarting from the wind, drove her little Jersey down Francisco Street to the domicile of her penurious old father. They

had crab for dinner that night. It had recently become a staple article of diet in the Larue household.

At midnight, when Cow Hollow was a black waste and the Lagune lay spread out under the fog-dimmed stars like a great sheet of gun-metal, Larue and pretty Babette rowed across it to the fisherman's village, and stole across the sand spit to Garcia and Spinello's wharf. Babette took a key from behind some tackle, and went to Garcia's wooden cage and helped her father pull it to the surface. Larue struck a match. The cage was empty.

"The lazy loon, he's been afraid of the rough water, and come in without a catch," growled he. "We'll try Spinello's cage. He's no coward."

But Babette hung back. She began to weep. It would be impossible. She did not know where the key was kept. But her father struck her across the mouth and bade her go fetch it. She found the key, but Jules was not rewarded when he drew up the cage. It also was empty.

Jules Larue was very angry. He strode down to his boat, with Babette trailing in the rear.

"Now you'll go without your dinner to-morrow," he snarled. "And my customers will miss their *entrée*."

And that *entrée*! I was one of those who missed it that Sunday, and—oh, the story—and how did I know about the sea fight? Why, my informant was none other than Spinello himself. You see he was almost run down by a pilot-boat, and picked up. Oh, yes, naturally, Babette deserted her evil old father for life as a crab-fisher's wife; but she can't eat crab cooked by Jules. That is a misfortune for which life with handsome Spinello may not compensate.

STELLA WALTHALL BELCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1904.

## The Picturesque Career of Senator Vest.

A striking incident in the career of Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, who died at his home at Sweet Springs last week, was his refusal to vote to seat his intimate friend, Senator Quay, in the Senate. The single vote of Vest would have saved Quay a long and bitter struggle in the legislature, but Vest's convictions as to constitutional law were such that he could not honestly vote in Quay's favor. He told Quay so in the Senate cloak-room before the vote, and Quay is said to have shaken the Missourian warmly by the hand, declaring that his regard and respect for Vest were only augmented by the refusal. Senator Vest was the last living member of the Confederate Senate. Fourteen years later he became a United States senator, and served twenty-four years. He was a native of Kentucky, having been born in Frankfort in 1830. At the early age of eighteen he was graduated from Center College, Danville. His first inclinations led him to the study of medicine, but he was given up as an unpromising student when he fainted at the first surgical operation which he had occasion to attend. At his father's advice, he then decided to study law. After reading under the instruction of Mr. Harlan a year or two, young Vest entered the law department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, and was graduated in 1853. Before he entered Transylvania he had edited for a short while a political newspaper at Owensboro. Allured, as were thousands of others at that time, by the stories of fortune and adventure in California, Vest started on the overland route, but was halted at Georgetown, Pettis County, Mo., by a broken arm, due to the overturning of a stage coach. Before he had recovered a most atrocious murder of a woman and children was perpetrated in that community, and a negro slave was accused of the crime. All the other lawyers of Georgetown happened to be in attendance at the land office at the State capital at that particular time, and the master of the slave employed Vest to conduct the defense before the examining court. The trial came on, and so successful was Vest's plea that the court was reduced to the necessity of discharging the prisoner.

Then there was a mob. The negro confessed the crime, and was promptly lynched in the presence of all the other negroes of that community. Notice was served on Vest that if he knew what was good for himself he would leave Pettis County. He answered the threat by opening a law office. And that is how George Graham Vest came to be a citizen of Missouri, July 4, 1853.

As a senator, Mr. Vest won a reputation for brilliancy of speech, classic learning, and sharp repartee seldom excelled in the Senate. He could make interesting the driest subject. Nobody ever left the Senate floor or the Senate galleries because George G. Vest was addressing the body. For several years his health had failed him, but notwithstanding that he was almost blind, and had needed constant assistance in entering and leaving the Senate chamber, he maintained his interest in the proceedings and his prestige as an orator.

Among the curious things that arrest the attention on arriving in Moscow is the entire absence of whips among drivers of cabs, carriages, and all sorts of vehicles. There is a law prohibiting their use. There is not a single whip in use in Moscow.

The only flag of its kind in Scotland flies over Andrew Carnegie's mansion in Scotland, known as Skibo Castle. It has the Union Jack on one side and the Stars and Stripes on the other. It is made of the two flags sewn securely together.



## SUMMER DAYS IN BERGAMO.

Night Entrance Into a Quaint Town—Narrow, Moss-Grown Streets—  
A View of the Lombardy Plain—Chapel and Portrait  
of Colleoni and Daughter.

It was past nine in the evening when we rattled through the streets of Bergamo to our hotel, an unknown hostelry in an unknown town. In the darkness—accompanied by the astonishing noise vehicles make in the narrow, cobbled streets of Italian cities—we drove down dark, faintly lit byways where heights of blank wall frowned on lengths of stony pavements, and single lights cast frightened gleams over the fronts of vast, fortress-like palaces. Then, in the midst of our resonant progress, we suddenly turned at right angles and plunged into a black tunnel, rattled boisterously through this into a court-yard, brilliantly lit and set forth in a line of green-covered tables littered with cards, money, and chips. There was a large gathering of men about these tables, and the notes of many voices combined to make a *crescendo* of sound that seemed terrific. There was no woman to be seen in any direction, only a line of politely bowing Italian waiters, headed by a dignified major-domo. We looked at one another with inquiring eyes, and simultaneously murmured: "Where on earth have we got to now?"

Afterward, when we were conducted to our rooms, it did not look so like the place in which the young and innocent heroine of a melodrama generally finds herself in the beginning of the third act. Our rooms looked out on the court-yard, and though the glass roof of a summer dining-room cut off most of the view, I found it very amusing to peer down through my discreetly closed blinds at the gamblers. They appeared to be a very cheerful, jovial lot, and the amount of noise they made over their game would have to be heard to be believed. Several times, during the first night I was there, I thought they were having quarrels to the death, got up trembling, and stared agonizingly down at them. But they were all as gay and good-natured as possible, shouting and yelling at one another with a vivacity that in less fevered climes would have been the precursor of bloodshed.

All things considered, it was an excellent hotel—the best we have struck so far. I imagined it to have been an old palace done over. The *salle à manger* was an imposing, high-ceilinged room, with a floor of colored flags, and the walls roughly frescoed. Though the heat was fearful (the court-yard outside deserted and glaring under a blaze of implacable sun), it was always delightfully cool, airy, and quiet. Our rooms were also satisfying, not poor imitations of alien ideals, but real Italian bedrooms, made to meet the requirements of the bright, fierce summer. The floors were of stone, the walls plastered and coarsely painted. The shutters—which one keeps closed all day—opened from below, and as the sun declines one props them further and further open, till in the cool of the evening they stand out at right angles from the window.

From windows on the other side of the hall we could see the irregular and huddled roofs of Bergamo, covered with red tiles, long, slanting expanses, and out-jutting eaves, mossed here and there into a rich mellowness of tint. Below them were lengths of yellow, time-stained walls bathed by an unwinking glare of sun, or crossed by a black edge of shade. A golden statue rose high against the serene sky, shining in the unclouded blue. Lines of flowering plants stood on railings among the roofs, or made a fringe of green on a sun-steeped window-sill. On the angle of a hoary bannister a lichened bust, worn away by wind and weather, stood, gray and time-incrusted. When evening fell—slowly and with a still, golden reluctance—swallows darted about the roofs and *campaniles*, whirling and circling in swooping curves against the primrose sky, and hovering, in a moving scatter of black dots, about distant spires and bell towers.

There are two towns in Bergamo, a lower one, prosperous and semi-modern, and an upper one, sternly ramparted from the plain below by huge walls—a complete bit of the middle ages frowning down on the rich magnificence of the Lombard plain. It is a wonderful place, this old Bergamo, untouched by time, complete within itself. Its ramparts and great gates are in perfect preservation, mossed and lichened, and sometimes fringed and garlanded with growths of fern and flowering weed hanging delicately to the stones. Long lines of *marronniers* follow the ramparts, trees thick as umbrellas, beneath which one can lounge on the grass looking out over the teeming expanse of the plain, unrolled like a map, threaded with silvery filaments of water, green as the Garden of Eden, swimming in golden vapors that, as the sun sinks, turn opalescent and mother-of-pearl.

The town itself is a network of narrow, winding streets, where the air is suddenly chill and the only sunlight slants in at midday. High, grim walls and shuttered windows crowd close on the narrow, cobbled footway. Sometimes through an arched opening one has a sudden, magical glimpse of an inner garden, vivid in its dark frame, all juicy greens with an enameling of geranium blossoms and branches of oleander rosy with bloom. The tinkle of falling water strikes coolly on your ear, and the trickle of crystal drops shines for a moment above an embrowned fountain lip.

Farther on you come upon a massing of chrome-colored walls, streaked and mottled with the grayish

deposits of ages, and a jumble of slanting, red-tiled roofs, with little windows peeping out in odd places, and the notched leaves of fig trees and the blushing boughs of oleanders fresh and perfect against the old solemn walls. Far up in a window under the eaves, where potted plants send down a trickle of green against the plaster, a bird hangs in a roughly fashioned cage of wood. It sends up a sweet, liquid note, and a young priest in a brown robe comes to the window and bends a tanned head fondly over it. One must love something in this world. And to some men it may be more satisfactory to love a bird than a woman.

The man that built up and became the despot of Bergamo was not of this mind. He was one of the greatest of the *condottieri*, those splendid soldiers of fortune who make the history of Northern Italy read like the most lurid of romances, blood-soaked, love-illuminated, far from moral, but full of the fire and pulse-beats of real living. Colleoni was a better man than his fellows, as renowned a soldier as the unconquerable Giovanni della Bande Nere, who died at twenty-nine the greatest leader of his day, as fearless as the terrible Cæsar Borgia, as munificent a patron of the arts as the half-mad Malatesta of Rimini. Colleoni was honest and generous. His biographers agree that he was a little too fond of women for his life to be of the kind held up as a model in Sunday-schools. Sitting in the beautiful chapel he raised for his own and his daughter's burial place, I looked at the medallion of him which hangs over the entrance, and came to the conclusion that his fondness for women did not often go unreciprocated by its objects.

The author of the medallion is, I believe, unknown, but it is none the less a very wonderful piece of work. Unquestionably a portrait, it gives the impression of character, force, indomitable will and fiery energy which must have marked the man. The face has the look of almost haggard concentration that one notices in the busts of Julius Cæsar. The cheeks are furrowed with deep lines, the eyes hollow, large, and staring under overhanging brows. I should take the subject to be somewhere in the middle of his forties, a man who had lived fiercely and would live fiercely till the end of his days; and beyond a doubt the kind of man that women love and go to the devil for. The qualities of recklessness and physical courage which women most love in men he possessed in their highest form, and the quality of caution and meanness which women most dislike he was without.

Near him lies his beloved daughter Medea, who died unved in the twenty-third year of her age. The great captain loved this girl as the apple of his eye, and when she died he had a portrait of her sculptured in marble to lie on her tomb to show future generations how gentle and sweet she was. Her name and epitaph are cut in the stone above her, and beneath it she lies, tall and slim in her rich dress, her long hands lightly clasped over her waist, the folds of her skirt drawn close and straight down over her slender limbs to where her feet lift the heavy material into points.

The face is wrought with curious care. It suggests, as her father's medallion does, that it is a veritable portrait. It is that type of mediæval face that we often see in the portraits of the early Italian masters—a round, smooth forehead from which the hair is drawn tightly back, a slightly prominent nose, rather long but delicate, the cheeks finely modeled, the chin inclined to be receding. The throat is exceedingly long and round, a fact which is accentuated by the fashion of the bodice which ends at its base. The figure is very slender and delicately developed, all the lines fine and faintly curved, that type which the French call "*fausse maigre*," and many people think the most beautiful figure in the world.

Medea was not beautiful, but she was very feminine, girlish, and sweet. The sculptor was able to tell us that. After all these centuries we can feel it, read it in the pure, delicate face. We can understand how the fierce *condottiere* may have turned from the conquest of his wars and his loves to the tender companionship of his beloved child. And it all happened five centuries ago. Looking at their two sculptured faces, it seems as if it might have only been a few years back, both are so instinct with meaning and character—the soldier's with the lines plowed deep across it, and the gentle girl's just awakening to life. Five centuries ago! So close to us, and yet so far away.

VERONA, July 24, 1904.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Postmaster-General Payne has amended the postal regulations, to take effect immediately, so as to permit for the first time the elimination of all weight restrictions on first-class mail matter addressed to all countries except Canada, Mexico, and Cuba, to which the domestic privileges already apply. This action is the result of urgent representations largely by banking interests, who want to send securities abroad in this way. The present maximum weight restriction on first-class matter is four pounds. The mail coming from foreign countries is not limited, and it was felt by this government that the people in this country should have the same privileges. The weight restrictions already had been removed from the second-class mail matter.

Owing to the excessive heat and partially to the new practice now popular of arranging seaside outings on a system of payments by installment, it is estimated that nearly five hundred thousand, or about one-fifth of the population of Paris, are out of town.

## THE BISHOP'S TAVERN.

Clergymen Strain the Language to Express Their Disgust—Religious  
Press Neutral—W. C. T. U. Furious—The Potter Cocktail—  
Visitors' Reports—Trade Booming.

Apparently only one clergyman out of the several hundred who have been interviewed regarding the Potter Saloon said: "I am speechless." All the others made great drains on the resources of the English language. The official name of the place is the Subway Tavern, but it already bears at least half a dozen more picturesque appellations applied by clerical non-admirers. One visitor-critic thinks it should be called the "Potter's Field," another that a fitting name would be the "Religious Rum-Shop." Still another suggestion is "The Sign of the Blessed Bottle." An Oakland clergyman says that "Potter's Place" is the right name for it, for the men who learn to drink after the "Sour-mash Symposium" will bring up in a drunkard's grave in the Potter's Field.

A glance at the many interviews with clergymen shows that about two-thirds of them oppose the idea of a "religious rum-shop," while the other one-third are either non-committal or openly favorable. Of the New York papers, the *Times*, the *Post*, and the *Herold*, also very emphatically the *Tribune*, do not oppose the new departure. But the *Sun* objects.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, through a high officer, Mrs. Boole, of course opposes the scheme. She says:

We object to the new tavern on the very ground upon which its establishment is urged and its vindication attempted—that is, it makes drinking respectable. Our principle is that drink should be kept a thing of degradation. The drunkard will drink anyway, and it is moderate drinking that we condemn, for in that the chief danger lies. This tavern will make drinking a reputable thing, and young men who would be ashamed to go into saloons will be willing to go to it, and in moderate drinking will have a taste for liquor engendered.

The semi-religious press is surprisingly invertebrate. The *Independent*, for example, "respects Bishop Potter's purpose and hope," but seems faintly doubtful that the idea will work out in practice. The *Outlook* wishes Bishop Potter success, and suspends judgment entirely pending results.

One clergyman has already proved a prophet. The Rev. Newton Caldwell said on August 26th that we should be having a "Bishop Potter Cocktail" next, and it has already arrived. It is said to have the opalescent hue of a church window, and to "have been specially designed as a Sunday morning bracer." It had its origin in the Waldorf-Astoria, and the head bar-keeper there affirms that he has already worked up a great Sunday morning trade. The formula for the new drink is as follows:

One dash of orange bitters in a mixing glass.

Five drops of Peruvian bitters.

One dash of Italian vermouth.

One dash of French vermouth.

One jigger of dry gin.

Fill the glass with chipped ice, and while you stir the mixture with the ecclesiastical spoon, have the cocktail glass chilled with shaved ice.

After it is consumed one can almost hear the interlude on the pipe-organ, while two of them will make any one hear the pretty soprano in the organ loft sing the solo which is so peaceful and restful.

Many people will be disposed to accept the opinion of General Booth-Tucker on the Potter idea. The commander of the Salvation Army views the "sanctified saloon" as a "bad affair." He thinks it "a pity" that women should be permitted to drink beer at the fountain in front. It looks to him as if the evil would exceed any possible good; indeed, that there would be great harm. Another man of prominence who thinks the Potter idea harmful is John Wanamaker, while Bishop Isaac Lee Nicholson, of Milwaukee, raps Bishop Potter after this fashion:

Bishop Potter is not a great man in the Episcopal Church. He is regarded by some outside the church as being influential, but this opinion is not shared by those inside. He has no standing with the other bishops, and has no influence on legislation. No action will be taken by the church, not even to the extent of resolutions of protest. The only thing that we can, any of us, do is to say that we feel humiliated and ashamed.

In Milwaukee they ought to know.

The one thing that is certain is that the dedication of the place has advertised it to an extent highly gratifying to the proprietor. The *Sun* says:

Even at an early hour it was evident that the bishop's visit had doomed the Subway Tavern as saloon had seldom been boomed before. Not only the typical Bowery crowd came, but curious ones from other parts of the town strolled in, looked the place over, and patronized the bar. Liquors gurgled, glasses clinked, and the tinkling of the cash-register proceeded merrily.

Another "impression" of the "dedicated gin-mill" is contributed to the same paper by a curious correspondent:

All this rot about the Tavern roused my curiosity, and took me and a friend a good bit out of our way for his usual high-ball and my beer. We got them, at the regular price; and, looking around, we saw we were in a very ordinary gin-mill. The same brewery advertisements as elsewhere, the same common brands of cigars; the same five-cent sandwiches; the same tables and other furniture, and everything else precisely as in any beer saloon right in the neighborhood of the *Sun* office or anywhere else. If this is Bishop Potter's grog-shop, I declare to you, on the honor of a fairly decent man, I think you might better give your free advertising to the other saloons in the vicinity run by men whose families are dependent upon the profits of the business.

Some two thousand people visited the place the day after the dedication. Certainly, in at least one sense of the word, it is a success.



## CONFESSIONS OF A CLUBWOMAN.

Johnaphene's Rise in the Nota Bene—An Essay that She Did Not Write—The Objections of a Husband—A Philandering Clergyman—"False" to a Friend.

"The Confessions of a Clubwoman," by an anonymous person whose pseudonym is Agnes Surbridge, begins in this forthright and very sprightly fashion:

I was raised in a town where marriage was esteemed the only career worth considering for women; where not to have achieved matrimony by the time one was twenty-five was evidence of some lack of charm, mental, or worse yet, physical; where to go on to middle life without prefixing a "Mrs." was to drop into the deadliest level of insignificance possible to women. So, when during the summer I reached my twenty-first birthday, Joseph Henning came down from Chicago to our little town in Kansas to visit his aunt, our neighbor, and fell in love with me, I accepted the proposal the gods provided, and married him without delay.

Once nicely married, Johnaphene (that was the outlandish name with which her Kansas father had blessed her, but she had not yet realized its outlandishness) settled down in Chicago in a little flat of five rooms over the grocery store. Babies came—two. "Joe" was reasonably attentive, but a money-maker. Friends were few. Johnaphene began to pine, to rebel at the tameness of things—and read the society column of the Sunday newspapers. That was the first step. She read of "society leaders" and "dinner-dances" and of "literary lions." The country mouse that Johnaphene had been began to wonder how she would look in an evening gown. So quietly, one night, she cut down "an old black silk low on the shoulders." The book says:

Naturally, I looked in the mirror and saw there what did not lessen my growing discontent. I had always been considered a fine-looking girl, and married life had brought a roundness of contour and a greater delicacy of the complexion. My shoulders were white and soft, my neck round and graceful, and my chin a Gibson; the rich coloring of my cheeks was heightened by contrast with my shoulders, and my dark eyes took on a new lustre as I gazed into the mirror. All at once I realized my own beauty and my limitations, and my soul chafed within me. Had the fates been kind I should have been in the smart set. Instead I was the wife of a grocer. The Angel of Discontent came and sat with me for a long time in that stuffy little parlor.

The eye of Johnaphene the Discontented on the very next Sunday fell upon this paragraph on the woman's page of the Sunday paper:

What does the club do for women? Everything. From the woman who dwells in a Lake Shore palace down to the wife of the corner-grocer, it broadens her horizon and enlarges her sympathies. The club does not exist for the rich woman alone; it is not meant for the fashionable lady, except as she shares it with her humbler sisters. The woman's club is a democratic organization. It has a leveling effect on every woman who joins it. It provides a place where the poor and unknown woman, provided she has the proper amount of ambition, may meet on terms of equality the most famous women of the day. The grocer's wife, provided she is attractive and ambitious and tactful, may rise to as high a position in the club as does milady who rides in her carriage, clothed in sahles and wearing the costliest of jewels. It all rests with the woman; for the club is the middle-class woman's opportunity.

That settled it for Johnaphene. When about her only rich friend—Mrs. Theodore Parsons, of 1197 Lake Shore Drive by your leave—had promised to present Johnaphene's name to the Nota Bene Club (in return for Johnaphene's support of Mrs. Parsons for the club presidency) the two babies were almost forgotten. But how would Joe take it? That was the question.

Joe took it fairly well. He kicked a little, but not badly. Johnaphene carried off her first club meeting well (the Nota Bene had five hundred members), and was lucky enough to meet there a masculine school-mate, since grown famous, who addressed the club.

Fortunately, just at this time, the retail grocer went into the wholesale trade—oh, what a difference!—and moved from the flat over the store to a "quite correct" house on the Lake Front. Soon Johnaphene was in the thick of club politics. Mrs. Theodore Parsons was the candidate for president. "We may as well understand each other at the outset," she told the grocer's wife. "I have very definite ideas of how I want to run that club; those who stand by me and help me will be rewarded; you understand? Yes. You are anxious to meet people, to become known, to widen your sphere. Here is your opportunity. I never forget my friends."

This is what politicians call a cold-blooded proposition. It "went" with Johnaphene, and Mrs. Parsons was elected after an exciting contest. Johnaphene writes:

A loud clapping of hands resounded through the room, and the Parsons forces waved their handkerchiefs, while the successful candidate rose and bowed smilingly right and left. But her late opponent, Mrs. Beckett, was nowhere to be seen. Five minutes later, when I was speeding down the long corridor in sudden remembrance of my babies and my chaotic house, I saw a group of sympathetic ladies fanning and administering consolation to the sobbing, defeated candidate.

"It's a shame!" muttered one, as I hurried by; "and all because she's got more money!"

"Yes, and Mrs. Beckett bought such a lovely gown for the installation!"

Mrs. Parsons set a good example to masculine politicians by keeping her ante-election promises to Johnaphene. She was appointed a member of the reception committee. She joined several more clubs. This required clothes. Johnaphene learned the gentle art of running up hills. Joe thereat said large jagged, angular words—but paid. Johnaphene was now seldom at home. Her mother came on from Kansas, and took care of the babies. Joe began to get surly, and said very sarcastic things about women's clubs. But Johnaphene was appointed Chief Pourer at a "swell affair," and that recompensed for the irritation of the grocer, Joseph. And then, crowning glory of all, Johnaphene

was elected a delegate to the biennial conclave at Omaha, and asked to prepare a paper! Joe put his foot down, and positively said that Johnaphene shouldn't go. Johnaphene smiled, and said nothing. The question of how her small brain could compass the preparation of a paper on "The Clubwoman's Ideal" agitated her far more. At length, after much pondering, she sent for Minnie Morrison, a bright newspaper girl, to lunch with her. Johnaphene hinted and hinted, blushed and stammered, and hemmed and hawed. But the newspaper person came promptly to the point:

"See here," and her tones were very business-like now. "I've written many a club-paper. How much could you pay?" This hold proposition made me gasp.

"Why—would that be just the thing?" I asked, weakly. "Honest, you know—and square. For, of course, it would have to go under my name."

"Of course," she replied, coolly. "And it would be yours, wouldn't it, if you paid for it? Come now. Yes? Well, you needn't be disturbed about that. Lots of them do it. Why, it's an open secret that even your president-general, or chief dame in waiting, or whatever you call her, hires her speeches written. Didn't you know that? Well, it's a fact. A funny thing about it is that her first speeches were all in the florid perfervid style of a well-known Southern writer with whom she had the sense to quarrel a little later; whereupon her style suddenly changed to that of a crisp New England journalist. But, seriously, do you want me to write your paper? Of course, it'll never be known unless you tell it. I certainly shouldn't care to spoil my market by blabbing."

After some further parleying we came to terms, and she agreed, for a good round sum, to write a spicy, entertaining paper on "The Clubwoman's Ideal," which was, of course, to go on the programme as mine. And when she left, I telephoned Mrs. Parsons that I had decided to accept her very kind proposal to be put on the programme at the biennial, and would try to do her credit. But I did not deem it necessary to tell her that Minnie Morrison had lunched with me that day.

Shortly after this allegedly typical experience in the Clubwoman's Progress, the heroine dropped "Johnaphene," and thenceforth was known as "Mrs. Jack."

Then came the biennial. "Mrs. Jack" slipped away without telling "Grocer Joe." She telegraphed him from Pudding-Stone, Ia., and soon forgot how angry he must be in the festivities at Omaha. She was recalled with a jolt. This is it:

MRS. J. HENNING, OMAHA: I have gone to the Palmer House to live until you come home to stay. Will return when you agree to give up clubs.

That afternoon "Mrs. Jack" read a paper (Minnie Morrison's paper) on "The Clubwoman's Ideal" and won tremendous applause, and thanks to Minnie Morrison the Chicago papers gave it proper "space":

"A Brilliant Paper by a Brainy Woman" was the headline across two columns. Then followed a fulsome *résumé* of the paper, with a flattering account of "the brilliant wife of one of Chicago's leading financiers," which closed with the prediction that Mrs. Henning would "eventually be recognized all over the country as the great exponent of the advanced-woman movement."

I sat down by the open window, which looked upon a beautiful park, and allowed my thoughts to wander to a possible future when this prediction should be fulfilled. Why not? Was I not developing with a rapidity that astonished even myself? Imagination placed me in the chair of the president of the great federation. Surely, I could preside as well as the woman who had guided affairs that day. As to formal addresses, there were always Minnie Morrisons to be hired; and impromptu speeches, I knew well, were often carried typewritten in the pocket. I had money, brains, and tact. Why not position?

Grocer Joseph was quite forgotten just then. And when she returned to Chicago "a weep or two" brought him around all right again. Several months passed, and then "Mrs. Jack" was invited to spend some weeks with Mrs. Theodore Parsons at her country home. She went. There she met her girlhood friend, now the distinguished clergyman, Dr. Haven. They got as far as this:

"Why are you so restless?" he asked as we paced up and down the beach. "This beautiful moonlight always softens and quiets me. I feel like quite another man."

"And I, too," I answered. "This silvery light across the restless, moaning sea, this soft, mystic atmosphere, this constant lapping of the water on the shingle, they make me a restless, dissatisfied woman."

"Not unhappy?" and he stopped short in his walk, and laid one of his strong white hands on mine.

"No, not unhappy," I said. "Not exactly unhappy; but dissatisfied—unsatisfied rather. I yearn for something I have never known. Perhaps Nature meant me for a poet."

"Nature meant you for a very beautiful woman," he said, suddenly, his clasp closing on mine. "And you have nobly fulfilled your mission there. You have no right to be unhappy, you lovely Jackie."

"Philip," I murmured, and knew not what to say; for the homage of this handsome, distinguished man was like incense unto my nostrils.

"Forgive me," he said. "But—" he stopped, and we went back to the house in silence.

The summer of dalliance with the clergyman ended. The Clubwoman's Progress resumed. One day Minnie Morrison, the newspaper person, called, and gently conveyed to "Mrs. Jack" that the growing unpopularity of Mrs. Parsons, the president of the club, was "Jackie's" opportunity. "Jackie" protested. "Take the presidency from her friend, never!—or hardly ever—well, if pressed, she might consider it." Left alone with her thoughts, Johnaphene thus soliloquizes:

But there was Mrs. Parsons, the woman to whom I owed whatever of position or popularity I had already attained. Whose patronage had made "Mrs. Jack" popular in several sets. How could I play her false? I went back to the days over the old store—days most unpleasant to recall now—and lived over again that afternoon when she called, and, sympathizing with my yearnings for a broader life, opened the door for me to walk forth into the realm of modern womanhood. I recalled all her kindness to me when I was unknown and unsophisticated; how she had entertained me royally; how she had chosen me, finally, as her friend and *confidante*. Could I do this thing? Could I turn against her now and gratify my own ambitions at the expense of her overthrow and my own false-heartedness? No, I would not do it.

But she did. "Mrs. Jack" overthrew Mrs. President Theodore Parsons, and reigned in her stead—a

reign marked at first by occasions of extraordinary brilliancy, but marred at last by dissensions. Joe went to Europe, and a French count, who fell desperately in love with the president of the Nota Bene Club, caused no end of talk. Then anonymous letters began to fly about, and "Mrs. Jack" had to fight for her place.

Last scene of all finds Joe returned much improved by Europe, "Mrs. Jack" preferring him to the count, the dangerous clergyman safely married, and the club bacilli almost succumbed to the sweet medicine of domesticity.

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## OLD FAVORITES.

### Alma.

Gray, gray morn o'er the hollow dark is creeping;  
Call the men to arms, he they waking, be they sleeping:  
From their cold beds of earth, 'neath the canopy of sky,  
Fifty thousand men rise up to do or die:  
For the fires we saw last night were the foe's upon the height.  
The heights by the Alma River, where none but the brave may climb.

Broad daylight upon dewy morn is growing;  
Hark to the tramp of the steady columns going:  
Far along the sea-line, sails of battle gleam,  
Slowly pressing onwards, amid the cloud of steam:  
Yes, brothers of the fleet, you shall watch the armies meet.  
On the heights by the Alma River, for there we will die or climb.

High noon-tide glows hot upon the vines;  
Lie down a while till the cannon sweeps their lines:  
Though the shells in angry answer plunge tearing through the rank,  
Lie down a while till the French are on their flank:  
Then forward to the fight and God defend the right  
On the heights by the Alma River—His aid is our heart to climb.

Charge! through the foam-lashed river;—charge! up the steep hillside;  
Close up to your gray-head leaders, as calm in the front they ride;  
Charge! through sheets of leaden hail;—charge! through the bellow of doom—  
Charge! up to the belching muzzles;—charge! drive the bayonet home;  
O God, do we live or die? What's Death, what Life, in the cry,  
As we reel to the gory summit, all fire with the murderous climb?

Gray, gray dusk is before the dark retiring;  
Sound the recall-note; cease the random firing;  
For the broken masses scurry from the whistle of the balls  
Till they find a safer shelter from behind their city walls:  
And the watch-fires to-night are ours upon the height,  
The heights by the Alma River, the goal of our terrible climb.

Oh, the gallant hearts that are lying cold and still  
On the slopes below the summit, on the plateau of the hill!  
Oh, the gallant hearts that are sobbing out their souls,  
As the chilly night-wind searches through the hurrying hullet holes!  
Oh, the writhing mass of pain, close packed with the tranquil slain,  
When the gray morn breaks again o'er the heights that we dared to climb.

Will the hoody day of Alma be the bloodiest to he won?  
Will the mighty fortress crumble before the battering gun?  
God knows the end before us; God's hand is over all,  
To-day, to-morrow, yesterday, to bid us stand or fall;  
God's peace with the free and the brave, who are left in the soldier's grave,  
On the heights by the Alma River, their own to the end of time.—Sir Franklin Lushington.

### An Incident.

In his uniform soaking and draggled, with the blood in his sleepless eyes,  
Hungry and dirty and hearded he looks at the morning skies.  
He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his chum for a light—  
When a bugle sounds on the chilling air, and he stands in his hoots upright.

There is jingling of chains and the straining of harness, the clashing of steel,  
And the gunner swings off at a gallop, as he huckles the spur to his heel,  
There are whispers, and jestings, and laughter—then the scream of a rushing shell,  
And the crash of the guns from the trenches that fling back the gateways of Hell.

In his uniform soaking and grimy he stands with his gun in his place,  
While the bullets peck at the riven ground and spit up the earth in his face;  
He stands as he stood in a scarlet coat with a crowd at the harrack gate,  
But the colonel knows what his heart is at, and he whispers: "It's coming. Wait!"

So he glares at the smoke from the trenches, so he chats to his chum on his right,  
Muddy and thirsty and frozen—but setting his teeth for the fight,  
And he stands like a rock through the morning with the butt of his gun at his toe—  
Till the bugles ring and he leaps to the front, with his bayonet-point at the foe.

To the mouth of the sputtering cannon, to the ridge where the rifles flame,  
On! with a shout that is strong as the blow—though he's tortured and spent and lame,  
Through the line of the reeling foemen, through the hail of the hissing lead  
He wins to the rocks with his bayonet-point and staggers among the dead.

In his uniform soaking and tattered he lies with the mist in his eyes,  
The sun has set and the air is still, but he looks no more on the skies;  
The lips of the cannon are frothless, there is rest in the worn brigade,  
And the only sound on the stricken field is the noise of his comrade's spade.—Harold Begbie.



## NEW YORK'S POOR AT PLAY.

Saving the Babies of the Tenements—Picturesque Crowds at the Recreation Piers—Turbulence and Social Crime—Scantily Clad Women Bathers—Throwing Out Interlopers.

Poverty is most frank where it is most prevalent; and in New York charity never goes a-begging. In a city that is several times millionaire in point of population, a gift to the public is a gift to those who need it most, and only they will make use of it. Of course the poor of any city could congregate to pay for its own common amusement, if it did not first have to pay for the amusements of the rich. But as it is now in New York, this kind of charity is more of a gift from intelligence to ignorance, which, without assistance in the summer time, would sicken in its unwholesome home.

There are, up and down the insular water fronts of Manhattan, about eighteen Recreation Piers. Twelve of these are on the East Side, that long strip of unsublimity whose comedies and tragedies and short stories of human interest are enacted in dialect and dirt. Ostensibly for the whole city, these improvements had in many cases political motives, and were presents to political followings. And they are so arranged that each European infusion has its own resort at the river's edge.

For a mile north and south of East One Hundredth Street along East River is Little Italy; the Recreation Pier at East One Hundred and Twelfth Street is Italian from the people below to the blue sky above. And the fact that some of the overseers come from a place where they grow more linen than lemons is the only detraction from the Neopolitan gayety at One Hundred and Twelfth Street and East River.

But Europe gets along fairly well with American police. Moreover the piers are mainly for children, and children have no nationality at heart, and babies none anywhere, except in the Jewish quarters, where, say the police, some of the children are born with a prejudice against the superintendents of the Recreation Piers.

Infant life is a survival of the luckiest in the summers of New York. When, as happened in one week last month, 565 infants—523 of them of intestinal troubles—died, it is expressive of what smelly conditions the tenement inmates suffer, and why they gather on the few pretty places to have their eyes filled with wide scenes, their lungs aired with river breezes, and their thirst overflowed with their national colors in lemonade.

Much has been written of the conduct of the populace on these piers—the turbulence and thievery and social crime. But to a frequenter of these places it is evident that such stories are written more in honor of precedent than truth. It is easily imagined, though, how a sensitive person, coming into a legion of ugly faces and the hard, impolite customs of poor's poor, will, with fallacious fear, lose sight of the family life that interpenetrates this rabble with household love and accounts for every one. Of course, crime is not thinner where the crowds are thicker, and fights will start impromptu anywhere. But it is the sudden ugliness of the approach to these places that makes a nervous visitor imagine the denizens are all thinking of some intangible connection between his throat and his purse.

One may pass along a block and see two hundred children at play, many of them bare-armed and stockingless, their garments of red and blue and green and black dyes making the tiny youngsters, as they scintillate and flutter, look like bugs in the hot sunlight. Corpulent mothers with motionless babes lean over the iron fences. Fat neighbors and emaciated ones hang on the gates. And hungry ones and sweating ones and sick ones and sleepy ones pore out of the windows and doorways.

From this inertia many wander to the piers; but here they and their children are as serious in their fun as the Japanese are said to be in war. Most of the brats and gamins know the rules of the Recreation Piers as accurately as their school regulations, and abide by them vehemently.

The bath-houses are boaty in foundation. In the middle of June they are towed into position. The bathing floors are pontooned to maintain the regulation depths. Three times a week the sign "Ladies' Day" is hung up, and on these, at five o'clock in the morning, the hour of opening, mothers who are employed during the day bring their children for the twenty minutes of river bath allowed them by the municipality. During the sixteen hours of this public bathing, the assertion that truth in bathing-suits is stranger than fiction in the same, is proved a hundred times, unless one should maintain that the suits themselves are fictions. The tanks are walled but roofless; and the rumor has leaked out (rumor will leak out where a bathing-house has no roof) that the more the women copy a boy's bathing garb the less they resemble boys.

The Recreation Piers are two-storied; the lower is a lounging place—without lounges. Mothers sit on the beams that hem the deck, nurse their infants, and talk their foreign language. Boys or girls, as the day might be, sit against the walls, with as much clothing doffed as a responsible policeman considers permissible in a civilized community, ready to jump up when their turn comes, and lose not a moment of their twenty minutes. A couple of policemen walk about occasionally clubbing the soles of sleeping men. Women carrying towels emerge from the bath-house looking clean and décolleté.

Upstairs is a free kindergarten. The one at East One Hundred and Twelfth Street is a flourishing exhibit of the infant Italian. There are benches and implements for work and for play, and both are accomplished systematically. Teachers hold one end of a skipping rope with a larger lad gyrating the other. The boys and girls wait in their respective lines to go through their "pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar" in the oft-shared rope, and they wait as patiently (well, almost as patiently) as they would to spell a word. Two-year-olds toddle about, and less-year-olds make gigantic and risqué efforts to arise after having imprudently sat down to rest.

At the fore-part of the pier the candy-man sells his pictorial confectionery. Milk is sold for one cent a glass, and Pasteurized milk for sick babies at one cent for a three-ounce bottle, and, arithmetically, two cents for six ounces.

In an open space near the pier is a playground where the strongest boy could not bat a ball through the nearest window.

At night there is music and a promenade. At Italian celebrations 50,000 people have been on the East One Hundred and Twelfth Street grounds in a day. "They behave well," say the time-keepers. "Once in a while they cut or shoot, but only among themselves. But cutting and shooting wasn't invented on this pier."

The Seward Park Free Shower Baths and Playgrounds, between four streets, with a loggia at Essex and East Broadway, about half a mile north of Brooklyn Bridge, bring different utterances from its attendants. The community is Jewish, and in its own economy takes little notice of the country language or customs around it. The baths were reopened Saturday, July 30th, having been wrecked a few weeks before by the liberty-loving exiles from Russia. The technical minds of these free bathers could not see but that a "free bath" was a misnomer when restricted to twenty minutes. Some did not understand the hot and cold water apparatus, but knowing they were there for some purpose, broke them to keep themselves and the apparatus doing something for a few minutes.

"Get the hell out of here," said an attendant to a young man who was gaping about the corridor. He continued to gape languidly, but was soon supplied with energy and egress by the unwearied official.

"See," he remarked, "talking politely doesn't make them obey. If you want them out you must throw them out."

One man claimed to have waited two hours for a bath, and demanded something to eat. They made him eat his demand—on the outside.

A loggia at this place for women and infants requires the continual and oftentimes farcical efforts of an attendant to keep out those not in the rules. The rest of the park is a ballground and open-air gymnasium. The shower baths accommodate twenty-eight men and twenty-one women three times an hour.

Besides these playgrounds, the public schools are open for play during vacation, and thus the half-million children are given an opportunity to leave the streets.

There is much in these civil amusements that reminds of Sparta. Somewhat dulled by the endurements of poverty, somewhat stilled by the oppression of summer, somewhat over-disciplined by the policemen and teachers and superintendents, the children are mobilized at play, and go through their pastimes with little of the gleeful screams that come from luckier little bodies. They are cleaner and healthier, but not as happy as when at haphazard pellmelling in their streets and yelling through their dark little homes in the great hot tenements.

LIONEL JOSAPHARE.

NEW YORK, August 6, 1904.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau.

In the death on August 10th of Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau, France loses her strongest statesman since the death of Gambetta. He occupied a unique place in French politics, enjoying to a singular degree the confidence of all classes of the people. His Ministry had the longest duration of any Cabinet under the republican régime. He it was who was the "savior of France" in the crisis precipitated by the Dreyfus affair, and he instituted the movement against the religious congregations which was destined to have such a far-reaching effect. Waldeck-Rousseau was an orator of remarkable brilliancy, and his fame as a lawyer was great. He defended Coquelin, the comedian, in the suit brought against him by the Comédie-Française. He also defended Max Lebaudy against his family, and was the first to declare his conviction that the Humbert-Crawford litigation was fraudulent. His great case was the defense of Engineer Eiffel against the charge of swindling the Panama Company by false estimates. For relaxation from his work he painted in water-colors and fished, which latter recreation, he once said, was the only thing he felt himself fitted for. He was also fond of travel.

At the time of his death the former premier was only fifty-eight. He was born in Nantes, France, December 2, 1846. He studied law at St. Lazare, and practiced law for several years before settling at Rennes. There his political career began in 1879, when he was elected deputy. He soon became prominent in the Republican Union, which did much toward bringing about the present republicanism. He served two terms as Minister of the Interior, several as deputy, and three years as premier of France. He was defeated for the presidency by Felix Faure.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Gordon Bennett's yearly net revenue from the New York Herald exceeds a million dollars. This fact is vouched for by George Harvey, editor of the North American Review, and other journals.

"Who is the leading private citizen of the United States?" is a question recently discussed in print. Among the names most conspicuously mentioned were President Charles Eliot, of Harvard; Grover Cleveland; Mark Twain; and Thomas A. Edison.

The insurance companies in which Prince John Obolensky, the new governor-general of Finland, holds policies, have insisted upon increasing the premiums by fifty per cent. in consequence of his having accepted the post left vacant by Bobrikoff's murder, so probable do they consider it that he will meet a like fate.

Admiral Togo—according to Miss M. M. Carpenter, who was a visitor at his house when the war broke out, and who has just returned to this country—left his family without letting even his wife know where he was going, or what the character of his mission was, and the admiral's wife did not know of his movements till she saw his name in the papers in connection with an early naval engagement. Similar secrecy marks all the movements of the Japanese.

Interesting to physicians will be the announcement of the resignation by Dr. George F. Shrady from the editorship of the Medical Record after nearly forty years of continuous service. His name has been on the title-page of sixty-five consecutive volumes—a record of continuous editorial management exceeded only by that of the Wakleys and the Lancet. The first line of type of the first number of this journal was set by Dr. Shrady, the first leader was penned by him, and from March 1, 1866, to June 25, 1904, it has been his policy that controlled the editorial pages. The change in editorial management of the Medical Record involves no radical change. The personnel of the editorial staff remains as before.

President Roosevelt's son, Theodore, aged sixteen, was for a day manager of the Inside Inn at the World's Fair. Manager Watcham, calling the young man before him, said: "Now, Mr. Roosevelt, I want to put you in charge of this hotel for a day. It's yours—I want you to run it for twenty-four hours. Here are the keys to my desk, and I want to see just what you would do in an emergency of this kind." Young Roosevelt, somewhat nervous, but still self-possessed, was equal to the occasion. Room-Clerk Schaffer conferred with his young boss on the question of room rates. Several hundred Dayton visitors had been sheltered at a certain rate, and a request was made by another party of one hundred and twenty-five for special rates on the same basis. The request was acceded to by Mr. Roosevelt. J. P. Alexander, employee, asked for permission to draw fifty dollars in advance on his wages. Request was refused.

In the garb of a laborer, Governor John Mickey, of Nebraska, recently went to South Omaha from his Lincoln home, left the cars, and mingled with the striking packing-house workmen, jostled with the strike-breakers, stood in line behind the cordon of deputy sheriffs, and watched a carload of negro non-union workmen run into Armour & Co.'s, had confidential talks with many strikers, and then decided not to send any State troops to South Omaha at present. Shortly after Governor Mickey arrived on the scene, the strikers suddenly broke for Armour's, where it was reported an attempt to run in a carload of strike-breakers was being made. The governor stayed with the strikers, and ran to the plant. Before reaching it, however, the crowd was halted by deputy sheriffs, and the governor stood in the front row and watched the strike-breakers, of whom there were fifty, enter the plant to go to work. The strikers attempted no interference.

"The life led by ex-President Krüger at Mentone during recent winters has been," says the London Standard, "in striking contrast to the popular idea that the late Boer leader was enjoying the millions which undoubtedly disappeared from the Transvaal treasury at the time of his flight. The Villa Gena, where Mr. Krüger lived with a couple of secretaries, was one of a pair of little houses separated by a big iron gate, facing the promenade on the East Bay at Mentone. The other was occupied by his daughter, Mme. Eloff, and her family. Poorly furnished, and containing but few rooms in all, every appearance of luxury or even of ordinary comfort was rigorously banished, the principal ornament of the dining-room being a huge skin-covered Boer trunk studded with rusty nails, and presumed to contain papers. The only attractive feature of the property was the garden, where Mr. Krüger passed most of his day engaged in reading his Bible. He was always attired in a seedy frock coat, and never gave up his rusty top hat, an umbrella of portentous dimensions, and, on occasion, cotton gloves, completing a costume which looked like a caricature. Precisely at midday, the ex-president, followed by his secretaries, shambled up the shallow steps of the villa, and disappeared to his luncheon, but very rarely saluting the little crowd of curious tourists who were always to be seen peering through the gates at this hour. In two winters Mr. Krüger did not leave the grounds of the villa on half a dozen occasions."



## PLAGIARISM.

## Is Rudyard Kipling to Be Censured?

The old, old issue of plagiarism is raised again by Mr. Bailey Millard in commenting upon Rudyard Kipling's new poem, "Things and the Man." Mr. Millard is quite sarcastic. He says that there is only one line of real poetry in the piece, and goes on to allege that Kipling stole that. This line in Kipling's poem is:

"In all the loneliness of wings."

Mr. Millard says that a sonnet by one Eric Southland Robertson, printed in "Sonnets of this Century," edited by William Sharp, and published in 1887, ends with this line:

"Blind and in all the loneliness of wings."

Kipling crossed out "Blind and" with his pen, and simply "lifted" the rest.

The trouble with those who raise the cry of plagiarism is that they prove too much. It is obvious that if only "intellectual light-weights" were "pickpurses of another's wit"—if only those whose springs of inspiration were drying up tapped another's fountain—if only those stole gems of the imagination who set them amid the tawdriness of their own dull words—then plagiarism would be a real offense.

But the contrary is true. It is not too much to say that from the time of the unknown author of "Beowulf" to that of Kipling, the writers of poetry and prose who have added more largely to the riches of English literature have been the ones who drew most largely upon their contemporaries and their predecessors. Upon Boccaccio and Margaret of Navarre, Chaucer drew enormously. The Elizabethan sonneteers were even more free about taking "good things" when they found them. As Sidney Lee has but recently pointed out in an introduction to "Elizabethan Sonnets," included in the reissue of Professor Arber's "English Garner," every one of the famous poets of that day was an unconscious plagiarist. We have not yet seen the work, but a reviewer in the *Nation* affirms that Mr. Lee "declares roundly, nay, proves beyond cavil, that the famous sonnet-sequences of Sidney and Spencer and Daniel and Drayton, to name only the better known, are mere tissues of words and ideas stolen from Italy and France. Worse than that, very many of the poems are lifted bodily from Petrarch and Ronsard without a sign of credit or apology." In particular, Drayton's sonnet-sequence "Idea" was directly taken from a very extended sonnet-sequence called "L'idée," by Claude de Pontaux, a poetic physician of Chalon. Nor does Shakespeare escape. It is well known, of course, that the plots of the plays are derived from sources French and Italian; but Mr. Lee does not hesitate to say that some of Shakespeare's lyrics, also, are in the same case. "Many a phrase and sentiment of Petrarch and Ronsard," he remarks, "or of English sonneteers who wrote earlier than he, gave the cue to Shakespeare's noblest poems."

Ben Jonson's famous play, "Alchemist," as Clarence G. Child has lately discovered, owes its plot and many details to a single comedy written by the martyred Renaissance philosopher, Giordano Bruno, namely, "Il Candelaio."

But to come down to modern times and writers with whom we are more familiar—does not a certain Mr. Alphonso G. Newcombe accuse (in the *Sewanee Review*) no less poets than Swinburne, Poe, and Kipling of stealing from "the great American poet Chivers"? Chivers dates his poem, "To Allegra Florence in Heaven," December 12, 1842. That is earlier than "The Raven." Now, "Allegra Florence" has these lovely verses:

"Holy angels now are bending to receive thy soul ascending  
Up to heaven to joys unending, and to bliss which is divine;  
While thy pale, cold form is fading under Death's dark wings now shading  
Thee with gloom which is pervading this poor broken heart of mine! . . .  
And as God doth lift thy spirit up to heaven, there to inherit  
Those rewards which it doth merit, such as none have reaped before;  
Thy dear father will to-morrow lay thy body with deep sorrow  
In the grave which is so narrow, there to rest for evermore!"

Q. E. D. Poe stole the rhythm and refrain (which is about all there is to it) of "The Raven" from Chivers. And as to Swinburne, Mr. Newcombe quotes some Chivers verses about Lily Adair, which are very like "Dolores," and comments: "Mr. Swinburne's debt to Chivers is as conspicuous as his debt to Alfred de Musset."

Mr. Kipling's unacknowledged borrowing from the great Chivers is in his poem, "The Files." Kipling wrote:

"When the conchian horns  
Of the reboant horns  
Usher gentlemen and ladies,  
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,  
Guaranteeing to Eternity  
All yesterday's modernity."  
And Chivers:

"In the music of the horns,

Blown through the conchian horns,  
Down the dark vistas of the reboant horns,  
To the genius of Eternity."

Certainly Kipling improves on Chivers in "The Files" nearly as much as did Poe in "The Raven."

Another strange resemblance, one between a famous poem of Whitman's and a passage in a book by Jules Michelet, was discovered recently by Adeline Knapp. She points out an unmistakable resemblance between Whitman's "To the Man of War Bird" and Michelet's "The Bird." In a translation of a chapter in that book called "The Triumph of Wings," the following phrases appear:

"Literally he sleeps upon the storm,  
His prodigious pinions,  
The storm bursts, he mounts, etc.  
Reposing . . . on the wind, his slave that hastens to cradle, etc.  
A small blue point in the heavens,  
Day reappears.

What does it come in quest of, if not of wrecks?  
A bird which is virtually nothing more than wings.

The daring navigator who never furls his sails,  
He breakfasts at Senegal; he dines in America."

In Whitman's verse these very phrases are used as follows:

"Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,  
Thy prodigious pinions,  
Bursts the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st  
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee.

A blue point far, far in heaven floating  
With reappearing day  
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks.  
(Thou art all wings)

Thou ship of air that never furlst thy sails,  
At dusk that lookest on Senegal, at morn America."

Michelet's book was published in 1856. "The Man of War Bird," Miss Knapp says, is not in the 1867 edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," but appears in the edition of 1888. Evidently a clear case.

Such examples as these might be cited almost interminably. Even Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" is said to have its counterpart in an old Swedish (we think it was Swedish) poem. And any one who reads the laborious notes of Dr. Mitford on Gray's "Elegy" will finish quite convinced that almost every decently poetic combination which English words can form have been used. For example in the notes on the stanza—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

we find from Milton's "Comus":

"That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep."

From Bishop Hall:

There is . . . many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea, that never was scene.

From Pope's "Rape of the Lock":

"Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."

From Chamberlayne's "Pharonida":

"Like beautiful flowers which vainly waste their scent  
Of odours in unhaunted deserts."

There are several other citations upon the same stanza, but these are perhaps enough.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that while such a duplication of poetic phrase as that which Mr. Millard points out in Kipling's new poem is interesting to the literarily curious, it no way justifies censure of Mr. Kipling, or the inference that his powers are failing. Indeed, it is often a real service to lovers of poetry when a great writer plucks from some obscure or forgotten poet—like Robertson or Chivers—perhaps the only fine line he wrote, and gives it the currency that is its due. Lastly, it needs to be said that however much Rudyard Kipling may have borrowed from minor poets, minor story-writers have borrowed vastly more from him—ideas, style, method—a far more real "plagiarism" than that of a six-word line. H. A. L.

We have received a copy of an interesting document—no less than a brochure containing (in English) all the correspondence, Russian and Japanese, which preceded the opening of hostilities in the present great war. The correspondence forms the basis upon which must be founded the impartial judgment of history as to the nation upon which the gravamen of responsibility for the war lies. This historic document may be secured free from the Tandy-Wheeler Publishing Company, of this city, who are agents for the notable "History of Japan," by Captain Brinkley, and have in that way received from the Japanese Government a limited number of copies of the pamphlet for free distribution.

Mr. Howells, in the current number of the *North American Review*, finishes what is said to be one of the saddest of all his minute studies of New England village life, "The Son of Royal Langbrith." One critic says: "It is all as true to life as it possibly could be, and it contains some humorous character study. It ends with a presumably happy marriage. But, as a whole, it is very sombre." The book will be published very shortly.

## New Publications.

"The Micmac," by S. Carleton. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

"Crecy," by Edith Lawrence. Frontispiece. F. M. Buckles & Co.; \$1.00.

"A Spray of Cosmos," by Augusta Cooper Bristol. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Company. Paper; 25 cents.

"The Son of Light Horse Harry," by James Barnes. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25—a boy's story of adventure.

"Private Lectures to Mothers and Daughters," by D. O. Teasley. Gospel Trumpet Company, Moundsville, W. Va.; 50 cents.

"Outlines of Universal History: Designed as a Text-Book and for Private Reading," by George Park Fisher, D. D., LL. D.—new and revised edition with many maps. American Book Company.

"Ask Mamma," by R. S. Surtees. Illustrated with sixty-nine woodcuts and thirteen colored illustrations by John Leech. D. Appleton & Co.—an interesting reprint of a story popular in the sixties.

"In Merry Measure," by Tom Masson. Profusely illustrated by numerous artists. The Life Publishing Company—a collection of clever rhymes which have appeared in *Life*; many are accompanied by the original drawings.

"The English People: A Study of Their Political Psychology," by Emile Boutmy, member of the French Institute. G. P. Putnam's Sons—a remarkably acute study of the Briton, made still more notable by the fact that its distinguished author is practically blind; a serious book of importance.

"Manchu and Muscovite," by L. Putnam Weale. Profusely illustrated. Being letters from Manchuria written during the autumn of 1903. The Macmillan Company; \$3.00—the fact that so many of Mr. Weale's predictions, based upon his study of Russian incompetency in Manchuria, have come true, is the best evidence that this work is the most authoritative yet written regarding Manchuria; besides, it is highly entertaining.

"The Works of Thackeray." Vol. XVII: "Paris Sketch-Book." Vol. XVIII: "Barry Lyndon." Vol. XIX: "Hogarty Diamond" and "Yellow Plush Papers." Vol. XX: "Irish Sketch-Book." Kensington edition. Illustrations of the author. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00 per volume by subscription only—this is an admirable edition, as luxurious in binding and typography as it is moderate in price; it is uniform with the same publisher's Kipling, Turgénieff, Stevenson, etc.

"Japan To-Day," by James A. B. Scherer. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50—a sane view of the Japanese by a man who lived in the country seven years and understands the language; he is not among those mistaken ones who think the Oriental character changed by Western influence; for example, he tells of a "Christian" Japanese who asks permission of his missionary employers to go to Japan for study. "They were about to accede to his request when it occurred to some one to inquire how he intended to obtain the means. Imagine the amazement of his questioners when he replied that it was his intention to secure the money by renting out his wife to a temporary life of shame." This shows the national contempt for women. Dr. Scherer finds that the Japanese language is "permeated with insincerity." The book will prove an eye-opener to those who think they understand the Japanese.

"American Newspaper Annual." N. W. Ayer & Sons; \$5.00—this is the best annual published, and contains, in 444 pages, "a list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Territories, and Dominion of Canada, with valuable information regarding their circulation, issue, date of establishment, political or other distinctive features, names of editors and publishers, and street addresses in cities of fifty thousand inhabitants and upward, together with the population of the counties and places in which the papers are published according to the United States census of 1900. Also a list of newspapers and periodicals published in Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Cuba, and the West India Islands, compiled from the latest obtainable information. A description of every place in the United States and Canada in which a newspaper is published, including railway, telegraph, express, and banking facilities. And fifty-eight colored railway maps of the United States and its possessions, Canada, and the West India Islands. Also the vote of States and counties at the Presidential election of 1900. A list of the newspapers of the United States and Canada, arranged by counties, with a description of each State, Territory, province, and county, giving the location, character of surface and soil, chief products, and manufactures, forming a valuable guide to the judicious placing of any line of advertising. Separate lists of religious and agricultural publications."

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Ogontz School P. O., Pa.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## "Drift o' Dreams."

It was six o'clock. The long shadowy corridors of the office-building were empty and silent. The rattle and click of the machine which turns this writing into type were stilled. Everybody had gone home; the disorderly desks were vacant; the doors were locked. The Reviewer of Books, unhappily delayed, slammed hard a door that led into the corridor, just in time to see a woman knock lightly on another door down the hall which bore on its gray glass face the legend: *Argonaut*. "Pardon me, madam," said the Reviewer of Books, lifting his hat, and the woman—a little woman dressed all in black, black-hatted, black-gloved, thickly veiled in a veil of black—turned and handed him a small package and fled—yes, fled—down the long stairs that lead to the street. The Reviewer of Books, curiously inclined, broke the string and tore the flimsy wrapping only to disclose a small book, paper bound, on the red cover of which were printed in black letters the words, "Drift o' Dreams"—and a woman's name.

"Just another freak poetess," said the Reviewer of Books to himself as he thrust the thin volume into his pocket and departed thence.

But he was quite wrong.

The name of the publisher of "Drift o' Dreams and Memories o' Mine"—to give the book its full title—is not stated. It, however, issues from the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House, of Los Angeles, and the name on the cover is Lola Lanehart. There are sixty-eight pages of lyrics, many having some reference to California, several being songs of childhood and motherhood, others being socialistic and humanitarian in spirit. The appearance of the verses is marred by the spelling of the word "through," "thru"; "though," "tho," etc.

But despite its unpretentious appearance, "Drift o' Dreams" is a notable contribution to California verse. The choice of metre in each instance is directed by a fine instinct for harmony between rhythm and sense. While most of the verses are technically irreproachable, they possess greater freedom, spontaneity, and feeling than mark the work of many minor poets, whose verses are apt to show the effects of the polishing file—to be, in short, dryly academic. The great majority of the pages of this book reveal the woman's hand, but a few of them are in spirit virile enough—for example, this:

## THE BLACK FLAG SHIP.

I know you now! Tregardo,  
You sailed in ship with me.  
Two pirates bold with heaps of gold,  
We swept an untold sea.  
Two pirates bold, with heaps of gold  
And deadly treachery,  
We sailed a black flag ship upon a far and  
nameless sea.

Oho! My old Tregardo,  
Think you of those days when  
Our decks were floods of many bloods  
From morn to morn? Aye, then  
Our decks were floods of many bloods  
Of Things that had been men  
When we sailed—speak you, Tregardo, where  
went our ship? And when?

"A damning dream?" Tregardo,  
You know me not as woman.  
Mine ancient sin has shut me in  
This shell I now illumine,  
Mine ancient sin has shut me in  
This shape divinely human—  
The daring, grasping brain of man in body  
sweet of woman.

Speak—you are scared, Tregardo—  
Say where you've been since we  
Armed to the teeth, nor dirk asheath  
(So all the company)  
Armed to our teeth, nor dirk asheath.  
Rum pouring fast and free,  
Were masters of a black flag ship and sailed a  
nameless sea.

Similar to "The Black Flag Ship" in a certain impersonal and weird strength is this:

## THE GHOST-HOUSE.

Ah, gloomy is the ghost-house within its yard of  
yew  
And voiceless are its clinging vines, no sunlight  
there comes through.

Its doors and walls are fallen; its rafters all lie  
bare,  
Gray ashes guard its hearthstone and its mouldered  
broken stair.

On breadth of idle garden, down length of ragged  
lane,  
The hand of desolation sets the seal of blight and  
bane,

And when the nights are black with rain, the  
moon shrunk from the sky,  
Slow circles round this old-time home one long  
last human cry—

Ah, bitter with the dreaminess of death it veils  
the place,  
This cry that through three-score of years no man  
has dared to face,

For gloomy is the ghost-house within its yard of  
yew  
And voiceless are its clinging vines, no sunlight  
there comes through.

In contrast with these may be set such a  
delicate quatrain as that which follows:

## IN GOD'S ACRE.

High in the bush of God's green acre, hilled,

A slender shaft kept shrine above a child  
With words, stone carved, what time the wee  
heart stilled:

"My little son. He died before he smiled."

Or this with its touch of imaginative humor:

## A WATER FAMILY.

Upon a wide, wide ocean, all through one sun-  
kissed day,  
Some pretty little baby boats rocked merrily at  
play.

Their mothers were the stately and white gowned  
sailing ships,  
Their fathers black, fierce men o' war with guns  
upon their hips.

"Drift o' Dreams" is easily poetry. It  
excels in quality, as it falls below in preten-  
sion, most books of verse that reach this desk.  
Yes, the Reviewer of Books was quite in the  
wrong.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Macmillan Company, it is reported, has  
secured a new poetical work by Stephen Phil-  
lips, which is to be published this autumn.

Professor Leo Wiener has undertaken an  
English translation of Tolstoy's complete  
works in twenty-four volumes. It will in-  
clude much material which has not yet ap-  
peared in English, such as poems composed  
in early years, pamphlets, letters, and short  
stories. Professor Wiener was educated first  
at a Russian university, and then at a German  
polytechnic. He migrated later to New Or-  
leans, working in a cotton factory, and sub-  
sequently as a railway band and a fruit-  
seller. Finally he found his way to a pro-  
fessor's chair at Harvard by way of a smaller  
American university.

The first volume of the letters of Queen  
Victoria is already in type, though a date  
has not yet been fixed for the appearance of  
the work, which will be in two volumes.

F. Marion Crawford has planned a book  
on the history of Venice, which will probably  
be written along the lines followed in his  
"Ave Roma Immortalis" and "Rulers of the  
South."

The works of Shakespeare have been trans-  
lated into the German, French, Italian, Dutch,  
Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, Swed-  
ish, Danish, Finnish, Spanish, and Armenian  
languages. Separate plays have been issued  
in Welsh, Portuguese, Friesic, Flemish, Ser-  
bian, Roumanian, Maltese, Ukrainian, Wal-  
lachian, Croatian, modern Greek, Latin, He-  
brew, Japanese, and also in the Bengali,  
Hindoostani, Marathi, Gujarati, Urdu, Kana-  
rese, and other Indian languages.

W. Davenport Adams, who died recently,  
left the "Dictionary of the Drama," on  
which he had been engaged a long time, in  
such a state that its early completion is as-  
sured. One volume is already in type, and  
will be published in the autumn.

The advance sale of the entirely new  
"Cynic's Calendar" shows a keen demand for  
this little volume of revised wisdom. The  
publishers, Messrs. Paul Elder & Co., re-  
port that the first printing of ten thousand  
copies was over-sold at the first announcement,  
and that a second printing of twenty thou-  
sand additional was ordered before publication  
day. The edition will soon be ready for dis-  
tribution.

James Gibbons Huneker, author of "Chopin:  
The Man and His Music," "Mezzotints in  
Modern Music," and "The Melomaniacs,"  
after his three weeks' "kur" at Marienbad,  
whither he repairs annually to reduce his  
adipose tissue, will go to Weimar to unearth  
fresh material for a long-projected book on  
Franz Liszt. Thence he will go to Scandi-  
navia to study at close range August Strind-  
berg, Jonas Lie, and Björnsteren Björnson. He  
also hopes to catch a glimpse of Ibsen, but he  
stoutly protests that there is no truth in the  
report that he intends to write a book called  
"The Land of the Midnight Whiskers." Prob-  
ably some lively magazine articles, and,  
eventually, a new book will be the outcome

of Mr. Huneker's Scandinavian trip. Next  
winter, by the way, he will publish a book on  
modern drama and dramatists, treating of  
Ibsen, Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Henri Becque,  
Paul Hervieu, Hauptmann, Bernard Shaw,  
Yeats, and Pinero. He will return to New  
York in November, and will devote himself  
hereafter to writing books and magazine  
articles. Mr. Huneker now has no connec-  
tion with daily journalism. He formerly was  
dramatic critic for the *Sun*.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that the title  
of Marie Corelli's new novel will be "God's  
Good Man: A Simple Love-Story." This is  
more on the lines of "Thelma" than any  
book which the author has written since that  
work. It will be published in September.

In these days of popularity of "light litera-  
ture," it is interesting to note that, in Eng-  
land, a quarter of a million copies of the  
Temple Shakespeare alone are sold every  
year. Mr. Dent, the publisher, throws a curi-  
ous light on the comparative popularity of  
Shakespeare's plays. "The comedies," he  
says, "sell better than the tragedies, the  
favorites being 'Much Ado About Nothing' and  
'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' while  
'Hamlet' is first of the tragedies."

In a review some time ago of "The Widow's  
Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena," by Dr.  
I. K. Funk, we stated the price to be \$1.50.  
The publishers now advise us that the price is  
\$2.00. We therefore make the correction.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has discovered a way  
of dealing with the autograph hunter. When  
a person writes to him requesting his auto-  
graph and inclosing postage-stamps, he is  
no longer in the dilemma of either pocketing  
the stamps and giving no return for them, or  
of acceding to the autograph hunter's request,  
and thus encouraging a loathsome form of  
vice. D'Annunzio's plan is to inform the  
autograph hunter that he will with pleasure  
write his name in one of his own books, pro-  
vided such book is sent to him for the pur-  
pose. In this way he not only imposes a tax  
on the autograph hunter—a course which, if  
generally imitated, would materially reduce  
the number of such scourges—but he also  
brings about the sale of a copy of one of his  
own books, and thereby puts money in his  
purse.

Tolstoy has recently written an article on  
Shakespeare in which, as he told an inter-  
viewer, the other day, he complains that the  
dramatist has no pity for the masses. His  
heroes are almost always drawn from the  
aristocracy, and his artisans are all clowns.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The books most in demand during the week  
at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics'  
Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "In Search of the Unknown," by Robert Chambers.
2. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
3. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
4. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
5. "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.

4. "Manchu and Muscovite," by L. Putnam Weale.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "The Lightning Conductor," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson.



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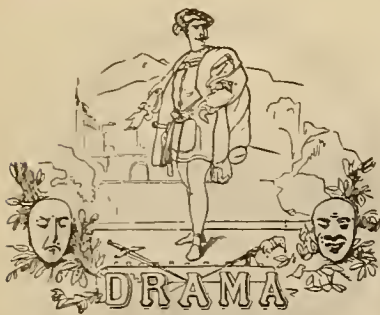
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A title, whether of book or play, that has the word "love" in it, is bound to slip easily from the memory. This is the second time that I have hastened with high anticipations to see "The Lottery of Love" under the impression that I was to witness the resurrection of a pleasant little drawing-room comedy called, I think, "Love on Crutches," that was very successful here during the early Daly tours. And by the way, why doesn't some one revive that piece?

I couldn't tell to save me what it was all about, but I do remember that the Daly company, and Ada Rehan in particular, charmed everybody in it; also that there was a great deal of amusing strategy exerted by a whole roomful of people, mutually unconscious of each other's intentions, to get possession of a letter that lay snugly *perdue* in a music-hook on the piano, about which the group rotated in warty circles.

"The Lottery of Love" turns out to be the Daly farce on mother-in-lawism that was revived by Dixey during his engagement at the Columbia Theatre some five or six years ago. The piece was old-fashioned even then, and is more so now, but it is still amusing. It goes without saying that it is one of those plays that would cause an amiable and sensitive-minded mother-in-law to put her fingers in her ears and flee the theatre. To such members of the clan there is a hideous vitality about the mother-in-law joke that is equally disconcerting and bewildering. Never having themselves hectored their daughters' marital partners, they fail to realize that there is, or has been in the storied past, a large contingent of managing mothers-in-law, the vigor of whose methods has been instrumental in bestowing longevity on the joke.

I have sometimes suspected that the spirit of the modern mother-in-law is broken. For any one of them, be she gentle or simple, fierce or mild, who raises an interfering finger, is sure to have the fell title hurled at her head before she has had time to work her will. It is noticeable, too, that mothers-in-law, in meek anticipation of the inevitable jocular allusion, frequently forestall it, and boldly draw attention to the fact that they belong to the reprobated—or shall I say persecuted?—race.

The mother-in-law in "The Lottery of Love," which is being played by the Neill company this week, is a particularly fierce and untamed specimen, even for old-fashioned farce. This doughty dame is most vigorously impersonated by Lillian Andrews, whose make-up is something similar to that of the mother of Carrots, as seen in the recent performance by Ethel Barrymore and her company. But in no such seas of frozen malice did the redoubtable Mrs. Sherramy permit herself to be becalmed. The luckless Doubledot's mother-in-law shrieked, stamped, waved threatening umbrellas, and orated in a splitting *crescendo* when her will was questioned. It is a very strenuous piece of work that is laid out for Miss Andrews this week, and she tackles it right valiantly. Miss Howe, of the Alcazar, who frequently permits herself the luxury of joining in the laughter of the audience, whom she is theoretically assisting to enjoy the illusions of the theatre, might well take a leaf from her book.

Miss Andrews maintains the grim front of an Amazonian veteran, who allows nothing but victory to perch on her standard. A few farcical embroideries in the way of an appearance in Mary Walker bloomers and a horn-pipe—in which her feet actually twinkle—are thrown in with a supreme whole-souledness and a disregard for appearances that is actually heroic.

James Neill is the son-in-law, Doubledot, and, like Miss Andrews, abandons himself with extreme heartiness to the mental and physical exaggerations of farcical acting. Doubledot having been once victimized by a particularly saving case of mother-in-law, is subsequently divorced, and ever afterward holds the species in such dread and horror that he chooses for his second wife the daughter of a widower, in order to insure future immunity from a repetition of the domestic tyranny that blighted his first honeymoon. The joke of the piece lies in the fact that shortly afterward the widowed father-in-law is caught in matrimonial chains by the divorced first wife, and the horrified Doubledot, asking in soft, conjugal ease, is called upon to face what seems to his dazed senses the incarnation of mother-in-law.

Dixey, I remember, entered upon this scene, the funniest in the play, carrying a large collection of parcels, which he dropped, upon

first facing the dreadful apparition, and subsequently kicked all over the stage, as an evidence of his justly desperate state of mind. Mr. Neill, however, faced the situation empty-handed. Even his best friend must admit that he does a great deal of his acting with the aid of grimaces, but for this scene he imported a large, novel, and variegated assortment that really enabled him to do justice to the occasion. Doubledot stared, he staggered, he "decomposed," as they used to call it during the Delsarte wave, he advanced in dreadful doubt, he retreated in dismal confirmation of his fears, he tested the reality of the horrid vision by stabbing himself with pins, he even threatened a pin onslaught on the exhumed mother-in-law. It was all very funny—the familiar, violently acrobatic fun of the old-fashioned farce, from whose sway we are now happily exempt.

It almost seems as if Mr. Neill will have need of a trainer before the week is out to rub him down after his physical exertions. No doubt, however, he feels well repaid, for the delighted audiences sit rocking in their seats and fairly yelping their enjoyment of the scene.

It seems almost incredible now that this sort of humor, depending entirely upon physical energy to make its point, and which is funny enough once in a way, was once so popular as to almost sweep serious drama from the stage. All the first-class companies were frequently hussy doing occasional turns at farce in those days of topsy-turvy drama. Henry Miller himself once engaged in the popular game of chasing through drawing-rooms and jumping over sofas in "All the Comforts of a Home."

It is a big transition from that kind of thing to "Joseph Entangled," but it took a dishearteningly long time to make it. Not that the school of drama to which "Joseph Entangled" belongs has not its own sins to censure, for the latter piece comes perilously near to including what William Archer, in one of his "Real Conversations," reports Mr. Arthur B. Walkley as stigmatizing "the eternal intriguing drawing-rooms and reeking restaurants" of the English drama of the day. Lady Verona herself is, in all that excludes the mental attitude, a faithful wife, but with what an utter absence of moral shock she looks upon her sister's escape from a careless, thoughtless, almost passionless plunge into social perdition! This incident of the arrested elopement, although it has almost no bearing upon the play, is but another instance of the tendency of the great London dramatists to turn their professional attention almost exclusively upon that special branch of the English aristocracy which, to quote Mr. Walkley again "tries to reconcile . . . French laxity of conduct with smug British respectability, and who parade as a philosophy a sort of leering, shoulder-shrugging renunciation of moral judgment."

Mr. Jones, even in the more serious situations of "Joseph Entangled," has handled his theme too lightly for us to look much below the surface of a very sparkling and amusing comedy, but I imagine that if he or any of his illustrious English *confères* should undertake to write a moving, or even amusing play, about perfectly proper and morally well-regulated people, they would be in a parlous state. They have so long studied the thoughts and acts, methods and manners of the class whom they have chosen as representative of the modern trend, that one must perforce subscribe to the English critic's opinion that they "move as aliens and parvenus among the things of the spirit."

Judging from popular indications, the Tivoli management's altered policy seems a wise move. The new house is so roomy as to call for large audiences to fill it. The size of the proscenium admits of fine scenic effects and the massing of spectacularly large numbers in the chorus; and the gradual raising of the standard during the seasons of Italian opera has apparently necessitated a corresponding improvement in putting on the lighter pieces.

In "The Toreador" the new Tivoli company again proves its superior quality, both vocally and in the attractions essential in musical comedy. Carrie Reynolds is a light and graceful dancer, and her voice, although as slim as her shape, is soft, sweet, and of sympathetic quality. Kate Condon's delicious contralto is as luscious as rich cream. It is by all odds the finest of the female voices, although the good looks of this singer, which were sufficiently patent in the part of Alan-a-Dale, are all but extinguished in "The Toreador." Donna Teresa is a heavy, ill-tempered-looking minx, and she further adds to her sins by wearing a pink and blue costume picked out with red that is trying enough to the sight to bring on an attack of diverging strabismus.

How much better looking Dora de Philippe would seem if she were not so redundantly kittenish. She sings well, however, and her enunciation, with its little tang of foreignness, is delightfully clear and distinct. She is really amusing, too, as Nancy playing the imitation husband with the stage-fright and the yearning for her native petticoats.

Teddy Webb has a fat part, and shines

brilliantly as Sammy Gigg, the tiger. He really made one long for the indifferent Susan to enter the scene and witness the buxom embraces of Donna Teresa. Willard Simms, although his accent, even from a farcical standpoint, is open to question in some points, gives a highly accentuated and very amusing picture of a Dundrearyish haronet; and John P. Kennedy dances, contortions, and does a little fill-in comedy business of a rather mild description. Melville Ellis, a radiantly clean and cheerful youth, has several useful specialties. Besides composing tuneful lyrics and assisting in the stage management, this versatile young man makes love—musical-comedy love—with the mechanical facility of long practice, and in the matter of clothes is point-device from his head to his heels. That white serge suit that he wears is pretty enough for a girl and spotless enough for a bridegroom, and his shoes and neckties are dreams of loveliness.

Forrest Dabney Carr, the new basso, is a distinct acquisition, and carries off the vocal honors among the men with ease. Indeed, with his rich, virile bass, singing the music of "The Toreador" must seem almost like play.

There is a quantity of pretty, jingling music in "The Toreador"—some of it appropriately in character with the piece—as witness the charming bolero, "Away to España," with which the four lovers inaugurate their trip to Spain. And so with pretty scenery, pretty songs, and pretty girls, the piece runs its sprightly way to the reassuring sound of constant laughter and applause.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Infected with American Hustle.

The London *Spectator* says: "If in the domain of music America has hitherto been assimilative rather than creative, she has already begun to stamp the impress of her individuality on the alien elements incorporated in her system. Instances might be multiplied of the transmutation or modification of racial characteristics in the crucible of American life. A strange story, in illustration of this process, was recently told the present writer by an artist who, in the course of a visit to America last year, encountered an Italian singing-master who had migrated to an American city from London a good many years ago. The inducement was that, owing to the higher remuneration, he could earn enough in nine months to spend the remainder of the year in agreeable indolence in Italy. The results justified the move, and for a while he was able to arrange his life on this plan, to his entire satisfaction. Unfortunately, he gradually became infected with the 'accursed industry' of the Americans, with the result that he could never enjoy his holiday because of the longing to get back to work, and has now given up the annual visit to his native land. If such a transformation can take place in a man already in the prime of life, how much more may he be expected after the stock has been transplanted for a generation or two?"

#### Success of Miss Tippet.

Another young Californian has been heard from in the person of Miss Constance Tippet, daughter of J. E. Tippet (formerly well known and popular in San Francisco among the ranks of early hohemia), and of Mrs. Clara Beutler Tippet, who was at that time one of the most popular concert singers in San Francisco.

The daughter of this well-remembered and popular pair, having inherited a marked musical talent, has composed the lyrics and libretto of a sprightly operetta of much merit, entitled "The Tomboy." This piece, written by a woman, was played by women before an audience of women only in Boston last spring. No men were allowed to be present, not even in the orchestra. Miss Tippet is now in London, where her music is commanding attention.

#### Reduced Rates to State Fair.

The State Fair at Sacramento, August 22 to September 3d, promises to be even better this year than in former years. The horse show, to be held in connection with it, will be a most interesting feature. Horses in fifty-seven classes will be exhibited, and many valuable prizes of cups, money, and medals will be awarded winners. Round-trip rate from San Francisco and other points will be one and one-third fare. Return limit, September 5th. For further details ask Southern Pacific agents, or at city office, 613 Market Street.

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## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, August 22d. Vaudeville's very best! Williams and Tucker; Max and Julia Heinrich; Treloar, assisted by Miss Edna Tempest; Emmett Devoy and Company; Guyer and O'Neil; Three Juggling Barretts; Little and Pritz-kow; Orpheum motion pictures, showing Jack Monroe in his training quarters; and last week of Walter C. Kelly.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Fischers THEATRE

Beginning Monday night, August 22d, ANNHEUSER PUSH. By Will Carleton and Lee Johnson. A lounatin of fun. Up-to-date novelties. Our high-salaried burlesque artists.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Arnold Daly for Two Weeks.

The problem in Bernard Shaw's "Candida," which Arnold Daly brings to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, is an interesting one. The principal characters are a minister and his wife, and a poet who is in love with the latter. The woman proposes to her husband, a snug, conventional man, that she be allowed to encourage the poet's love, fearing that his mind will be wrecked through unreciprocated affection. This brings about a dramatic situation that has aroused endless discussion. Mr. Daly plays the poet, and has with him the company that supported him during the play's long run in New York. "Candida" is limited to a two weeks' run, as Mr. Daly opens the Vaudeville Theatre with it in New York in September. Kyle Bellevue in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," dramatized from Hornung's stories, follows "Candida" at the Columbia.

## New Burlesque at Fischer's.

On Monday evening a new burlesque, "Annheuser Push," by Will Carleton and Lee Johnson, will be put on at Fischer's Theatre. It is described as a "fountain of fun." There will be novel effects in the electrical panorama depicting the St. Louis fair grounds. Dorothy Morton will appear with a chorus of Venetian gondolier girls, and will sing "My Gondolier Queen." Rice, Cady, and Bobby North will impersonate three millionaire brewers, calling themselves the "Annheuser Push." Ben Dillon is to be a detective, and Edward Clark the president of the ice trust. The latter also appears as an organ-grinder, with a real organ and monkey and a chorus of organ-grinders. Georgia O'Ramey has returned to Fischer's, and will have a prominent part in the new play. There are many local hits and songs in the burlesque. It is stated that the music is bright and tuneful, and the situations and dialogue very funny.

## In a Hackett Role.

For the ninth week of his summer engagement at the Alcazar Theatre, White Whittlesey will be seen in "The Pride of Jennico," the romantic play by Abbey Sage Richardson and Grace L. Furniss. The piece was originally played by James K. Hackett, and was first produced in this country at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Mr. Whittlesey will be supported by George Osbourne, Luke Connors, John B. Maher, Earl Williams, Eugene Thais Lawton, Annie Mifflin, Ruth Allen, and Marie Howe. Harry S. Hillard makes his reappearance with the company in this play. On Monday, August 29th, Mr. Whittlesey will be seen for the first time in Clyde Fitch's Revolutionary drama, "Nathan Hale," written for Nat Goodwin.

## Up-to-Date Drama.

The present Oriental war will be the background of the play to be presented at the Central Theatre, beginning Monday night. It is called "A Spy at Port Arthur," and is said to be full of wild excitement. A Japanese who is picking up Russian secrets around the beleaguered port, American and English non-combatants, nihilists, and autocrats, are the leading characters in the play. Wireless telegraphy is also strongly to the front. Elaborate scenic effects are promised by the management.

## The Most Perfectly Developed Man.

Eva Williams, known as "the Duse of Vaudeville," and Jack Tucker, comedian and mimic, will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week. They will present their original creation, entitled "Skinny's Finish," a veritable classic in slang. Max Heinrich, the basso cantante, composer, and pianist, and his daughter, Julia, the contralto, make their first joint appearance in vaudeville. Miss Heinrich was heard at the Orpheum a little over two years ago. Treloar, the ex-Harvard oarsman and champion athlete, and winner of the one-thousand-dollar prize for the most perfectly developed man in the world, has an act entitled "The Awkward Statue," which is an entire departure from the ordinary "strong-man" turn. Walter C. Kelly, the dialect comedian, for his second and last week, will present an entire change of act; Emmett Devoy and his company of comedians will continue their farce, "The Saintry Mr. Billings"; Mlle. Little and Louis Pritzkow will vary their songs and eccentricities; and the three juggling Barretts will continue their boomerang hat throwing and comedy club juggling. Charles Guyer and Nellie O'Neil will be retained for an extra week, presenting their newest sketch, "Two Kids." The Orpheum motion pictures will include scenes at the training quarters of Jack Monroe, showing the heavyweight in action with "Kid" McCoy.

## The First Civil War Drama.

James Neill will begin the eighth week of his engagement at the Grand Opera House at to-morrow's (Sunday) matinee with a production of William Gillette's drama, "Held by the Enemy," which will always be remem-

bered as being the first play written dealing with the Civil War. Mr. Neill will play the hero, Colonel Charles Prescott, and will be well supported. This will be the first time "Held by the Enemy" has been presented in San Francisco at fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents. Sunday matinee, August 28th, Mr. Neill will begin the last week of his season, presenting "Under Two Flags."

## New Singer at the Tivoli.

Forrest Dahney Carr has succeeded John Dunsmore at the Tivoli Opera House, singing the title-role in "The Toreador." Mr. Carr has a good Eastern record. He was on a concert tour with Walter Damrosch before coming here, and was a member of the English Opera Company when it gave grand opera in New York under the direction of Maurice Grau and Henry W. Savage. There his bass voice was heard in "Faust," "Lo-hengrin," "Aida," "Romeo and Juliet," and "La Bohème." Mr. Carr will sing Alvarado in "The Serenade," which is now in preparation at the Tivoli as a successor to "The Toreador."

## The London Music-Hall.

"H. T. P.," writing from London to the New York *Globe*, has this to say, among other things, of London's music-halls:

In New York or in Paris, music-halls are an incidental amusement. In London, they are an institution, nicely graded to reach every class in the city. In the poorer quarters and the humbler suburbs, there are halls with two performances every evening—the first at half-past six, the second about nine—with low prices, an audience innocent of the use of soap and frank to a fault in approval or disapproval, and a programme of common quality brightened by a star or two. Next come the music-halls for the middle classes, like the Oxford and the Tivoli, with one performance nightly, higher charges, audiences that ask comfort, cleanliness, and good manners, three or four British stars, and a fair average of merit in all the turns. And so upward, to the "high-class" music-halls like the Empire and the Alhambra, better fitted than many theatres, with quite as "brilliant" audiences, and foreign stars, elaborate turns, and long ballets on the stage. In them the appeal is almost wholly to the eye, and they attract particularly the stream of foreigners that is always flowing through London. All the rest are conducted by Britons for Britons. The spoken or the sung word counts for much, and the allusions and dialects are often puzzlingly local.

Like other institutions, the "halls" have their heroes. There are tens of thousands in London that have never heard of Tree or Wyndham or Mrs. Campbell, but they know Dan Leno and Arthur Roberts and Vesta Victoria and the Harvey Boys. The minor halls have favorites of their own that are unknown everywhere else. There, too, nearly forgotten flotsam and jetsam from the American variety stage now and then appears. Just now Dutch Daly, for example, is making the round of them. The songs of these favorites, with their pictures on the covers, are hawked in the streets. Their jokes pass from mouth to mouth until they become a part of the common fund of humor. Dan Leno has actually established phrases in the English language, and some of them, like "hot air," have found their way across the Atlantic. The turns of these stars are rewarded with an attention and applause and a minute and earnest criticism that Irving or Robertson might envy. Favorites in the full tide of popularity appear at two or three different halls in a single evening, and their earnings the year round are very large.

Georgette L. Blanc, the brilliant actress, who two years ago became the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, has just published a book, "The Choice of Life." It is in the form of a story, and is described as remarkable for its poetical sentiment. Love of beauty and harmony and a demand for freedom of thought for women are the main characteristics of the book.

Mme. Janauschek, the aged actress, has been removed from the Actors' Fund Home, West New Brighton, to a sanitarium. She is suffering from paralysis.

## Hamlet in Japanese.

Yone Noguchi, the Japanese writer, tells, in the New York *Herald*, of the change that is taking place in the Japanese drama, as regards both plays and players. The principal movers in this change are Mme. Sada Yacco and Otto Kawakami, who came here to study stage methods, and whose new ideas have been warmly greeted on their return to Japan. "Othello" was translated and staged with success. Tolstoy's "Resurrection" was thought of next, but "Hamlet" was chosen instead. Says Mr. Noguchi:

They commissioned two young writers, Shunsho Doi and Kayo Yamagishi, to translate "Hamlet," or rather to Japanize it for the stage. And it was a tremendous success when it was played at the Theatre Hongo of Tokio. To say to Japanize "Hamlet" is to say to make it popular and understandable for the Japanese masses. The masses are not far enough advanced spiritually to digest the original play.

The actors and translators apologetically confess that they were going to present merely the outlines of the play. The immortal soliloquy of "Hamlet," "To be, or not to be," was sadly omitted. Such philosophical phrases are impossible on the Japanese stage.

It would not be without interest to note how Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was modernized and Japanized.

Claudius becomes the Duke Hamura, while Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, Shoji Hara, is a student at the Kyoto University, where Hamlet—nay, Toshimaru Hamura in Japanese—was also a student, who will appear in an American dress. And the ghost will make his appearance in a dress-suit in the cemetery of Aoyama, on the outskirts of Tokio, but not on the platform before the castle. The sweet Ophelia becomes Oriye, the daughter of Naonoshin Horio (Polonius), a retainer to the late Duke Hamura in olden days. In Ophelia's mad scene Oriye sings a lovely Japanese song, which is not a translation but a clever change. It goes thus in Japanese:

"Kanga kitakita, hadakano kanga,  
Sassa, ohakaye mairimasbo!  
Obakano nyeni amegafuru.  
Ameja nai!  
Sassa nanajina!  
Kawaii otokono namidaja naika?  
Sassa itosubi otokono namidaame!"

## A Surfeit of Pie.

John Bunny, who plays Seth in "Way Down East," declares that he is sick of pie. "For almost six years," he says, "I have been compelled to eat pie every night and at two matinees, and I am so sick of it that I always cross the street when I see a baker's sign in the distance. I have never been able to understand why the author of the play compels poor Seth to eat that piece of pie in the first act, but eat it he must—and as I have been playing Seth ever since the piece was put on you can imagine how much pie I have eaten. We give over three hundred performances a season—have given about two thousand performances with this company. If all the pie I have eaten in that time was piled up, one piece on top of another, it would make the Washington monument look like a pimple. If it was stretched along the road—but what's the use? To talk of it almost gives me a pain, and to go through the performance gives me indigestion."

## Automobile Meet at Del Monte.

There will be a gathering of the automobile clubs at Del Monte next week, August 25th to 28th, and all society will be at that favorite resort. A large number of Los Angeles and Portland auto experts will also be on hand to participate in the elaborate programme.

The famous Covent Garden opera-house in London is to be pulled down to make room for extensions to the Covent Garden market. The king has inspected plans for a new opera-house which it is proposed to build in the Strand, near the law courts, and which it is proposed to make without a rival.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

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## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

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SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

The dictum of Governor Warfield that girls should not marry until they are twenty-six, has naturally caused considerable discussion among those most interested—the girls themselves, their parents, and the young men who do not want to wait for a bride until she is verging on old-maidhood. "The first question of interest," says the *World*, "is a matter of fact: Are our girls generally marrying at too early an age? Some light is thrown on this matter by City Registrar McGlennan, of Boston, in the *Globe* of that city. He shows that in the year 1902 out of 6,172 brides only 120, or a little more than two per cent, were less than eighteen. While more than half the total number were under twenty-five, yet 4,180, more than two-thirds of the whole number of brides, were married between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine." These figures, the registrar thinks, "do not indicate that all girls are marrying at an abnormally early age." Other writers on the subject testify that marriage is entered into by both sexes at a later average age than in former generations in this country. There are many reasons for this besides wise paternal supervision and the individual good sense of young people. The growing independence of women, the more extensive fields for their employment that have opened, the longer period given to education, operate to defer marriage, as the increased cost of the wedded state deters many young men until they can "afford it."

"So cheap are the ways of traveling nowadays that you can take a summer run over to London town and back for no more than it costs you to stay at home." Such is the interesting statement made by Warren Harper in the *Era Magazine*. "If you happen to have lying idle at any time," he says, "two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars, you can consider yourself wealthy. A European tour is then yours to command. You can journey along with first-class privileges everywhere on land or sea. Last summer, when the writer chanced to have two hundred and fifty dollars to devote to a pleasure pilgrimage over seas, he planned its expenditure as wisely as he knew how, making it stretch out so that this was the splendid result: Over first-class by Cunard Line, Boston to Liverpool. A day at Chester, two at Warwick, visiting both Warwick and Kenilworth Castles; two days at Stratford-on-Avon; one week in London; one week in Paris; the lake in Switzerland, taking in Lucerne and its lake trips; Interlaken, with its delightful journey over the Wengern Alp and up the great Jungfrau and Berne. Then three days in Brussels, two in Antwerp, two in The Hague and the famous Dutch seashore resort, Scheveningen, and home again first-class from Rotterdam to New York. Two months jogging along among the celebrated sights of the Old World! And I didn't run close to the wind, either. I carried a trunk full of raiment, and suffered not at all from the humiliation of living all the time in one suit of clothes. I had a room to myself every night, and most generally it was quite as good as my own at home. I went to many a play for a shilling and enjoyed it hugely, and as for the grand opera, I heard Calvé and the De Reszkés in 'Carmen' at the Covent Garden in London for sixty-two cents. I explored cathedrals galore from crypt to chimney top; and not a museum, so far as I know, got by me. I tipped porters, boots, waiters, and smiling chambermaids beyond number, and they were all very good to me. I bought photographs, guide-books, and little souvenirs a-plenty for the dear ones at home. Up the Alps I went, and down the Catacombs. Everywhere the world went nicely; no hitch, no worry, nothing to cry over. And all for two hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Pictures of pretty women," says Norman Hapgood, "are the most popular attraction extant to-day. A portrait of a woman by a great painter sells for twice the sum paid for a portrait of a man by the same artist. Advertisements, no matter what substance they recommend, decorate themselves with feminine beauty and hundreds of girls make a good living posing for photographers. The women themselves, in this country, care more for beauty in women than in men; or at least they study it more and talk more about it. This interest is faithfully reflected by the newspapers, especially the yellow ones, which describe every murderess as beautiful. Women of society are now more widely known in feature than ever before in history, because their photographs are so constantly reproduced. It is a kind of fame, and they can not resist it, even those who are inclined to think it vulgar. Perhaps it is vulgar, but that matters little, if it spreads charm around the world. Dandelions are vulgar, according to the ordinary judgment, and even poets do not celebrate them; and daisies, to the artist, are a peculiarly vicious weed. Moral standards are often equally conventional and rigorous. The present tendency to exhibit pretty woman's face everywhere—with her story, essay, advertisement, society news, stage gossip, or with no excuse at all—

may not prove so much that our taste is vulgar as that we are frankly indulging ourselves in the love of beauty which we can appreciate, and this indulgence may lead us to the appreciation of other kinds."

The uses of advertisement are sweet, we know, and Paris has been laughing heartily at the idea of the most enterprising of its music-halls, the Moulin Rouge, which has been utilizing bald-headed gentlemen to advertise its show. The method is simplicity itself. The advertisement, carefully dressed in frock-coat, gray top-hat, spats, and kid gloves, sits down at a café upon a crowded corner of the Boulevard, removes his hat, and mops his heated brow with a large pocket-handkerchief. And passers-by, to their delight, see in large letters on that heated brow the fact announced that "At the Moulin Rouge this evening," and so forth. "In a few days," says a sarcastic London commentator, "Parliament will adjourn for the summer, and Messieurs of the Senate, all of them bound by law to be of more than forty years of age, will be at leisure. Perhaps the Moulin Rouge would be considered *infra dig.*, but there are other things—liqueurs, for instance. The Right might advertise Chartreuse or Benedictine, and the Left a rival brand."

Lady Tweedmouth, the famous political hostess of the Liberal party, and a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, is dead in London. Lady Tweedmouth was one of the six daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, all of whom became leaders of English society. One of her sisters, Countess Howe, is now critically ill with paralysis. Another sister is Lady Sarah Wilson, who was captured by the Boers outside Mafeking. Lady Fanny Octavia Louisa Spencer-Churchill was born in 1853, and married Lord Tweedmouth in 1873. Her house in London has been noted for the entertainments given there, and Lady Tweedmouth came as near to possessing the power of one of the hostesses in the old Salon days as any Englishwoman in recent years. Her latest notable dinner was that at which leaders of the Liberals and Liberal Unionists were present, and which led to talk of a reunited party. Lady Tweedmouth was informed by physicians, some months ago, that an operation was necessary, but that there was no hope that her life could long be prolonged. Nevertheless she continued to fulfill her social duties in London until a short time ago.

Frenchwomen are never beautiful now, says the ungalant M. Marcel Prévost. Lots of them are pretty; you never see a plain Parisienne; but the prettiness is of the toilet. Plainness is dissimulated by art. Those engaging looks are manipulated. The color comes and goes, and one's maid can fetch and carry it, as Lady Teazle said of a contemporary. But M. Prévost is impartial between the sexes. Masculine beauty, he alleges, does not exist in France. Taine, one day, talking to his class at the College de France about the Renaissance types of manhood, exclaimed: "Ah! gentlemen, how ugly we are nowadays!" M. Prévost agrees with Taine. In any assemblage of Frenchmen, he declares, the apparition of a really handsome man would excite injurious gossip. He would have to go home and disfigure himself to retrieve his character!

In cool and comfortable San Francisco, it is amusing to read the perspiring complaints of people who live in less favored spots. Paris and vicinity has lately been so hot and dry that the lake at Versailles dried up, destroying thousands of carp, many of huge size and great age, which soon made the place intolerable by the stench of their decay. New York's summer has been decently cool—what New Yorkers call cool—but in London, again, it has been frightfully hot. A writer in the *St. James Gazette*, speaking of the unusually warm weather, inquires, "How do we meet hot weather when it comes?" and goes on, then, to answer his own question: "We meet it," he says, "by living exactly as we have lived through the abominable make-believe that an erratic climate generally thrusts upon us in place of the summer confidently mentioned by the calendar. We go to the city in black, we go to lunch in perspiration, we eat hot meats, and drink warm beer, we stew in underground railways, or invite sunstroke on 'bus tops, or suffocation in their airless interiors; we return to our homes more dead than alive, where we eat more hot things and drink more unsuitable liquids, go to bed in airless rooms, shuffle and turn and groan the whole night long, and start the next morning on the same weary round of needless discomfort. Ice, did you say? Oh, yes, we have ice—when the fish-monger can kindly spare us some, and if we are rich enough to buy it. Flannels and straw hats? A few bold spirits do defy convention in the apparel that proclaims a man. But here ingenuity ends. We have no notion of *al fresco* restoration. Our streets are not made for outside cafes. Our houses, our theatres, our restaurants are not made for summer ventilation. The sun is so brief a visitor that he is not considered

worthy of being treated as an honored guest. Nothing more pitiable has been furnished by history—including the gladiatorial shows of triumphant Rome and the passive resistance of the victims of the stake—than the spectacle of Lords while Eton played Harrow or Oxford battled with Cambridge. Rows upon rows of perspiring gentlemen, who preferred the risk of apoplexy to the frown of convention, and martyred themselves in silk hats and frock-coats at the altar of Society. Of the ladies it would be presumptuous to speak. They are always sensible and beautiful. But, were it not sacrilege, it might be hinted that there are creations in headgear which must balance loveliness by weight; that there are waists, gloves, and shoes of so exquisite a minuteness that here, too, may be cause for unspeakable suffering. Into these mysteries the sacrilegious eye of man may not penetrate. And if all suffer, woman is at least lovely, while man is hideous as well as hot. Our unwatery streets, our inky-suited respectability, our airless buildings—these are the guerdon of our genius for 'muddling through.' Meanwhile we in San Francisco calmly observe that the mercury vibrates through the sixties and seventies. Wraps are more necessary than fans.

For Safety

in the delicate process of feeding infants, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unexcelled except by good mother's milk, as it is rendered perfectly sterile in the process of preparation. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 11th.....	64	52	.00	Clear
" 12th.....	62	54	.00	Clear
" 13th.....	66	52	.00	Cloudy
" 14th.....	58	50	.00	Cloudy
" 15th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy
" 16th.....	58	52	.00	Cloudy
" 17th.....	60	52	.00	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 17, 1904, were as follows:

	BONOS.	Shares.		Closed Bid.	Asked
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%.....	5,000	@ 102		101 1/2	104
Cal. G. E. Gen. M. C. T. 5%.....	28,000	@ 84 1/2			85
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	4,000	@ 100			99 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	25,000	@ 115 1/2-115 1/2		115 1/2	116
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 115			115
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	2,000	@ 105 1/2			105 1/2
N. R. of Cal. 6%.....	2,000	@ 118			117 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	1,000	@ 119			119 1/2
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	2,000	@ 105			104 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	4,000	@ 117 1/2-117 1/2		117 1/2	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%.....	3,000	@ 105-105 1/2		109	113
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	7,000	@ 107 1/2-107 1/2			107 1/2
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	1,000	@ 108 1/2			108 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.....	12,000	@ 109 1/2-109 1/2		109 1/2	
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	5,000	@ 133			133
S. V. Water 6%.....	2,000	@ 107			107 1/2
S. V. Water 4%.....	28,000	@ 99 1/2			100 1/2
S. V. Water Gen. 4%.....	2,000	@ 98			98
STOCKS.					
	Shares.			Closed Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Spring Valley.....	207	@ 36 1/2-37		36 1/2	37 1/2
BANKS.					
American National	10	@ 127 1/2		127 1/2	
POWERS.					
Glant Con.....	25	@ 60 1/2			61
SUGARS.					
Hawaiian C. S.....	745	@ 53-56 1/2		56 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,560	@ 12 1/2-14 1/2		14 1/2	15
Hutchinson.....	1,245	@ 8 1/2-10 1/2		10 1/2	10 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	535	@ 23 1/2-27 1/2		27 1/2	
Onomea Sugar Co.....	200	@ 27		29	30 1/2
Paauhau Sugar Co.....	925	@ 13 1/2-16 1/2		16	
GAS AND ELECTRIC.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	700	@ 60-60 1/2		60	
MISCELLANEOUS.					
Alaska Packers.....	75	@ 124-125		124	125
Cal. Wine Assn.....	10	@ 83		81	83

The feature of the week was the transactions in the shares of the sugar stocks, which on sales of 5,210 shares made advances of from two to three and three-eighths points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold as high as 56 1/2. The market closed strong at the advanced price. Spring Valley Water has kept steady, with no change in price. Alaska Packers was weaker, selling off to 124 on sales of 75 shares. San Francisco Gas and Electric sold off one point to 60 on sales of 700 shares, closing at 60 bid.

INVESTMENTS.

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A man steps into your office, draws up his chair, and talks right into your face. His breath is offensive. Your only thought is how to get rid of him and his business. You cut him short with, "I am not interested."

SOZODONT

is essential to one whose breath is not pure and sweet. Penetrating the little crevices, it deodorizes, sweetens and purifies them, and makes you feel genteel and clean-cut. 3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER PASTE.

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Argonaut  
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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
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Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Sort of curious, isn't it," remarked Congressman Babcock to Congressman Overstreet, "that we should have Presidential candidates hailing from places with such queer names as Oyster Bay and Esopus?" "It doesn't matter so much where a man is from as it does where he is going," was the sage observation of Overstreet.

"The stag at eve had drunk its fill," some one had quoted. "Must ha' been a funny crowd," blurted out the Old Sport; "at all stages I've ever attended it took us till morning before we'd drunk our fill, and then we often had to leave because there wasn't anything left. Must ha' been a funny stag—must ha' been a derned funny stag."

A popular author, who has lately turned to play-writing, has not succeeded in impressing managers with the availability of his productions. Not long ago, thinking to get some useful pointers from the current drama, he made an observation tour of the theatres. "Well," he remarked to a friend at the end of the evening, "I seem to be the only man alive who can't get a poor play put on."

When Larry Kavanagh, residence unknown, was brought before Justice Whitman in Essex Market court, New York, on a charge of intoxication, he said: "Your honor, I was here yesterday on the same charge, an' I think it's not fair. It's the same jag." The judge smiled. "A man can not be twice placed in jeopardy for the same offense," he said, "but I don't believe that includes hold-over jags. Fined two dollars."

Miller Reese Hutchinson, the inventor, was talking one day about gout. "Gout," he said, "is very painful." "Is it different from rheumatism?" some one asked. "It is, indeed," "What is the difference?" "Well," said Mr. Hutchinson, "suppose you should take a vice, put your finger in it, and turn the screw tighter and tighter, till you could bear the pain no longer. That would be rheumatism. Then suppose you should give the screw one full turn more. That would be gout."

A London correspondent of the *Argonaut* writes that it is related that when Mrs. Frank Leslie was informed by a friend of the approaching marriage of the Marquis de Leuville, to a beautiful heiress well known in Parisian society, she knowingly remarked, to the surprise of her informant, that she herself was the bride-to-be. This having reached the ears of the future marquise, is said to have caused indignation on the part of that lady, and a little friction between the marquis and his pretty French fiancée.

During a recent Baptist convention held in Charleston, the Rev. Dr. Greene, of Washington, strolled down to the Battery one morning to take a look across the harbor at Fort Sumter. An old negro was sitting on the seawall fishing. Dr. Greene watched the lone fisherman, and finally saw him pull up an odd-looking fish, a cross between a toad and a catfish. "What kind of a fish is that, old man?" inquired Dr. Greene. "Dey calls it de Baptist fish," replied the fisherman, as he tossed it away in deep disgust. "Why do they call it the Baptist fish?" asked the minister. "Because dey spoil so soon after dey comes outen de water," answered the fisherman.

C. D. Gibson, the illustrator, recently received from a soap company a circular inviting him to participate in a drawing contest for \$25, the drawing winning the prize to be used by the soap company as an advertisement. Gibson was nettled at first, then the humorous aspect of the situation struck him, and he wrote the soap manufacturer as follows: "You are heartily invited to participate in a soap contest that I have inaugurated for a prize of \$1.50. Each competitor must submit 100 pounds of his best soap, put up in ornamental one-pound boxes, and all the soap that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is necessary that the soap be forwarded prepaid."

William T. Dantz, who was with President Roosevelt while he was a Western rancher, relates, in *Harper's Weekly*, an incident illustrative of the President's temper—although, he says, it is the only time he ever knew it to get away from him. It was during the last round-up of cattle, and Roosevelt and Dantz were saddle-comrades and bed-mates. It was a stormy night, and they went to bed—which consisted of tarpaulin-covered blankets on the wet ground—tired and hungry, the rain having drowned the cook's fire. "Hardly had we turned in," says Mr. Dantz, "when a night rider slashed a wet lariat across our bed, calling out: 'All hands turn out; cattle breaking away!' With a groan I slipped out sideways, and groped in the darkness for my

pony's picket line. Suddenly I heard a burst of picturesque language, the gist of which was a general malediction on the country, the man who made it, the men who lived in it, and the 'blankety-blank fool that would leave God's country for such a blankety-blank wilderness'—but there are certain situations too sacred to be described."

At a children's party at Buckingham Palace the other day, a little incident occurred which furnished Queen Alexandra, who is very fond of children, with considerable amusement. One of the small people present, a three-year-old son of Lady Lurgan's, has a passion for soldiers, and was showing his appreciation for the scarlet-colored military bandmen who were playing in the garden by picking daisies and presenting them. Presently the queen chanced to pass by, and graciously asked the small boy to give her a daisy. The youngster looked her majesty over, and compared her quiet gown with the gay uniform he admired, then firmly replied: "No. Grass for you," and handed the queen a tiny handful of grass.

A Japanese youth, who obtained a situation with an English firm on trial, was asked by the cashier a few days after his appointment to write to a customer who had been owing money to the house for a long time, and who seemed to have no intention of paying. "Write briefly and politely," said the cashier, "but let him understand distinctly that we expect the money without further delay." The letter was written, and on the following day came a check for the amount due. The surprised cashier asked the new clerk to show him a copy of the letter which had been so effectual. It ran thus: "DEAR SIR: If you do not send us at once the money you owe us, we shall be obliged to take steps which will cause you the utmost astonishment. Respectfully yours."

Admiral Charles E. Clark, who took the battle-ship *Oregon* around Cape Horn and into action at Santiago, owed his appointment as commander of that boat to his skill as a chess-player. Captain Clark was at San Francisco in command of the gunboat *Bennington*. When ashore he spent much time in the chess-room of the Mechanics' Library, where he met some of the best players in the city. When the time came to appoint a man to command the *Oregon*, a friend of Clark's in the Navy Department at Washington put his name forward. "You should see that man play chess," said he, and went on to describe his intense application and determination, adding: "And that's why I think he can bring the battle-ship around safely, if any one can." Three hours later Clark received orders to assume command of the *Oregon* and take her at once to Cuban waters.

## A Very Fair Take-Off.

## EVENING FUDGE DAILY "GOOK."

Thoughtless Thinks by Wireless Telegraph. (Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

IN 1,000,000 YEARS WE WILL ALL BE OUT OF WORK.

THE TRUSTS' PLAN TO STARVE THE COMMON PEOPLE IS HERE LAID BARE.

Professor Attie Pewee Starvus, of the *Evening Fudge's* preterlogical department, has figured out the alarming scientific fact that in ONE MILLION YEARS AND EIGHT HOURS EVERY ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE WILL BE OUT OF WORK.

THINK! Each day you are using up 1.06593219 semi-molecules of radio-activity! You have only 612,347,611,118 of these molecules stored up in your cosmos. Thus in just 1,000,000 years and eight hours you will have used up the LAST ATOM of this energy, and will thus be UTTERLY unfit for work or to be worked. Then the plutocrats (according to an unconfirmed rumor from Chefoo) will DISCHARGE you. After you have toiled faithfully in their service for 1,000,000 years and eight hours they will kick you into the streets like a dog. YES, YOU HAVE THAT KICK COMING.

There is but one remedy for this awful fate, and with this the *Evening Fudge* flies to the rescue of its distended family of readers:

CURB the trusts. Abolish them! Then they CAN'T discharge you. If you work for A TRUST abolish that TRUST, and then you CAN'T be discharged. Our circulation gives off smudge-colored sparks in stormy weather.

IN THE DAYS OF CLEOPATRA WHO WAS CHAMPION HOT-AIR SPATTERER? EVENING FUDGE!—*Chicago Journal*.

"Don't you think fiction is deteriorating?" "I guess you haven't read the two platforms."—*Life*.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Match.

Old Tariff is a crooked chap  
With vices deep embedded;  
Yet to him Miss Democracy  
Is anxious to be wedded.

For, like the fair sex, she would try  
With winning ways to storm him;  
The dear girl wants to marry him  
In order to reform him.

—McLandburgh Wilson in *Life*.

## Distant.

Esopus is a pretty town;  
They say it is a healthful one;  
And, what is more, some one will find  
It's a long, long way from Washington.

—*Chicago Chronicle*.

## A Knight of the Garter.

She held her skirt close with one hand—  
Behind her, on the ground, there lay  
A dainty pale-blue satin band  
(And Peggy blushed in dire dismay).

Its broken clasp, beyond repair,  
Was useless, so we left it there.

What could a fellow do? I could  
Not leave my sweetheart thus, although  
With flaming cheeks she said she would  
Be happier far if I'd but go.  
I stayed—but turned away my face—  
And then walked home—sans one shoe-lace!

—*The Preux Chevalier in Town Topics*.

## The Esopus Version.

The heights by great men scaled and grabbed  
Came not by oratory's flight;  
But they, while their companions gabbed,  
Were keeping mum with all their might.

—*Pittsburg Leader*.

## The Beauty Quest.

Elizabeth has given up her music and her club,  
She spends her time between two things—her  
mirror and her "tub";  
The cook-book and her new whist rules are covered  
thick with dust—  
For Lizzie has a brand new fad, and practice it  
she must!

She's going to be the loveliest thing  
Alive—if she just lives till spring!

She gets up in the morning, brings out the diagram  
Which tells her how to breathe and loosen up her  
diaphragm,  
And then she grabs a dumb-bell that weighs an  
ounce or two—  
And "puts it up" just eighteen times, as she has  
learned to do,  
(While mother hustles down and makes  
The coffee and the batter cakes).

From breakfast time till lunch is served Elizabeth  
is found  
Before her dressing-table, with strange instru-  
ments around

With which she works her cheeks and lips, mas-  
sages throat and chin,  
And "rubs the wrinkles out again," in case some  
have crept in.

(But mother, with her dust rag, goes  
About with smudges on her nose!)

The afternoon Elizabeth divides with jealous care  
Between a walk of counted steps and putting up  
her hair;  
She reads each day an article about the beauty  
quest,

And when she yawns lies down to seek a little  
well-earned rest,  
While mother stands on guard to keep  
Folks from disturbing Lizzie's sleep.

Most of us think that Lizzie's always been a pretty  
girl  
(Although she had a freckle once, and though her  
hair won't curl).

But Lizzie's found her mission, and when spring  
gets here again  
She'll be a howling beauty, who will turn the heads  
of men.

And mother? She'll be pleased to death  
To just admire Elizabeth!

—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

"I am very much bothered. I can marry a  
rich widow whom I don't love, or a poor girl  
that I do love. What shall I do?" "Listen  
to your heart and marry the one you love."  
"You are right, my friend. I shall marry  
the girl." "Then can you give me the widow's  
address?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Othello was giving Desdemona a warm line  
of guff. "That's a fine coat of tan you've  
got," said Desdemona, admiringly. "Yes,"  
responded Othello, "my hide is real morocco."  
—*Ex.*

## Nelson's Amyose.

Infallible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and  
inflammations of the skin.

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel.  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

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Round the World  
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Manila, China, Java. The Ruined Cities of Ceylon. The Dravidian Temples of South India. Burma, Northern India, Egypt, etc. They cost more than any other simply because they are worth more. They appeal only to those who require the very best in travel. Booklet 20.  
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## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

St. Paul .....Sept. 3 | Germanic .....Sept. 17

Philadelphia .....Sept. 10 | New York .....Sept. 24

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Merion .....Sept. 3, 10 am | Haverford .....Sept. 17, 10 am

West'm'd .....Sept. 10, 10 am | Friesland .....Sept. 24, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minnehaha .....Sept. 3, 11 am | Mesaba .....Sept. 17, 9 am

Minneapolis .....Sept. 10, 6 am | Minnetonka .....Sept. 24, 5 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Canada .....Sept. 3 | Kensington .....Sept. 17

Ottawa .....Sept. 10 | Dominion .....Sept. 24

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.

Rotterdam .....Sept. 6 | Noordam .....Sept. 20

Ryndam .....Sept. 13 | Statedam .....Sept. 27

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.

(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.

Kronland .....Sept. 3 | Finland .....Sept. 17

Zeeland .....Sept. 10 | Vaderland .....Sept. 24

SPECIAL NOTICE—The large new twin-screw steamships of the Red Star Line call at Dover, England, both east and west bound.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Celtic .....Sept. 2, 10 am | Cedric .....Sept. 16, 10 am

Baltic .....Sept. 7, 3 pm | Oceanic .....Sept. 21, 3 pm

Majestic .....Sept. 14, 10 am | Arabic .....Sept. 23, 4.30 pm

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic (new) .....Sept. 8

Cymric .....Sept. 15, Oct. 13, Nov. 17

Cretic .....Sept. 22

## Boston Mediterranean Direct

AZORES—GIBRALTAR—NAPLES—GENOA.

Romanic .....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 10

Canopic .....Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Jan. 7

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,

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## Occidental and Oriental

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan

Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows:

S. S. Coptic .....Thursday, September 8

S. S. Gaelic .....Saturday, September 18

S. S. Doric .....Wednesday, November 9

S. S. Coptic .....Saturday, November 26

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,

No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Aug. 27, at 11

A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,

and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 8, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 14, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market

Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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50; 500 clippings, \$20.00; 1,000 clippings, \$40.00 }



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Eells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, to Lieutenant Franklin Babcock, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Rochat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rochat, to Dr. Robert Burns, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns.

The engagement is announced of Miss Aimee Van Winkle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre S. Van Winkle, to Mr. Ernest Alfred Lee. The wedding will take place on September 7th at the residence of the bride's parents, 104 Baker Street. Miss Sarah Van Winkle will be maid of honor, and Miss Martha Lee the bridesmaid. Mr. Louis Burdall will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Frances Moore, daughter of Commander C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore, to Lieutenant John S. Graham, U. S. N., will take place at Mare Island on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony will be performed at four o'clock by Chaplain Adam A. McAlister, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Edith Findley, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Findley, to Mr. George Gardiner, will take place at Christ Church, in Sausalito, this (Saturday) afternoon. The ceremony will be performed at three o'clock by Rev. Charles Lathrop. Mrs. Harold Cloke and Mrs. Frank Findley will be matrons of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Florence Gardiner and Miss Sallie Maynard. Mr. H. Clay Miller will act as best man, and the ushers will be Captain Harold Cloke, U. S. A., Lieutenant Carrigan, U. S. A., Mr. Hubert Mee, and Mr. Frank Findley. A reception at the residence of the bride's mother will follow the ceremony. Mr. Gardiner and his bride will reside in Cleveland, O.

The wedding of Miss Mary Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy L. Barker, to Mr. Wallace Alexander, took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1119 Castro Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. R. Brown. Miss Jane Rawlings was bridesmaid, and Mr. William Cooke acted as best man. A wedding supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will live in San Francisco.

Miss Leontine Blakeman gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood. Others at table were Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Mrs. A. B. Costigan, Mrs. Harold Cloke, Miss Minnie Nash, of Baltimore, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Katharine Dillon.

The managers of the Armitage Orphanage will hold a country fair at "Uplands," the San Mateo residence of Miss Jennie Crocker, on September 3d. The entertainment will be given under the auspices of the board of managers of the orphanage, who are as follows: Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, president; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, vice-president; Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, secretary; Mrs. W. B. Hooper, treasurer; Mrs. D. Drysdale, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mrs. W. B. Tevis, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. George Pope, and Mrs. George Gibbs.

Mrs. Albert Fisher, Miss Hilda Spong, Miss Grace Heyer, and Mr. John Glendinning, of the Henry Miller company, together with Mrs. Edith Cook, of Belvedere, Mr. Clifford Cook, and Mr. Leonidas Scofield spent Sunday at Mt. Tamalpais. In the evening they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh at their Japanese villa in Mill Valley, returning to the Tavern by a special train at ten o'clock. Monday morning they walked to Redwood Cañon, and returned to San Francisco in the afternoon.

News has been received here of the death at Honolulu on Wednesday of Mrs. Eliza Elliott Macfarlane. Mrs. Macfarlane went from New Zealand to Honolulu in 1844 as a bride, and lived there continuously up to the time of her death. She was eighty years of age. She left four sons—Colonel G. W. Macfarlane, Henry R. Macfarlane, Fred W. Macfarlane, and Clarence W. Macfarlane.

San Francisco's new musical organization, the Pianistic Club, has as active members Mrs. Lizzie Chamot, Miss Sadie Wafer, Miss Hattie Wilson, Miss Alice Dunn, Miss Mabel Vanderhoof, and Mrs. W. N. McCarthy. The meetings are held at the residence of Mrs. H. McCarthy, and the club is under the direction of Richard A. Lucchesi.

The Tavern of Tamalpais is an excellent destination point for those wishing to enjoy a pleasant day's outing. The panoramic view of the bay, ocean, and surrounding country is a sight which beggars description, and can never be forgotten.

Prince George of Bavaria, and his brother, Prince Conrad, were here early in the week for a tour of the world. They are traveling with the Princes Wartenberg.

## Art Notes.

The midsummer number of the Mark Hopkins Institute Review of Art is before the public. It has as a frontispiece a reproduction, in colors, of a painting, "Old Monterey," by Charles J. Dickman, and others in black and white of pictures by Matteo Sandona, Joseph Greenbaum, Elmer Wachtel, Arthur F. Mathews, Charles J. Carlson, and Granville Redmond, as well as of sculptured pieces by Earl Cummings. There are also a number of reproductions of Bohemian Club jinks cartoons of hygone days—a most interesting and attractive feature. The magazine contains much news and gossip of the art world. It is well printed, and makes a handsome appearance.

Amadee Joullin has returned from Paris, where he exhibited his painting, "The Death Watch," at the Salon.

Francis McComas, who left here with the intention of exhibiting and selling his pictures in London, disposed of all of them in New York and Chicago. When last heard from he was painting in Tangier.

Mrs. Covington Johnson (née Rixford) has been studying in the Julien Academy in Paris.

Earl Cummings has taken the class in sculpture at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art during the absence of Robert I. Aitken, the regular instructor, who has gone East on his way to Europe. Mr. Aitken will spend several months abroad.

## New York's New Theatres.

Five new theatres are to open in New York this season, as follows: Hammerstein's Drury Lane, which will be the largest in the world, at Thirty-Fourth Street and Eighth Avenue; Klaw & Erlanger's new house, the Liberty, on the south side of West Forty-Second Street, not far from the New Amsterdam; Meyer R. Binberg's the Colonial, at Sixty-Sixth and Broadway, also the Yorkville, on Lexington Avenue and Eighty-Sixth Street; Lev M. Fields's theatre, which will carry his own name, will be situated on the south side of West Forty-Second Street, near Eighth Avenue. This will make forty-nine altogether. The season will be in full swing within three or four weeks.

## Will Greenbaum's Concert Season.

The fall and winter concert season is to be inaugurated by Joseph Hofmann, the pianist, who will give three concerts at the Alhambra Theatre early in October, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. Hofmann's brilliant playing created a deep impression when he visited San Francisco some three years ago. Edouard de Reszke will appear here in concert in November, and Mme. Gadsby will sing at the Alhambra in January. Creator and his Italian band are booked for February, and other artists to appear under the management of Mr. Greenbaum will be David Bispham, the baritone; Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist; and the Kneisel Quartet.

Arnold Daly, telling of his desire to produce Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," says: "It is a wonderful play. As it is written, it would take two evenings to give it, but that objection is not insurmountable. There are some situations in the play, however, which would be rather trying. For instance, Ibsen has Peer Gynt leave the stage at the end of one act with a girl who is riding a pig. When he conceived the situation, Ibsen didn't worry about finding the actress would could ride a pig, or the pig which would be ridden. Mere trifles like that never enter his head, but I imagine that the producer might find some trouble."

It is said that Jack London's novel, "The Sea Wolf," is to be dramatized, and that Richard Mansfield has secured the acting rights to the play. Mansfield, of course, will be Wolf Larsen, the intellectual beast, who, rescuing a literary dilettante man from the sea, makes a sailor of him, and, between talks over literary and sociological matters, compels him to witness scenes of sickening brutality.

Beginning Monday night, October 3d, Ben Greet and his English company will open a fortnight's engagement at Lyric Hall, during which they will produce "Everyman," "The Star of Bethlehem," and some of the Shakespearean revivals. In January, Burton Holmes will deliver a series of lectures—"Travellagues" he now calls them—on England, Ireland, and Scotland.

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SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS wedding invitations, dies, and crests, Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

—Miss M. E. BOHRMANN WILL RESUME HER course of private German lessons at 2416 Gough Street, beginning Monday, August 15th.

## Wagner Festival at Munich.

The Richard Wagner festival at Munich opened on August 13th with "Tristan and Isolde," with Felix Weingartner wielding the baton. In the cast of the opera were Milka Ternina, Victor Klopfer, Charlotte Huhn, and Heinrich Knoté (who may be engaged for the Metropolitan), Alfred Baumbach, Hans Koppe, Joseph Meyer, and Raoul Walther. Herr Knoté, who is singing Tristan, is the first dramatic tenor now at Munich. The conductors are the real stars of the festival. Arthur Nikisch has not conducted an operatic performance since he went to the Berlin Philharmonic. He has as the leading singers in the cast for "Die Meistersinger" Anton Van Rooy, Paul Bender, Joseph Geiss, and Heinrich Knoté, the last as Walter. The Eva is to be Ella Tordek, of Munich. Felix Mottl will conduct the second performance of the season, which is to be "Der Fliegende Holländer." In the operas of the Nibelungen Ring, the casts usually are not up to the standard required in New York. The three Brünnhildes will be sung by Käthe Saenger-Bettaque, who used to be a light soprano in old German opera days at the Metropolitan. Karl Burrian, of Dresden, who is a possibility at the Metropolitan next year, will be Siegmund, and the two Siegfrieds will be sung by Heinrich Knoté. The other singers are not widely known to fame. The operas of the trilogy began on August 18th, and will be sung on the four successive days. The second part of the Wagner festival will begin on September 11th, when the same operas will be sung. This Munich festival is dividing interest among travelers with the performances at Bayreuth.

## "Sunset" for September.

The September number of *Sunset Magazine* has an exceptionally good cover by L. Maynard Dixon, who depicts a Pueblo Indian girl drying Chile peppers. A large part of the magazine is devoted to outdoor sports, especially fishing, among the best things in this line being a story, "Hooked Without a Bait," by Marguerite Stabler. There is another good story, "Baby's Honeymoon," by Rita Bell, and plenty of excellent verse is scattered through the number. There are illustrated articles in profusion. Among these is "Two Pilgrimages Westward," dealing with the coming visit of the Knights Templar; "The Sea of Silence," a description of Yellowstone Park, by Joaquin Miller; "Sights at St. Louis," "A Woman Placer Piper," "Farming for Feathers," and many others. All of these are finely illustrated from photographs, and, in addition, there are some good drawings.

*Sunset* does not lack in light reading matter. There is an essay by Gelett Burgess, and in the department conducted by Alfred J. Waterhouse there is verse both light and grave. The dramatic and book departments are well conducted. The magazine is extremely interesting, and from cover to cover is typically Western.

## A Floating Theatre.

Barn-storming along the Mississippi River has pastoral delights. A barge, on which is built a theatre, is pulled up and down the river by a tug-boat, which announces the approach of the floating temple of Thespis by the blowing of a calliope. Then, as a crowd of villagers gathers on the bank, a brass band starts up, and the word spreads that there is going to be a "show." It is not a bad "show," either, according to some who have seen it. The people who take part are actors and actresses of fair ability, and the itinerant theatre in which they play is comfortable. It holds one thousand people, has a stage about thirty feet square, and a good assortment of scenery.

The company sleeps and eats on board the barge. About thirty people are required to run the tug and theatre. The cook, the engineer, and the deck-hand of the daytime shift scenery or sift snow at night. All the large towns are avoided, as would be done by any barn-storming company. The theatre descends the river to New Orleans, then retraces its route. Vaudeville has been given before in this manner, but this is the first season that legitimate drama has taken to the water.

Miss Gertrude Donovan, who has returned from a five months' tour with an Eastern musical comedy company, enters the Boston Conservatory of Music in September for a year's training in vocal music.

M. H. de Young has presented to the Park Museum a large collection of bronzes, clocks, pottery, military costumes, and other antiques purchased during his recent trip abroad.

## The Vienna Bakery's Prosperity.

Success has been attending F. B. Galindo's effort to conduct a first-class restaurant and bakery at 133 O'Farrell Street. Business has increased to such an extent that Mr. Galindo has made Gooch's Oyster Grotto and Grill, 113 Ellis Street, a branch of his Vienna Bakery. At the Ellis Street place a specialty is made of terrapin, oysters, salads, shell-fish, steaks, and chops. Good things to drink are also to be found there in plenty, and the place has been made particularly attractive to after-theatre parties.

## Spend Your Vacation

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend the entire summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society are planning already to put in several enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. L. R. Mead has returned from a visit to Mrs. George B. Sperry at her country place near Alta.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Miss Ethyl Hager, and Miss Alice Hager have been the guests for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin at their country place, "Arcadia," near Napa.

Mrs. W. I. Kip and her daughter, Mrs. Edie, wife of Dr. Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., depart on September 9th for Kansas, where Mrs. Kip will remain as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Edie will join Dr. Edie in Washington, D. C., where he is at present stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and Miss Charlotte Russell are sojourning in Lake County.

Miss Mollie Dutton and Miss Azalea Keyes are expected home from Europe in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. C. Augustus Spreckels, Miss Lurline Spreckels, Miss Virginia Joliffe, and Mr. James D. Phelan expect to sail from Europe September 7th for New York. After a few weeks spent in the metropolis and at St. Louis, they will return here.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy J. Hopkins were among last week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Elena Robinson is home after an absence of nearly a year, spent mostly in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease and Miss Maylita Pease will pass the month of September in Portland, Or.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck and Miss Gertrude Van Wyck have returned from the country, and are again occupying their residence on Steiner Street.

Miss Sara Collier is home after eight months spent in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pullman, Jr., are guests at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Miss Mary Keeney has been the guest of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and her daughters at Burlingame during the past week.

Mr. Raphael Weill, who has been in Europe for a year, is expected home within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and son were among recent arrivals at the Hotel del Monte.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor have taken Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean's residence, 1035 Pacific Avenue, for the winter.

Mrs. Frederick Beardsley, who has been the guest of her parents, Captain and Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor, will sail on August 30th for her home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Constance de Young are at their country place, "Meadowlands," San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin were in Berlin when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton have returned from Puget Sound, where they have been guests of Mrs. Cyrus Walker since early in July.

Mr. C. E. Worden was a recent visitor to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Charles Bertody Stone and Miss Ursula Stone returned from the Santa Cruz Mountains early in the week.

Miss Etelka Williar has returned from Oregon, where she has been the guest of the Misses Draper.

Mr. J. Kruttschnitt, Jr., was among recent arrivals at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray and children were in Japan when last heard from.

Mrs. E. G. Sanborn departed last Monday for London.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spieker and Miss Georgie Spieker returned during the week from their visit to Independence Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rutledge Gibson and Miss Gibson have returned from abroad, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Sprague are back from their summer in the country, and are again at their residence on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Dutton and Mrs. L. J. Leland are at 901 Pine Street for the winter months.

Dr. Arnold Genthe was in Hamburg when last heard from. He is expected home in October.

Mrs. John Johnson, who has been the guest during the past four weeks of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Landers, has returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee at their country place in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick have taken apartments on Pacific Avenue for the fall and winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, of San Rafael, were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler and Miss Alice Schussler expect to spend the coming year in Europe, leaving here the first week in October.

Dr. Albert Cohn has arrived in New York from Europe, and will reach here September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, who have

been spending the summer at Larkspur, have returned to town.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch has returned after an absence of several months in Europe and Egypt.

Miss Ethel Barrymore departed for Denver last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Troy have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Palmer Horn (née Martin) are home from Mendocino County, where they went on their wedding journey, and have taken apartments on Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro were among the recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. George de Golia and Miss Noelle de Golia, of Oakland, have been visiting the St. Louis exposition. They will make an extended trip through the East before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, who have been sojourning for four months at "Wynnehurst," near Blythedale, are expected home September 1st.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard was a recent visitor to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg and Mr. Albert Lowenberg have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Schwabacher and Mr. Edward Bachman went from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs by automobile on Sunday. Mr. Schwabacher reported excellent roads, especially where oil had been put on a few weeks ago.

Among recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mrs. E. E. Goodrich and the Misses Goodrich, of Berkeley, Mrs. Philip R. Thayer, of Oakland, Mrs. W. W. Alverson, Mrs. J. H. Philip, of Belvedere, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gottfried, of Alameda, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Colburn, Mrs. A. Copeland, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann.

Among recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. R. D. Mullen, Mr. John F. Bowler, Mr. George H. Robertson, of Honolulu, Miss Katherine Madden and Miss Margaret Slavich, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Tonn, Mr. William P. Harrison, Mrs. M. Kirstein, Mrs. C. C. Morehouse, Dr. and Mrs. George Drucker, Mr. E. P. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Waterhouse, Dr. Louis Stern, Mr. Edward Pollitz, Mr. James E. Levin, Mr. P. J. Knudsen, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Bergstein.

Among recent guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mrs. J. F. Francis, Miss G. M. Dominguez, Mrs. E. S. H. Day, of Los Angeles, Mr. T. A. Castilla and Mr. F. A. Castilla, of Mexico, Mr. J. D. Barnhill, of New York, Dr. Grund, of Germany, Mrs. G. B. Miller, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Baker, of Cincinnati, Mr. Charles P. Starr, Mrs. Hope Norton, of New York, Mr. J. S. Severance, Judge M. C. Sloss, Mrs. J. H. Hecht, Mr. J. E. Clinton, Miss Houghton, and Mr. F. E. Booth.

Among recent guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Erdman, Mr. H. G. Thompson, and Mr. H. Anderson, of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coleman, of Los Angeles, Mr. R. W. Simpson and Mrs. G. P. Simpson, of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jackson, of Kansas City, Miss C. Walter, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pipino, Mr. H. C. Pendleton, Mr. M. S. Cook, Mr. R. Unger, Mr. C. B. Russell, Mr. L. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. R. C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Neal, and Miss C. J. Wilson.

## Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., retired, has taken a permanent residence on Arch Street, North Berkeley.

Commander Albert F. Dixon, U. S. N., left Mare Island on Monday last for Washington, D. C., where he has been ordered for duty in the bureau of steam engineering. Mrs. Dixon will be the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. W. Dixon, for a few weeks before going East.

General C. R. Greenleaf, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Greenleaf are expected to arrive from their visit East within the next ten days.

Colonel John G. Chandler, U. S. A., retired, has been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel T. C. Lebo, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on sick leave on the transport *Sheridan*.

Colonel Edward Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis were among the passengers from Honolulu on the transport *Sheridan*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry S. Kilbourne, Medical Department, U. S. A., went upon the retired list last Sunday.

Captain G. F. Barney, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is coming to California to inspect the submarine defenses of the Coast.

Captain J. H. Wholley, Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed professor of military tactics at the Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.

Mrs. Pearce, wife of Captain Thomas Pearce, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is the guest of Mrs. Redmond Payne at Mountain View during Captain Pearce's absence at Camp Atascadero.

Lieutenant A. H. McCarthy, U. S. N., has been detached from the United States steamer

*Florida*, and ordered to the naval academy at Annapolis, Md.

Colonel Gaines Lawson, U. S. A., is spending several weeks at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. McIver leaves on the transport sailing September 1st for the Philippines, where she will join her husband, Captain George McIver, U. S. A. She will be accompanied by her cousin, Miss Helen Ashton.

Lieutenant Junius C. Gregory, Medical Department, U. S. A., is under orders to go to Manila on October 1st.

Lieutenant R. H. Fenner, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to take station at Fort Baker.

Mrs. Allen, who has been spending the month of July in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. Kent, left last week to join her husband, Lieutenant Gilbert McKee Allen, U. S. A., at Vancouver Barracks.

Lieutenant Archibald H. Scales, U. S. N., has been ordered to Annapolis as instructor.

Lieutenant Rowland B. Ellis, U. S. A., has been ordered to join the Fourteenth Cavalry, in the Philippines.

## CAMP ATASCADERO.

Special Rates for Grand Review Sunday, August 21.

General MacArthur has arranged for a general review of troops at Camp Atascadero for Sunday, August 21st. It will take place near Asuncion, the camp station, and will be a great spectacle. Five dollars for round trip, San Francisco to Asuncion, will be the special rate made by the Southern Pacific for this event. Tickets good going on all trains Saturday and Sunday, August 20th and 21st; good returning on certain trains of Sunday and of Monday, the 22d. There being no accommodations at the camp for visitors, passengers may stop off at Paso Robles to secure same, taking later trains, on which their tickets will be good, to Asuncion. Special train service to Paso Robles and between there and Asuncion. Also automobile service from Hotel El Paso de Robles, the social headquarters, to the camp station and the camp. Tickets sold at Third and Townsend Street depot, or at city office, 613 Market Street.

Edward Terry, the English actor-manager, is coming to the United States toward the close of the year, and will play "The House of Burnside," which he has successfully produced in London. The play tells of a merchant who is amassing a fortune for his two grandchildren, whose father is dead. A letter for their mother accidentally comes into his hands. It is from a man who refers to one of the children as "our child." The news, thus conveyed, that one of his grandchildren is illegitimate, is a terrible shock to the old man. He endeavors to make the mother tell which is his son's child, but she refuses to tell. The play ends with the old man's determination to take both children to his heart again, and to pursue his original plans. The play is adapted from the French by Louis N. Parker.

Schilling's "William Tell" is being done in the Swiss village of Altdorf. The occasion of this performance is the centenary of the writing of the poem-play, the principal scenes in which occur in the neighborhood surrounding Altdorf. The drama is being given by the citizens of the town Oberammergau fashion, and will be presented every Sunday until the middle of September. No fewer than one hundred and eighty-three persons—men, women, and children—take part in the performance, every one of them hailing from Altdorf. The play, which occupies four hours, went off on its first performance without a single hitch.

Jean Aicard's play, "La Pèrre Lebonnard," has just been presented at the Comédie-Française, although it was submitted and accepted eighteen years ago. Its presentation was postponed so often that the author grew impatient, and had it produced at the Théâtre Libre, where it attracted the attention of Novelli, the Italian actor, who has since played the leading rôle in both Europe and America. At last it has been performed at the Comédie-Française, where M. Silvain made a great hit in the name part.

Mme. Fannie Francisco, the prima donna soprano, will open her American concert tour here some time next month. Since her departure from here several years ago, she has been studying and singing in Europe, and has attracted much favorable attention at Berlin, Paris, Munich, Amsterdam, and other musical centres.

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From July 18, 1904

FERRY DEPOT

(Foot of Market Street)

LINE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey, etc.	7:50 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Elmira and Sacramento	7:20 P
7:30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Vallejo, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon, etc.	8:20 P
7:30 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	7:20 P
8:00 A	Rhamsa Express—(Via Davis), Williams (for Bartlett Springs), Willows, Frisco, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, etc.	7:50 P
8:00 A	Oakville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville, etc.	7:50 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	4:20 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Fresno, Ooshon Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	4:50 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Jones, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, etc.	4:20 P
8:30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Bonora, Tuolumne and Angels, etc.	4:20 P
9:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and Elmer, Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	6:50 P
10:00 A	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, etc.	6:20 P
10:00 A	Vallejo, etc.	12:20 P
10:00 A	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	7:20 P
12:00 M	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	3:20 P
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers, etc.	11:00 P
3:30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Willows, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations, etc.	10:50 A
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	7:50 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Callotago, Santa Rosa, etc.	9:20 A
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, etc.	4:20 P
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	11:50 A
6:00 P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, etc.	8:50 A
6:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	7:20 A
6:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	9:50 A
6:00 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, etc.	12:50 P
6:00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday, etc.	7:50 P
7:00 P	Vallejo, Sunday only, etc.	7:50 P
7:00 P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	11:20 A
7:00 P	Reno Passenger—Port Costa, Sulphur, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks, etc.	7:50 A
8:00 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, etc.	12:20 P
8:00 P	Merced, Berenda, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa, Yosemite Valley, via Berenda and Wawona, etc.	8:50 A
8:00 P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton, etc.	10:20 A
8:00 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Engert Sound and East, etc.	8:50 A
8:10 P	Hayward and Niles (Sunday only), etc.	11:50 A
<b>COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).</b>		
(Foot of Market Street)		
7:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only)	8:10 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, etc.	5:55 P
9:15 A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, etc.	8:10 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, etc.	11:35 A
1:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, etc.	18:55 A
4:15 P	Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only, etc.	18:55 A
<b>COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).</b>		
(Child and Townsend Streets)		
6:10 A	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	6:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	6:40 P
7:15 A	Montgomery and Santa Cruz Excursion (Sunday only), etc.	10:30 P
8:00 A	New Almaden (Tue., Fri., only), etc.	4:10 P
8:00 A	The Coaster—San Jose, Salinas, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles, etc.	10:45 P
8:00 A	Gilroy, Bullitt, Watsonville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc, etc.	10:45 P
8:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Santa Lucia, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, etc.	4:10 P
11:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	1:20 P
11:30 A	San Jose, San Jose, Los Gatos, etc.	7:20 P
1:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:35 P
1:30 P	Del Monte Express (except Sunday)—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, etc.	11:15 P
3:30 P	Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Palmar, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Salinas, Pacific Grove, etc.	10:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	18:00 A
15:00 P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and principal Way Stations (except Sunday), etc.	19:00 A
15:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations, etc.	19:40 A
5:45 P	Burlingame Express—Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Irvine, El Paso, New Orleans, New York, etc.	7:10 A
5:45 P	Palmar, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, etc.	10:45 P
16:15 P	San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	16:48 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:38 A
8:00 P	Palo Alto and Way Stations, etc.	10:15 A
11:30 P	South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	8:45 P
11:30 P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose, etc.	19:45 P

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tourist—"Can I have a couple of towels?"  
Landlady—"Are you going to stay here all summer?"—*Lustige Blätter.*

Stranger—"Do express-trains stop here?"  
Big Hank (station-agent)—"Only for railway officials and train-robbers."—*Er.*

Boy—"Father, if there should be a strike of the dog-catchers in the Philippines, would the Igorrotes take to eating beef?"—*Er.*

"I doubt if you know the difference between grand opera and comic opera." "Oh, but I do. Grand opera is comic."—*Puck.*

Evelyn—"Yes, my great-grandmother eloped with my great-grandfather." *Cholly*—"Just fancy! Old people like that!"—*Smart Set.*

Knicker—"Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom." *Johnny*—"How about swimming?"—*New York Sun.*

"Maud, that little boy next door swears like a trooper. I hope you don't play with him." "No, mother; not now. He's taught me all he knew."—*Life.*

First nurse—"I won't be able to go to the picnic to-morrow." *Second nurse*—"Why not?" *First nurse*—"To tell the truth, I'm afraid to leave the baby with its mother."—*Er.*

"Why, I wasn't aware that Spotkins ever played cards," said the astonished friend. "He doesn't," replied the victim, with a sigh long drawn out: "he works them."—*Chicago News.*

Continuus: *Nell*—"Yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me." *Belle*—"The idea! Of course, you were indignant?" *Nell*—"Oh, yes. Every time."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Chaufeur—"You'd better be a little careful, sir. My machine might make your horse run." *Farmer Oatmeal*—"Do tell! Well, it'll be the first time in thirty years."—*Chicago News.*

"I don't have to work for a living," said the shiftless individual. "Of course you don't," rejoined the busy man; "if you did it's a safe bet that you wouldn't be living."—*Chicago News.*

"Cyrus Townsend Brady is prolific, isn't he?" remarked Mrs. Oldestable, as she took a seat in the elegant library. "Is he?" replied her hostess; "I thought Josiah said he was one of them novelists."—*Er.*

Mutual sympathy: *Highwayman*—"Your money or your life!" *Jones*—"Sorry, old chap; but I'm just back from my vacation, and—"  
*Highwayman*—"Shake, old man; so am I, or I wouldn't be doing this."—*Judge.*

"I'm trying to find the idea in your poem," said the editor of the *Squintary Magazine*. "Oh, don't worry about that," said the anxious young poet; "there isn't any. You can use it without the slightest fear."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Bookie—"So y'see, if the 'orse starts at 15 to 1 you get 15 quid, 10 to 1 you get 10 quid, 5 to 1 five, D'y'see?" *The innocent*—"Oh, yes, I see, perfectly. But what do I get if the horse starts at one o'clock exactly?"—*Illustrated Bits.*

*Dashaway*—"You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie? That's good news. I thought perhaps she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day." *Willie*—"Not this time. I played a trick on her." *Dashaway*—"What did you do?" *Willie*—"I said you were another fellow!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

*Wise-man*—"To look at that Englishman you'd think he was a tramp, wouldn't you?" *Jokeley*—"Well, I know for a fact that he hasn't a place that he can call home." *Wise-man*—"Nonsense! Why, his mansion in London is—" *Jokeley*—"Sumptuous, yes; but he calls it 'ome.'"—*Catholic Standard-Times.*

*Young hopeful*—"Father, what is a 'traitor in politics'?" This paper says Congressman Jawweary is one." *Veteran politician*—"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one." *Young hopeful*—"Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to ours?" *Veteran politician*—"A convert, my son."—*Boston Transcript.*

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Steadman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

"Is Congressman Wirepullar a popular orator?" "No, very. He don't talk nothin' but common sense."—*Er.*

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WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 12:50, 2:00, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p m.  
Sundays—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p m. †Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco	In Effect May 1, 1904	San Francisco
Week Days.	Sundays.	Week Days.
7:30 a m.	7:30 a m.	7:45 a m.
8:00 a m.	8:00 a m.	8:40 a m.
8:30 a m.	8:30 a m.	9:20 a m.
9:00 a m.	9:00 a m.	10:20 a m.
9:30 a m.	9:30 a m.	11:20 a m.
10:00 a m.	10:00 a m.	12:20 p m.
10:30 a m.	10:30 a m.	1:20 p m.
11:00 a m.	11:00 a m.	2:20 p m.
11:30 a m.	11:30 a m.	3:20 p m.
12:00 p m.	12:00 p m.	4:20 p m.
12:30 p m.	12:30 p m.	5:20 p m.
1:00 p m.	1:00 p m.	6:20 p m.
1:30 p m.	1:30 p m.	7:20 p m.
2:00 p m.	2:00 p m.	8:20 p m.
2:30 p m.	2:30 p m.	9:20 p m.
3:00 p m.	3:00 p m.	10:20 p m.
3:30 p m.	3:30 p m.	11:20 p m.
4:00 p m.	4:00 p m.	12:20 p m.
4:30 p m.	4:30 p m.	1:20 p m.
5:00 p m.	5:00 p m.	2:20 p m.
5:30 p m.	5:30 p m.	3:20 p m.
6:00 p m.	6:00 p m.	4:20 p m.
6:30 p m.	6:30 p m.	5:20 p m.
7:00 p m.	7:00 p m.	6:20 p m.
7:30 p m.	7:30 p m.	7:20 p m.

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DEPART SUNDAYS and LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9, 10:20, 11:35 P. M.  
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11:00 A	11:00 A	3:35 P
1:45 P	1:45 P	5:40 P
5:15 P	5:15 P	8:15 P
8:30 P	8:30 P	10:05 P
10:00 P	10:00 P	11:50 P

\* Via Gravit Car, Tamalpais to Mill Valley.

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**9.30 A M**—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p m., Fresno 3:10 p m., Bakersfield 5:50 p m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p m. Palace sleepers and dining car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p m.

**9.30 A M**—"VALLEY LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p m., Fresno 3:10 p m., Bakersfield 5:50 p m. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 10:50 p m.

**4.00 P M**—"STOCKTON LOCAL": Due Stockton 7:10 p m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a m.

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# The Argonaut.

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It is a grewsome and thankless task to discuss the probabilities of a nice old gentleman's death. Even when a bold young blade takes out an insurance policy, and learns, incidentally, that the actuaries state his "probability of life" to be exactly forty-six years, seven months, and eleven days, it makes him feel a bit queer and creepy. How much worse, then, must Uncle Henry Gassaway feel when, after supper and before he begins his nightly game of poker, he puts on his specs, takes up the New

York papers, and reads cold-blooded articles that speculate calmly on his slim chances of much further longevity.

Really, it's too bad. Most everybody feels kindly disposed toward this spry old fellow with those respectable whiskers, that J. Pierpont Morgan nose, and that shaven upper lip which we are apt to associate with a sort of Methodist piety and an enlightened close-fistedness in matters of money—vide Oom Paul, for example. But facts are facts. There it stands, as big as a house—the Hard Fact that Henry Gassaway Davis, the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee, will be eighty-one years old, come the sixteenth of next November, and that, in the event (if elected) of the President's death—a thing that has happened to five Presidents out of twelve—he will become the chief executive of a nation of eighty-five million souls, with all the responsibility that that implies.

True it is, that there have been men who did great things after they had waved their eightieth year a fond farewell. Humboldt was busy with his "Kosmos" at eighty; Verdi, when an octogenarian, was still composing music; Lord Brougham wrote more than one work after he was eighty; Landor was adding to his "Imaginary Conversations" after he was four score; Michael Angelo, in the eighties, was executing some of his great conceptions; Palmerston died prime minister of England at eighty-one; of course, Gladstone was yet a power in English politics when he was well past eighty; and those husky old boys, Zeno and Xenophon, were Grecianly chipper at ninety and ninety-eight. As for Cornaro, who made two dinners of the yolk of one egg, he was merry at ninety-five, while Cato studied Greek at eighty. And Goethe, when he should have been attired in the lean and slippered pantaloons and concerned about his immortal soul, was just falling in love with a blue-eyed maiden of seventeen.

These, doubtless, are some of the paradigmatic persons to which Democrats may "point with pride" to prove to Republicans who "view with alarm" that Davis's age is no hindrance. But why stop with these modern youngsters? We commend all Democrats hard pressed for arguments to note what the *Sun* says: namely that Henry Gassaway Davis is younger than a certain famous shipbuilder and navigator at the time of his world-celebrated feat in navigation by precisely five hundred and nineteen years, five months, and four days. And Noah got safely into the slip on Ararat without barking the piles too much, and lived peacefully thereafter three hundred and fifty years—so peacefully that the only adventure Holy Writ records was the one time he got drunk and fell indecently a-slumber.

But seriously, with all respect to Mr. Davis, the question is not one to be ignored. Mr. Root gave his attention to it in his speech notifying Mr. Fairbanks of his nomination. Since then, reports of Mr. Davis's feebleness, whose circumstantial nature force us to give them credit, bring the matter sharply to the fore. The *Chicago News* points out that Mr. Davis, if elected, will be "fourteen years older than the oldest of the Presidents at the beginning of his term, and thirteen years older than the oldest of the Vice-Presidents on the date of his qualification for office." The *News* appeals to him to decline the nomination. "The Democrats," says Mr. Root in his nominating speech, "have nominated for the Vice-Presidency an excellent gentleman who was born during the Presidency of President Monroe and who, before the next administration is ended, will be approaching his eighty-sixth birthday." Mr. Root continues:

It is no disparagement of this gentleman, for whom I believe we all have the highest respect, to say that he shares the common lot of mortals, and that the election of any man

of such great age would furnish no safeguard to the American people against the disaster which would ensue upon the death of a President with a successor not competent to perform the duties of the Presidential office. It is common experience that very aged men, however bright and active they may appear for brief periods, can not sustain long-continued severe exertion. The demands of the Presidential office upon the mental and physical vitality are so great, so continuous, and so exhausting as to be wholly beyond the capacity of any man of eighty-five.

The attempt by such a man to perform the duties of the office would with practical certainty be speedily followed by a complete breakdown, both of body and of mind. In contemplating the remote possibility of the election of the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, the people of the country are bound to contemplate also as a necessary result of such an election in case of the President's death, that others, not chosen by the people, and we know not who, would govern in the name of a nominal successor unable himself to perform the constitutional duties of his office; or, worse still, that serious doubt whether the Vice-President had not reached a condition of "inability" within the meaning of a Constitution would throw the title to the office of President into dispute.

The serious effect of such an event upon the government and upon business interests and general welfare of the country, and the serious effect even of the continual menace of such an event, must be apparent to every thoughtful mind.

This is sound, moderate, and worthy of the most serious consideration of every voter.

But there is still another point. What about a great political party which exercises in its choice of its candidate for the second highest place in the gift of the people no more care for the public welfare, no more judgment and wisdom, than is shown in the nomination of a senile octogenarian to the office of Vice-President for the sole reason that he is rich? A negative nominee for President, a senile nominee for Vice-President, a platform that is a hodge-podge of platitudes and puerility—with these the Democratic party comes before the country and asks for the suffrages of a majority of the voters. In our opinion it will ask in vain.

Governor Carter, of Hawaii, usually referred to in the somewhat astonished Eastern States as "Young Governor Carter," has been talking about his Territory in the convincing diction of facts. He has come out plump with the assertion that the United States is making \$6.91 per capita out of the island population, since on the mainland the cost, annually, of government is \$7.97 per capita, in the Hawaiian Islands the expense divides into but \$1.62 a head annually. Therefore Mr. Carter wants to know why Uncle Sam doesn't spend money on Hawaiian harbors, thus returning some of the money Hawaii pays into the national treasury.

Honolulu, Governor Carter has proclaimed, is eleventh now as to the tonnage of American shipping, with yearly increase. It is the cross roads of the Pacific, and, when the Panama Canal is opened, will be more important than ever, being half way between Ancon and Yokohama. Therefore, continues Governor Carter, why shouldn't Uncle Sam spend a little on the island harbors?

Sugar, he admits, is too cheap for profit, his estimate of the annual income on a capitalization of \$89,000,000 the past year equaling no more than three-tenths of one per cent. The outlook is reported to be better, however, and no complaint is made as to the way in which the plantations are managed. Incidentally, Governor Carter has published the Hawaiian doctrine of Chinese labor, and it runs: White men can not do the day labor of the tropics. He regrets that Chinese are no longer admitted, and states that the Japanese, who still may come in, are not so efficient workmen.

There are still two million acres of government land unoccupied, but the governor has stated that this would hardly induce a citizen to change from the temperate to the tropic clime, as only a small proportion of the lands are anything but lava beds.

All this and a great deal more has been published



throughout the United States by the governor. One thing he has advocated which stirs but a half-romantic emotion in the hearts of most, but which shows that Mr. Carter has his eyes open: he thinks that the Federal government should take charge of the leper colony on Molokai, and superintend it and investigate the disease and try to stamp it out. All of which the man from Massachusetts will probably scrutinize as a deep-laid plot to walk away with public moneys—until he learns that every city in the United States, almost, has its lepers, from New Orleans to Boston. That makes him think.

The act of Japan in capturing a defenseless Russian vessel in the neutral waters of Chefoo Harbor was an outrage; her refusal to restore the vessel or to make reparation is an act of brazen effrontery. It is an affront to all civilized nations, an evidence of Japan's bumptious scorn of Occidental opinion with which the Occidental world will yet have to deal.

The facts in the case are perfectly simple. After the Port Arthur sortie, the *Ryeshitlmi* put into Chefoo Harbor. The Chinese official, with commendable promptness, notified her that she must get out or disarm. She chose the latter alternative, and hauled down her colors and unscrewed her guns. Now comes the Japanese bully of a lieutenant at three o'clock in the morning, boards the defenseless vessel, and tells her commander that he intends to tow her out. He adds to this verbal insults. Naturally there was a fight, begun by the Russian officer with the only weapons left him—fists—and finally the Japanese towed the ship away. Not only was the Japanese act outrageous, but the Chinese admiral and the *taotai* failed to do their duty. It was the duty of the admiral to blow the Japanese destroyer into kingdom come when it tried to tow out the Russian vessel. But the failure of the Chinese admiral to do his duty is no excuse for Japan.

It is gratifying that China has quickly realized her position, and, according to the Chefoo correspondent of the London *Times*, will grant compensation to Russia for the loss of the *Ryeshitlmi* and degrade the *taotai* and her admiral. This, if the report be correct, is all she can do, and sets her right before the world. But it only makes Japan's offense appear by contrast still blacker.

The long statement that Japan has made as to the reasons why she will not restore to Russia the *Ryeshitlmi* is about the sleaziest bit of illogic that we have seen. The only point that Japan makes that is worthy of a moment's discussion is that the neutrality of China is a different neutrality from the neutrality of other nations. China's neutrality, says Japan, is artificial, not natural, and therefore when a Russian vessel seeks shelter in a Chinese port, this fragile artificial neutrality of China is destroyed, whereas the neutrality of any other nation would safely stand the shock—a perfectly absurd contention. The neutrality of China, in whatever way arrived at, is precisely the same as the neutrality of any other nation. It is not vitiated when a Russian vessel seeks shelter in a Chinese port any more than the neutrality of the United States would be vitiated if a Russian vessel sought shelter in the port of San Francisco. The truth of the matter is, that a Japanese petty officer having violated international morals to Japan's advantage, she simply hunts about for some sort of an excuse that might pass muster. As for Japan's assertion that the Russian officer was the aggressor, that, too, is absurd. The Japanese lieutenant had no more right to board a Russian vessel than the chief cook and bottle-washer of a dirty Chinese junk. The *Ryeshitlmi*, the moment she acceded to the Chinese demands regarding disarmament, was under Chinese protection. If the Japanese lieutenant had any doubts about the good faith of the Russian officer, he should have made representations to the Chinese official. He had no standing with the commander of the *Ryeshitlmi* except that of any other nocturnal intruder.

All the principles relating to this case are well established. There is no room for difference of opinion regarding Japan's conduct. In the Civil War, when the United States steamer *Wachusett* ran down the Confederate cruiser *Florida*, at Bahia, Brazil, the United States Government disavowed the act, and the steamer's commander was court-martialed and suspended. A solemn salute was made to the Brazilian flag on the spot where its neutrality was violated. Nearly a hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson wrote: "It is the right of every nation to prohibit acts of sovereignty from being exercised by any other within its limits, and it is the duty of a neutral nation to prohibit such as would injure one of the warring Powers." In a striking case where the passenger vessel *Chesapeake*, captured by Confederates in the Atlantic, was pursued across the ocean and recaptured in British waters, the United States promptly surrendered the vessel with an ample apology. Our course in the cases of the *Florida*

and *Chesapeake* show how gross and arrogant, by contrast, is the attitude of Japan.

The supreme danger, of course, is that Russia will use Japan's bad faith as an excuse for considering China no longer neutral. In that case, the state of affairs brought about at so much trouble by our Mr. Secretary Hay will be replaced by a situation in which China will menace the peace of the world. Count Cassini may not be far wrong in his statement that he regards the incident "as far more serious, in an international sense, than any question which has been before the world, since the adjustment of the Boxer troubles."

The little Republic of Panama is doing quite well, thank you. Exactly six million dollars of the ten million dollars that we paid her for the canal strip are being invested in New York City real-estate loans. The republic has opened up an office in New York, and is doing a "nice business" in the gilt-edged securities. All this is as surprising as it is gratifying. The Panameños are a shrewd people. The idea, of course, is to put the money in a safe place where no dictator can get his skinny hands on it.

The only thing that wrings the withers of the Panameños is the action of Uncle Sam in founding a new port called Ancon on the canal strip near the city of Panama. The effect of this is to draw traffic from the city. Already steamers make Ancon rather than Panama their terminal point, and the people of the ancient port have protested with great vociferosity. Indeed, just the other day, the city of Panama authorities endeavored to compel the British steamer *Guatemala* to make the old port and pay the port fee of one hundred dollars. Captain Collins refused, and the authorities sent a squad of soldiers to arrest him. When the barefoot soldiers appeared, Captain Collins told his men to throw them overboard if they ventured on the ship. They didn't. But the commander bellowed from the wharf to Collins that he could consider himself arrested and fined five hundred dollars. Collins bellowed back: "How are you going to collect it?" Apparently the only thing for the Panameños to do is meekly to submit. This barefoot soldier business makes the republic seem more than ever like a comic-opera state.

Another matter of interest connected with Panama is the railway. It seems that, at present, though the United States owns the greater part of the stock, it does not control the board of directors, whose terms expire next April. This board continues in effect the arrangement whereby the Pacific Mail, in league with the transcontinental railways, handles all the freight that crosses the Isthmus, and keeps up rates. This hoggish arrangement will be abruptly terminated, probably in April, and it is not unlikely that the act will have a marked effect on transcontinental railway rates.

As to labor on the canal, the commissioners have received hundreds of propositions. Thirty-two companies offer to furnish Chinese at sixty-two cents a day, and feed, clothe, and transport them—dead or alive. A lieutenant of the U. S. A. quartermaster's department wants authority to supply two thousand Filipinos at seventy-five cents. He has had much experience in the islands. Japanese firms offer help at sixty-five cents a day, and thousands of applications have been received from Porto Rico. No decision as to labor has yet been reached.

The investigations of Walter Wellman, the correspondent of the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Record-Herald*, who was sent to the scene of the miners' war in Colorado, are embodied, as to their result, in the following paragraph from his eighth and last letter:

This war in Colorado was precipitated by a series of blunders on the part of the Western Federation of Miners—blunders so wicked and atrocious that they may fairly be called crimes. It was bad enough that these were crimes against society, against the prosperity of the State, against capital and industry. But they were more than that. For they were crimes against organized labor, against the cause of unionism everywhere, and more particularly here in this gold camp—against the very men and women in whose name the struggle was nominally begun and whose fate, whose homes and happiness, were in the hands of the blundering leaders of that organization. The union men and women of this district, and of Telluride, were the chief victims, the greatest sufferers. They had to pay a fearful price for the reckless, the vicious, the well-nigh insane conduct of their leaders.

This is Mr. Wellman's conclusion, and he arrives at it even more definitely when he says: "I arraign Charles H. Moyer and William Haywood as the men who are to be held morally responsible for this crime against organized labor, this offense against our civilization. And I offer to convict them before a jury composed of the leaders of the decent, honorable labor organizations of the country."

The history of the organization so curiously charged by Wellman with an outrage unforgivable and unforgettable he gives in detail. The eminent facts are these:

The Western Federation of Miners, representing men engaged in the metalliferous industries of the West, was organized in Butte, Mont., in May, 1893. In that year fourteen unions in Colorado were absorbed, and by 1902 it had within its body thirty Colorado unions, with a membership of about 11,000. Its first strike was in 1893-4 at Cripple Creek. A number of men were killed on both sides. The union men established armed camps and ruled by terror. The settlement was effected by Governor Waite on terms very satisfactory to the strikers.

In 1896, the federation ordered a strike at Leadville, with the result that many lives were sacrificed. Troops were called in, and restored order. In 1901, there was a strike called at Telluride, which ended in the murder of the superintendent in 1903. In that year a strike was called at Idaho Springs, and a part of the Sun and Moon Mine was destroyed by dynamite. Upon the body of one of the perpetrators of this was found a federation card. Then followed the trouble which resulted in the calling of the general strike in the Cripple Creek district August 10, 1903, where 3,300 men laid down their tools at a word from the executive committee.

From this day on Mr. Wellman's narrative deals with the efforts of the owners to put non-union men to work, of their baffling by union civil officers, and consequent rioting and bloodshed, which ended in the calling out of the militia by Governor Peabody. He relates a dozen acts of violence which inflamed passion and rendered peaceful settlement out of the question, till at last came General Sherman Bell, former Rough Rider, good "bad man," determined to wipe out the Western Federation.

The history of this final struggle includes the murder of superintendents, infernal machines, the dynamiting of innocent workers, and in the end the declaration of martial law and the practical abolition of civil processes in the courts.

According to Mr. Wellman, the federation still had a favorable chance of winning, but this chance was forever taken away by the outrage of June 6, 1904, when thirteen non-union men were killed by a dynamite explosion on the platform of the little station at Independence. The forced resignation of Sheriff Robertson, the speedy appointment of Sheriff Bell, and the fierce reprisals made are still warm in memory, and Mr. Wellman tells them over again only to point more clearly his moral that they who fight with the sword die thereby.

Incidentally, Mr. Wellman reiterates what has been asserted before: that the militia, which have the past year fought the fight of law and order, were paid by the mine owners; that deportation was cheaper than unjudicial execution; and that General Bell openly preferred "post-mortems to habeas corpus."

"To-day," Mr. Wellman concludes, "there is not a miners' union left in Cripple Creek camp. Two thousand two hundred of Moyer and Haywood's victimized followers have renounced the union and signed Mine Owners' Association cards, without which they can not get work in this camp. The other thousand are scattered over the West, seeking employment."

To relieve the congestion of the supreme court of California, the San Francisco Bar Association has prepared a constitutional amendment to be submitted to the people November 8, 1904. This amendment is to provide a new court of appeals to be known as the district court of appeals—three courts sitting simultaneously at San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Sacramento, with three judges to each. According to the statements of the bar association, the supreme court is now hopelessly stalled, deciding six hundred and fifty cases each year, when fully a thousand are sent up to it from the lower courts.

Justice to be pure must be swift. Probably the ideal would be that the murderer, rising from his victim, should lift his eyes to the face of death, or the thief, turning to flee, should feel his hands caught in the shackles of prison. Justice in California is not swift. The law's delays have given rise to reasonable complaint, and we have been treated to the spectacle of crime evading punishment through the very excess of provision for its prevention.

If the supreme court is unable to decide the cases which come up before it in regular order and with speed, it is time that some amendment to the constitution was being made which will mend the matter. Some will object that multiplicity of courts means multiplicity of appeals and consequent prolongation of litigation. To these the answer is given that this new court, or courts, are themselves to be of final resort, subject, of course, to the revision of the supreme court, but only when the supreme court is assured that some good end will be conserved. It is particularly urged that all criminal work, except in capital cases, be taken



from the supreme judges and left to these district courts of appeal, in each of which the three judges will be able to handle expeditiously and justly work now thrust upon a court overworked and devoted to problems of deeper import to the State during its growth.

But there is little doubt that a large part of the litigation now before the supreme court is trivial. The administration of justice in the superior courts is not beyond cavil in many instances, and there is a strong feeling in the minds of the public that less machinery would be required did judges act more sternly and entertain appeals less leniently.

One of the most remarkable sieges in history is that

of Port Arthur, which now seems about to end in victory for the Japanese, though at a tremendous cost in human

life. Land operations to the northward appear to have been temporarily suspended until Port Arthur falls, but it is said that the Japanese army now numbers more than 200,000, and will strike hard the moment that the doom of the city is achieved. It is now known that the Russian fleet at Port Arthur consists of the five battleships *Retvizan*, *Pobieda*, *Peresviet*, *Sevastopol*, and *Poltava*, with the cruiser *Pallada*, which was at first thought to be sunk. These vessels will not fall into the hands of the Japanese, for the Russian admiral is said to have been given positive instructions to sally forth and give battle to the enemy, or, if that be impossible, to destroy the ships. Disaster has overtaken the Russian gunboat *Otwajani* (1,500 tons displacement, 142 men), which sank after striking a mine, and the battleship *Sevastopol*, which struck a mine outside of Port Arthur and had to be towed in. The cruiser *Diana* is at Saigon, French Indo-China, and will probably be disarmed, and remain there until the war ends. The *Askold* and *Gromoboi*, which are at Shanghai, have, after a week of diplomatic squabbling, been disarmed. The cruiser *Novik* made a gallant fight for life, but now lies a battered hulk in Korsakovsk Harbor in Saghalin.

It appears that after the great battle of August 10th she put out to sea, made a long circle about Japan, and turned up at the place mentioned. Near there the *Tushima* encountered here on Saturday at four o'clock, signaled the *Chitose* by wireless, and at once attacked the *Novik*. At six o'clock the *Novik* retired to the harbor, badly damaged. Next morning the *Chitose* took her turn, and shelled the *Novik* for an hour. The *Novik* caught fire, and finally sank in shallow water. No Japanese casualties are reported. The Russians have only seven warships afloat now in Eastern waters, and they will be of no use to them. The naval contest between Japan and Russia has practically ended for the present.

The persons who attempted to show that Governor George C. Pardee had improperly used his influence in favor of an applicant for a druggist's license, put their fingers into a very hot fire. The final letter of Governor Pardee is the letter of an honest straightforward man. In the first place, the governor, in his capacity as a physician, had indorsed the necessary papers of an applicant named Flander, but explicitly stated that he knew nothing of Flander's qualifications. Then the president of the State board of pharmacy wrote to the governor, asking if the board should grant the man a license on the strength of the governor's name on his papers, the board having found him otherwise unworthy. Whereat Governor Pardee wrote to Mr. Rowley this vigorous and emphatic letter:

"The governor 'would not have the board of pharmacy' nor any other board lower its standard to meet a situation not heretofore presented, and the governor would feel like censuring the board of pharmacy or any other board that would do so. I am especially glad to note that the board of pharmacy is endeavoring by every known method to treat impartially all applicants and without fear or favor to dispense justice to all.

If Mr. Flander has not, as you say, the necessary requirements, I can see but one way for the board of pharmacy to do, and that is to follow the law and not break their oaths of office. I can not and will not ask any official of the board to do anything but that, and any official who, or board which, does anything less than that is, in my judgment, worthy of the severest censure.

Many Californians will feel a warm glow of pleasure that they have a governor who writes letters like this.

When the *Argonaut* said, two weeks ago, that the merchant and gold-hunter soon would play a more conspicuous part in Thibet than grotesque monks and sacred Lamas have in the past, we scarcely expected the prophecy to begin to be fulfilled within a fortnight. But here we find in the London *Financial Times* a list of no less than nine companies already registered to exploit the mineral and other resources of Thibet! Isn't this rather rushing matters? Of course, all persons not born yesterday

foresaw that ultimately Great Britain, through this expedition, would come to control the Forbidden Land, but we hardly expected to see such sweaty haste to bring Thibet into the list of commercial nations. Colonel Younghusband, by the way, is still treating with the Chinese Amban at Lhasa—which is found to be a filthy town of only fifteen thousand people—and is having difficulty in getting supplies from Tibetans to feed his several thousand men. A nice fix he would be in if winter should settle down, rendering the passes impassable (a neat paradox) and his army lacking supplies!

The British Government will have its hands full before it gets through with the race problem in South Africa. In the Transvaal there are already several million Kaffirs,

Boers, and Englishmen, all more or less antagonistic; and now come the "enslaved" Chinese to complicate the problem. The latest news from South Africa is that the natives are getting very restless. The Ethiopian Methodist Episcopal Society, which is very successful in its propaganda, is encouraging the natives to aspire "not only to equal rights with the white, but to securing possession of the country to the exclusion or subjection of the European races!" Meanwhile the by-elections in England are rather tending to show that the country does not take to having the government make treaties with China permitting, as Labouchère says, "poor starving wretches to be crimped and imported as chattels into our territories."

If the United States gunboat *Dubuque* does not run plumb on one of those "uncharted rocks" that are always lying about loose where unskillful navigators navigate, it will be positively disappointing to the superstitious. *Imprimis*, the mayor of Dubuque sent word to the Navy Department that nobody could be found in that romantic city to christen the ship. At the eleventh hour, however, a fifteen-year-old girl from Dubuque decided she would like to name the gunboat. But at the critical moment the vessel started so suddenly that this young daughter of Dubuque was frightened and dropped the bottle, and forgot what she had to say. Besides, so rapidly did the ship slide down the ways that she set fire to them. Now if something doesn't happen to the *Dubuque*, the superstitious might just as well come into the fold of the hard-headed materialists.

There is just one point in the account in the *Chronicle* of the horrible murder by a dog-catcher of a respectable boat-builder, Rudolph W. Schultze, that ought to make people think. This dog-catcher, Scherf, was arrested on August 29, 1903, and charged with assault with intent to commit murder. On September 1, 1903, Judge Cabaniss dismissed the case and let the man go. Now Scherf shoots dead in cold blood an innocent man. The *Argonaut* has had occasion, before this, to comment on the leniency of police judges to criminals. The murder of Schultze appears to be one of the fruits of this course of action on their part.

New York City borrowed \$5,000,000, the other day, at the unprecedentedly low rate of two per cent. The loan was for a short time only, and the cheap rate is said to be due to the large amount of money in the down-town banks—not less than \$53,000,000 it is said—which will remain until after election. San Francisco has long-time bonds to market soon, and while it is not to be expected that the premium will be so large as to reduce the interest-rate to two per cent., this time may prove a particularly favorable one to market the bonds.

It is pretty well known that the newspapers of this city have an agreement to publish no news regarding the libel suits which may be brought against any of them. Therefore it devolves upon the *Argonaut* and other weeklies to convey to the general public the information that the *Bulletin* has been sued by Gray Brothers, contractors, for seventy-five thousand dollars, on the charge of libel.

Aside from the nominations, the most interesting result of the State Democratic Convention at Santa Cruz was the utter defeat of the Hearst-O'Brien Democratic League, otherwise known as the Horses and Carts, by Gavin McNab and his cohorts. The Horses and Carts were defeated in the local convention, and though they seemed to have a better chance at Santa Cruz, their candidate, Edward M. White, was finally induced to

withdraw before the convention met, and Isidor B. Dockweiler, of Los Angeles, was unanimously elected chairman.

The proceedings after the decent interment of the Hearst-O'Brien faction were marked by complete harmony. Everything happened according to programme. The nominees of the State and district conventions are as follows:

For Congress: Second district—Theodore A. Bell. Third district—Henry C. McPike. Fourth district—Edward J. Livernash. Fifth district—William J. Wynn. Sixth district—Judge Edward Conley. Seventh district—W. O. Morton. Eighth district—Dr. W. T. Lucas. Presidential electors—John Garber, of Alameda; Edward White, of Santa Cruz; J. Ross Clark, of Los Angeles; Thomas Bair, of Humboldt; James G. Maguire, of San Francisco; A. F. Jones, of Butte; Frank J. Sullivan, of San Francisco; Eugene Germain, of Los Angeles; Dr. W. M. G. Beede, of San Joaquin; J. W. Barneberg, of San Luis Obispo. Associate justice of the supreme court (unexpired term)—Judge Morris T. Dooling, of Hollister.

The platform favors the purchase of a farm for the State university, indorses the issuance by the State of bonds in the sum of two millions of dollars for the construction of a seawall at San Francisco, and commends the Camino Real movement. The Democrats also would convene the legislature in February instead of January, and extend the legislative term to eighty days; they indorse the creation of new courts of appeal, and favor a constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum.

The proceedings of the Republican convention were characterized by enthusiasm. The striking event was the turning down of Oxnard for the office of Presidential elector, to which he aspired. Somehow, Californians don't seem to take to the sugar magnate. R. N. Bulla, Bard's chief supporter in Los Angeles, was refused, by the organization, the office of elector-at-large, and went home in a huff with his friend Thomas Hughes. S. C. Smith, a Bard supporter, wrested the nomination for Congress from Ward in the eighth district. All the other nominations, so far, are as indicated in the columns last week—first district, J. N. Gillett; second, Duncan E. McKinlay; third, Joseph R. Knowland; sixth, J. C. Needham; seventh, James McLachlan. The fourth (San Francisco) district convention adjourned to September 22d. The Presidential electors nominated, so far, are Edward W. Sweeney, Charles M. Hammond, F. M. Smith, W. J. Dingee, George H. Pippy, C. F. Walker, and Richard Melrose.

#### THE QUESTION OF PLAGIARISM.

NORDHOFF, CAL., August 22, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The comments in your last issue on Millard's charges of plagiarism against Kipling seem to me to leave the moral question somewhat astray. No amount of evidence showing an easy habit in the early days of literature can weaken the conviction of sound modern intelligence that it is not honest or decent for a writer of to-day knowingly to print as his own the poetic ideas or the poetic phrases of another.

To admit this, however, is not to decide the case against Kipling. For in view of the widely varying individual apparatus of memory, what bounds can be set to the possible exploits of unconscious, and therefore honest, borrowing? The poet who, one day, has been touched by an encounter in his reading with something that delights him, carries the treasure in his mind long after he has forgotten where it came from, and sitting down himself to develop a fancy which he takes for his own because he finds it in his store, he suffers a further hegumlet from certain felicitous words and images that rise to serve his turn.

Some writers have been particularly subject to this mnemonic habit of losing the labels. Several instances have been reported of Lowell's annoyance by the tardy discovery of an unknown debt of this sort, and perhaps some of your readers have noticed the following case, which I stumbled upon some years ago:

Jones Very, who was a Greek tutor at Harvard, somewhere about the time of Lowell's student days, and who died quite young, had a very genuine and delicate poetic gift. In the small volume of his poems occurs this sonnet:

THE DEAD.

I see them, crowd on crowd they walk the earth,  
Dry leafless trees to autumn wind laid bare;  
And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,  
And all unalad would winter's rudeness dare:  
No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,  
Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear;  
Their hearts the living God have ceased to know,  
Who gives the springtime to th' expectant year:  
They mimic life, as if from him to steal  
His glow of health to paint the livid cheek;  
They borrow words for thoughts they can not feel,  
That with a seeming heard their tongue may speak;  
And in their show of life more dead they live  
Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

Among Lowell's collection of twenty-seven sonnets, all written, I think, at the beginning of his literary career, and not far, therefore, from the time of Very's brief poetic activity, is the following:

THE STREET.

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,  
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,  
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds,  
Whence their souls were buried long ago:  
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,  
They cast their hope of human kind away,  
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,  
And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay:  
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,  
Whose ever-gaping man by such is fed,  
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,  
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."  
Alas, poor fools, the appointed eye may trace  
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.

Possibly some one conversant with the facts might inform us that these two sonnets were written at the same time, on a theme given out to some college class or club, so that this would not be a case in point. But if only by hypothesis it may serve as an illustration of how a writer might honestly draw on his acquired stock, in forgetfulness of its origin.

EDWARD S. THAYER.



## THE VIPER.

How Santa Barbara's Kid Paid for His Keep.

Jimmie Thornton was an accident, six years old. Gamblers' children, like the offspring of a famous actress, generally are—not six years old, but accidents. His mother was dead, or at least she was last heard of in the town of San Antonio, which is called San Antone for short, and is in Texas, and out of which no woman came then alive.

Thornton, Jimmie's father, generally dealt faro-bank for his living, making "quick" money and spending it with that easy disregard of expense and absolute confidence in the future, which only the impecunious can assume. Now, in the mountain country at that time, it was advisable to deal an honest game, partly because the heavy plungers would not play against a bank whose reputation was at all doubtful, and partly because the entire population, having gambled every night of their individual lives since arriving at the age where they could earn or borrow money, was "half wise," which being interpreted means were fairly conversant with all the older devices for swindling, and very liable to discover any new ones which might be introduced. Only the professionals, the mysterious clan of the "good people," are fully "wise." So when Thornton constructed a faro-box from which, on occasion, two cards could be dealt as neatly as the legitimate one, he came to grief. For after operating the ingenious mechanism a few nights with much financial gain, he suddenly left the camp between two days, carefully avoiding the path of Red Clancy, the boss rustler of the Bar Eleven outfit.

"There'll be a brace-gambler out of camp by morning," Red had sworn with many coarse and unoriginal oaths as he left the Colorado with a liquor-sharpened sense of injury. And the gambler had heard of it.

As Thornton passed the border of the settlement, he called Bill Cavanaugh, otherwise known as Santa Barbara, out of the restaurant where he and other night owls ate.

"Bill," said Thornton, leaning down from the saddle, "I'm quitting to-night. Clancy's making a roar about the losing he made, and some of his gang stole the box out of the cupboard, and they see it aint on the square. So I'm going. I wish you'd look after Jimmy a while. I'll send for him as soon as I get placed again somewhere, and here's fifty dollars expense money for the present."

Santa Barbara took the money.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"He sleeps in my room," said Thornton, "and he eats around anywhere. He's a good kid, but I can't take him with me just now. Clancy may follow me."

"Taint likely," grunted he of the holy name, "but I'll take good care of Jimmy. Where are you going?"

"I don't just know," said Thornton, "but I guess I'll make it to San Antone pretty soon. Well, I'll move. Take care of the boy for me. Tell him I'll send for him soon," and Thornton rode on into the shadows.

Jimmie's new guardian had earned his sobriquet. Some years earlier he had quarreled with a notorious gun-fighter, or "killer," in a Santa Barbara saloon. Unarmed himself, his adversary's leveled revolver promised immediate and eternal peace for Cavanaugh, but his brain was still working.

"Throw away your gun, you coward," he snarled.

The gun-fighter hesitated only a second. "I don't need a gun for carrion like you," he sneered, and threw the weapon to one side. Before it reached the ground, Cavanaugh had leaped upon it, and, turning, shot his enemy. For this pleasant exhibition of mental skill and physical agility the successful contestant served three years in the neighboring penitentiary, and earned his title of Santa Barbara Bill. "Maybe it don't seem just right," he often said, referring to the affair, "but it was. We both had a turn at the gun. He had first, which was best, and I had second." And if his listener was disposed to dispute further, Bill would silence all ethical points by a solid and irrefutable statement of fact. "Well, I'm alive now," he would say, "and the other man's dead. That's the way I wanted it."

When Bill had no money he turned a roulette wheel for the current wages, but when his earnings had accumulated to a few hundred dollars, he would leave his post and play poker incessantly in an attempt, hitherto vain, to make a fortune. Many a time a run of luck had made him the possessor of a considerable sum. Once he had owned four thousand dollars. "If I can double it twice," he said, "it will be enough." After thinking it over a few days, he decided to go to Butte, where he could find a faro-bank where there was no limit. He wanted to win only two bets in succession, the first two bets. On his return he was broke. "I won the first one," he explained, cheerfully, "and then I bet the whole eight thousand on the ten open. That was the bet I wanted, but it didn't come."

And so Santa Barbara's will-o'-the-wisp hung over the green table where the cards flit round and round, and only the relentless rake-off surely wins.

In the morning he went for Jimmy.

"Your dad's gone, kid," said he, "and you'd better come down to the Pack Train Hotel where I'm stopping. I told me to take care of you till he came back."

Jimmie made no protest. A child of chance, he accepted the things the gods might send with a philosophy worthy of maturer years.

"Will my papa be back soon?" was all he asked, and Cavanaugh assured him that it would not be long. Not that he felt at all assured of this himself, for as he argued that day to the bartender: "If Thornton gets down to San Antone, he'll go straight up against his woman, Jimmy's mother. She went into that country when she quit him. And if he does there'll be a death in the family, for she's probably took up with some cow rustler down there."

In all of which Bill argued correctly, for in a few weeks word of Thornton floated back in the untraceable way that rumors do, passed from the gambler to the cowboy, caught up in a stray newspaper, and on again by a train-beating tramp, from an emigrant wagon to the prospector, carried so far in a letter, a little farther by a dance-hall girl, and so on across the continent, and, if needs, across the world. And this rumor said that Thornton had indeed made it to San Antone, and, as Bill had prophesied, had gone straight up against his woman, and that all three were dead. Whereat Santa Barbara laid his hand on the flaxen head of Jimmy, after the episcopal manner, and told him that his father was not coming back, but that Jimmy should live with him instead. And Jimmy cried a little at the news, but very little, because he was very young, and Bill was very good to him and bought him much candy and a bull-pup, and let him sit up as late as he cared to. So Jimmy followed Bill in the nights, and the gamblers called him Santa Barbara's Kid, and smiled to see the little white head stand behind his guardian at the gaming tables. Moreover, Bill took the fifty dollars that Thornton had given him, and gave it to the cashier of the bank.

"You see it's this way," he said, "I might get where I'd need it some night, and if I lost it where would Jimmy come out? So you just put it away for the kid so he'll have it any time I aint able to take care of him."

But thereafter Santa Barbara's luck was bad. In the poker game he held good hands against better ones, which is, as everybody knows, the most ruinous species of hard luck. If in his vexation he turned to the faro-bank for relief, the cards won and lost in long sequences which are most tempting and disastrous. But Jimmy felt no evil effects in consequence. His little wants were always satisfied, often anticipated; his little clothes were always new, and his frequent requests for four-bits to buy this and a dollar for something else were never denied.

"The kid aint big enough to rustle for himself," said his foster-father, "and his dad was a good fellow. Besides, he left the boy with me, and I like him."

He must have, for some time later, when his money had all vanished, and there was no opening immediately available for him in the roulette line, he actually went to work driving a team, for which unwonted industry Jimmy's wants were undoubtedly responsible. But even this manual effort could not stop Bill's downward career. He lost his job.

"Kid," he said to Jimmy one evening, "I've got to go. I'll be making long jumps for a while. Now you'll have to stay here. You can get money from Mr. Bullock at the bank as long as it lasts, and the boys down at the Monte Carlo will see no harm comes to you. I've spoken to them about it. They're friends of mine. And remember me, sonny; you're Santa Barbara's Kid!"

Bill stopped. Somehow, into his outlaw brain there intruded an indefinite medley of long-forgotten things; his mother's voice, for instance, and a red school-house, and a girl, and graves, and other things with which pagans such as Bill have nothing to do. He gave Jimmy what silver there was in his pocket, squeezed the boy's arm, and so Jimmy's third parent left him.

Once more Jimmy expressed his grief in tears; but people—even very young people—cry little in that country, and Jimmy soon dried his eyes with his knuckles, sniffed vigorously, whistled to the erstwhile bull-pup—now grown into an adult dog, with bow-legs and a mean disposition—and went down to the Monte Carlo. Here, the play being quiet, he climbed into the lookout chair by the first faro-bank, and followed the game with close attention. His chubby, eager face contrasted strangely with the impassive, mask-like countenances of his gambler friends, and they called Jimmy a mascot, and petted the boy greatly. On which account Jimmy lived continuously at the Monte Carlo, and ate at Angelo's restaurant with the Philistines and outlaws, who cat when other men sleep, and sleep when other men work, and work when other men amuse themselves.

While Jimmy's money lasted he slept in Santa Barbara's old room at the Pack Train Hotel, and paid for his own meals. And when it was gone, the dealers took him to eat when they felt hungry, and the boy slept sometimes in one man's bed and sometimes in another's, and often when the rooms were full, or the dealers cross, Jimmy would wait till the crowd thinned out and the covers were pulled over the gambling tables, and then the boy would coil himself up on the roulette layout, and sleep as unconcerned as any child who had a mother and a crib. Moreover, the women who roomed upstairs, and who danced and drank all night below, were good to Jimmy—probably because of little toddlers who were far away with respectable aunts or grandparents.

For the women who follow the advance guard of civilization were not born in that borderland of hell where they live. Sinister and thriftless and shameless, evil and unknowable, beyond the ken or understanding of the immaculate though they are, these women come

of no especial breed nor belong to a particular clime, and most of them are mothers. From the costly nurseries of wealth, from the modest homes of the commonplace, and from the tin-speckled alleys where street wasters play, the cry of Childhood reaches across river and plain and sea into the laughter of the vaudeville, and the glass chink of the saloon, and the red lights that gleam below the dead line, where the childless mothers laugh and sing. And this is the reason of that medley of pathos and memory and a liquor-sozzled woman, known to the unholy as a "weeping drunk."

So, as Bill had said, Jimmy wanted for nothing, and even, as the time went by, began to earn a little money by running errands and watching the tables when a dealer wished to leave his work for a few minutes, and he learned many things that are not good for even a grown man to know. Month after month the time went by, the months slipped into years; from time to time the wander-lust wrought havoc among the friends of Jimmy's childhood, old faces were replaced by new, and Jimmy's body grew into boyhood, while his brain never entered that stage but passed over it altogether, and comprehended instead the laws of chance and the scarcity of honest men and the strange freemasonry of the good people, which few men know, but knowing which, a man, if he choose, may be like the lilies of the field, toiling not nor yet spinning.

Now, when Jimmy was come to eighteen years, being cold-blooded and quiet even for a gambler, he was put to deal behind the poker table, which is an easy post sometimes, a hard one when the game is large, but always desirable. Whereupon Jimmy felt duly elated, and played carefully and well. Rarely did his table make a losing, and the young gambler yearned for an opportunity to show a "killing," which in English means a large winning. Therefore, one night when an old man, a stranger, laid a roll of bills, bound with a rubber band, behind his stack of chips, and the Hobo Kid, a card-player from Wyoming, sat in, Jimmy scented a strong game, and reached into the drawer for the violet checks, which are worth much money, and are rarely used.

The old man lost steadily, and the man from Wyoming also, the smaller players dropped out as the game grew, and Havemeyer, the boss gambler of the Monte Carlo, smiled contentedly as he stood behind Jimmy's chair, watching the game lest Jimmy's youth should prove unequal to the prolonged strain. On through the small hours to the daylight the game ran, the white checks had been withdrawn, the stranger's first roll of bills was in the check drawer, and he was playing from a second. Then his luck changed, and stack after stack of Jimmy's violet checks passed from him.

"No," he said, petulantly, when Havemeyer suggested that he would call a fresh dealer if Jimmy was tired, "I can hold the game all right."

But it takes more years than Jimmy had to play a hard game long. His play was weakening unknown to himself, and the old man still won. And about this time Jimmy held three kings, which is a good hand; but before the draw the old man raised the bet, whereupon Jimmy was filled with gladness, and raised him back. Therefore, when the stranger raised the bet once more, Jimmy's gladness turned to uneasy wonder, and he simply caued. The old man drew no cards, which signified almost to a certainty that his hand was better than the boy's. After Jimmy had drawn two cards, the old man pushed all his checks to the centre of the table, and laid his roll of bills on top of them, which was a very large bet. Now, the cards had been renewed several times during the night, and the old cards lay strewn on the floor around the table, and as Jimmy snorted uneasily in his seat, and gazed perplexedly at the bet, the other players, and his own hand, he noticed on the floor, lying race up beside his chair, a king. Only it was a king of diamonds, and he already had a king of diamonds in his hand. It was a foolhardy thing to do, but Jimmy was young, and he took the chance.

"How much is it you bet?" he asked, pointing to the pile of checks and money; "count it up." And while the old man raked the checks into piles of twenty and counted the tangled heaps of money, Jimmy manoeuvred the tamen king or diamonds on to his foot, whence he lifted it dexterously to his hand, and dropped an unimportant card therefrom.

"There's eighty-two hundred there," said the old man, "and four blue checks over."

"I guess I'll have to call the bet," said Jimmy. "I'm shy on checks, but the house is good for it. What have you got?" The stranger showed his hand. "Full house," said he, smiling, but Jimmy laughed. "I've got you beat," he said. "I've got four kings," and he laid them on the table. The old man glanced at them.

"They're good," he said, quietly. "Four kings mostly is." Jimmy gathered his cards into his hand, and threw them on the floor. He pushed his chair back. The Wyoming man shoved his checks forward. "I guess I'll cash in," he said, and Jimmy cashed the checks.

"Well, let's have a drink," said Jimmy. Then he turned the money in to Havemeyer, and went to bed. The Hobo Kid turned to the stranger, and said: "Did you know you had it handed to you on that last hand?"

"No," said the old man, "I didn't notice."

"Why, there was two diamond kings in his hand," and the Kid rummaged on the floor for the cards. "See," he said, holding up Jimmy's hand.

"That's right," said the old man. "I got it sure! I should have looked myself. I can't kick now."



"I'd kick. It wasn't my place to say so in the game. It was just your business and his, but I thought I'd tell you now its over. That's the reason I cashed in." The old man smiled.

"I've been gambling forty years," he said, "and any one that wins my money any way can have it. But they'll win no more, for I'm broke now, and I'm too old to make it again. My nerve is gone. I've been twelve years making what I lost to-night. I just wanted to get a few thousand dollars more, enough to quit on, but it didn't come. I'll be a broken-down sport like the rest of them, I suppose. It's a hard life. None of them have anything when they quit. I left this town twelve years ago, and the men I left here are all dead or broke by now, and as for the women, no one can keep tab on where they go. There aint a soul in the house nor in the town I know. There was a kid I used to take care of I'd like to get word about. That's part why I came back. I liked the boy, but there's no one here I would know now. It's changed bad."

"That young fellow who dealt has been here a long while," said the Wyoming man. "I've been here five years off and on myself, and he was here when I came. They used to call him Santa Barbara's Kid. But he's changed a lot since then."

"So have I most likely," said the old man. "He didn't know me. I'm Santa Barbara. Maybe I can get some of the money back."

"Yes, I remember you," said Jimmy that evening. "Not very well, but now you speak of the bull-pup I remember. He died a long time ago. And I know they used to call me Santa Barbara's kid. I was sorry I broke you last night, but it was the hand that did it. Sometimes we win, sometimes we lose, you know. Let's have a drink."

"Well, I'm broke good now," said Santa Barbara as they reached the bar. "That was a big losing. I wish you could get me a little of it back, Jimmy. I'm getting an old man, and I can't rustle the way I used to. Havemeyer could afford to spare some of an eight-thousand-dollar winning. I'm no squealer when I get hurt, and I aint saying it wasn't all on the square, you know. You can do as you like about it, boy." Jimmy never flinched.

"If I'd known it was you," he said, biting the end off a cigar, "I wouldn't have done it. But it's dead now. What's done's done. A man should never pass two diamond kings. I'm sorry about it, and maybe this will help you through." He collected two twenty-dollar gold pieces out of his pocket and offered them to Bill. But Santa Barbara looked at them a moment, and then waved them aside.

"Boy!" said he, "forty dollars wouldn't be much use to me, and a young fellow who is economical like you would miss them. You'd better keep them. You'll know better when you've been on the town longer. Your father was a good fellow, and you seem to take after your mother. Don't worry about me. I've got plenty of friends, and I'll always have them. I won't be rich, but I'll be happy."

And Santa Barbara turned out of the Monte Carlo, and left the boy, whose training he had begun, standing at the bar.

A. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1904.

In a recent bulletin of the Bureau of Labor, issued last month by the Department of Commerce and Labor, is a list of the classes of workmen employed in the slaughter of cattle in the great packing-houses. It is as follows: Penners, knockers, shacklers, hoisters, stickers, headers, droppers, pritchers, gullet raisers, foot skimmers, leg breakers, rippers open, floor-men, breast sawyers, caul pullers, eich openers, tail rippers, fell cutters, rumpers, tail pullers, fell beaters, fell pullers, gutters, backers, tail sawyers, splitters, hangers off, clearing outs, hide droppers, skirt trimmers, ladder men, bruise trimmers, scribe sawyers, trimming shanks and cords, cutting out tongues, trimming necks, trimming paunches, trimming plucks, trimming livers, rennet trimmers, head boners, all knife men, and boys.

A plague of mosquitoes has become so serious on the Sabine and East Texas division of the Texas and New Orleans Railway, that the line from Beaumont to Sabine has been shut down for the present. Section men on the lower part of the line for some time have been unable to work, although they incased their heads in veils and wore gloves. Local officials and station-agents have moved their families to Beaumont in order to escape the ravenous insects. Officials at headquarters, unable to believe reports sent to them by section men and others, went to the scene in a special train to investigate for themselves. On their return they shut down the line.

Victor Smith, writing on journalism as a profession, says that the pay of journalists ranges from \$150 to \$47,000 a year. In New York there are about a dozen desirable editorships worth from \$10,000 to \$25,000 each a year. Some reporters are satisfied with \$25 a week, others easily make \$125.

Ralph F. Cole, of Catskill, N. Y., has performed a notable typewriting feat, breaking the world's record for the greatest number of words in seven hours of continuous writing, making a total of 28,944 words, an average of sixty-seven and eleven-twelfths words per minute.

## DREAMS FULFILLED IN VENICE.

All that Poets and Painters Have Pictured It—A Modern Entrance to Ancient Fairyland—Sunlight and Moonlight on the Grand Canal—Picturesque Gondoliers.

We had reached Venice in the golden glow of the late afternoon, and, after a long run across an endless mole, alighted in a thoroughly ordinary, up-to-date railway station. It might have been Harlem. An exceedingly bad-tempered porter, almost lost to sight under our combined luggage, staggered after us toward the exit, swearing loudly—in unknown tongues. This last was the only touch of the unfamiliar and foreign about it. Everything else was just what you might expect in an unregenerate, ugly, modern railway depot in your native land.

In crestfallen silence we passed through the gate, ran the gauntlet of a line of hotel porters, and suddenly, without warning, came out on the Grand Canal. It was like the most perfect and complete transformation scene in a theatre. In the turning of a corner we had stepped back five centuries. We descended the shallow water stairs, with opaque green currents lapping them, stepped into our gondola, and slid slowly out from the press of boats into—what? The heart of a romantic novel never before quite believed in, or perhaps the most artistically set, the most perfectly played, grand opera that ever was given.

And we were not onlookers, admiring from the other side of the footlights—we were in it, part of it, gliding languidly in our floating couch through scenes that I thought had never existed anywhere outside poets' verses and painters' canvases: down dreamy waterways, where the still reflections of old walls were painted on depths gleaming like onyx and still as oil, stealing softly round corners with the gondolier's warning cry mellow on the silence, and seeing before us vistas of pinkish walls with the sunlight on them; sudden drippings of flowered foliage over high copings, its green reflection mirrored in the water below; pale-faced women with crowns of inky hair looking down from balconies incrustated with the hoar of ages; upward arching bridges casting a band of shade on the smooth bronze tinted stream, and crossed by noiseless figures, moving slowly, the women waving fans; in the openings between houses, clusters of brown-limbed children, liquid-eyed, amphibious creatures, who slid from the steps to the water with indifferent ease, and whose voices were soft and gestures slow as if they felt the influence of this dream of languor and silence and gorgeous decay.

It was all so wonderful, because it was so complete a realization of one's expectations—even so much more than one had expected. There were no blots on the picture, no sudden revelations of encroaching modernness, no places or people who were out of the key. That is why it continually suggests a magnificent piece of stage setting. The figures passing with that strange noiselessness along the narrow footways belong so exactly on the canvas, are so precisely the figures that should be there—the women with ivory skins and thick coils of ebony hair, whose slim bodies are draped in black shawls with long fringes and who wave little bright-colored fans; the red-haired girls who suddenly lean from balconies, or that one comes upon standing against the inky background of an open doorway exchanging soft words with a gondolier; the children brown and lean in a few rich-colored rags; and the gondoliers—most picturesque of all—in the daytime muscular men, tanned to the color of terra cotta, handsome as pictures, with a gay hail always ready; at night, mystic figures against the sky, looking, as they bend to the outward sweep of the oar, like Mercurys about to spring forward and fly.

The air was charged with the golden color that seems the right background for Venice—the gold leaf against which the city was painted by its earliest artists—when we entered the Grand Canal. The wide current flowed lazily between its lines of dreaming palaces. There were no footpaths here. The vast buildings, some blackened with the rime of centuries, some bleached to the pale, blended hues of old tapestries, rose straight from the water. Sunset gilded each ripple crest, painted in dim, rich tints lengths of mottled wall, touched into higher splendor the boughs of oleander that, heavy with pink blossom, bent over balcony rail and garden grill. At the water steps gondolas lay waiting, the high-lifted steel beak catching the copper-colored light, which clearly defined the coats of arms and surmounting coronets painted on the tops of the tall poles before the door. Palaces in truth, these huge, time-stained buildings, with their lofty lift of ceiling and congeries of shuttered windows. It is a street of palaces, a city where the splendors of a dominant nobility speak to one from every hand.

"It's like a romance of the magnificent, mediæval past," murmured my companion, the artist. "All it wants is the prince."

A gondolier's warning cry came from a small side canal, and a resplendent gondola shot out into the light and swept by us. The two gondoliers were dressed in white duck with orange-colored collars and scarfs, their straw hats bound with orange-colored ribbons. They were young and handsome, burned by the sun to an Indian brownness, black-haired, lithe, and tall. Under their vigorous strokes the gondola was flying forward with a sizzle of parted water at its prow. Reclining on its cushions was a man, middle-aged, dark as his rowers,

with a thin, aquiline face, a black mustache, and a pair of dark, veiled eyes. He was dressed in white flannels, with a white Panama hat, and a necktie of orange-colored silk, the tint that went most perfectly with his swarthy coloring.

"There's the prince," I said to the artist as his veiled glance rested languidly on us. "He heard his cue, and instantly he entered."

It was the full-moon night that evening, and after dinner we went out on the water. In a sky of Prussian blue a round, deep yellow moon was serenely floating, accompanied by a few tiny stars. Venice was a black mass of roofs and mosque-like domes, spattered with lights. On the surface of the Grand Canal, dark as ink, smooth as honey, the bunches of lanterns that cover the music-boats shone in disks of translucent yellow or red and green. From these boats the sound of voices singing drifted out over the water, and from the *quais* and window lattices and palace balconies the rippling music of stringed instruments came and went, sweet and faint, or close by and clear. The air was sleepily warm, with cooling currents of a fitful sea breeze. It was Venice by moonlight, in the heart of the hot, ardent, Italian summer.

There is but little lighting of lamps in Venice, only the big hotels are brightly illuminated. For the most part the Grand Canal lies a black, wide thoroughfare, between huge, gloomy façades that here and there show a row of high, illumined windows, or an arched entrance against the lights of which gates of griled iron work show like black lace. The moonlit expanse of water is thick with gondolas on such nights. They glide forward without sound or motion, dim, spectral barks, shadowy and noiseless, like the black, enchanted ship that came to carry away King Arthur. On each prow a tiny lantern shows a small fitful gleam of yellow, like the spark of a glowworm. On the stern, high in the moonlight, stands the gondolier, a thin, tall figure, sweeping his great oar forward with that singular suggestion of the sudden quick bend and poise of a creature about to fly.

As the gondolas glide by, you see their occupants dimly through the veil of darkness clarified by the moon. Two men and a woman sweep up alongside and then past, the men in evening dress, with white hats. The woman has a scarf of black lace over her head and the gleam of a white half-bared neck below it. All three are smoking, the red end of her cigarette a tiny spot of color in the whiteness of her face. The accents of one's native land reach one from a boat wherein sit four girls in white. In the moonlight they look very pretty with their *coiffures en pompadour* and their light, youthful figures. Two stalwart Germans pass, leaning back luxuriously with a great spread of shirt bosom, and leaving a trail of cigar smoke as they go. Their gondolier hails ours, and there is a passage of laughing sentences between them. A doubly manned, private gondola shoots by us, the light catching the metal badge engraved with the owner's coat of arms that the rowers wear on their sleeves. An officer in full uniform reclines on the cushions. Another is close behind it, and in this a love-scene is in progress. I can catch a glimpse of a woman's dark figure, the man beside her leaning over her and kissing her. She is far back against the arm-rest, suggesting to the observer that she is shrinking from the caresses which the gentleman is so engaged in giving. Above them—a tall figure against the light of occupied palaces—their gondolier imperturbably plies his oar.

About the music-boats there is a clustering of gondolas, close pressed about the central craft with its dangling lines of lanterns. There are four soloists on each music-boat, and half a dozen men to make up a chorus, and they sing in turn, the chorus joining in. The singing is excellent—one of the boats has a really good tenor, and another a contralto that it is a pleasure to listen to. A rustling movement of attention passes over the throng of gondolas as the soloist rises and the accompaniment begins. Then as the voice sweeps out over the water, perfect silence falls. The scene is strangely picturesque and impressive—the lantern light falling on grave, listening faces, and concentrating on that of the singer, raised toward the sky with opened mouth and fixed upward eyes. All about, thrown out against a background of black water and deep blue sky, stand the gondoliers, leaning on their great oars, motionless, absorbed, silent as statues.

VENICE, August 1, 1904. GERALDINE BONNER.

Two of the eight pillars which are to surround the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York are now erected. The second one was hoisted into place recently. Each pillar is fifty-four feet and six inches high, and is in two pieces, the lower piece being thirty-eight feet high, and placed on a twenty-six foot base. The second piece of the column is sixteen feet and six inches. Each column of two pieces weighs 180,000 pounds. It was originally intended to have the pillars in one piece, and three attempts were made at the quarry at Fox Island, Me., to make them their full length, and in each attempt they broke in the lathe.

This year's honey crop in San Diego County will be practically a complete failure, owing to a lack of bee feed, caused by scant rainfall this winter. Many colonies of bees, in all likelihood, will be lost, while the first honey-crop failure the county has experienced.



## "PAGAN LONDON" AND AUTHORS.

English "Society" Up in Arms—What the Smart Set Thinks of Society Authors—Why Marie Corelli and Hall Caine are Tabu—Bret Harte's Mistake.

The topic of "Pagan London" is one that has taken a strong hold upon the minds of all classes since it was started by the Bishop of Stepney in his onslaught, a few weeks ago, upon the frivolous lives nowadays led by fashionable society people who make the London season every year. But nowhere is the subject more keenly discussed than among the ranks of West End fashion, the very people against whom the bishop's philippics were leveled, and chiefly among the Smart Set, who naturally feel themselves to be the head and front of the offenders. They feel so, no doubt, quite as much from a pleased sense of being foremost in everything, even in folly, as from a spirit of resentment against the injustice of their indictment. That they are much annoyed is evident. At the same time they don't care a button, really, and have not the least intention of amending their lives. This may sound paradoxical. But it will be seen not to be so when it is known that their anger at being criticised comes at its being really from a "bishop fellow" (to use the language of fashion) who is socially a nobody. Had it been the Bishop of Worcester, for example, who is a grandson of the Earl of Arran, and consequently a "gentleman," or even the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is a court favorite! But the Bishop of Stepney—a suffragan (or assistant) bishop—to the Lord Bishop of London! Suffragans are not called "my lord," you know, which is another detriment. "Just fancy!" I heard one charming lady—all muslin and feather boa, with full short skirts and high-heeled patent-leather pumps and an atmosphere over all of crushed violets—say, as I passed her on church parade last Sunday, "just fancy! He is only a bishop fellow called Lang! Who is he, by any chance?" I didn't hear the reply of the white waist-coated and white spatted "Johnnie" to whom the question was addressed.

But now things have got worse. Marie Corelli has jumped into the breach, and in a series of columns of the *Bystander* has tried to shove the blame for London's paganism over on to the clergy themselves. This she does in her own peculiar way—a way that the reading public knows full well—a way that is well described as "Marie Corellish." Now it so happens that of all fiction writers of the present day no one is so simply detested, not alone by people of rank and station, but by society at large, as is Marie Corelli. Most people who don't know will look wise, and say: "Naturally. She is too truthful about them." But that isn't it. No one in society cares for what she says, for truth to tell, Marie Corelli's ideas of English society—that which she writes about at all events—depend chiefly upon her imagination. She certainly does not go into it, like Benson or Newnham Davis, and not only are the people of her novels distorted caricatures, but the things they do and the way they do them are "all wrong," from a society point of view. If you know what good English society really is from experience, you almost feel sorry for Marie Corelli's feeble attempts to depict it. All her social events, incidents, and functions lack "local color," the correctness that you find in Bulwer, Disraeli, Whyte-Melville, and later E. F. Benson. And why? Because she doesn't go into it, and they did. It is a common saying that Dickens never could draw a gentleman, and I might add, a lady. You will find the same reason in his case. It was not (as is frequently said) that he found no individual characteristics in those he met. That is all nonsense. They have plenty. But he never was thrown in familiar contact and companionship with any. In short, he didn't go into society. And there you are. Had he done so, we should have had as many of his masterly portraits of swells as we have of "the lower orders."

Bret Harte furnishes another instance of what I mean. His ladies and gentlemen are all imaginary, and therefore not only errors, but utterly lacking in color. Take "Her Letter." He makes old Folinsbee's daughter leave a ball "in the midst of a set." Set of what? Quadrilles or lancers? As she describes herself as "the belle of the season," the author of her being ought to have known that "belles" are not partial to square dances, and he would not have chosen one for her to leave in preference to a waltz. Besides, in polite society, people don't break up a set of quadrilles or lancers by leaving in the middle of them as they could do in a waltz. These are little things, trifles, it may be thought; but they are the details which show intimate knowledge of a subject, and make all the difference.

"John Strange Winter's" books teem, not only with ignorance of good society's ways, but with downright lack of "form" in her characters. I won't say vulgarity. If her young officers in cavalry regiments existed in real life, they would pretty soon be "ragged," or sent to Coventry, by their brother-officers. She thinks it is enough to put them in crack regiments. I can only say they wouldn't stay there long enough to spin the story if they were flesh and blood. They are "imaginings." But her books pay. And she rattles off at least three a year. That's the worst of it. They pay. The people who read her books, however, know no more of society and "form" than she does. However, Mrs. Stannard (her real name) is

not so aggressive, so downrightly bumptious as Marie Corelli. And so society is now in a ferment of temper that she should have the audacity to take up its cudgels as if she were one of it. Another thing against her in society's estimation is that she is a woman writer.

There is only one woman writer at present that society likes beyond the point of toleration. That is Mary Cholmondeley. She is perhaps the only author I can call to mind at the moment who goes into the society she puts into her novels. She knows what she writes about perfectly. Take "Red Pottage" as an illustration. All her characters are studies from the people she sees about her. The self-righteous Anglican priest Gresley is a gem. Jewels of realism, too, are the "Pratts," whose moneyed vulgarity is shown in delicate touches, and in little things that one remembers one's self in other snobs, whom the majority of people (out of society) would be dazzled by. Mrs. Burnett wrote one book, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." None of her others count. It fairly bristles from end to end with mistakes as to English society. But people forgive that. They only thought of the pathetic little figure who is really the book. None of her other stories have gone down in society, no matter how they may have sold to the reading public. Mrs. L. T. Meade deals too much with mysteries to make any lasting impression. Besides, her types are all so unreal—her Russian adventuresses and her English cads. Her books sell enormously at the railway book-stalls, and are chiefly collections of magazine stories from the *Windsor*. And she makes heaps of money. So does Marie Corelli. Some of the fine ladies who shudder when you mention her name wish they could have as good an income.

I regard Hall Caine as one of the class of writers who lack education. He seems to have studied up the subjects he writes about. There is nothing scholarly in his way of expressing himself. I don't mean pedantic, for pedantry is loathsome. But no matter how good and well thought out his matter may be, his manner is awkward, labored, and rough. He, however, makes quite ten thousand pounds on every book he writes. This from royalties, American sales, and serial rights. Besides this he has his dramatizations, and several touring companies fetch him in hundreds a week. How many educated men are doing this—are capable of turning their education to such account? However, Hall Caine's profits come from the masses. He is not "cared for"—that is the expression—in society. "I don't think I care for him," you will be answered by any fine lady who lives in Grosvenor Square or Park Lane, if you ask her if she's read Hall Caine's last book.

LONDON, July 30, 1904.

COCKAIGNE.

## A BULL AND TIGER FIGHT.

The singular combat between an Andalusian bull and a Bengal tiger that took place recently at San Sebastian—the Newport of Spain—is vividly described by the editor of the Paris *Temps*, who was present. His account, in condensed translation, runs:

It was the queen's fête day. The sun shone brightly. The town was decked with flags and flowers. Artillery salutes resounded from the forts. The tiger and the bull were publicly exhibited before the encounter. The king went to see them before they were taken to the arena. The bull was a superb, five-year-old, jet-black animal from Andalusia. The tiger, a splendid male from Bengal, ten years old, bought at Marseilles for \$1,400. At four o'clock there were fifteen thousand persons in the arena. The ground was kept by provincial guards, whose Mauser rifles were loaded with ball cartridges. In the middle of the ring was an enormous iron cage, in which the combat was to take place. The bull was brought on in a large wooden cart. The tiger was driven up in an iron-bound case, or "sabat." The bull bounded gayly into the large cage, sniffed the ground and pawed with his forelegs. The tiger was sullen and sluggish. Blank cartridges from pistols had to be discharged at him to induce him to quit his box and enter the fighting ring. The royal Bengal feline crouched sulkily in a corner. The Andalusian black bull, foaming with rage, lowered his head and charged, full gallop, at his snarling, quivering adversary. The tiger roared and spat with pain and rage as the horns pierced his flanks, and, with a sudden bound, glided between the bull's horns and tore a mass of flesh from the bull's chest. Both animals were now reeking with blood. The combat had lasted just two minutes when the bull succeeded in freeing himself from the tiger's clutches, and the tiger stealthily withdrew to his corner. Half an hour passed, only enlivened by desultory passes and sparring. At last an impatient "cinematographist" poked the tiger with a long pole. The animal slowly moved from his corner and was immediately charged and overturned by the bull. The tiger, badly gored by repeated horn thrusts, lay motionless upon the floor. The bull regarded him apparently with commiseration. The spectators, infuriated by the apathy of the animals, yelled at them, struck them with rods, and threw at them lighted bunches of fire-crackers. The cage was surrounded by a circle of human beings, yelling as if they came from the infernal regions. The tiger sprang to his feet. The bull charged at him. Both animals suddenly faced the public and bounded at the cage. The tiger succeeded in hending the bars, and, to the consternation of the public, escaped, and stood at liberty in the arena. A provincial guard aimed his Mauser rifle at the tiger and discharged it. A dozen other guards followed his example. The animal was pierced by many balls and lay expiring on the ground. Half-crazy spectators discharged their revolvers at the dying tiger and at the bleeding bull. Shrieks resounded from the galleries. Showers of balls, rebounding from the floor, took effect in the galleries, where one spectator was killed and fourteen were seriously wounded. Meanwhile the bull made a furious charge on the bars of the cage, and, like his companion, regained liberty. The bull, however, fatigued and motionless, did no injury. The crowd, now feeling certain that the tiger was dead, sprang like demons upon his body. A little man ran up to the tiger, and, with a large Catalan knife, cut off the end of the animal's tail and carried it off as a trophy. Other half-wild men and boys followed his example, and cut off the tiger's ears, paws and bits of skin. Hundreds of human beings fought with each other to obtain a "relic" of the dead tiger, whose body, in a few moments, was torn to shreds. It was a disgusting sight.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The approval of King Edward of the reappointment of Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, as viceroy of India, was announced on August 19th.

Richard Outcault, creator of the "Buster Brown" pictures which appear in the New York *Herald*, is in Europe for a vacation. When he is at home he occupies a charming cottage in Flushing. He is a member of a golf club, a deacon in the Presbyterian church, a subscriber to all the charities of the town, and the possessor of an income of nearly twenty thousand dollars a year.

Perhaps the most distinguished visitor who will come to America this year is the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson. No Archbishop of Canterbury has ever before honored us with his illustrious presence. He arrives in New York about August 27th, goes immediately to Canada to visit Lord Minto; thence to the coast of Maine to stay with personal friends; thence to visit President Roosevelt; thence to New York, and possibly to St. Louis, to Boston on October 4th, and after the Episcopal convention there, to New York to take ship for home on October 14th.

"The style is the man" is a saying seldom disputed. Some one has been investigating the literary style of Judge Parker and finds him partial to long, involved sentences. He begins his speech of acceptance with one of 73 words, which is certainly far above the average. This is immediately followed by sentences containing 39, 73, 40, 65, and 185 words. This is an average of 70 words each for the first six sentences. Scattered through the speech are sentences containing 66, 104, 61, 102, 63, 94, 66, 103, 110, 70, 67, 49, and 61 words. There are 3,908 words in the address, and 81 sentences, which gives an average of a little over 48 words to the sentence. Even Macaulay, a great master of the long sentence, was found by the investigator to average only 25 words.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, who has begun a great evangelistic tour by automobile, is said to be meeting with greater enthusiasm than has been known since John Wesley rode through England on a similar mission. Everywhere he is having a marvelous reception by the populace. The whole crusade, "a campaign of dust, smoke, fire, salvation, and victory," is going like clockwork. Half a dozen cars containing the general, his commissioners and a number of journalists whiz into town to the minute scheduled. The mayor is ready to receive and welcome them, an audience is gathered in the town hall, market hall, or chapel, and an address of exhortation follows. The company remounts punctually at the appointed time, and, with a parting cheer from the crowd, General Booth takes again to the road, and is soon swallowed up in a cloud of dust.

Baroness Leslie de Bazus, better known as Mrs. Frank Leslie, arrived in this country from Europe the other day. The baroness announces her intention of reentering the publishing business at an early date. She has already had a notable career. She was born in New Orleans in 1851 of a noble French Huguenot family, from whom, now that she has retired, she takes the title of the Baroness de Bazus. She was married early in life to Frank Leslie, the publisher, who died in 1880. She succeeded at that time to his business, found it badly involved, and personally managed it and put it on a paying basis. Then she leased the property to a syndicate and made an extended European tour. On her return, the syndicate having proved unsuccessful, she again took hold of her magazine properties and put them on a paying basis. Having accomplished this feat, she finally severed her connection with the companies that bear her name.

William E. Curtis, citizen of the world, and for many years the foremost newspaper correspondent of the United States, arrived in San Francisco a few days ago, returning from his 'steenth trip around the world. Since 1887 Mr. Curtis has been the star man on the Chicago *Record-Herald*. He has a commission from that journal to go pretty much where he pleases and write pretty much what he pleases, drawing a salary said to be \$20,000 a year. He has lived fifty-four busy years, thirty-one of which have been spent in newspaper writing. He is described as a short, rotund figure, with a round, combative head, good-humored face, iron-gray hair, and agreeable personality, not an imposing-looking person. During a year he has written three hundred and fifty-one letters to his paper, some one hundred of which were from the Philippines. He told an *Oregonian* reporter that people in the United States must not judge the Filipinos by the "representative" men brought to this country. "There are only three or four hundred such men among the Filipino race. There are seven millions more who are ignorant, lazy, and of no particular account. The Filipinos are more unfit for citizenship than the Digger Indians. They won't work, they are a happy-go-lucky lot, natural musicians, and natural gamblers. To give them independence would be the mistake of the century. They have no notion of self-government, and the result would be that they would exterminate each other or be seized as colonists by some other power. They have no particular needs. They have neither capital nor labor, and both must come from outside."



## UCHIYAMA AS AN IMPERSONATOR.

Describes, in Pantomime, the Battle of Tchlisz—A Realistic Portrayal—Reverence for the Wounded—In the Nikko Hills—An Evening at the Temples.

I am sorry for everybody that they could not hear Uchiyama's version of the Battle of Tchlisz. His material was gleaned, doubtless, from many discussions, during marketing hours, of the Japanese newspapers, aided and abetted by his own most vivid imagination. With eyes sparkling, every muscle of the lithe body in movement, a rapid flow of English and Japanese words jumbled together and running over each other, it was something to see and hear. I breathlessly watched the pantomime of the soldiers getting ready for that silent march with the guns, the feet of men and horses bound with something to deaden the sound of their footsteps, and no word spoken; the horses muzzled so that they could not neigh; no horse beaten, but at the head of each one a soldier patting, petting, and in whispers encouraging it to do its best to aid in the surprise of the enemy.

At last they were in position and ready, and—"Then," said Uchiyama, "we had them where they had us at Nanshan. Our great guns pointed down and barked, and they fell by the thousands. But the best of all was the cavalry fight. You know the men with the yellow and red cords?"

"I know," said I.

"You know all foreigners have always said, 'Look out, Japan, look out for those Cossacks.'"

"I know," said I.

"Well," said Uchiyama, "they charge this way"—I made an instant retreat for the doorway, but Uchiyama seemed unaware of my presence. "Our commander was not satisfied. 'Charge,' he shouted, 'and cut!'"

Uchiyama was the Japanese cavalry regiment. "Let us cut!" he shrieked—his kimono sleeve was pushed up to his shoulder. An imaginary sabre flashed through the air. Side to side, up and down, he was hewing men and horses to pieces. He was breathless, and his words came spasmodically as he graphically described the wounds he was inflicting.

Suddenly he changed to the other side. His head hung limp, it wagged hideously. He was a Russian, with neck cut half way through.

"Stop!" I commanded. "Skip that part."

But I had broken the spell. He rested from his labors.

"It was a glorious fight," he said, "and it was the Cossacks, the 'look out for' Cossacks, we fought."

The next day was such a busy one that I almost forgot the war until evening.

"Was there any extra to-day?" I asked Toyo. "Any war news?"

"Not much," she said, "only the Russians are still running."

Summer has come in Tokio. It is the weather that sits on one's head. So, notwithstanding the fact that we were leaving behind much in every day excitement, we tore ourselves away, and were off for the Nikko Mountains. At the first station we were startled by loud *banzais*. School-children by the hundreds were drawn up close to the train. The little girls clapped their hands, but the boys, both hands thrown high in the air, in attitude of invocation, shouted *banzai* until the ears tingled.

"Must be soldiers on this train," said a passenger.

All day we passed through crowds at every station, but only at that first place were there *banzais*. At others the children were drawn up, like silent little companies of soldiers, and older people, with blue banners lettered in gold, stood quietly by. Children, women, and girls, with babies on their backs, crowded behind the fences and barriers. Police were on duty. It was all very mysterious.

At last, seeing a school of boys at attention, I stuck my head out the window, risking possible annihilation. The train was a long one, and the teacher eagerly scanned each car. At last he gave an order. Every child bowed low. Probably all along the line the silent watchers had done the same thing.

To whom were they showing this homage and reverence?

To none but some of their wounded soldiers returning to their homes from the battle-fields of Nanshan and Kinshow.

There is a sadness over the Nikko Mountains this year—a something that lies heavy on the heart.

"It is a lonely summer," say the people, "and business is very, very bad." The only one of them who can speak any English is a young boy who was an errand-boy a few years ago. He feels as if the cares of state weigh on his shoulders.

There are very few visitors at the hotels, and as yet no houses taken for the summer. The legations are renting houses near Tokio, for, in anticipation of the remarkable happenings to be, the ministers and their staffs do not feel that they can spend the summer months so far from the capital as usual.

And Nikko mourns. "It may be better next year," they say, cheerfully.

I took tea with Sparrow San's sister the first day I was here. The place seems very lonely without the soldier. When I said I was sorry Sparrow San could not have gone with his own regiment, people exclaimed: "Oh, no. Don't you know what regiment

that was?" I remembered then that the name had not been given. "Why, it was that Azabu regiment cut to pieces at Nanshan," they said.

Singular that the boy had not mentioned that fact when he regretted not going with it.

Sparrow San's sister was no stoic. As we talked the tears welled over in her brown eyes, to be quickly wiped away with the corner of her long sleeve.

I was glad to see her cry. It is a magnificent thing for mothers, sisters, and wives, smilingly to say farewell and rejoice in the going out to death of their men. It may steel the soldiers' hearts to the work before them; but it seems to me that the man who has no woman's tears shed over him has missed a very precious something in his life. And it is our way to appreciate the tenderness that is not quite absorbed in the fire of patriotism.

"Japan may not be victorious after all," said the sister, and again the end of the sleeve hid her eyes for the moment.

I looked out over the little garden with the cool pool for the goldfish, the gray stone lanterns, little *shintō* shrines, and crooked pines. Beyond, the steadfast mountains showed blue in the haze of the afternoon.

Defeat for Russia would be one of the greatest blessings for her. Many think it would be the beginning of better things for her people—constitutional freedom, liberty of thought and of action. Japan needs no such severe lesson. "Japan must be victorious," I said, and the sister smiled, wanly.

The roads to the temple were as silent as the grave. I might have been wandering, the other night, in a land of the dead, and was amused to see placards. "Keep to the Left," commandingly posted here and there. What ghosts might I bump into if I disobeyedly kept to the right? For no living thing was to be seen in any direction.

I came out under the great bronze *torii* upon the temple of Futa-ara Sinza, dedicated to a god who appeared to Shodo Shinon, the old man of the mountains, centuries ago, and promised to watch over the human beings of these mountains.

There are three deities, really, and they are believed to have protected this land from invasions and other calamities of war.

Two stout wooden stands on either side of the temple attracted my attention. Firmly fastened to them by iron rings were rows of bamboo poles eighteen or twenty feet high. Each pole carried a long, white banner, decorated with huge, black characters. There were eighteen banners on one side and seventeen on the other. At the top of each pole were fastened branches of the sacred *sakaki* tree, and white paper *gohei*.

The next day I took Toyo there. It was after six, and the temple was closed and the attendants gone home. Not a breeze disturbed a leaf. The silence was overpowering. It might have been an enchanted forest towering above the back of the temple. I straightened out the ends of the great banners, and Toyo, stepping back many paces, read them.

To the left were banners brought by soldiers who went from Nikko, but were not of Nikko. They invariably had "Imperial Great Nippon" at the head, then the soldier's name, his home, and the branch of the service that claimed him. To the right were the banners of the boys of Nikko. They did not publish their names, but the streets they came from.

There was probably a great demonstration at the beginning of the war. Friends and relatives marched to the temples with the new soldiers, who made these offerings, said their prayers, and received the religious charms they all feel they must take with them. The next morning saw them speeding toward Tokio, followed by the *banzais* of the townspeople.

There was one tiny slip of paper inserted in a stick of bamboo and tucked under a rope. Whether that soldier had no friends, or was too poor to have a banner of his own, we did not know.

"His very gentle speech," said Toyo, and together we made out this inscription: "Great Imperial Japan is safe, protected by her outgoing soldiers and sailors. The great victory in the thirty-seventh year of Meiji, the second month and eleventh day. Every day prayers will be read for the peace and tranquillity of all nations. The temple of Futa-ara Sinza."

The stillness seemed to deepen about us, and the twilight was fast closing in.

"Toyo," I said, suddenly, "look!" Fastened by a rough straw string to the bamboo staff of a Nikko soldier's banner was the beautiful, long black hair of a woman. Around it was twisted a soft string of white Japanese paper, and on the one end left untwisted was written in trembling characters the street, the woman's name (Kumugawa Mura), and the date—the fifth month, the twenty-second day.

"Very, very sad," said Toyo. "She washed the hair very carefully before she cut it off. It looks like the hair of a young woman, probably a widow."

A widow's hair, truly, but not a young widow. For the protection of her two soldier sons a mother offered up this sacrifice to the god who watches over the armies of Japan.

HELEN HYDE.

NIKKO, JAPAN, July, 1904.

The board of aldermen of Denver passed a bill making the use of trading stamps punishable by fines of \$100 to \$300 for each offense, or a jail sentence of from thirty to ninety days.

## A PICTURE OF THE DESERT.

Arthur J. Burdick's "Mystic Mid-Region"—A Concise Description of Our Desert Lands—The Thirst Horror—Plant and Animal Life—Mineral Wealth.

Arthur J. Burdick, author of "The Mystic Mid-Region," has given a short, concise, yet thorough and comprehensive account of the Great American Desert, which he describes as "both fascinating and repellent." He might have been more explicit in telling the exact location of different sections he describes. But, with an atlas for reference, the reader can, through a perusal of Mr. Burdick's book, gain an intelligent idea of this great stretch of land, nearly eight hundred miles in length, from two hundred to five hundred miles wide, and situated "between the lofty range of mountains which mark the boundary of the great Mississippi Valley and the chain of peaks known as the Coast Range, whose western slopes look out over the waters of the placid Pacific."

The author finds a weird fascination in occasional desert life—in the great, barren stretches, the solemn silence, the deep loneliness of it. He has pictured all aspects of life there, and makes the reader feel the sway that it has exercised over him despite its drawbacks.

Mr. Burdick devotes a chapter to the terror of thirst upon the desert. "The scorching sun from a cloudless sky... seems fairly to drink the blood of the traveler exposed to its fierceness. From the sands rises a cloud of fine alkali dust, which penetrates the nostrils and enters the mouth, stinging and inflaming the glands, and adding to the torture of thirst. A few hours of this suffering without water to alleviate the pain is sufficient to drive most men mad." The desert is sprinkled with skeletons of men, who, losing their reason, ran frantically on until they dropped; of others who pursued the mirage, with its vision of cooling waters, and of many who, finding water, died of drinking too greedily.

Despite its heat, its dust, its waterless waste, the desert is not as lacking in vegetation as is generally supposed. Many varieties of cacti grow there, and when they are in bloom they make a brilliant showing. The fruit from different varieties is prized as food by the Indians. The Spanish bayonet, too, bears nourishing fruit. A peculiarity of this plant is that it can not pollinize itself, but depends for its perpetuity upon a little moth, which lays its eggs upon the stigma of the flower, and then gathers the pollen of the blossom and deposits it over the eggs, thus protecting them and pollinizing the plant at the same time. A welcome plant to the experienced traveler is the bismarck, or "well of the desert." By cutting out the centre of the plant, a bowl is formed, which collects water of excellent quality. Valuable, too, is the greasewood plant, which, when freshly cut, and apparently unflamable, makes good fuel. After a few hours it becomes water-soaked and will not ignite.

The desert is not devoid of animal life. Mr. Burdick gives a surprisingly long list of the animals, birds, and reptiles which inhabit it, living upon plants and upon each other. And Indian tribes are scattered all over this hot waste, leading a precarious existence, and choosing such a habitation for no reason that the author can discern.

That part of the book devoted to the aboriginals is very interesting. The Seris are peculiar, for Indians, in that the women command great respect from the men—so much so that the family relationship is always traced through the mother, and there is no such word as "father" in the language. At death a woman is given an elaborate funeral, but a man's death passes almost unnoticed. Some of these desert tribes are fairly industrious, wear full suits of clothing, and do more or less work. Nearly all of them make baskets, the beauty and utility of which are well known.

The mineral wealth of the desert is immense, gold especially being found in great quantities, but only through hardship and the risk of death. Mr. Burdick devotes much space to the indomitable prospector and his hardy companion, the burro, "a mongrel, neither horse nor ass," an animal capable of enduring almost unlimited fatigue, starvation, and thirst. He can carry twice his own weight, but knows his limit. "If his owner places too heavy a load upon him he makes no complaint," says Mr. Burdick. "Not he! He simply lies down until the burden is made lighter. There is no arguing the question with him. He is indifferent alike to blows and pleadings. Not an inch will he stir until matters are adjusted." The author tells many stories of the burro's faithfulness and sagacity.

Besides gold, the desert yields great quantities of salt and borax, and, under intelligent irrigation, is producing fruit, vegetables, and grain. The Imperial Canal, which takes water from the Colorado River at a point near the Mexican line, is over one hundred miles long, seventy feet wide, and eight feet deep. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land are fertilized by it.

An entertaining chapter is devoted to below-the-sea-level journalism, an account being given of two or three weekly newspapers published in desert towns.

The book contains fifty-four remarkably fine illustrations from photographs.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



## WOMEN'S WAYS AT CRITICISM.

Miss Daskam and Mrs. Atherton wield the Pen.

There is something infinitely feminine in the way Mrs. Atherton has replied to the chief critic of her article, "Why Is American Literature Bourgeois?" in the *North American Review*. That article appeared in the May number. Josephine Daskam, the clever author of "The Madness of Philip," "Memoirs of a Baby," etc., replied under the caption "Is American Literature Bourgeois?" in the July number.

Among other things, Miss Daskam said:

If Mrs. Atherton has never read the best work that is being done to-day she is incapable of criticism, for an obvious reason; if she has read it and failed to appreciate it, she is incompetent on another count; if she has both read and appreciated, and omitted to mention it, she is surely out of court.

Miss Daskam says again:

In connection with this first canon, Mrs. Atherton describes "one of a number of stories which is still fresh in my mind. One by a popular magazine writer of long standing, is about a girl who went from San Francisco to Chicago in a Pullman car and returned. This is all that happened." Though I do not recall, from this somewhat naive summary of its plot, the story in question, I am not sure that it is quite fairly dismissed. It makes one wonder if Mrs. Atherton would describe the book of Job as the story of a petulant old gentleman unfortunately afflicted with boils, from which he ultimately recovered.

Miss Daskam further speaks of "Mrs. Atherton's expansive ambition 'for seeing life from its peaks to its chasms.'" She cites Mary MacLane as an example of the working out of Mrs. Atherton's dictum: "To be great, it is above all things necessary to develop your ego," and further says that the persons most distinguished for having developed their ego are "the comparatively indistinguishable inhabitants of our leading insane asylums, which furnish many and varied examples of the results of this propensity." Also does Miss Daskam allude to one of Mrs. Atherton's "somewhat dizzy turns," and refers to another of her paragraphs on the use of mild stimulants as "a mine of resource to the manufacturers of the probably valuable cereal beverages." And Miss Daskam closes by saying: "If all American fiction is anemic, some American criticism escapes that adjective. Might we not call it, rather, apologetic?"—which was a pretty hard knock.

Now what does Mrs. Atherton have to say in the face of this witty and rather personal criticism? Does she return gallantly to the attack and cover her opponent with confusion? Does she wither her with her scorn, and hold her up to public ridicule? That is what might have been naturally expected, but Mrs. Atherton does nothing of the sort. In a long letter from Munich, printed in a New York newspaper recently, Mrs. Atherton replies to her "various critics," but never a mention does she make of Miss Daskam by name. Miss Josephine is loftily bunched with the rest of the literary paragraphers, and referred to by the most unflattering of personal pronouns, "they"!

Apart from this personal interest of the letter several points that Mrs. Atherton makes are interesting. Referring to the suggestion of Mr. Alden that complaint of the magazines is never heard from the really great authors, Mrs. Atherton says: "Not in print perhaps, but I have heard several of them express their unbiased opinions on the subject to the more limited audience." She continues:

And what of Henry James? Unquestionably the Victor would have declined to publish that entrancing novel, "The Ambassadors," in his magazine, but even he will hardly deny that James is one of the greatest writers that any country has produced; and no one has ever written with such withering contempt of the thralldom of American letters to an outworn faith.

Mrs. Atherton explains that she was not writing to much in the interests of authors—in behalf of the long-suffering public. She thinks that the public, "living in a small way for the most part" (!) learns "nothing of life and human nature from its monthly pabulum" and adds:

The truth of the matter is—a truth that every-day thinks but is afraid to say aloud—we need new blood in the editorial chairs. The day for old fogies at the helm has passed in America. I am not now alluding to mere age, which in exceptional people has little to do with the mental attitude—except, indeed, to improve and broaden it. A man may be an old fogey at forty. But men who spend their lives on a cane-seated chair are more than sure to become old fogies and time-servers, and should be retired on a handsome pension. The country is full of brilliant young men, and they should be made use of before they, too, become old fogies.

In real feminine fashion the novelist leaves it to a postscript to remark on her "a who, quite naturally, not to say unflatteringly, construed her article to be a plea for greater freedom in the handling of the intimate phases of the relations of men and women. Thus the postscript.

What a horrid little mind it is, by the

way, that always assumes, when you raise a protest for greater breadth or range of subjects in fiction, that you are clamoring for the unspeakable! It is the same mind that finds all the great problems of life unmentionable. So they would be if treated as such minds would treat them. But do these people read nothing of the great literature—in the novel and the drama—that is being written in Europe?—pessimistic, perhaps, but intellectual, powerful, subtle, and, above all, interesting and instructive?

It is sincerely to be hoped that the critics—or critic—of Mrs. Atherton at whom this postscript is directed will feel properly subdued.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics, Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar.
5. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Dorothea," by Maarten Maartens.
2. "Olive Latham," by Mrs. E. L. Vornich.
3. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
4. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
5. "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
2. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
3. "Olive Latham," by Mrs. E. L. Vornich.
4. "Plays," by Bernard Shaw.
5. "Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.

## Things and the Man.

[By cable to *Collier's Weekly*. Copyright 1904 in the United States by Rudyard Kipling. Published in the *Argonaut* by courtesy of *Collier's Weekly*, which has a special arrangement with Mr. Kipling by which his new political poems are called to this country for publication in *Collier's* simultaneously with their publication in the *London Times*.]

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more."—*Genesis, xxxviii.*

Oh, ye who hold the written clew  
To all save all unwritten things,  
And had a league behind pursue  
The accomplished fact with flouts and flings,  
Look, to your knee your baby brings  
The oldest tale since earth began,  
The answer to your worryings—  
Once on a time there was a man.

He single-handed met and threw  
Magicians, armies, ogres, kings;  
He, lonely mid his doubting crew,  
In all the loneliness of wings;  
He fed the flame, he filled the springs,  
He leaped the ranks, he launched the van  
Straight at the grinning teeth of things,  
Once on a time there was a man.

The peace of shocked foundations flew  
Before his ribald questionings,  
He broke the oracles in two  
And bared the paltry wires and strings;  
He headed desert wanderings;  
He led his soul, his cause, his clan,  
A little from the rack of things,  
Once on a time there was a man.

Thrones, powers, dominions block the view  
With episodes and underlings;  
The meek historian deems them true,  
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings,  
The simple central truth that stings  
The mob to boo, the priest to ban,  
Things never yet created things,  
Once on a time there was a man.

A bolt is fallen from the blue,  
A wakened realm full circle swings  
Where Dolhan's dreamer dreams anew  
Of vast and forborne harvestings;  
And unto him an empire clings  
That grips the purpose of his plan.  
My lords, what think ye of these things?  
Once in our time is there a man?  
—Rudyard Kipling.

## Marquez on the Tacubaya Massacre.

General Leonardo Marquez, the aged leader of the Conservative party in Mexico, promises the publication of a work that will be read with the greatest interest by all students of Mexican history. Marquez commanded the Imperialist garrison of the Mexican capital when, on June 21, 1867, it was taken by General Porfirio Diaz. He succeeded in concealing himself, and subsequently escaped from the country to Havana, Cuba, where he resided for many years. Some years ago, Marquez, through the clemency of the government, returned from his exile, and he has since lived in strict retirement and seclusion in Mexico. The work in question will give Marquez's version of the chief events with which his name is linked in the history of his country, particularly the Tacubaya massacre, for which, it has always been understood, Marquez throws the chief responsibility on Miramon. Marquez will also relate how he concealed himself and succeeded in escaping from the capital.

## New Publications.

"An Elegy," by Vivian Locke Ellis. Poems. John Lane.

"Fancies," by Henry A. Wise Wood. Poems. W. J. Ritchie.

"Poems," by Pauline Frances Camp. Richard G. Badger; \$1.00.

"Tristan and Isolde: a Tragedy," by Louis K. Anscher. Brentano's.

"Crabbe," by Alfred Ainger. The Macmillan Company; 75 cents net.

"The Quality of Youth," by Louis Evan Shipman. Illustrated. Scott-Thaw Company.

"The Poultry Book," by Harrison Weir. In eighteen parts. Part XI. Doughtley, Page & Co.; 60 cents.

"The Passing Show," by Harriet Monroe. Five modern plays in verse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10.

"Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards," Edited by H. Norman Gardiner. The Macmillan Company; 25 cents.

"The Iberian: An Anglo-Greek Play," by Oscar R. Lamb. With music by H. Claiborne Dixon. Ames & Rollinson; \$2.00.

"The Life of a Sportsman," by "Nimrod." With thirty-six colored illustrations by Henry Aiken. Reprinted from the edition of 1842. D. Appleton & Co.

"Ballads of the Busy Days," by S. E. Kiser. Forbes & Co.; \$1.25—an interesting volume of verse, grave and gay, by one of the best-known of newspaper humorists.

"The Conceit of a General Lover," by Edward W. Barnard. Richard G. Badger—clever verse, humorous and satirical, some of which has been reprinted from current magazines.

"The By-Ways of Braith," by Frances Powell. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50—a queer, rather unpleasant, but strong, novel, the scene of which is an old mansion on the Hudson.

"The Complete Angler," by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Embellished with many engravings from paintings and drawings, with illustrative notes. A new edition. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50—a very neat reprint.

"The Web of Indian Life," by Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. Henry Holt & Co.—a strange book, apparently written by a Celtic convert to Hindooism; the Hindoo wife's lot appears to the author a pleasant and beautiful one.

"Matthew Arnold," by G. W. E. Russell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.00 net—though Arnold requested that no biography of himself should be written, it was inevitable that one should appear; this book is by the editor of the "Letters," and is fair, readable, and authoritative.

"The Tariff: A Review of the Tariff Legislation of the United States from 1812 to 1896," by William McKinley. G. P. Putnam Sons—a reprint of an essay written by the late President McKinley in 1866 to preface a set of the writings of Henry Clay; it should be of special interest at this time.

"A Mediæval Princess," by Ruth Putnam. Profusely illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons—the actual history which reads like fiction of Jacqueline, Countess of Holland, who was born in 1401, died in 1436, had four husbands and several lovers, and waged a war with the Duke of Burgundy; an interesting and authoritative book.

"A History of Military Government in Newly Acquired Territory of the United States," by David Yancey Thomas, Ph. D. Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Company, agents; \$2.00—a specially interesting doctor's thesis in view of troubled conditions in Colorado; there is a notable chapter on "Military Rule in California."

"A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America Between the Forty-Seventh and Fifty-Eighth Degrees of North Latitude, Extending from Montreal Nearly to the Pacific, a Distance of About Five Thousand Miles; Including an Account of the Principal Occurrences During a Residence of Nineteen Years in Different Parts of the Country," by Daniel Williams Harmon. Introduction and map. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00—a neat reprint of an interesting work which made its first appearance in 1820.

"The Jewish Encyclopædia: A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Prepared by more than four hundred scholars and specialists. Isidore Singer, Ph. D., editor. Volume VII. "Italy"—Leon. Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$4.00 per volume—this great and profusely illustrated work is now more than half complete; it is of interest not only to people of Hebrew race, but will be a valuable addition to the library of any clergyman and to every public or private library of pretensions.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Keeler's "Elfin Songs of Sunland," a book of verse for children, has proved remarkably successful. The first edition of the book, though out only a few weeks, has already been exhausted, and a new one has been ordered.

A book of short tales is coming from the pen of Gertrude Atherton. It is called "The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories."

According to Bailey Millard, Jack London avers that the grave *Century* editors, in receiving the story "The Sea Wolf" in typescript, declared they liked it very well, but that they abhorred the title. They wanted its writer to change it to "The Triumph of the Spirit." Of course, Mr. London refused. He had had a similar experience with the Macmillan people, who wanted to kill one of the best titles of the past year, "The Call of the Wild," and make a weak, publisher-like substitution, and he knew that firmness in such cases was a paramount principle.

Paul Elder & Co. announce "Yosemite Legends," a rendering by Miss Bertha H. Smith, of Indian legends, six in number, that enrich the associations of Yosemite Valley. Miss Smith has retained the original Indian names, the titles being "Yo-semi-te," "Po-ho-no," "Hum-moo," "Py-we-ack," "Tut-tack-ah-nu-lah" and "Tis-sa-ack," and "Kom-pa-pai-ses." The volume is to be made notable by a series of thirteen full-page illustrations, printed in color tones, together with a series of marginal, text, and end-paper decorations, also printed in two colors, from designs by Miss Florence Lundborg.

Gelett Burgess has been occupying his summer holiday at Scituate, Mass., by building a little house composed of packing cases which he has called the "Goop Hotel." It consists of four rooms, two stories and a stairway, piazza, doors, and windows complete, and covers only six by eight feet. The upper chamber measures three feet square.

Hamlin Garland describes himself as novelist, dramatist, and farmer. Writing to a friend recently of his farm life at West Salem, Wis., he says: "My life here goes on like the hands on a town clock. I write three hours in the morning, and work in the garden, do carpentering or build fences in the afternoon, go to bed at nine, and rise at half-past six the next day, to take up the same routine. . . . I sold twenty-five dollars' worth of strawberries and forty dollars' worth of early potatoes—but that sounds too much like boasting. . . . I've got the dog-gonedest patch of Hubbard squashes!"

Laurence Housman, who wrote "An English Woman's Love Letters," has completed a new novel of modern life, to be called "Sahrina Warham."

Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, of Chicago, said to be the author of more than one thousand novels, is dead at Beauvoir, Miss., aged sixty years. Colonel Ingraham was born at Natchez, Tenn., the son of the Rev. Joseph Ingraham, who was the author of "A Prince of the House of David." The young man served in the Confederate army as colonel, and after the war began writing stories, which were published in various weekly papers and in book-form. For years he turned out a new novel every few weeks. His best-known book is "Land of Legendary Lore."

E. W. Hornung, author of "The Amateur Cracksman," is at work on a series of stories to be called "Hawkes of Jermyn Street," of which the hero is to be a young Englishman, whose wits have been polished up in Park Row, New York.

Miss Miriam Michelson, the author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," has been spending her summer at Lake Tahoe.

Sir Gilbert Parker's new story is to be called "A Ladder of Swords."

Count Leo Tolstoy's article on the war, "Bethink Yourselves!" which appeared in the *London Times*, will shortly be brought out in booklet form.

In a list of seventeen new books for "summer reading," the *London Chronicle* names five by American authors: "Sir Mortimer," by Mary Johnston; "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill; "Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton; "Extracts from Adam's Diary," by Mark Twain; and "Letters from England," by Mrs. George Bancroft.

John Lane will publish in October a book on Zola by Ernest Vizetelly, Zola's translator.

It will be interesting to hear if H. B. Marriott-Watson has guessed right about "The O'Ruddy." This is the Irish novel of adventure which Stephen Crane left unfinished and which was completed by Robert Barr. Marriott-Watson divides his time between writing novels and doing criticism for the *London Mail*, and in commenting on the Crane-Barr story recently, he remarked that it was not a matter of great difficulty to tell where the first writer ended and the

second began. Promptly Mr. Barr challenged him to do this, and Marriott-Watson has now come up to the scratch by making a definite guess. He says: "Barr must take up the story about chapter twenty-seven, and for preference I should say on page two hundred and fifty-two." At this writing Mr. Barr has not stated whether his brother-novelist's guess is right or wrong.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel is to be called "Whoever Shall Offend."

The phrase, "the man in the street," came into journalistic use a few years ago, and has been found so expressive that it has been widely accepted as a useful periphrasis for the formal term, "public opinion." The inventor of its use in the modern sense was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and it occurs in his "Conduct of Life," in the section on Worship, which was published in 1860. The passage is as follows: "Certain patriots in England devoted themselves for years to creating a public opinion that should break down the Corn Laws and establish Free Trade. 'Well,' says the man in the street, 'Cohen got a stipend out of it.' There is a depreciatory intention in using 'the man in the street,' as symbolizing opinions formed on imperfect knowledge, and without due reflection."

A Kipling Examination Paper.  
Based on "They."

1. What make of motor car does the author advertise?
2. Who was "the jay that was heard arguing against the silence under the twilight of the trees"?
3. How many times is the phrase, "Oh, lucky you," employed?
4. What connection has the Egg itself with:
  - (a) Christopher Columbus?
  - (b) Easter time?
  - (c) sherry?
5. Why is
  - (a) common blood red?
  - (b) royal blood blue?
  - (c) a negro black?
  - (d) a white man white?
  - (e) some journalism yellow?
6. Write a short essay showing:
  - (a) the author's love of children;
  - (b) his knowledge of psychology;
  - (c) his influence over publishers.
7. What did the hero finally understand?
8. What does the reader finally understand?
9. Why did the hero fail to return?
10. How does the last question bear on the chauffeur's violation of the speed regulations?
11. Why was "it" wrong for the hero and right for the heroine, and what and when?
12. In what poem of Kipling's do the following lines occur:
 

"Was I haply the lady's suitor?  
Or her uncle? I can't make out—  
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor,  
For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt  
As to why we were there, and who on earth we were,  
And what this is all about."

—New York Sun.

## A Funny Latin Epigram.

The school-boy winner of the prize for a Latin epigram at the St. Olave's and St. Saviour's grammar school this year, took Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy for his subject, and, coupling this modern with an ancient instance, made something pointed of it:

"Manlius et Gracchus, quamvis frumenta dedissent  
Civibus, insontes occubuerunt neci.  
At private cibo noster conatur egenos.  
Deperit? Nimis! Nomen opesque parat."

Which its author freely translated: "Manlius and Gracchus, although they distributed corn to the citizens innocently, were assassinated, but our friend (Mr. Chamberlain) is trying to deprive the poor of their food. Has he been assassinated? Not a hit of it; he has made a very good thing out of it."

## OLD FAVORITES.

PORTLAND, OR., August 20, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Might I ask you to publish in your paper the verses of a song called "The Prodigal Son." I believe that you will know it. I may mention that I have tried the various music stores, but it does not appear to have been published. Thanking you in advance for this as well as for direct and indirect pleasure received at all times from your publication, I remain, Yours very truly,

DUNCAN O. TAYLOR.

[This song has not only been published, but we believe that some half-million copies have been sold. It was sung by Thomas Q. Seabrooke in "The Gadi," a comic opera, by Bill Nye, but we believe that he denied the authorship of this particular bit of nonsense, though Nye's name appears as author of the piece as published by the Hitchcock Publishing Company of New York. The person said to be responsible for "The Prodigal Son" is Samuel M. Gardenhire, a Wall Street lawyer, and author of a recent successful novel, "Lux Crucis."—Eds. ARGONAUT.]

## The Prodigal Son.

There was an old man and he had two sons,  
He had, he had,  
He lived on a ranch, so the story runs,  
He did, he did,  
'Twas built on the good old Queen Anne plan,  
Right next to the new Jerusalem.  
The vicinity, it does not matter a damn,  
Sing tra la la la la la la,  
Sing tra la la la la la la.

The elder son was a goodly man,  
He was, he was,  
And built on the Moody and Sankey plan,  
He was, he was,  
With a calm and sanctimonious face,  
He talked about love and undying grace,  
And hoped for a seat in the heavenly place,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

The younger one was a son of a gun,  
He was, he was,  
He shuffled the cards and he played for mon,  
He did, he did,  
He wore a red tie and a high standing collar,  
Would go out with the boys and get full and then holler,  
Oh, he was a regular Jim Dandy loller,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

The old fellow's purse was long and fat,  
It was, it was,  
The Prodigal he was on to that,  
He was, he was,  
And he of the sanctimonious smile,  
Just kept his weather eye on the pile,  
And hoped he would get there after awhile,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

To divide on the square, he did his best,  
He did, he did,  
The Prod. took his share and went out West,  
He did, he did,  
Fell in with some cowboys and had a great time,  
Woke up in the morning with nary a dime,  
Stranded way out in a foreign clime,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

A telegraph man in his office sat,  
Out West, out West,  
When in rushed a tramp without a bat,  
Or coat, or vest.

"Come, send this message right over the track,  
The Prod. is a wreck and is coming back,  
Have plenty of veal for one on the rack,"  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

The answer he got was both short and direct,  
It was, it was,  
It read: Yours received, "Go to hazes," collect,  
It did, it did,  
The Prod. he was used to this knock down of fate,  
So pawned his suspenders and put on a skate,  
And started for home on a limited freight,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

To a lawyer's office he went next day,  
He did, he did,  
And sued the old folks for pay while away,  
He did, he did,  
Got out an injunction and put them out,  
Oh, he was a "la la," you hear me shout,  
That's the sort of a Prod. I am singing about,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

That's all of the yarn "yours truly" knows,  
It is, it is,  
I've gone as far as the parable goes,  
I have, I have,  
I've never heard what became of Pa,  
The religious brother is tending har,  
And the Prod. I believe is driving a car,  
Sing tra la la la, etc.

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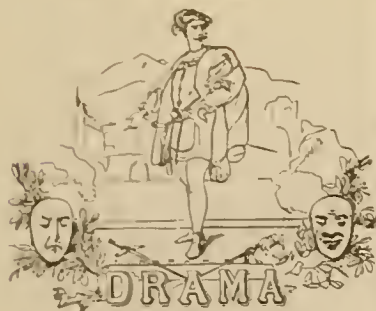
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I do not believe that it has as yet very thoroughly penetrated to the San Francisco intelligence that the opportunity to witness a theatrical performance of Bernard Shaw's "Candida" is a distinct privilege. Shaw himself is universally recognized among the elect as one of the most brilliant eccentrics of the twentieth century, and although managers are exceedingly shy of his plays, they are becoming more and more generally known through the discussion and comment caused by their originality. Indeed, Shaw's plays and the "messages" that are cunningly concealed beneath their audacious comedy are getting to be so much talked about that it is quite conceivable that in time the coyness of the managers toward them will evaporate like morning dew.

The thing that is not conceivable, however, is that the Shaw plays will ever become popular with the mass of theatre-goers. For what dramatist, whose favorite diversion is the baiting of what he conceives to be the Philistines, could succeed in ingratiating himself with a public, whose ranks are largely recruited from those of his pet aversions? Mr. Shaw has constituted himself a sort of to-reador to the big, blundering, bull-headed British public. He pricks its vanities, its complacencies, its pet illusions, and when, irritated by the continual discharge of his arrows, it rushes upon him with stupid, honest anger, he steps deftly aside, laughing at the delightful spectacle of the wrath of the foe. Nor does this wager of war upon established traditions permit himself to be disarmed by the adulation of those he has conquered. Let them make a cult of Shaw and Shaw's theories as they conceive them, and straightway they are like to find themselves besprinkled with a cold-water shower of mockery.

"Candida," one of the most serious in intention and least eccentric of his plays, has inspired a multitude of interpretations of its meaning among its admirers; and some of the dramatist's arch enemies—enemies, that is, to the Shaw philosophy—have pronounced it to be a beautiful tribute to the sacredness of the marriage tie. This has tickled Mr. Shaw's sense of humor exquisitely, for, if we dare to rely upon the deductions drawn after having seen the play acted, it is a specific declaration that emancipated souls—that is of the type of Candida and Eugene—recognize that love has the right to freedom of choice. Some very superior and intellectual people have said that this must not be confused with the vulgarities of "free love"; but put the former into actual practice, and what does it become but the latter?

Human nature is a curious mingling of divine instincts and base practices; of solid virtue and selfish vice. The more highly idealized side of it shrinks from the contemplation of the concrete vices of humanity, and we have evolved a system of social laws which restrains their undue exercise, or at least the display of it. And this, apparently, is just what troubles George Bernard Shaw. He thinks the system of social ethics upon which society is based is rank hypocrisy. Perhaps it is, but nobody, as yet, has offered a better solution. In "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," Mr. Shaw interprets the greater number of Ibsen's modern plays as so many demonstrations of the wrong involved in sacrificing the freedom and happiness of individuals to hypocritical and ete conventionalities whose cruelty and uselessness have long been proved by their practice. This however is but the premise. Even the intrepid Shaw goes no further. Perhaps if he were granted a lease of life for ten thousand years beyond the mortal span, he might accept the heavy gift only to learn at the end of that time that the civilized world shall have thought of no better way to maintain even a superficial hold on morality than the institutions which obtain now. But let us to "Candida," and see how these big questions are treated in a little play.

Candida is the wife of a popularly idolized clergyman, and might stand as the ideal choice of all the literary geniuses united into one composite whole. She is married on the type of the Madonna. She mothers her husband, who is "her boy." She looks after him after his creature comforts, guards him from the disagreeable of life, coos over him, caresses him, loves him. Yet Candida is no ordinary household drudge. She has a keen, penetrating intelligence, a comprehension of the deeper things in life, a large, tolerant sympathy for human nature even in its ex-

tremes, and she is soothingly beautiful in all men's eyes. She is quite palpably Shaw's ideal.

Her husband is honest, able, sincere, manly, and steadfast in rectitude. He is no type of the third sex, albeit given to the little complacencies of the petted pastor, and inclined to sonorous, oratorical flights while standing on the family hearthstone. He loves his wife tenderly, and believes that he cherishes her. Into the happy home of this happy pair comes Eugene Marchbanks, aged eighteen and a poet. Between the wife of thirty-two and the stripling poet there springs up a freemasonry of intercourse and the genial comradeship of kindred souls. They believe in truth and poetry. The husband, we grow to understand, knows nothing of these commodities. His eyes are bandaged, and this upright man walks with circumspection in the path of error, dealing out what Eugene calls "mere phrases with which he cheats himself and others every day."

Eugene quite naturally grows to love Candida, and one day, suddenly wrought to a hysterical frenzy, partly by a particularly imposing burst of parsonic oratory from the excellent Mr. Morell, and partly by the poet's "hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," petrifies the good man by a white-hot declaration of his love for his wife. He follows this up with some home truths that stagger the Reverend Morell, whom he stigmatizes as "a windbag." But being a real poet, with the inspired insight of one, he leaves a number of poisoned darts ranking in the serenely fixed self-esteem of the husband. The Reverend James, it is true, relieves his mind—and that of the audience—by first giving the poet a lively shaking, but in spite of this physical relief, he becomes thoughtful and downcast. The poet has claimed Candida as his natural mate, and Mr. Morell, being a figment in a Shaw play and not a flesh and blood man, is stricken by misgivings.

In the end, the wife is bidden to choose between the two men. This scene, and one preceding it in which Candida discusses Eugene's love for her with her husband, is in the highest degree improbable, but, nevertheless, it is wholly absorbing. The audience, even that element of it principally consisting of men who, with difficulty, restrained outward expression of their impatience of the fledgling poet and his pretensions, were fixed in motionless attention to the least syllable in this strange and unnatural parley.

Candida makes her choice. She has already declared to her husband in the famous shawl speech that she would "give her goodness and purity to Eugene as she would give her shawl to a dying beggar, if there were nothing else to restrain her." In other words, she disavows the moral obligations entailed by the marriage vows. Love alone to her is binding. So, in the scene referred to, she makes her choice, and Puritanism appeased draws a long breath of relief when it is the proper one, and goes away saying that the play has a moral ending. If the Puritan pauses to reflect, however, he will realize that if Candida's preference, guided by convictions such as hers, had fallen on the poet, she would have considered herself equally free to have made her choice in that quarter.

Technically, the play is constructed in a masterly manner. Shaw, unlike his usual fashion, indulges in practically no digressions from his theme. The character of Candida has much charm, and that of the minister is a faithful reflex of the type. The poet is the stumbling block to the literal-minded spectator. He walks in a world of vague idealism, surrounded by fellow-beings whose lives are assimilated to the deadliest prose. His eyes are fixed on the stars and his feet stumble among the London bricks and paving-stones. He is impractical, a dreamer, a freak. He is hysterical, unbalanced, timid, but still he is a poet. Nowhere is this more clearly demonstrated than in the interview with the forthright Prossy, who finds this strange being laying a pitying touch upon that shyness in the human heart which bids it conceal its secret needs and go silent and solitary through the world. Yet Prossy measures him by her standards, and pronounces him mad. Some of the men in the audience, it is quite obvious, long to kick him. Yet there are some to whom his dreams, his intuitions, his longings, his sufferings, speak with the force of prophecy. To others he is a joke.

Yet they cease to take him as a joke when Candida makes her choice. After all, the spiritual element in this strange blending of the impracticable and the poetic is instinctively recognized. For my part, I am persuaded that Shaw, who is generally recognized as freely figuring under various disguises in his plays, has in the character of the poet personified his own soul, stripped bare of the garment of satire, mockery, and jeering humor in which he faces the unsympathetic gaze of his contemporaries. Perhaps he has made the poet so puny, undersized, and helpless that he may show what a feeble stripling is truth in a world of lusty error.

Arnold Daly has grasped and presented this unique conception with a fidelity in essentials that one could scarcely dare to expect. He is

too hysterical, and his utterance is so exceedingly rapid during the poet's frenzied outbursts, as to necessitate some very lively aural gymnastics; but in appearance, manner, and temperament, he is singularly in accord with the part. A curious thing about the position of Eugene in the play is the manner in which Mr. Shaw has made the audience laugh in sympathy with the popular view of the poet without actually laughing at him. To laugh at him would be to laugh at, not with, Shaw; and you never "have the laugh" on Shaw. The clever Irishman is far too clever for that. Not a laugh, of the many that are heard, but is inspired, timed, and directed by Mr. Shaw himself.

An instance of this is the dialogue already referred to between Prossy and Eugene. The two are worlds asunder, and yet, by some necromancy on Mr. Shaw's part, you share the perplexities and baffled perceptions of the incongruous pair, and look at each one with the eyes of the other.

Dorothy Donnelly, although an attractive and intelligent actress, does not quite fulfill one's ideal of Candida. The extreme deliberation which characterizes her speech is doubtless assumed in order to give an idea of the atmosphere of repose which constitutes Candida's greatest charm. It becomes too extreme, however, especially in the scene when the choice is finally made—a scene which Shaw himself has made unduly long. Nevertheless, her performance shows that intellectually she has assimilated the nature that is such an attractive blending of idealism and common sense. Candida, in fact, has just that calm, healthy balance that the poet lacks.

Dodson Mitchell's clergyman was an admirably well-balanced piece of work, containing no deviations from the character as marked out; and Louise Closser's typewriter is a very neat bit of restrained comedy. So also was the Burgess of Herbert Carr, and, slight as is the rôle of the curate, Thomas Thorne in an excellent make-up, manner, and accent gave it full value without exceeding bounds.

No one need be afraid of "Candida" on the grounds of its "depth." The comedy abounds in fun, in witty turns of phrase, in delightfully humorous bits of character sketching. As for its subtler signification, the situation is sufficiently obvious to interest profoundly, even if one can not altogether penetrate the Delphic obscurities of the Shaw intentions. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Will Greenbaum has received word from Ben Greet that he is now actively rehearsing his company for the coming season at his theatre in London. The entire company sails for the United States on September 15th, and after playing a few special open-air performances around New York, will come direct to California, opening at the State university with a production of "Hamlet" Saturday, October 1st. The repertoire of the organization includes "Everyman," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," and a new version of the comedy, "Masks and Faces."

The opening of the concert season in this city will take place at the Alhambra Theatre with the appearance in two grand operatic concerts of Mme. Fannie Franciscia on Wednesday night, September 21st, and Saturday matinee, September 24th. The programmes will include solos from the latest operatic works heard in Europe, and will be sung here for the first time in America by Mme. Franciscia, who inaugurates her tour of the United States and Canada in this city. Seats are to be \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents.

Delegates to the Knights Templar's Conclave, which is to be held during the week beginning September 4th, are already arriving. The decoration of Market Street is going rapidly forward, and will be the most elaborate ever known here. It is estimated that one hundred thousand visitors will be in town during conclave week. The street illumination will begin on Saturday evening, September 3d, and will continue for eight nights.

A remarkable spectacle is seen from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, when one looks down upon the upper surface of one of the fog-banks which frequently enmantle the lower levels. It is a strange and weird sight. Standing in brilliant sunshine, you observe far below a vast, white sea of fog, which blots out the bay and all the cities and towns.

The death of Don Marcos Antonio Forster at Los Angeles, a few weeks ago, removes one of the last and best known of Southern California *hidalgos* who had been fortunate enough during these days of American progress to have preserved intact his thousand hills and some very select cattle and sheep thereon.

Nelson's Amalgam.

Infalible remedy for catarrh, sore throat, and inflammations of the skin.

**The Ocularium**  
Perfect-Fitting  
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#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Corner Eddy and Mason Streets.

Every night at eight. Fifth big week. The superb Tivoli sensation,

**THE TOREADOR**

By Ivan Caryll and Lionel Moncton. With an unrivaled cast.

Usual Tivoli prices—25c, 50c, and 75c. Only matinee Saturdays. Smokers' paradise in the promenade circle.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

To-night, Sunday night, and all next week, last times, matinee Saturday only.

**ARNOLD DALY**

Announces Bernard Shaw's delightful comedy,

**CANDIDA**

The season's sensational success.

September 5th—Kryle Bellew in Raffles, the Amateur Cracksmen.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr

Monday, August 29th, one week. Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday, **WHITE WHITTLESEY** and the Alcazar Stock Company in Clyde Fitch's thrilling romance of the revolution,

**NATHAN HALE**

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, September 5th, beginning with Labor Day matinee, **White Whittlesey** in Robert Emmet.

#### CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Week commencing Sunday, August 29th, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, **Frederic Belasco** presents **FLORENCE ROBERTS** for a limited engagement, in four productions, beginning with

**TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES**

Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of Thomas Hardy's novel.

Seats now on sale. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

**MAJESTIC—Frisco's Finest Theatre.** Market Street, opposite Larkin Street.

Eight Nights. Starting Saturday, September 3d, the Majestic Theatre Company, direct from New York, presenting

**IN THE PALACE OF THE KING**

Night prices, 25c, 50c, and 50c. A few front rows in the orchestra, 75c. Bargain matinee every Thursday, 25c (reserved); no higher. Regular Saturday and holiday matinees, 25c and 50c. Seat sale Monday, August 29th.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Week beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, last week of

**MR. JAMES NEILL**

In a magnificent production of

**UNDER TWO FLAGS**

First time at these prices, 15c, 25c, and 50c.

Beginning Sunday matinee, September 11th, the Japanese extravaganza, **Princess Fan Tan**.

#### CENTRAL THEATRE. Phone South 533.

BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors

Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week beginning Monday, August 29th, matinees Saturday and Sunday, Francis Powers's famous Chinese drama,

**THE FIRST BORN**

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinee, August 29th. A big show! "Our Boys in Blue"; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelly; Klein and Clifton; Paul Barnes; The Musical Gnomes; Williams and Tucker; Treloar, assisted by Miss Edna Tenpest; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Max and Julia Heinrich.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

SPECIAL.—During the week commencing Sunday, September 4th, Conclave week, there will be a matinee every day at the Orpheum.

**Fischers THEATRE**

Success of successes.

**THE ANHEUSER PUSH**

Brimfull of up-to-date novelties and laughable situations. Remarkable burlesque cast.

Same popular prices. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Special matinees Labor Day and Admission Day.

Next burlesque—Miss Mazuma.

**RUBBER** LA ZACUALPA Rubber Plantation Company 713 Market St., S.F. AN INVESTMENT WORTH INVESTIGATING



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Florence Roberts as Tess.

On Sunday night Florence Roberts will begin a season at the California Theatre, appearing first in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," dramatized by Lorimer Stoddard from Hardy's novel of the same name. Tess is a new character for Miss Roberts, but those who have seen her in the play say that the rôle suits her method and temperament. The play presents a strong and interesting emotional story, and it is in emotional work that Miss Roberts has made herself known in San Francisco. She will be supported by Hobart Bosworth, Lucius Henderson, William Yearance, Sterling Lord-Whitney, Gregory Rodgers, Philip Lord, Forest Seabury, Christopher Lynton, Katherine Blanchard, Lillian Armsby, Louise Royce, Anita Allen, Ollie Cooper, and George Woodthrope. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will be followed immediately by an elaborate revival of "Sapho," which in turn will probably be succeeded by another new production, "Marta of the Lowlands."

## The Opening of the Majestic.

San Francisco's handsome new theatre, the Majestic, on Market Street, opposite Larkin Street, will formally open on Saturday evening, September 3d, with an elaborate production of F. Marion Crawford's historical romance, "In the Palace of the King," which was presented here with great success by Viola Allen. The production will be given by the Majestic stock company, the leading lady being Grace Reals, who for several seasons appeared in principal rôles at the Dearborn Theatre in Chicago. She has also been starring in many attractions. J. H. Gillmore is to be the leading man, and others will be Richard Thornton and Joseph Callaghan. Henry Stockbridge will appear in the light comedy rôles. Eleanor Gordon is also a member of the Majestic company. Robert Morris will stage the productions. H. W. Bishop, who also conducts the Ye Liberty Play-House in Oakland, is lessee and proprietor of the Majestic, and Oliver Morosco, of the Burbank Theatre of Los Angeles, will have the general management.

## Revival of "The First Born."

The Central Theatre will next Monday night put on Francis Powers's Chinese drama, "The First Born," with all the original scenery and music and a number of the actors who created the rôles when the play had its long run here. Walter Belasco, who accompanied the drama to New York and London as the Chinese rag-picker, will repeat his characterization at the Central, and the whole performance will be given under his personal supervision. The pipe-mender, the herb doctor who prescribes strange remedies and who is forever demanding respect for his dignity, the highbinders who have laws of their own, will all be seen again as in the old days at the Alcazar. "The First Born" will be produced positively for one week only. In addition to the Chinese play, a comedy will be presented, entitled "Turned Up." The curtain will rise promptly at eight o'clock for evening performances, and at two for matinees.

## Bellew to Follow Daly.

Bernard Shaw's "Candida," which Arnold Daly has been presenting at the Columbia Theatre this week, will have its last performance on Sunday night, September 4th. Saturday matinees are given. At the conclusion of his engagement here, Daly returns immediately to New York to continue the presentation of "Candida" there. On Monday evening, September 5th, Kyrle Bellew comes to the Columbia in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman." The play has been successful in both London and New York. Mr. Bellew will be supported by his entire New York cast, including E. M. Holland. Seats go on sale Thursday.

## George O'Ramey Back at Fischer's.

There was a double event at Fischer's Theatre Monday night—the initial production of Will Carleton and Lee Johnson's new burlesque, "Anheuser Push," and the reappearance of George O'Ramey. There was also a new leader of the orchestra, George Towle, and the scenery was by a new painter, William Grabach. "Anheuser Push" contains the usual jumble of songs, dances, broken English, and pretty girls, and seems to suit the patrons of Fischer's to a nicety. George O'Ramey was given a very hearty welcome on her reappearance, and the other artists—Dorothy Morton, North, Rice, Cady, Dillon, and Clarke—received their share of applause.

## The Orpheum's Varied Programme.

Kronau's military sensation, "Our Boys in Blue," will be produced for the first time in San Francisco at the Orpheum this coming week. The production is strictly military, illustrating the life, work, and habits of the American soldier. The young men chosen for the presentation are members of a military regiment in the State of Indiana. The lyrics, dialogue, and music of "Our Boys in Blue" are meritorious, and the scenic, lighting, costumes, and electrical effects are ade-

quate. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy will return with their latest success, "A Young Parson's Predicament." It is a comedy sketch, in which Mr. Kelcy has a dual rôle, that of a young minister and a thief. Harry Klein and Pearl Clifton, eccentric dancers and legitimate comedians, will make their first appearance in this city, assisted by their trick dog, Santo. Another new-comer will be Paul Barnes, a monologist and singer, whose work is said to be surpassingly funny. The Musical Goolmans, novelty musicians, will also be heard for the first time here.

## Neill's Last Week.

James Neill will begin the ninth and last week of his successful engagement at the Grand Opera House at to-morrow's (Sunday) matinee with a revival of "Under Two Flags," a dramatization of Quida's novel. Mr. Neill will reappear as Bertie Cecil, a former triumph, and Edythe Chapman will be seen again as Cigarette. This will be the first production of "Under Two Flags" at fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents. At the Sunday matinee, September 11th, "The Princess Fan Tan," a new and original Japanese extravaganza, will be produced with Oriental scenery, costumes, and effects. Three hundred children will be in the cast.

## Bogart's Operatic Debut.

Andrew Bogart has been engaged by the management to sing the rôle of Lopez in the forthcoming revival of Victor Herbert's comic opera, "The Serenade," which is hooked to succeed "The Toreador" at the Tivoli Opera House. Mr. Bogart's debut at the Tivoli will mark his first appearance on the operatic stage. He is a native son of California, and is an American taught singer. He has traveled in Europe extensively, and while in England sang at Queen's Hall concerts and at Steinway Hall. "The Toreador" will continue at the Tivoli until further notice. There will be a special matinee on Labor Day, September 5th.

## Patriotic Drama at the Alcazar.

For the tenth week of his summer engagement at the Alcazar Theatre, beginning Monday night, White Whittlesey will appear in "Nathan Hale," the Revolutionary drama written for N. C. Goodwin. The play deals with incidents in the career of the American patriot, whose last words were: "I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country." Comedy as well as tragedy abounds in the play. White Whittlesey in the name part will be supported by Eugénie Thais Lawton as Alice Adams, and the other rôles will be assumed by Luke Conness, George Osbourne, Harry D. Byers, Marie Howe, Annie Milfin, Harry S. Hilliard, John B. Maher, Earl Williams, and Virginia Brissac. To follow, beginning with a special Labor Day matinee, Monday, September 5th, the first San Francisco production of Brandon Tynan's version of "Robert Emmet" will be given, with Mr. Whittlesey in the title-rôle.

## Nance O'Neill's Eastern Home.

The home that Nance O'Neill has acquired at Tyngsboro, a few miles south of Lowell, Mass., consists of more than two hundred acres of land, with a mansion containing twenty-five rooms. This estate is on the most beautiful portion of the Merrimac River, and to the west of it is a good-sized lake. The house is square, with broad verandas, and a wide hallway extends the entire length of it. The library is described as a charming lounging-room, with broad cushioned window seats. Miss O'Neill has as her companion at this country home Miss Rica Allen, a member of her company. She also has a large array of pets, including several horses, three parrots, five hull-terriers, and an Angora cat.

## The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

## Mrs. Fiske on Ibsen.

Minnie Madden Fiske, writing of Ibsen, says: "Ibsen is a pleasing foil to the modern play—the average 'society' play and current 'comedy', for these have nothing in them that appeals to intelligence or that suggests thought. As a rule, they are pretty things, with nothing behind them or beneath their superficialities. As they lack in matter that means something, so Ibsen is crammed with that sort of matter. An auditor leaves the average modern play without having gained anything whatever; and the actor in the modern play gains nothing and can not grow materially in its interpretation. It may be that the pendulum in Ibsen swings too far the other way, but withal he is a stimulus both to auditor and to actor."

At the eighth geographical congress, to assemble at Washington, D. C., on September 7th, papers will be read by three California scientists. In the section of meteorology, Dr. Frederick D'Evelyn will present a paper entitled "The Climatology of the Lowlands and Watershed Terraces of Natal"; in the division of oceanography, Professor Davidson will present a paper on "Currents and Climatology of the North Pacific"; and in the section of zoology, Dr. David Starr Jordan will read a paper on "The Geographical Distribution of the Tropical Fishes of the Pacific."

Paul M. Potter, ex-critic, dramatist, and writer of musical comedies, ascribes the lack of new playwrights in this country to the fierceness of the New York critics, who, he says, have inspired such a reign of terror that none but a hardened playwright dare provoke their ridicule. Mr. Potter says that he knows plenty of literary men qualified to write plays who "are deterred by the awful, haunting fear of the merciless critic of New York."

Thus does Mme. Schumann-Heink set the world aright as to "Love's Lottery," the new comic opera which she is husily rehearsing: "Do you think that this is one of those comic operas with a mass of pretty girls who wear very little clothes to make it appeal to the public? I would not play in that kind of an opera comique. I do not like to have to pose with what you call show girls as a setting. This nice opera does not have show girls."

Paderewski has been touring Australia, causing enthusiasm. His first concert was delayed several days by an accident to the little finger of his right hand, the flesh being torn away from the nail. The correspondent who sent this information from Sydney to the Chronicle, also says that the burlesque company from Fischer's Theatre had a successful season of seven weeks in Honolulu, and opened to an immense house in Sydney.

Josef Hofmann, the pianist, will make one of the longest "jumps" known in the theatrical world—from Berlin to San Francisco. Hofmann will open his tour here, and he will give three concerts during the first week of October, under the management of Will Greenbaum.

Manager Frank McKee has given up the idea of bringing Bernhardt to this country this season.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAfee, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
August 18th.....	60	54	.00	Cloudy
" 19th.....	62	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 20th.....	70	56	.00	Cloudy
" 21st.....	60	54	.00	Clear
" 22d.....	56	52	.00	Cloudy
" 23d.....	66	52	.01	Cloudy
" 24th.....	68	54	.05	Clear

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 935,033

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## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Hills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

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Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
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## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal deposits for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President; HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President; H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH, Agent for San Francisco, 216 Sansome Street, Manager Pacific Department.

## PHENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782.

## Providence Washington Ins. Co.

OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

## PELICAN ASSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

## GEORGE E. BUTLER, General Agent

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 1848.)

200 PINE STREET.

## Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889.)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid in Capital..... 3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve..... 400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 200,000.00  
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General M.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



## VANITY FAIR.

## THE SONG OF THE NEWPORT BELLE.

In the morning call me early, call me early,  
mother mine—  
I really ought to be abroad at least by half-past  
nine;  
I've got to have the blacksmith forge a pair of  
chilled-steel bands  
To keep my friends from lifting the jewels on my  
hands.  
I must engage detectives to attend me through  
the hall,  
For I'm to be belle of the ball, mother; I'm to  
be belle of the ball.

Give me my sweet tiara when I'm risen from my  
bed,  
For I must haste to have it safely soldered on my  
head,  
Lest some partner that I dance with should be  
tempted by its sight,  
And tear it from my curling locks this glad some,  
happy night.  
A girl must be so careful when she goes out to a  
dance,  
And never give the other guests the very slightest  
chance.

All my bright array of bracelets must be anchored  
by a chain,  
Hydraulic tested, that will stand the most tre-  
mendous strain;  
My earrings hang on wires, and a tiny bell will  
peal  
If any one should touch them with the base intent  
to steal.  
The guests will all be searched, of course, before  
they leave the ball,  
But I will take no chance, mother, for I'm to be  
belle of the ball.

—James Montague in New York Journal.

The connected story of the great Goelet jewel mystery, which promises to agitate society for a long time to come, is given by the *Argonaut's* correspondent, "Flaneur," in his most recent letter. "The 'theft,' which was not a theft, or which was, of the Goelet jewels is," he writes, "being everywhere discussed. There have been so many conflicting statements about it that I think your readers will find a clear statement of the perplexing facts interesting. The first news the public had of the loss of jewels, valued at two hundred thousand dollars, was shortly after August 1st, when the Pinkerton agency distributed broadcast throughout the country to police, pawnbrokers, and others, a circular offering a suitable reward for the recovery of the gems, but, very strangely, asking neither for the arrest of their possessor nor for the least bit of information as to his or her whereabouts. The jewels were described as follows: 'One pearl collar, or neck piece, frequently described as a 'dog collar,' with diamond clasp, pearl in centre of clasp; one rope of twenty-five white and six black large pearls, with black pearl clasp, diamond rondels between them; one rope of seventy-seven large pearls, graduated in size, seventy-six rondels between pearls, with a solitaire pearl clasp; one pearl brooch, bar of three very large pearls, consisting of one pink, one white, and one gray, or black, pearl; one cabochon ruby and diamond bracelet, five rubies, about three or four carats each, made by Tiffany, Paris; two large turquoise brooches, set around with small diamonds; one ring, ruby in centre, diamond on each side, band set; one ring, sapphire, about four carats; one cabochon emerald ring, four or five carats, small diamonds on both sides of gold band; one ring, solitaire pearl.'

"No mention was made in the circular of the name of the person to whom the jewels belonged, and immediately speculation began as to the identity of the owner. On August 9th the New York *Journal* discovered that Mrs. Ogden Goelet was the society woman who had been 'robbed.' It was learned, too, that the jewels had been 'missing' since the middle of July. Why should such secrecy have been maintained? Why was nobody arrested? Why was a reward not offered for the 'robber's' capture as well as for the recovery of the gems? These were the questions everybody began to ask, and when excitement had been keyed up to a great pitch the startling denouncement came in the shape of the news that the jewels had most mysteriously been 'found'—Mrs. Goelet had 'mislaid' nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of rare gems! 'How very, very careless of her,' said Society, with a strange smile. Some society women not only hunted and lifted their eyebrows, but came right out and said that the story of the 'mislaying' of a fortune was 'altogether too thin.' Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish said: 'I'm not a fool. It's a queer story. The newspapers are trying to fool the public. Don't you think I would know where to find my jewels? Bosh! She was not robbed at all.'

"However, the circumstantial story given out by the detectives was this: Mrs. Goelet left New York for Newport on June 21st. The day before she received from a safe-deposit company in New York her jewel-case. All her jewels, which she examined and found all right. She took her jewel-case with her to Newport, but had no occasion to open her jewels until July 17th, when, on looking into her jewel-case, she found a part

of its contents—two hundred thousand dollars' worth—missing. She sent for the Newport chief of police to come to Ochre Court, and told him her troubles, requesting absolute secrecy. Then the Pinkertons were called in, and they told her at once that the 'theft' of the jewels was not the work of any professional thief, but was 'inside work.' A Pinkerton man was installed at Ochre Court as assistant butler. Mrs. Goelet was obliged to tell the detectives all she knew about the visitors at her house; they shadowed the servants and guests. It is even said that at one of the dances a Pinkerton detective filled in for one of the invited guests, who failed to appear. The circular mentioned above was sent out broadcast. So far nobody doubts the story as related. But about this time, according to the 'official' story given out to all the newspapers, the detectives told Mrs. Goelet that they believed she had left the jewels at her New York residence. Why nobody thought of looking there until a month had elapsed, nobody has explained. So Mrs. Goelet came to New York on Monday afternoon, August 8th, but, strange to say, did not search her safe (which, according to the story, was what she had come to New York to do) until late Tuesday, when she 'found' the jewels in the safe at her house, 608 Broadway! A queer thing about the story is that the servants at the Goelet town-house told all the reporters who called on Wednesday that Mrs. Goelet had not been there. Instead, her movements are thus reported: She had not been in New York an hour when she was joined by Mr. Charles Edward Greenough, a young bachelor society man. Mr. Greenough called to see her at the Hotel Buckingham. Shortly thereafter they took a cab and were gone about an hour. Mrs. Goelet returned alone. Next day it was announced that the jewels were found.

"Mr. Charles Edward Greenough is a Yale man, of an old Baltimore family. He is described as being six feet two inches tall, well built, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is said to have been introduced into Newport society by Harry Lehr, when he was taken under the wing of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and other social leaders. Later he came under the notice of Mrs. Goelet, who won him over to the wing of society of which she is the leader. Mr. Greenough was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe (the latter, May Goelet, being Mrs. Goelet's daughter) at their castle in Scotland, and later made a tour of the Continent, Mrs. Goelet also being abroad at the time. When Mrs. Goelet returned and opened Ochre Court Mr. Greenough was frequently her guest. Mr. Greenough is said to have lived prodigally and also to have speculated in stocks."

"Much nonsense is customarily talked and written about the king's clothes," says the London correspondent of the *Haberdsasher*. "But," he adds, "with every deduction made for the imagination of talkers and writers, the fact remains that Edward the Seventh travels with a good deal of baggage 'whenever' (as the Isaac Watts hymn put it) 'he takes his walks abroad.' The king is a man of sense in regard to dress, whatever he may be in any other respects; but I do not think he carries about or wears more ordinary clothes than any other gentleman of high position. What keeps the royal valets busy (and the king always takes a couple with him—like Count d'Orsay) is the constantly growing stock of official clothes, because Albert Edward is a stickler for etiquette. If he goes to an army ceremony, he wears the uniform of the field marshal, and he attends naval affairs dressed as an admiral of the fleet. Similarly, when he went to Kiel the other day to visit his nephew (whom the irreverent call William the Bumptious, and the punctilious Kaiser Wilhelm), he took along, not only a sufficiency of yachting suits and flannels—though the king bates flannel—but also a full rig-out for every German and Prussian regiment of which he is an honorary officer; and, conforming to the ridiculous and meaningless

custom of European courts, he is in that position with regard to a good many. And, of course, there were jacket suits of various weights, because the king loves a lounge suit, and, though being what he is he may not know the luxury of an old, shabby suit, he gets as near it as he dare. The king, though a well-dressed man, and a man (as I said before) of some, though not of exquisite taste (his son, the Prince of Wales, is neither) is not a dandy and never was a dandy."

## Milk Mixtures

for babies are many times dangerous in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation. As a general household milk it is superior and always available.

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 24, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	102½
Bay Co. Power 5%	4,000 @ 102		
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.			
C. T. 5%	1,000 @ 84½	85	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	11,000 @ 100½	100	101
Los An. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 115½	115½	
Los Angeles Pacific Ry. Con. 5%	8,000 @ 102½	102½	102
Market St. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 115½	115½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000 @ 118	117½	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 104½-105	104½	105
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 100	99½	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 117½	117½	
Sierra Ry. of Cal. 6%	3,000 @ 109½	109½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	60,000 @ 107½	107½	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910	23,000 @ 108½	108½	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd.	10,000 @ 109½		
S. P. Branch, 6%	2,000 @ 133	133	
S. V. Water 6%	8,000 @ 107½	107	
S. V. Water Gen. 4%	5,000 @ 98½	98½	
STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	37½ 37½
Water.			
Spring Valley.....	365 @ 37-37½	37½	37½
Banks.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	86½
Anglo-California...	48 @ 87	86½	
Powders.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	60½ 61
Giant Con.....	100 @ 60-60½	60½	61
Sugars.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	56 57
Hawaiian C. S.....	405 @ 55-56	56	57
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,585 @ 14½-14¾	14¾	
Hutchinson.....	1,480 @ 9¾-10½	9¾	10
Kilauea Sugar Co.	100 @ 3		3½
Makaweli S. Co.	545 @ 26-27	27	26½
Onomae Sugar Co.	200 @ 29½-30	27	30
Pauahau Sugar Co.	690 @ 15½-16	15	15½
Gas and Electric.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	3½ 3¾
Central L. & P.....	100 @ 3½	3½	3¾
Mutual Electric.....	10 @ 12½	12	
S. F. Gas & Electric	410 @ 60½-61½	61½	
Miscellaneous.	Shares.	Closed Bid, Asked	122 98
Alaska Packers.....	50 @ 123-123½	122	
Cal. Fruit Canns.....	50 @ 97½-98	97	98
Cal. Wine Assn.....	20 @ 79-82	79	

The business for the week was small, with the exception of the sugar stocks, which were traded in to the amount of 4,880 shares. They were in fair demand at the close. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar about held its own in price; Honokaa Sugar Company sold off one-half a point to 14½; Hutchinson, seven-eighths of a point to 9¾; Makaweli Sugar Company one and a quarter points to 26; Pauahau, three-quarters of a point to 15½.

Spring Valley Water was strong, and advanced five-eighths of a point to 37½ on sales of 365 shares, closing at 37½ bid, 37½ asked.

Giant Powder was quoted at 60-60½ on sales of 100 shares.

Alaska Packers sold off two points to 123 on small sales, closing at 122 bid.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand, and on sales of 410 shares advanced one and a half points to 61½.

California Wine Association was weak, selling off four points to 79 on sales of 20 shares.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
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Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

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## E. F. HUTTON &amp; CO.

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When perfection is reached  
the highest mark is touched.

## Hunter Whiskey

is perfect in

## Age, Purity, Flavor

Its standard of quality is  
unique, uniform, invariable.  
It is always best by every  
test.

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Formerly with  
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any house on the Pacific Coast. Send for Catalogue.  
Supplies of standard quality always on hand.

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536 California Street. Telephone Main 266.

THE  
Argonaut  
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Three-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Reviews of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critteron.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story whose origin is attributed to Oliver Herford, relates that a friend, entering the Players' Club one evening, saw the humorist surrounded by the group of admirers who usually gathered about him to enjoy his talk. "Ah, Oliver," remarked the friend, "surrounded by your coterie, as usual?" "Yes," rejoined Mr. Herford, "likewise by my panterie and my vesterie."

George Gould and his wife have been auto-mobiling through Normandy. Mrs. Gould made it a point to ask questions when she wanted information. Their chauffeur drew up in front of a gendarme. "Do you find, officer, that the touring Americans observe the speed limit?" inquired the lady. "Yes, madame. At least, all but one." "Who is that, pray?" "William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., madame. *Cet homme est le diable.*"

Mrs. Gazena Lightfoot, of Montgomery, Ala., has in her *ménage* a pickaninny protégé who had been taught to recite the line from the Master, "It is I. Be not afraid." When the little fellow came before the negro Sunday-school, where he was to do his part, he was ashy with stage-fright, but with his small voice full of tears, and trembling like calves'-foot jelly, he managed to say: "Taint nobody but me. Doan' get skeared."

John Drew, one of the Alaskan delegates to the Chicago convention, found it necessary to go up to New York and send a substitute to Chicago. While in Manhattan he asked a son of Erin whom he would vote for, thinking to ascertain the opinion of the manual toilers. "Billy Broyan," said the Irishman. "Why would you do that?" asked Drew. "Sure, I voted for him whin he run before, and we've had good toimes iver since," was the answer.

Senator "Joe" Blackburn's politeness was disastrous to him upon one occasion. He was making a trip to the mountains in the Eastern part of Kentucky, and made his stopping-place a farm-house at a remote point from the city. On the day of his arrival he was rather late for dinner, and the lady of the house apologized for the coffee, which at that time was lukewarm. "Oh, I do not mind it in the least, madam," said Senator Blackburn; "I really prefer my coffee cold, you know." It was served cold during the remainder of his two weeks' stay.

Some time ago Dr. Gott, now Bishop of Truro, was traveling on the Underground Railway in London. One of his fellow-passengers was a religious man of the aggressive type, always anxious for the souls of others, but wearing nothing in the way of a white tie to make known the fact to the world at large. Quoth the enthusiast, "Where are you going to?" Dr. Gott, with his gentle manner, answered, "To Victoria," to which his companion replied, "I'm going to heaven." "So, I hope, am I," said the future bishop; "but I'm going via Victoria."

A politician, upon his arrival at one of the small towns in North Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, found that the two so-called hotels were crowded to the doors, and was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable. "Well," asked a friend, when the politician appeared in the dining-room in the morning, "how did you sleep?" "Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman, nonchalantly, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up."

A Washington school-master, who was trying to impress upon his class of boys the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence, gave each of them three buttons. "You must think of the first one," he said, "as representing Life; of the second as representing Liberty; and of the third as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Tomorrow I want you to tell me what each of those buttons mean." The next day the principal again brought up the subject of buttons, and first questioned Johnny, the youngest member of the class, as to what the buttons meant. Johnny began to weep. "I aint got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons; "here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit o' Happiness on my pants."

After Eugene Field's return from his first trip to Europe, where he "spent his patrimony like a prince," and before he went to Denver, he had a little close personal experience with hard times. One day he walked into a leading St. Louis hotel, and, squaring himself before the register, inscribed his name in his well-known copper-plate chirography. The clerk had never heard of him, but he read the name with a quick glance, and said: "Do you wish a room, Mr. Field?"

"No," was the answer. "Dinner?" "No." "Then may I ask what you do want?" continued the clerk. "I just wanted to arrive," replied Field, solemnly; "I had not arrived at a good hotel for many months. I feel better. Thank you," and he stalked out with long, heavy strides.

A New York clergyman, who knew Bishop Potter's father, thinks that heredity may have something to do with the ideas that the bishop holds regarding saloons. The question of high license was being discussed, when the elder Potter spoke as follows: "I don't know what your experience is, fellow-citizens, but I intend to stand by mine. When I travel I try to find the most comfortable inns; and, as between a hotel with a bar and a hotel without a bar, give me the former every time. Let others do as they may; as for me and my house, we'll keep away from temperance hotels."

Mark Twain tells an interesting story in connection with the late Charles Darwin. He was informed by a friend, who was visiting the eminent scientist, that he had noticed a copy of "The Innocents Abroad" lying on the great man's table. Darwin requested him on no account to disturb the book, as it was his practice to read it night and morning. On the appearance of Darwin's biography, Mark Twain hastened to purchase a copy in order to ascertain what reference to himself it might contain. There was, however, no mention whatever of his name, the only possible allusion to him being the statement that Darwin in his old age suffered from some kind of brain paralysis which prevented him from following his ordinary mental pursuits, and compelled him to solace himself with "trashy novels and vacuous humor."

## Free Lessons in Journalism.

William F. Kirk, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, has started in his humorous department in that paper a school of journalism. The following are samples, the first being devoted to the city editor and the second to the society editor:

Here we have the City Ed. What is he doing? He is attaching a tin cylinder to the man who tried to do Police. Does the man like this? No. He had intended to climb to the topmost Rung of Journalism. Who pushed him off? The City Ed pushed him off.

What else does the City Ed do? He takes a nice blue pencil and scratches out the graphic lines about the "all-devouring flames that writhed like Serpents." Then the story says that the house burned down at eight o'clock last night. Then it is a nice story, is it not?

Can the City Ed write? Oh, yes. When the new Reporter turns in a column story about a Runaway the City Ed writes him a note. Is it a nice note? No, it is not a nice note.

The City Ed is a brave man. When the ladies of the Church come to see him about the story that the Reporter got all wrong he faces them boldly. It is not easy to face these ladies boldly, but he knows no fear. When the local Poetess gets into the wrong pew and submits a poem on Eternity, he reads it and says: "That is very good, but the Democratic Convention is taking up all our Space."

The City Ed swears and smokes all the time. Is he not wicked, children? When you grow up never be a City Ed.

Here we have the Society Editor. What is she doing? She is writing about the dainty luncheon at the Country Club. She also has an exclusive story about the Misses Excelsior of 'Frisco spending a few weeks with their cousins at Prospect. At the swell dinner given in their honor Covers were laid for Twenty-four.

Does the Society Editor have to go after stories? Not at all—the stories are sent in by the anxious principals. Isn't this too much trouble for the principals? Oh, no—delighted, I assure you!

Are you in Society? Then come and meet the Society Editor. She will be glad to fix you out if you send in your MSS., written on one side of the paper, and be careful about Spelling and Punctuation.

Why is the Society Editor laughing? She is laughing at the lady who sent in six items about herself. She knows this lady will say next day, "My goodness, you just can't keep anything out of the Papers now-a-days!" Society people are Queer Things, and the Society Editor is onto all their Curves. Yes, indeed. Let us run along now, and not bother her any more until she has finished reading her mail.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

Tesla Bricquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Mother Goose Up to Date.  
There was a "model" man,  
And he drove a "model" nag.  
He went in a "model" rum-shop  
And acquired a "model" jag.

He met a "model" sleuth,  
Who espied his "model" souse  
And dragged him off abruptly  
To a "model" station house.

—New York Evening Sun.

## The Lament of an Ex-Californian.

It's about the hottest yet,  
In August.  
No, I don't "perspire"—I sweat—  
In August.  
Every night I dream I dwell  
In the boiler-room of—well,  
It's a very sultry spell,  
In August.

Fido's looking rather bad,  
In August.  
Geel—he must be going mad,  
In August.  
Florence, band me out the gun—  
Manful duty must be done  
Ere he gets a chance to run,  
In August.

Parker's drowsing in the hay,  
In August.  
Roosevelt sleeps at Oyster Bay,  
In August.  
Even Fairbanks, cool and svelt,  
Is afloat about the belt,  
When his ice begins to melt,  
In August.

It's more fun to strike than work,  
In August;  
So the union butchers sbirk,  
In August.  
Though the beat is fiercer still,  
When I see my butcher's bill—  
Then, you bet, I get a cbill,  
In August!

—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

## Swimmin' Days.

Swimmin' ain't what it uster be—  
Not by a jugful—no-sir-ee!  
Uv course th' water's jest ez wet;  
Th' woods is there, an' all uv thet;  
Th' shadders 'crost th' eddy lie  
Jest ez they did in days gone by.  
Th' dam sends up its steam an' roar  
Jest ez it did in days uv yore,  
An' turkles drop "kerplunk" into  
Th' water ez they uster do;  
But swimmin'—swimmin', no-sir-ee.  
Ain't up to what it uster be.

Don't hev th' fun we hed them days  
When we hed time enough to laze  
Around th' dam, lay in th' sun,  
An' bake till we wuz p'nigh done;  
Then run an' dive, th' bull blame pack,  
Inter th' stream ag'in, "kerwhack!"  
Then chase each other 'long th' shore;  
Tie up th' clothes uv one or more;  
Throw mud on some poor feller when  
He wuz most' gittin' dry, an' then  
Make him go in ag'in. Dear suz!  
These swimmin' days ain't what they wuz.

Another uv them bygone joys  
Wuz duckin' uv th' smaller boys.  
Can't do it now—they've growed, you see,  
An' are ez big ez you an' me.  
An' some hev moved away, an' some  
Are busy workin' bere to bum.  
No, sir; them days hev all gone by—  
Can't bring 'em back now ef we try.  
Th' lickin's, too, we uster get  
When we got back awry an' wet,  
Don't come no more to you an' me—  
Swimmin' ain't what it uster be.

—Joe Cone in Judge.

## Lizzie.

I am dizzy, Lizzie, dizzy; sick with waiting at  
the 'phone,  
For they always answer "busy" when I call you  
up, my own!  
"Busy," Lizzie, pray who is be? Who's the rival  
that I fear?  
Is be busy, dizzy Lizzie, busy buzzing round  
you, dear?

—F. L. Rose in Chicago Record-Herald.

## To a Lady's Toes!

Dear little toes, so slender, white and fair,  
I can't see you, yet I know you're there,  
Ten of you, lying rosy in your lair.

May never Paris points nor Gallic heels  
Callousities impart which breeding feels,  
The fruit of Fashion and the spring of squeals.

O tender, tuneful, twinkling little toes,  
I pray you be the apograph of those  
Of sandaled Greece, unhampered as the nose!

I would I were a calf, for then, maybe,  
I might some day be flayed and, bappily,  
Encompass thee about in ecstasy.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Moore's Polson-Oak Remedy

cures poison-oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all  
druggists.

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From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
St. Paul .....Sept. 3 | Germanic .....Sept. 17  
Philadelphia .....Sept. 10 | New York .....Sept. 24  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Merion .....Sept. 3, 10 am | Haverford .....Sept. 17, 10 am  
West'nd'd .....Sept. 10, 10 am | Friesland .....Sept. 24, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnehaha .....Sept. 5, 11 am | Mesaba .....Sept. 17, 9 am  
Minneapolis .....Sept. 10, 6 am | Minnetonka .....Sept. 24, 5 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada .....Sept. 3 | Kensington .....Sept. 17  
Ottawa .....Sept. 10 | Dominion .....Sept. 24

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM—VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Rotterdam .....Sept. 6 | Noordam .....Sept. 20  
Ryndam .....Sept. 13 | Statendam .....Sept. 27

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 A. M.  
Kronland .....Sept. 3 | Finland .....Sept. 17  
Zeeland .....Sept. 10 | Vaderland .....Sept. 24  
SPECIAL NOTICE—The large new twin-screw steamships of the Red Star Line call at Dover, England, both east and west bound.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Celtic .....Sept. 2, 10 am | Cedric .....Sept. 16, 10 am  
Baltic .....Sept. 7, 3 pm | Oceanic .....Sept. 21, 3 pm  
Majestic .....Sept. 14, 10 am | Arabic .....Sept. 23, 4.30 pm  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Republic (new) .....Sept. 15, Oct. 13, Nov. 7  
Cymric .....Sept. 15, Oct. 13, Nov. 7  
Cretic .....Sept. 22

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.  
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GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.  
From New York.

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Cretic .....Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18  
From Boston.

Romanic .....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28  
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S. S. Gaelic .....Saturday, October 1  
S. S. Doric .....Wednesday, November 9  
S. S. Coptic .....Saturday, November 26  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
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D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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A. M.  
S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 8, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 14, at 11 A. M.  
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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anne Miller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller, to Paymaster George Brown, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Prather, daughter of Mrs. W. L. Prather, of Oakland, to Mr. Guy William Waterbury of Sacramento.

The engagement is announced of Miss E. Lillian Lugg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lugg of Berkeley, to Dr. S. W. Hussey, U. S. A. The wedding will take place on September 15th at Fort Snelling, Minn., where Dr. Hussey is stationed.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Wheaton, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Cutter, to Mr. Conrad P. Hathaway. The wedding will take place in Manila in October.

The wedding of Miss Anna Ashe Sperry, daughter of Mrs. James Sperry, to Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., will take place at the residence of the bride's mother in Sausalito on August 31st. Mrs. Murphy, wife of Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., will be matron of honor, and Miss Mary Langhorne will be bridesmaid.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ellinwood, to Mr. Robert Greer, will take place on Wednesday, August 31st, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2739 Pacific Avenue. Miss Leontine Blakeman will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Minnie Nash, of Baltimore, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Katharine Dillon, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

The wedding of Miss Frances Moore, daughter of Commander C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore, to Lieutenant John S. Graham, U. S. N., took place at Mare Island on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Chaplain J. K. Lewis, U. S. N., retired, assisted by Chaplain Adam A. McAlister, U. S. N. Miss Helen Simons was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Mattie Milton and Miss Frances Waggoner. A reception followed the ceremony. After an extended wedding journey, Lieutenant John S. Graham will reside at Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., was the guest on Tuesday evening at a dinner given by members of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity and army officers at Fort Baker. Others at table were Lieutenant Hugh Taylor, U. S. A., Lieutenant James Jamison, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. D. Abbott, U. S. A., Paymaster Ball, U. S. A., Mr. Joseph Carrigan, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Herbert Bonfield, Mr. Power Boothe, Mr. Melvin Jeffress, Mr. Robert Henderson, Mr. Alfred Holmes, Mr. Alexander Colt, and Mr. Cuttrell.

Mr. Allan St. John Bowie gave a dinner on Tuesday evening at his residence, 1909 Jackson Street, in honor of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood. Others at table were Mrs. Bowie-Dietrich, Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Helen Bowie, Miss Minnie Nash, Mr. Robert P. Greer, Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mr. Harry M. Holbrook.

A dance was given by the members of the bachelors' mess at Mare Island on Monday night in honor of Miss Frances Moore and Lieutenant John Graham, U. S. N.

Miss Katharine Dillon gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood. Others at table were Miss Leontine Blakeman, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Josephine Loughborough, and Miss Minnie Nash.

## Stanford's New Library.

The foundation of the new library building at Stanford University is about completed, and it is expected that the corner-stone will be laid shortly after September 1st. The ground dimensions of the main structure will be three hundred and six by one hundred and ninety feet, while a circular addition attached to the rear centre of the main building will have a diameter of one hundred and thirty-two feet. The building will be two stories in height and surmounted by a huge glass dome seventy feet in diameter. The basement of the building will contain a book-binder and packing room. On the first floor will be the conversation, reading study, and waiting rooms. The circular addition at the rear of the building will have a shelf capacity of one hundred thousand volumes. The upper floor will be devoted to seminar-rooms and special libraries of different departments of the university. The corridors and rooms will be tiled with mosaic flooring, and the stairways will be of marble.

Dr. L. Bush, for fifty years a dentist of this city, died at his residence, 2108 Howard Street, on Saturday. Dr. Bush was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1829, and came to the United States in 1852. He studied dentistry for three years, and in 1854 came to San Francisco. He established offices on Kearny Street and remained on that place for fifty years as a practicing dentist.

## The Bohemian Club's Midsummer Jinks.

Last Saturday night, the Bohemian Club's Midsummer Jinks took place in the club's beautiful redwood grove near Guerneville. The high jinks play, "The Hamadryads, a Masque of Apollo," was written by Will Irwin, with the music by W. J. McCoy. On account of Mr. Irwin's absence in New York, the high jinks was sired by Dr. J. Wilson Shiels. The play was prepared for the stage and the costumes designed by Porter Garnett. George E. Lyon attended to the stage settings.

The idea that Mr. Irwin elaborated in his play was the release of the tree souls, the hamadryads, from their imprisonment, this being accomplished through the slaying, by Apollo, of Meledon, the spirit of care. The first verse of the prologue is pleasing:

"Out of the forest have I made this dream,  
Out of the winter-wood. The heaven-born rain,  
The wild, barbarian rain, the mystic fog  
That frights the forest with his ghostly touch,  
The unnumbered multitude of tiny herbs  
Astir and wakening in earth's fertile womb—  
These fed my fancy. From the sleeping shadows  
Fair woodland people counseled me; and Apollo,  
Patron of poets, blessed my minstrelsy.  
From all their wisdom and their fair perfection  
Made I the imperfection of my song."

The play is opened by Meledon, who, in the likeness of a great bat, is worrying a tree:

"The blasting worm devour your shaggy hides,  
The gopher plague your tendrils. There—and there—  
I mark the outlet where thy winter veins  
Shall bleed and spill the rain-born nourishment!"

Hamadryads appear, some calling on Apollo, and their herald sings:

"Backward now the kingly sun  
Doth his course in glory run.  
Now the summer lustily  
Calls us, calls us, joys, free.  
Sleep the worm and canker foul.  
Calls in joy the herald owl,  
Holla-to-ho!  
Holla-to-ho!  
Hail our night of liberty!  
Holla-to-ho!  
Holla-to-ho!"

Beauty and melody lie in these opening lines of the first hamadryad's invocation:

"Shine soft, oh, voyager in the midnight sky,  
Thou red, luxuriant moon; warm, wilding breeze,  
Blow memories of golden summers past  
Ere Care enshrouded us. Father of the grove,  
Thine ancient blessing on these revelries.  
Now lift your weary-burdened hearts and sport  
Amid the violets and fragrant fern,  
Treading the fairy measure as of old,  
When laurel-crowned Apollo led the train."

Dances and songs by the hamadryads end with an assault on Meledon. It provokes him to the following lines:

"For that impious blow  
The cankering worm shall gnaw your gnarled root;  
The flesh-fond buzzard on your crested top  
Shall mow his odious feast; and for those curses  
The wasp unwomb his poison in your bark.  
Fools of the world! Your night of liberty  
Is burned and blasted. Worshiped ye the gods?  
Then worship now the soul, immortal spirit  
Of all their gleaming cohort—Meledon!"

A naiad, angels, and Apollo appear upon the scene. There are excellent lines in the first angel's song:

"He hath heard! He hath heard! Our God  
shall bring deliverance!  
For the seas are glad with his countenance,  
And the hills in his might rejoice,  
And the flowers in their beauty do his will,  
And the rivers sing at his voice,  
And the forests gladden the wilderness  
By the grace of his glorious word.  
Who hath answered the prayer of the simple folk  
That called in praise of their Lord.  
He hath answered the prayer of the simple folk  
That called on their mighty Lord!  
Deliverance! Deliverance! He grants deliverance!"

Meledon is vanquished by Apollo, then the cremation of Care (Meledon) takes place, as is the annual Bohemian custom. George Bromley performed the rites, and John McNaught delivered the funeral oration. Supper followed the cremation, then came the low jinks, "The Inimitable Itinerants," a clever skit, written and sired by Ernest S. Simpson. The music for the owl songs in it was composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and the other melodies were from recent musical comedies. Paul Steindorf was director.

The principal participants in the high jinks and the low jinks were H. McD. Spencer, Willard Barton, J. C. Wilson, R. M. Hotelling, Charles K. Field, H. A. Melvin, J. Wilson Shiels, C. K. Bonestell, C. S. Aiken, H. J. Maginnity, W. H. Smith, Jr., T. V. Blakewell, F. P. Deering, W. B. Hopkins, R. F. Jennings, A. R. Hardin, R. H. Cool, Noble Eaton, E. S. Simpson, and Gordon Ross.

There was a chorus of forty-two voices, and an orchestra of fifty pieces.

The Bohemian Club directors have decided to give a concert of jinks music. It will be held at the Tivoli Opera House on Thursday afternoon, September 1st, at 3 p. m. The music of the 1902 jinks, by Joseph D. Redding, entitled "The Man in the Forest"; of the 1903 jinks, by Dr. H. J. Stewart, "Montezuma"; and of this year's jinks,

"The Hamadryads," will all be presented, with interpretations by R. M. Hotelling. Tickets, which will be \$1 and \$2, will go on sale at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday.

## Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., Mrs. Casey, and Miss Casey were in Switzerland when last heard from.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., and Miss Cornelia Kempff, who are at Menlo Park, expect to leave within a few weeks for Washington, D. C., where they will spend the winter.

Captain Harold Cloke, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Cloke, departed on Monday for his new post of duty at Fort Totten, N. Y.

Rear-Admiral Caspar Goodrich, U. S. N., arrived from the north on board the United States flagship *New York* Monday.

Inspector-General Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., arrived from the East last Monday.

Captain John P. Haines, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., left for Washington, D. C., this week, and will be on duty there for some time to come.

Rear-Admiral Watson, U. S. N., has been retired.

Commander C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Atlantic Coast.

Mrs. G. E. Garrity, wife of Captain Garrity, U. S. A., who is ill at the Presidio, is occupying apartments at the Colonial Hotel with her mother, Mrs. Robert H. Walker.

Paymaster Charles Morris, U. S. N., who is a son of Colonel Charles Morris, U. S. A., is here on the United States steamer *Bennington*.

Captain L. C. Logan, U. S. N., who is in command of the *Ohio*, and Mrs. Logan, Miss Logan, and Miss Georgiana Logan have taken apartments at the Colonial Hotel for the fall and winter season.

It is expected that more than one hundred and fifty automobiles will be at the Hotel del Monte to-day (Saturday) in attendance upon the automobile tournament, for which special preparations have been made by the Automobile Club of California.

The Sequoia Club, which aims to be a club of both sexes, with interests in art, letters, and music similar to those of the Bohemian Club, has secured quarters at the Hotel St. Francis. It will give its first reception of the season during September.

Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, arrived in Oakland from Washington, D. C., on Monday, and will remain until the Presidential campaign is concluded.

—ENGRAVED WEDDING INVITATIONS, DIES, crests, monograms, etc. Knights Templar cards a specialty. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

## "Knox" Fall Styles

Just received at Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

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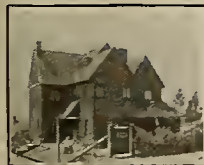
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### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hohart will be at Del Monte until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown are now occupying a residence on Clay Street, having given up their flat on Washington Street.

Mrs. Thomas Magee has departed for the East, and from there will go to London, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight will return from Lake Tahoe in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood have returned from Blythedale.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry has been the guest of friends at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl have returned from Lake Tahoe, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have been sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels are at the Hotel del Monte for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall and family have returned to town from their summer visit at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are guests at Del Monte this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee expect to go abroad in the late autumn, and will be absent until next spring.

Mrs. James Otis will spend the month of October at the exposition in St. Louis.

Mrs. John S. Merrill is expected home today (Saturday) from her visit to Independence Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee have returned from the East.

Miss Ella Morgan is among the guests at Del Monte this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt will spend the winter at 800 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanderlynn Stow have returned from their European trip.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are at Pacific Grove for the month of August.

Mrs. Kierstedt, wife of Dr. Henry Kierstedt, U. S. A., will pass the winter months with Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Cora Smedberg is at present visiting relatives at Lennox.

Mrs. Frederick Beardsley sails for Honolulu on the steamer *Siberia* next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell (née Rowe) have returned from their wedding journey through Canada, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Campbell at their residence in Sausalito.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis has returned to New York from Europe.

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, who has been spending the summer at Menlo Park, will return to town next week.

Miss Katherine Glass, who is expected home from the Philippines in a couple of weeks, will join her father, Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. N., here.

Mrs. A. A. Moore and Miss Ethel Moore are at the Moore ranch in Ventura County.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings (née Warner), who have been in Alaska on their wedding journey, are expected to arrive here in a few days, en route to Mexico, which is to be their home for some time to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clarke have been at Lake Tahoe during the past week.

Colonel Alexander Hawes arrived from Honolulu last week to be present at the Bohemian Club Midsummer Jinks.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Forbes are sojourning at Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is expected to arrive from New York on a business trip shortly.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has been sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Marjorie Gibbons and Miss Elsie Dorr have been spending the week in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and daughter are at Wawona.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones will close their Ross Valley country place on the first of October, and again take apartments at the Colonial Hotel, where they will remain for the fall and winter season.

Mrs. Victor C. Lewis has gone to Astoria, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Severance and Miss Mary Severance have returned from their four months' trip to China, Japan, and Honolulu, and are at the Hotel St. Francis. They expect to leave for their home in Cleveland, O., in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rogers and family, formerly of Yokohama, after an extended visit in Europe, have taken the Allen residence, 2204 Jackson Street, for a year.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Bryant (née Bixby) have returned to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edward Xavier Rolker has gone East to remain until December.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley expect to leave within a few days for New York, where they will remain for some weeks.

Mrs. Norris Davis expects to sail about the middle of September for a six months' trip to Europe.

Miss Mariadna Snell, of Berkeley, is the

guest of Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Gray, of Fresno, are guests at the Colonial Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from British Columbia.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling was a recent visitor to Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. W. G. Curtis has returned after two years in Europe, and has taken apartments at 939 Bush Street.

Mr. Frank Seaman, the well-known advertising man of New York, has been making a short stay in town this week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. William E. Curtis, the brilliant foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, arrived from Manila early in the week, and is making a brief stay at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Curtis spent several months in the Philippine Islands.

Mr. Edward Clough has returned from his trip to the Orient.

Mr. Edward M. Boyd, of Honolulu, is here on a ten days' business trip. He will return to the islands next week.

Mrs. J. F. Francis and Miss Guadalupe Dominguez, of Los Angeles, are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie Dunn left last week for the exposition at St. Louis, and will be absent several weeks.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and Miss Adele Martel will soon depart for the East, en route to Europe. They will be absent for six months or more.

Mrs. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, have been at Santa Barbara for a brief visit.

Miss Jane Wilshire is expected home from her visit East during the first week in October.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner (née Findley) leave to-day (Saturday) for their future home in Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Campbell, who have been at Lake Tahoe during August, return to town in a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis will pass the coming winter at 1001 Pine Street, where they are staying at present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin will occupy Mrs. J. L. Martell's residence on Buchanan Street during the autumn and winter months.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Miss Larabee and Miss H. Bliss, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Swanberg, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fenwick, Miss Games, Miss Hammond, Miss B. Bargion, and Dr. N. Beigle.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cameron, Mrs. G. Meyer, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. K. Conroy, Mrs. E. Graves, Dr. Lilla M. Tenney, Dr. F. L. Stow, Mr. W. A. Soule, Mr. T. A. Cox, Mr. J. R. Talcott, Mr. W. S. Boggs, Mr. Monroe P. Marks, Mr. G. E. Nordgren, and Mr. O. H. Clark.

Andrea Sharboro and Pietro C. Rossi have received word through C. F. Serra, Italian consul-general here, that the King of Italy has conferred upon them the decoration of the Order of the Crown of Italy. The decoration carries with it the title of cavaliere, which corresponds to the English title of knight.

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# The Argonaut.

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There is no doubt about it, this is the most apathetic of political campaigns. Here it is the first of September, and "nothing doing." Nobody seems to be talking politics. There are no knots on the street corners. In 1896, you had simply to fight for your belief in the gold standard with rabid silver men who, like the Ancient Mariner, held you fast with their "skinny hand" if not with their "glittering eye" while they spouted passages

from "Coin's Financial School." Now, all's changed. A drowsy stillness prevades the political atmosphere. A lotus languor is upon us all.

The editors of Democratic papers, who strangely find themselves unable to waken in their breasts the proper degree of enthusiasm, are looking around to find somebody that they can blame for the sad tepidity of the political campaign. What can be the trouble? they ask, in alarm; and finally they have convinced themselves that the fault is with the campaign managers. They're fast asleep. At least, so thinks the *World*, for it exclaims, editorially: "Wake up, Mr. Taggart! Wake up, Mr. De Lancey Nicoll! Wake up, Mr. Sheehan! Wake up, gentlemen of the Executive Committee! It is thirty-six days since Judge Parker was nominated, and what have you done?" Similarly, the *Herald*, which rather inclines Parker's way. "What is the matter with the Democratic managers? is the outcry of all independent and non-partisan lovers of good government," says the *Herald*; "there is no time to be lost."

But are these gentlemen in charge of the campaign the persons really responsible for the general apathy? Aren't they doing just the best they know how? People have accused Tom Taggart of running a gambling joint at French Lick, but never, to our knowledge, of not being a hustler. Folks have said that Mr. August Belmont was the political agent of Wall Street, but never before that he lacked energy and initiative. It has been said of "Blue Eyed Billy" Sheehan that his political work at Buffalo in years gone by was a bit "coarse," but never, up to now, that he permitted himself to drowse in the sun while there was hay to be made.

No. However good an excuse the "lassitude" of campaign managers may be to soothe the consciences of editors alarmed at their own indifference, it fails altogether as a valid reason for explaining the apathy in this campaign.

For the real reason we must go "higher up." It is not "episodes and underlings" that inspire enthusiasm. Committees and bureaus, organs and organizations, are but the machinery—the wires and strings—by which results are brought about only when controlled and governed by the hand of a master—ah, there is the rub; *the Democracy has none!*

How can the Democracy be expected to be inspired and enthusiastic about such a candidate as Parker? How can it be expected to work itself into a fine frenzy in the absence of fixed principles and definite policies? The *fons et origo* of all this apathy that lies like a dead weight on the Democratic party is in Esopus, N. Y. There is where somebody needs to be waked up. As the *Sun* truly says, all that the "leader" has done so far is to "put chloral and mandragora and paraldehyde and trional into words, and made a speech of acceptance—a lulling document, a genuine sleeping potion."

Even journals that cordially dislike Mr. Roosevelt see clearly enough that the trouble is fundamental. One of the strongest Democratic papers in New England is the Boston *Herald*, and it says: "The fundamental fact with regard to the noticeable indifference of the people is that the Democratic leaders have not yet put forth with a clarion voice that compels attention any positive programme or antagonistic policy." Exactly. And *Harper's Weekly*, one of the President's severest critics during the last two or three years, yet admits that "Judge Parker's speech of acceptance fell upon his party like a wet blanket," and "unhesitatingly records the belief that the effect of the two speeches of acceptance has been a material improvement in Republican prospects." Considering the effect that Judge Parker's speech has had upon journals that would have

been glad to support him had they had only half a chance, it is no wonder that he has announced his determination to make no more political speeches. A man who looks wise and says nothing may deceive some people into believing that he is profound; a man who talks mere ambiguities deceives nobody.

There is just one source of hope for Democratic editors. It has been discovered that if the judge is prodded hard enough he may be got to make a simple declarative statement. He is susceptible of being "smoked out." The "Philippine incident" is a case in point. The Democratic platform says that the party favors setting "the Filipino people upon their feet, free and independent to work out their own destiny." Judge Parker's speech of acceptance spoke of giving the Filipinos self-government. Thereat the principal Democratic newspapers of the country began fighting among themselves as to whether or not "self-government" meant "independence." The *New York Times* and *Brooklyn Eagle* concluded that with Judge Parker as President "the stability of our colonial policy will remain assured." The *World* and *Evening Post* contended that the judge intended a "scuttling" policy. The battle raged for weeks. Finally the judge made a statement. It was not so ambiguous as his speech, but still ambiguous. The Democratic newspapers kept hammering away, at him to make his position clearer, and their efforts have at length been crowned with success. The judge has issued a third statement (three and out!), in which he says that he advocates "treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans."

This suggests a suggestion. Why don't the editors of the Democratic newspapers get together and decide on the meaning of the very many ambiguous paragraphs in the judge's speech, and then, putting forward the hypothetical exegesis, keep corkscrewing away at the judge until he issues statements confirming their suppositions?

To begin with, they might ascertain if Judge Parker really intended to convey his belief that "protection is robbery" when he said that the platform, which contains that interesting phrase, is "admirable."

The success of the Japanese arms is awakening not only Russia but all Europe and America, and before Port Arthur is fallen the coolest heads in the white world are calculating the outcome. Augustine Heard, former United States minister to Corea, and prominently identified for years with Chinese-American commerce, has contributed to the *New York Tribune* conclusions worthy of attention. Mr. Heard speaks out in meeting, and this is what he says: "I am inclined to think that this present war between Russia and Japan will powerfully contribute to the civilization of China, as will be seen later, and, although I regard the commercial and industrial yellow terror as non-existent, I have emphatically stated my belief that there is a reality in the military yellow terror, which consists in the alliance of China and Japan, and which can not lightly be put aside."

Among Mr. Heard's opinions is the conviction that Japan will waken China into ardor in the study of Western methods. He bears heavily upon the fact that the Chinese are the best workers in the world, that the Chinese is the one member of the human race adapted to all climes, the one fulfilling in the highest degree the ideal of the intelligent human machine, "never tired, never troublesome, but always cheerful, to be had in unlimited numbers for half or a third the wages of the European." He is convinced that China will adopt steam and electricity, open mines, and build ships. He asks us to remember that it was a Chinese who discovered



gunpowder, printing by movable types, and the compass; he demands that we recognize such possibilities of invention in the future.

All this lies in the hand of the Japanese. Mr. Heard thinks the little brown man cherishes a passionate desire for the humiliation of the White Races and the conquest of Europe, and asserts that success against Russia will not lessen this supreme longing. "Reflection has only served to strengthen my opinion that Japan and China will inevitably come together and that they will completely control all matters in the Far East. That they will clear the white man out of their dominions appears to me certain."

Mr. Heard goes on to tell of the anti-foreign feeling in both Japan and China, and the gradual extinguishing of the animosity between the Japanese and the Chinese, who are coming closer together every day. And China is the prize of the present war. And India, he says, will fall ultimately to the victor, and who knows how soon the Philippines will slip back into the darkness and mystery of the self-sufficient East?

That others think along these lines as well, is proved by the report presented to the Australian parliament not long ago by Major-General Sir Edward Hutton, commander of the federal forces. "It is impossible to view the military situation in Australia, in face of the momentous changes taking place in the balance of power in the East, without grave misgivings. . . . It is certain that commercial supremacy in the Pacific will be the aim of the leading naval and military powers, and that Australian interests must be seriously compromised, unless effectively secured by a reasonable measure of military defense."

For a good many long and weary years, the Argonaut has been advocating the use of convict labor in the construction of roads. The State has a couple of thousand big husky fellows at San Quentin who work at making jute bags with small profit either to themselves or to the State. The granite quarry at Folsom does not, by any means, render that institution self-supporting. The use of convicts in other lines of manufacture is opposed by organized labor, who object to "prison competition." This objection may be fallacious; for it ignores the fact that these same convicts, were they free, would be competitors in the labor market to a greater extent than they can possibly be when confined within the walls of a prison. It ignores the fact that to support a number of convicts in idleness is a burden upon the community of which the laboring man is a part. Nevertheless, this opposition of organized labor is so potent with legislatures that there is little use in endeavoring to combat it with reason. But in the use of convicts in road-building, they are emphatically not brought into competition with laborers. Where convicts have been used, it has almost invariably been the ease that the work would have not been done at all had convict labor not been available. The benefit to the convict himself, through being employed in the open air at honest hard labor, is incalculable. Nothing is so liable to destroy all hope in a man as to house him in comparative idleness in company with other criminals, many of whom are coarser and more brutal than he. In short, there is every argument for using convicts in road-building. We refer to the matter again at this time because there is a movement on foot among automobilists of the State to have brought before the legislature, at its coming session, a bill to effect the use of convict labor for the betterment of our highways. Among the automobilists are many men of influence; they ought to be able to act as a unit; they have a potent interest in the matter, for in a year's time the convicts in our State prisons could construct many a mile of fine broad highway. We hope that the persons behind the movement will not cease their endeavors, but will use every effort to achieve success at the next session of the legislature.

Spite of the Biblical statement that what proceeds out of the mouth, not what enters therein, of the month, not what enters therein, bespeaks the man, we go hugely upon the burden of a person's fork (or knife, in certain districts) in our classification according to society. The most cultured gentleman, the most ethereal gentlewoman, may eat a hen's egg, but the egg of the domestic duck is not esteemed. The difference between riches and poverty lies in the cut of a steak. The man who affords his digestive organs the succulent frog looks down upon the barbarian who smacks his lips over the frog's next of kin, the lizard. We eat calves but not eats; we pick at reed birds and eschew snuffies; we favor rabbits but not dogs; our gastric juices flow sweetly at the smell of squab, and dry up at the scent of crow.

But until lately there has been no Federal legislation concerning the bill of fare. We could either eat ham or

let it alone, and if we preferred kidney to tripe there was no one to say us nay. Times are changed. With the annexation of the Pacific islands, we have met new duties nobly. We have denied the Sultan of Sulu fricasseed baby, and taught the agile and interesting Macabebe not to nourish American ardor on the flesh of aliens. Lastly, we have forbidden the Igorrotes at the St. Louis fair to eat dog.

Putting all vegetarians and other schismatics aside, why should we not eat dog? If we enjoy tripe, the lining of a cow's stomach, why not relish a cutlet from a cocker spaniel? If we find the flavor of a calf's liver to our taste, why not permit our black brethren to gorge on the sweet steaks of a fox terrier? Why should we eat the tail of an ox and turn up our noses at the far more toothsome tail of a pug-dog, curled ready for insertion in the frying-pan? If we will devour a pig fresh from a puddle, why deny others the right to suck the marrow-bone of a cleanly hound?

The answer to these interrogatories is hidden in the bosom of the St. Louis Humane Society. This organization has suddenly been afflicted with sadness to think of the sufferings of the dogs served on Igorrote knives. It has moved high heaven and the director-general, and this edict is the result. The St. Louis dog is possibly a tender creature, not fitted for the rôle of *pièce de résistance*. But it is a remarkable scientific fact that animals which are used as ladies' pets are not esteemed by civilized nations for food. Humane societies are largely female in their constitution, and thus the double working of culture and affection have saved the day of the dog. Yet to the philosopher the pig's tail curls as appealingly as the pug's, and the somewhat mussed nose of the calf stirs the pity equally with the chilly nose of the spaniel. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that a director-general, a sounding society, and congressional advices were required to soothe the nodding fears of certain ancient dames who trembled for their creasey pets on reading the awful tales of the Igorrotes. We have saved Miss Alpaca's dearest Seraphina at the expense of an interesting and healthful tribal custom. And pugs are more plentiful than tribal customs.

The Honorable Leslie Mortier Shaw, who will formally open the Republican national campaign with a speech at the Alhambra Theatre to-night (Saturday), is a native of Vermont, where he was born fifty-six years ago. He is a graduate of Iowa College, a banker and lawyer by profession, was twice governor of the State of Iowa, and on February 1, 1902, was appointed by President Roosevelt Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, which post he has filled with distinguished credit to himself and satisfaction to the country. Mr. Shaw is a fine type of American gentleman, cool-headed, upright, a hater of sham. When the storm of the silver craze swept over the West, he was one of the few strong men of his State who clearly saw the fallacies of Bryanism, and fought stoutly for Republican success. California extends to Mr. Shaw her heartiest welcome and sincerest best wishes.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor Victor H. Metcalf has an opportunity to demonstrate to the people of the entire Pacific Coast that he has a clear head, and thinks straight. Our consul-general at Shanghai, Mr. Goodnow, has written a letter to Commissioner of Immigration Sargent proposing that in future our consuls in China shall finally decide regarding the eligibility of Chinese for admission to this country. At the present time, decision is made by immigration officials in home ports of entry. Commissioner Sargent agrees with Mr. Goodnow, and has recommended to Secretary Metcalf that such a method of procedure be inaugurated. If Mr. Metcalf shall now forcibly condemn the proposal, he will earn and receive the grateful thanks of the whole Pacific Coast. The plan is vicious, because it places in the hands of a few consuls in Chinese ports powers for the favorable exercise of which Chinese are and always have been willing to pay good round sums. Three or four hundred dollars is a moderate price to pay to secure entrance into the United States. It is easy to estimate to what temptation our consuls would be subject, and it is too much to expect of human nature that none of these ill-paid minor officials would be found susceptible to bribery.

The argument of Mr. Goodnow is that, "if we are to educate the young men that are going abroad, and thus keep our grip on China, we must devise some such way to let the students in." But the figures of Commissioner North, of San Francisco, are stated to show that since January, 1900, only thirty-two Chinese have applied for admission as students, and that but two of these were rejected. The argument of Mr. Goodnow therefore falls flat. Doubtless the tender hearts of Easterners will

still continue to be moved by pitiful stories of Chinese "merchants," who sail all the way across the Pacific, are detained long in the rickety sheds of the Pacific Mail, and then are sent back again six thousand miles. But just so long as persons claiming to be "students," and admitted as such, are later found in Alaska salmon canneries, and Chinese claiming to be "merchants" are discovered by the immigration officials to have callouses on their shoulders made by carrying-poles, legs sunburned to the knee, and horny calloused hands, just so long will it be necessary for the strictest examination to be made in Pacific ports, and Chinese whose claims are plainly fraudulent ruthlessly deported.

California, Washington, and Oregon will await with interest Mr. Metcalf's gloss on Mr. Sargent's letter.

There was no issue of hours or wages between the hackmen and the stable owners in the "OPEN SHOP" strike which began last May and which has just ended. The sole and only matter at issue was whether the stables should be "open shop" or "closed shop." The stable owners have won what is perhaps the most notable downright victory in the history of strikes in San Francisco during recent years. Heretofore, in every instance that we recall, whether employers acceded to union demands or not, the agreement was made with the union. Negotiations recognized the existence of the union. In this settlement, however, the stable owners make no agreement with hackmen. They, however, address a letter to the mayor of the city, containing a statement regarding wages, hours, and other regulations. The ninth article of this statement reads as follows:

It is understood that this guarantee is made with the full recognition of the open-shop principle, which we propose to maintain, and it is understood that we will recognize no union or walking delegate, but will faithfully and conscientiously consider all of our employees, whether they be members of the hackmen's union or whether they belong to no union at all, and will treat both with equal consideration.

Taken in connection with Judge Hunt's decree recently made permanent, this marks an era in San Francisco's industrial history. We have already noted, in these columns, the effect of the temporary injunction. The permanent injunction is even more radical. It enjoins absolutely the stablemen's union "from stationing or placing in front of said plaintiffs' place of business any picket or pickets, for the purpose of injuring, obstructing, or in anywise interfering with the business of plaintiffs, or for the purpose of preventing any customer or customers, patron or patrons of plaintiffs from doing business with them."

The Citizens' Alliance deserves full credit for the altered industrial situation which it has brought about.

The first to recognize some of the daily conveniences and inconveniences of life in San Francisco are the real-estate dealers. They have a very personal interest in what the casual observer might call captious criticism due to indigestion. If our own digestion is perfect, we are fain to look serenely on when our brother scowls horribly at his watch and berates a street-car system which keeps him waiting five minutes on a corner. When a Powell Street car jumbles its passengers into one end as it starts up the California Street hill, we more imperturbable and happier folk will likely smile and be amused at the agonies of the others. But the real-estate dealer doesn't laugh at all this. He knows that the man who has every day to wait five minutes for his car will sooner or later seek another abode, where he will not have to waste a twelfth of an hour. He knows that if the street-car company jumbles people up too often they will forever obviate this ill-timed pleasantry by moving into a more favored district. Perpend.

The real-estate man is telling us loudly that the street railway system in San Francisco is bad. In the *Real Estate Record* his cry is to be heard. He says—what we all know—that Market Street is congested, that Sutter and Clay Streets are jammed, that the service everywhere is losing in comparison with what it used to be.

This criticism is not wholly destructive, either, for the remedy is heard on all sides: electric lines on Market, Sutter, and Pacific; bigger cars, quicker service. It may as well be admitted that no more cars can be run on Market Street than now are in use during rush hours. No one who has had to disembark two blocks from the ferry and scamper for a boat down past a long line of stalled cars needs to be told this. Therefore, in addition to the electric service, there should be, in time must be, says the *Record*, a subway. Whatever comes must come soon. The present state of affairs, as the *Record* has pointed out, is driving out and across the bay a most desirable class of citizens, a class which, if properly treated, would be a large source of revenue to the United Railroads. As it is now the Oakland or Berkeley commuter can reach Montgomery Street in



less time than it takes the unfortunate citizen to get to business from out in the Western Addition. And, moreover, the Oaklander rides more comfortably, cleanly, and swiftly. All of which is worth the attention of the officers of the United Railroads, if they wish the value of their property to be maintained.

One of the principal points of attack against the Schmitz administration has been the police commission, but so far as has been heard, there has been no movement contrary to this commission's welfare from the labor unionists until Commissioner Drinkhouse fell foul of the cigarmakers' union. That union took the complaint it had against Drinkhouse straight to the Labor Council, and that body has now indorsed the minor union, and demanded from Mayor Schmitz his commissioner's scalp.

The gravamen of the charge against Drinkhouse is that he has used his office to intimidate saloonmen and others dependent on the commission for their licenses into buying a particular brand of cigar, it being remembered that Mr. Drinkhouse was a cigar dealer before he became commissioner. This charge, so the Labor Council has voted pretty unanimously, was well founded. Possibly nobody is surprised at this, for the commissioner was never known to have any very decided notions of right or wrong, apart from the pages of a ledger, since his rise to office, but it is certainly going to be worth while to watch the action taken by the mayor.

If Mayor Schmitz refuses to let Commissioner Drinkhouse out, he will be defying the very people who put him in his present place. It will be not only a political slap in the face, but a personal one as well, for in this fight against Drinkhouse the unions have shown no political animus at all: openly and without reserve they are struggling to preserve an industrial right—money in their pockets.

If the mayor is wise, and he has shown signs of fair judgment before, he will not delay too long in dropping Drinkhouse. The strength he brings the administration can not count for much against the united opposition of outraged labor, and in other quarters, presumably, the commissioner does not weigh more than his talents would warrant. A municipal administration can sometimes afford to have an able but selfish man in a high place. There is absolutely no salvation for that one which keeps a dull man in office. Police Commissioner Drinkhouse appears to be an extremely stupid and blundering person, for creators do not turn against creatures except under awful provocation. The *Argonaut* presumes that this lets Commissioner Drinkhouse out.

Is it realized that the battle now being waged—the Battle of Liao Yang as history will name it—is likely to prove the greatest battle of modern times? No battle of the Civil War, no battle of the Franco-Prussian War, no battle of the wars of Napoleon, involved such vast armies as are reported to be in conflict to-day in Manchuria. It is creditably said that the combined Japanese army numbers close on a quarter of a million men, and that the Russian forces are little if any inferior. But at Waterloo, the French had only 72,000 men and the allies no more than 117,000. At Plevna, only 80,000 Russians fought against an army of 50,000 Turks. At Chancellorsville, the Union troops numbered not more than 90,000, while the Confederate army was only half as many. At Chattanooga, the total number of men engaged was only 115,000, and at Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the Civil War, the Union army of 100,000 men was opposed to the Confederate army of 70,000. Only in the Franco-Prussian War was the number of men engaged in any single battle at all comparable with the number reported to be at conflict in Manchuria. At Sedan, there were 250,000 Prussians opposed to 100,000 Frenchmen. At Metz, the treacherous Bazaine transformed an army of 170,000 men into prisoners of war of about the same number of Prussians. Of course, the siege of Paris, a city of 2,000,000 souls, involved a greater number of men than any military contest of modern times, but it is scarcely on the same footing with a battle in an open field between hostile armies.

It is of but little use to speculate regarding the result of this great battle. At the hour when we write, it has been raging fiercely for three days. On Monday, preliminary fighting occurred without notable result. On Tuesday, the battle was joined all along the line, but the Russians succeeded in reoccupying positions in the afternoon from which they had been driven in the morning. They fought bravely and well. On Wednesday, a long day's battle ended without advantage having been gained by either side. Balloons were used

by the Japanese to discover the positions of the Russians batteries, and while most of the fighting was with field guns of long range there were hand-to-hand conflicts in some quarters of the great field, some twenty miles square, where the battle raged. The Japanese forces are in three armies. General Kuroki's army is on the right, General Nodzu's in the centre, and General Oku occupies the left. The Japanese armies are commanded as a whole by Field-Marshal Marquis Oyama. On Thursday morning, General Kuropatkin began to retire from the city of Liao Yang, about which the fight has centred, to the right bank of Taitse River, and he has already been followed across the river by the right army under General Kuroki. The losses of the Japanese are estimated at ten thousand men. Assuming that the Russian loss is as great, those who have fallen in the battle so far equal the total losses in such battles as the Wildernes. and Hohenlinden, and also equal or exceed those at the battles of Petersburg, Shiloh, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Chattanooga, and Bull Run. And the real struggle is yet to come! For it is reported that the railway that connects Liao Yang with Moukden has been cut by the Japanese, and that the roads, owing to the torrential rains, are impassable. If this be true, General Kuropatkin must make his final desperate struggle not far from the place where he has now taken up his position.

The board of health has ordered the arrest of thirty-three persons guilty of adulterating cream. Good! Health-Officer Ragan, in his report, alleges that examination of the cream exposed for sale at various places in San Francisco reveals the shocking fact that three-fourths (thirty-three out of forty samples) is adulterated. Pure cream is alleged to be "reduced" by the addition of water or skim milk, and then gelatine, borax, boracic acid, and, in some cases, a coloring matter derived from carrots, are added. This is interesting reading. Even if the doctored cream is not injurious to health, it is a fraud to sell as pure cream an indecent batch of chemicals like this.

The *Argonaut* hopes that the health board will press these cases to conviction, heedless of the storm of protest bound to come from the victims and their "influential" friends.

It is gratifying to learn (*vide the Chronicle*) that the crews of the ferry-boats that ply between San Francisco and other bay cities, are expert fire fighters, and have been successful in promptly extinguishing small blazes. But even the knowledge of their efficiency does not suffice to remove the slight feeling of uneasiness aroused by the further statement of the *Chronicle*, concurred in by the captain of the *San Pablo*, that, in the event of a bad fire, there would be no possibility of the escape of any considerable portion of the passengers on a ferry-boat by means of lifeboats and life-preservers. These are inadequate. The salvation of passengers lies solely in the extinguishment of the flames, not in escape from the boat. But is it not singular that, on land, buildings such as theatres, where many people are gathered together, should be compelled not only to provide efficient means for extinguishing fires, but also to furnish adequate method of escape, while, on water, inflammable wooden structures carrying quite as many people, are required only to provide means of escape for perhaps one-tenth of their human freight? In case of fire, the majority of the passengers on a ferry-boat are in the same position as an audience in a theatre would be with all the doors shut and bolted fast.

#### THE NEW YORK "SUN'S" INFLUENCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is observed that many Democratic journals are seemingly exultant that the New York *Sun* (John Pierpont Morgan's paper) has dropped from opposing to supporting Roosevelt, which flop was made immediately following Parker's speech in reply to Champ Clark's speech of notification.

Now it strikes one who stops to reason from cause to effect to reach a logical conclusion, that the Parker adherents should find cause for lamentation rather than exultation in this flop by the *Sun*.

Let it be known to the thinking masses of this country that John Pierpont Morgan is openly supporting by his great paper the candidacy of Roosevelt, and it will be at once concluded that it stands them in hand to vote for Roosevelt in preference to Parker if they want to elect a President the trusts would prefer not to have.

How so? Because what the trusts politically openly support they secretly oppose. Wherefore open opposition to Parker by the trusts' chief newspaper, the *Sun*, is intended to win popular support for that candidate upon the theory that what the trusts do not want the people should have.

This may appear to the superficial thinker and the casuist as a most extraordinary obliquity of mental vision totally irreconcilable with straight thinking. But let all such apply the test of reasoning from cause to effect, and see if the writer's conclusion is not entirely sound, sane, and logical.  
Truly yours, JOHN AUBREY JONES.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY TRUE STORY.

How Richard Croker Helped W. C. Whitney to Achieve Democratic Success in 1892—Told by Colonel Harvey, Once Whitney's Private Secretary—Secret History of Politics.

Colonel George Harvey, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, tells a remarkable story of the manner in which the late William C. Whitney harmonized the anti-Cleveland Democracy in 1892, and paved the way for Mr. Cleveland's second election. He relates how Mr. Whitney, the next morning but one after his return from Chicago, summoned to his house in Fifty-Seventh Street "a friend [Colonel Harvey?] with whom he was accustomed to discuss his most trying problems, and stated the situation in these words":

"It may seem strange, but it is a fact that until last evening I did not begin to realize how serious a responsibility I had taken upon myself in doing what I did to bring about the nomination of Cleveland. When I sat down last evening and candidly reviewed the situation, I must say that I was appalled. It is useless to deny to ourselves that practically all of the old-time Democratic leaders are bitterly opposed to Mr. Cleveland. The first and most serious problem to solve is here in New York, and I feel that I have not an hour to lose."

A discussion of ways and means followed, and it was decided that Richard Croker's support must be had. We quote Mr. Harvey's account now verbatim:

"I don't know Mr. Croker," Mr. Whitney said, "I suppose I have seen him twice in ten years, and then only to speak to him casually. I can think of only one possibility in connection with him. When I was a young practicing lawyer, just beginning to get ahead, the two men whom I looked up to most in the Democratic party were Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hewitt, and I knew them both pretty well. One day Mr. Hewitt sent for me, and said that Richard Croker, one of the minor leaders in the Tammany organization, had been indicted for murder, and seemed likely to suffer unjust punishment because of his dogged refusal to clear himself. Mr. Hewitt said that he had made a thorough investigation, and was absolutely certain that the guilty man was not Croker, but a man who had befriended him, and whose name Croker would not under any circumstances divulge. Mr. Hewitt added that he considered Croker an honest, faithful, and deserving young man, and he proposed to get him out of the scrape if there was any way to do it. He said he was willing to furnish money for the employment of lawyers and the getting of evidence, and would pay me for any time that I should give to the case if I would take it up and give it my undivided personal attention, until we should find that the man could or could not be saved. Of course, I could not take payment from Mr. Hewitt for such a service, but I did under his direction undertake the task. I went down that morning and had a talk with Croker, but could get nothing out of him, and it is a positive fact that I did not see him again until, along with several others, I congratulated him upon his acquittal. Since then, as I have said, I have seen him only two or three times in the most casual way. Now he, of course, remembers that, and he may feel a sense of gratitude that would enable me to appeal to him on personal grounds and I have become so oppressed by this feeling of responsibility that I brought upon myself that I am ready to do it unless you can see some reason why I shouldn't."

"There seemed to be no such reason, and Mr. Croker's house number was immediately rung up on the telephone. This conversation ensued:

"Hello, Mr. Croker! Is that you?"  
"Yes."  
"I am Mr. Whitney. I want to see you."  
"All right."  
"Can you stop here on your way down town?"  
"Yes."  
"Right away?"  
"Yes."

"Mr. Whitney hung up the transmitter, walked across the room, lighted a cigar, turned around to his friend, and said, with a laugh: 'I wish I could tell what was the meaning of the way he said, "All right," but I might as well try to decipher an inscription on an Egyptian monument, so we will wait and see.'

"Ten minutes later Mr. Croker was shown into Mr. Whitney's library. After the usual handshaking, Mr. Croker lighted a cigar, dropped into an arm-chair, and, smoking meditatively, gazed at the mantelpiece. By that time Mr. Whitney had become so nervous from overwork, lack of sleep, and a troubled mind that he could do nothing but walk back and forth. Not a word was said for perhaps five minutes; then Mr. Whitney stopped in front of Mr. Croker, and said: 'Croker, I've got something I want to say to you and I don't know how to begin. Are you doing down town?'

"Yes," Mr. Croker replied, without taking his eyes from the mantelpiece.

"How would you like to ride down with me, and perhaps we can talk it over on the way?"

"All right," Mr. Croker replied, and that ended the conversation. With a word to his friend to meet him at his office in the Mutual Life Building, Mr. Whitney followed Mr. Croker into the waiting carriage, and away they went.

"Three-quarters of an hour later Mr. Whitney came swinging into his office looking twenty years younger. . . .

"That [he said] was one of the most extraordinary men I have ever met. You may have noticed that I was nervous when I left the house. Well, I was. I couldn't get started on what I wanted to say even after we got into the carriage, and it is an actual fact," he said with a laugh, "that neither of us said a word until we reached Washington Square. Then I turned to him, and said: 'Croker, I am in the most uncomfortable position I have ever been in in my life. The people think I nominated Cleveland, and I suppose he thinks I may have had something to do with it. That being so, I have got to elect him, and I don't see how I am going to do it. I know I can't do it unless I can convince the country right away that New York is in line, and the only man who can help me out is you. There is no use talking about it, we both understand the situation. All I've got to ask you is, will you do it?' While I was making my speech Croker sat there looking straight ahead as impassive as a graven image, and not giving the slightest sign of what he was thinking or what he intended to say, and he didn't breathe a word for a full minute. Then he took his cigar out of his mouth and turned around to me, and, in the most matter of fact voice imaginable, said: 'Mr. Whitney, I have been waiting fifteen years to find you in a hole. You needn't worry about this. I guess it will be all right.'"

The next morning's newspapers contained positive assurances of Tammany Hall's determination to support the national ticket with all its might and main. The effect of this announcement upon the workers of the party throughout the country was electrifying. It was the beginning of the end of Republican rule of four years.



## THE MEXICAN SEXTON.

His Bydam Stories and Great Thirst.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22, 1904.  
 EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some years ago you published the most execrating yarn. I kept that tale. Every one to whom I gave it enjoyed it. Now, after all these years, this is all that is left of it. [Our correspondent incloses a square bit of an old Argonaut 7x8 inches in size, worn, crumpled, creased, and stained, including neither date, signature, nor title.] So I beseech you publish it again, and receive (in the language of the mercantile gentry) my thanks in advance. And permit me to subscribe myself

ONE OF YOUR ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBERS.

[We have found the needle in the haystack. Here is the story from an issue of twelve years ago—August, 1892.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

Arthur During had a great fondness for visiting cemeteries. Not on account of those that were buried there—they were out of sight, impersonal, and conveyed no distinct impression to his mind. His fondness for cemeteries was architectural in the main and speculative in part. He was fascinated by the thought that so many millions of people had lived and left no trace but "sacred to the memory," a name, and a date. His favorite walk of a Sunday, when at home, was in the large cemeteries contiguous to the town he lived in. His mind was perfectly healthy; there was nothing morbid about him; in fact, a visit to the cemetery would cure him of the blues, not give him a fit of them. He had never seen a Mexican one, so when an opportunity presented itself he took advantage of it.

He had gone with a party of magnates to Mexico, in their special car, as a stenographer. Being liable to be called on at any moment, he always carried with him his note-book and several well-sharpened pencils. This had got to be such a habit with him that he took his note-book with him to theatres, weddings, to church. When he went on a trip with his employer, he carried another extra in the shape of what looked like tourists' field-glasses in a leather case, hanging from the shoulder by a leather strap. It held a flask and three silver cups, and on this occasion contained cognac. It was a fad of his employer's, who disliked to see whisky or brandy bottles around, but who, when he wanted a nip, wanted it then and there.

Arthur's opportunity to see a Mexican cemetery occurred on their way down to the capital. They had their car cut off at one of the towns, and remained over one day. His services not being needed, he strolled about the place, and finally drifted toward the cemetery.

It was about the size of two of our city blocks, inclosed by a well some ten feet high. The only living occupant of the place was an old Mexican, pottering about, hoe in hand, seemingly engaged in cleaning the walks and graves from weeds. As Arthur passed him, he mechanically said "Good-morning," and was somewhat startled to have his salutation returned in his own language.

"Good-morning, sir. I speak English, I speak every language, every language have to get buried sometime."

"Are you the sexton?" Arthur asked him.

"I take care the grave, the grave I take care long time. You speak Spanish?"

"No," he was answered.

"Ah, too very bad, Spanish a beautiful language. You want to get somebody buried?"

"Oh, no, I only walked in here out of curiosity. That's a curious headstone," Arthur said, pointing to one near which they were standing.

"Of truth, yes. You like to hear story of that grave?"

"Yes."

"Then I tell you. First I translate, 'Ta memory of Juan el Peon. By a friend.' Fifty-one year I take care that grave."

Arthur looked duly astonished, as he seemed to expect it. There was one striking feature about this grave, it was the only one in the cemetery that had a headstone. It was of granite: a shaft, uncut, untrunked, unpolished, just as it came from a quarry. On the face of it was some lettering, not cut into the stone, rather scratched—as if done by a weak, unaccustomed hand.

Arthur looked at the old sexton, who was regarding him attentively.

"You want to hear story of grave?"

"Yes, if you please," Arthur answered.

"You got ten cents? The authority make me collect ten cents from every one who come in, to bury the poor who can not bury himself. Thank you. Now listen me."

Mechanically Arthur took out his note-book, and put down what he said. The Mexican had one peculiarity. He put into his conversation wherever he possibly could the words "dam" and "bydam," for the purpose, seemingly, of conveying a sharp impression of the essence and perfection of his knowledge of English.

"This grave fifty one year old. The man inside twenty year old. I suppose he same age now bydam. When he eighteen year of age, he became himself in love of the dear dam daughter of the great hacienda, Don Marcos de la Vega. Very rich, Don Marcos. Plenty mines, ranches, bullocks, cultivations. Very rich in the land. Very kind-hearted merciful.

Poor Juan the Peon, he get crazy for Chonita de la Vega, very crazy. Don Marcos very bydam kind to him, he send him away to the mines, but Juan he come back every time. Every one know when Juan back,

he come and sing the Indian song, 'The Love of the Tree for the Sky.' Very pretty song, very pretty, very much tenor voice. Every night he sing it. In front of the house every night when everybody go to bed he sing the song. Very strong tenor voice. Powerful. Everybody know when Juan back, they say 'Juan el Peon is singing the "Love of the Tree for the Sky" to Chonita Vega.'

"Impossible to keep Juan away. He leave the mine, he leave the ranch, he leave his mule, he come back and sing that song. Two year he bydam sing that song. He never speak to Chonita. When he see her coming, he kneel down and look at the earth. Very polite peon. He do nothing only sing every night.

"One night Don Marcos he call his majordomo. Don Miguel. He say 'Don Miguel, there Juan he sing again. I got sore eye. I tired that dam same song. Go kill him.'

"Don Miguel very honorable majordomo. Very kind-hearted, he never let Juan know he going to kill him; he go behind him bydam, and cut his head in two like a coliflor. Very kind-hearted man. Don Miguel. Juan never know he dead.

"Next morning everybody know Juan dead. Everybody talk. Bydam Don Marcos he say: 'I give two hundred dollars to know who kill my peon; he owe me thirty dollars.' But Chonita she look her father in the eye. She know he kill him.

"I never speak again," she say, 'or I curse my father.'

"For forty-eight year she never speak. She dumb, bydam, she dumb. She called 'La Beata Muda'—the blessed one, dumb.

"Plenty man come to marry Chonita, but she shake the head. Then Don Marcos he get angry. He say: 'Bydam Chonita, you get married anyhow, and when you have baby you speak then bydam.'

"Chonita say nothing, she get up and go into other room and come back with knife.

"The proposer, he change face. He say to Don Marcos, 'I very tired, I go home and take a leetle sleep.' He right, rich wife very good, but wife with knife dam. Husband can't keep awake all time. Plenty come to marry Chonita, but all go way. Afterwhile, no more bydam come.

"When Don Marcos he see that Chonita not speak for one year, he go to her and call her pet name, and ask her what he can do. She never answer. One day she bring in dam piece granite, very fine stone granite, last all time. She give it to her father, and then she point finger to 'Campo Santo'—Don Marcos understand. He call Don Miguel, his majordomo, he say to him: 'Don Miguel, go get stone of this kind rock and put it on grave of Juan el Peon.' This Don Miguel do. He very patient with his patron.

"A few days after on the Day of San Juan, the twenty-fourth June, I come here. I see Chonita with hoe cleaning the ground, round Juan's grave. I run up, that fifty-one year ago. I take hoe and say: 'No, no. I do it.' She give me a dollar and I do it. Poor Chonita! *Pobrecito!*

"Then she take hammer and small piece iron, and cut on rock. She cut very bad, very slow. She no can see, poor Chonita, that the reason so bad cut, eyes all lake of sorrow bydam. Then I say I help. She say 'no' with her hand. All day she work, then I see: 'In memory of Juan el Peon. By a friend.' Ah, poor girl, so sorrowful.

"Every year she come here San Juan Day and give me a dollar. Then every year on Todos Santos Day she come here and put roses on Juan's grave. Fifty-one year I clean this grave. Forty-eight year she give me a dollar each year. Then she die. I clean the same. I lose three dollar, but I clean the same. When a man do thing for forty-eight year, by dam, no can stop, no can. I go on. I clean the grave till I die. I lose dollar each time, but I go on. I poor old man and I lose dollar, but I go on bydam. I lose dollar."

He looked earnestly at Arthur, straight at him.

"Poor Chonita, she dead now, no one clean grave but me, three year I lose dollar, three dollar, but I clean grave all same. I lose three dollar, five dollar, ten dollar, I clean grave all same."

Arthur could not well afford to throw away money, but the old man's faithful, innocent steadfastness won him, and he gave the Mexican a dollar. He was so grateful that Arthur opened the leather case and handed him the flask and a cup. He took three drinks before Arthur could get them back.

"Ah, cognac," he said. "Buono, you want to hear more story?" he asked.

"Yes," Arthur said.

"Then I make contract, every story, one drink."

"Very well."

He turned around, and, pointing to the grave next to Juan's, he said: "This grave Chonita's. I tell you that story already. Give me a drink."

Arthur was so astonished by his suddenness that he acceded. Then the sexton moved off three paces. Arthur followed.

"One day," continued the old man, "a poor farmer, Pedro Moreno, he return bydam from a trip for lost mule, and find his wife Celsa in bed sick. She look at him dam sweetly, then turn down the clothes and show him three little new-born baby. He very angry with astonishment, say quick: 'What you do that for?'

"She look at him, poor Celsa, then turn and look at the new-born baby, then shut her mouth and die. She buried here, give me a drink."

It struck Arthur that this story was rather short, but he gave him his drink.

"Her husband, Pedro Moreno, seeing his wife dead, it broke his heart for cruelty, and he die, too. Here his grave, give me a drink."

Arthur became suspicious, but the Mexican said "contract," so he gave him his drink, and the sexton continued:

"Poor leetle dear, three leetle new-born baby, no father, no mother, no sister, no friend but one old horse mule, they, too, die. All buried here. Give me a drink."

If the sexton had not been generous, in his way, and given the triplets one grave, Arthur would have broken the contract, but he weakened and acceded.

"These grave here," the old man went on, pointing to the mounds to his right, "no got story, only dead. Fools bydam to die and no leave story. Come over there, I tell you very fine dead story. This story very good. Good enough for two drink. Give me first now."

Arthur did so.

The sexton sat on the corner of the sarcophagus, and became buried in thought.

Arthur looked over his head, and saw the following inscription, in old German text, cut on a flat marble tablet:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
 OF  
 ADOLPHE MEYER.  
 Erected by his German friends in the Republic of Mexico.

The old man now lifted his head.

"Ah, *pobrecita*, such a beautiful young lady, she buried here, buried by her grandfather. That not usual bydam. Most people bury grandfather himself, no get buried by. Poor old man, I feel so sorry for him. I grandfather, too. I feel so sorry for grandfather bury little lady. So sorry. Give me a drink. I feel so sorry I can't tell story without drink."

Arthur acquiesced.

While the old man was sipping his cognac, the thought struck Arthur that some mistake might have been made in burying the girl there and putting Adolphe Meyer's tablet in places of hers, so he said to him: "Isn't this a man's grave?"

"No," he answered, very much shocked. "You must be heretic can't read language of priests, Latin. Give me a drink and then I translate and pardon you."

Arthur demurred.

"Buono. No drink, no pardon, no translation. No story."

Arthur humored him.

"Buono. I translate: 'Gone to the angels, my beautiful granddaughter, Amelia del Rio, erected by her old grandfather, broken down in health, aged 92.' Every Sunday he come out here with me after mass, bringing a bottle of mescal, and we cry all the time. Give me a drink."

"All gone," Arthur was forced to confess.

"All gone? I very tired. Come to-morrow. Plenty more grave."

And he toppled over and fell asleep on Adolphe Meyer's tablet.

FRANK LORINGEN.

## The "Argonaut" Widely Copied.

As an interesting evidence of the manner in which some articles which appear in the *Argonaut* are copied, the Romeike Clipping Bureau informs us that an extract from an article by Geraldine Bonner, on Virginia City, has been copied with due credit by the following American papers: *Johnstown Democrat*, *New York World*, *Troy Press*, *Sutter Creek Record*, *Milwaukee Free Press*, *Poughkeepsie Eagle*, *Philadelphia News*, *Lynn News*, *Utica Observer*, *Atlantic Press*, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, *Watertown Times*, *Bayonne Herald*, *Batavia News*, *Sea Bright Sentinel*, *Zanesville Signal*, *Lisbon Patriot*, *Middleton Herald*, *Pensacola News*, *Frankford Herald*, *Rome Sentinel*, *Corning Leader*, *Burlington Journal*, *Johnstown Republican*. The extract concerned the rise to fortune and relapse into poverty of Sandy Bowers, teamster, and Mrs. Sandy, washerwoman. Undoubtedly it was copied in many journals without credit. The *Argonaut* received one inquiry from a relative of Sandy Bowers in Scotland. It is conservatively estimated that this portion of the article on Virginia City was read by two and a half million people.

A gentleman who arrived in New York on the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* recently was met at the pier by a cab which he had ordered by a wireless dispatch sent when two hundred miles out at sea. The message went to the clerk of the Waldorf, and read: "Returning by *Kronprinz*. Reserve my old rooms. Have cab meet me." The charge for the message was \$4.50, and the probable charge for the cab was \$2.00. The clerk at the Waldorf said it was the first time such a message had ever been received.

The greatest fishing contest ever held in France came off recently on the banks of the Seine, near Paris, when two thousand Izaak Waltons assembled to try their luck and skill at the invitation of a Paris newspaper. The spectators numbered more than ten thousand. About eighty pounds of fish were taken. The largest fish was a thirteen ounce carp. An anglers' banquet and ball followed the contest. The French are evidently hard up for amusement this hot weather.



## IDLE DAYS IN IDLE VENICE.

Floating Lazily Through the Canals—The Mid-Day Siesta—The Cool Afternoons—Antonio, the Gondolier—Picturesque Palaces—A Plot for a Novel.

We have taken a gondolier by the day, and it was a great satisfaction to find that the one we chose bore the picturesque name of Antonio. We selected Antonio from numerous aspirants; it appears to be the Venetian gondolier's ambition to be engaged by the day by traveling Americans. As we would alight at the water steps in the lurid illumination of sunset, our gondolier would utter some mystic words which called us back, point to the number on the prow of his boat, and say something which we soon learned to recognize as a request for us to take him for our regular servitor.

Antonio was selected because of superior intelligence. He has about six words of French, and can say "Good-night" and "Good-morning" in English. With this somewhat limited vocabulary he does truly wonderful "stunts" in the way of making himself understood. He can make it plain to us when there is too much wind to go to Murano, or when we can not possibly go to the Lido, bathe, and be back in time for dinner. Moreover, he seems to know by instinct where to take us on our long afternoon excursions. If we leave things to Antonio we are certain that he will conduct us to some remote, beautiful spot, or wind, with slow-dipping oar, through a network of small, shadowed canals, where old, forgotten palaces molder, and high-arched, dull-red bridges are reflected in impressionist indistinctness in the current below.

So we engaged Antonio for six francs a day and his *pour-baire*. For this modest stipend he is ours from eight in the morning till seven at night. In the burning noon hours he can lie off and rest, as do his employers. All the Venetian world disappears after *déjeuner*, draws the blinds, and goes to sleep. The sun from twelve till three beats upon the city in a white, relentless blaze, hotter than anything to be imagined outside the Mojave Desert. The few foot passengers that are abroad at that hour, pass swiftly from one edge of shade to another. The piazza is deserted, beaten upon by a steady, unwinking glare of light and heat. At their moorings the gondolas lie in an unbroken black line, and the gondoliers are scattered about everywhere, peacefully sleeping in any nook or moving angle of shade they can find.

The afternoon coolness comes up between three and four. A breeze with the tang of the salt sea in it ruffles the lagoon, and begins to sweep down the Piazzetta. The world yawns, stretches, and wakes up. Looking out of my high window I can see the glassy surface of the lagoon blurred with the breeze as a mirror with a sudden breath. The first gondolas are winging their way across the open to the Lido. I can see the edges of their canopies eddying in the air, and, here and there, hear the song of gondoliers or the men that scull the lumbering fruit boats sunk to the gunwale with their loads of round green melons, or bluish-cheeked peaches, or grapes in piled-up masses, an opaque, pure green, like carved jade. Then I also can see Antonio speeding over the sea to the tryst, and I do thereby know that it is time to rise and go out into the world of waters clothed and awake.

Antonio is not one of the young and handsome gondoliers, which is a disappointment, as the last touch of poetry on the scene would have been to have had a beautiful youth sculling one over the face of the deep. But he is not, on the other hand, either old or ugly, which is a mitigation of the circumstances. He is middle aged—between forty and fifty—burned to a rich mahogany brown, an incredibly dark color for a white man. He has a melancholy, intelligent face, with a pair of truly beautiful dark eyes. His costume consists of a pair of ordinary cloth trousers, a white sailor blouse with a turn-over blue linen collar, a blue-fringed scarf round his waist, and white duck shoes. Since we have taken the gondola by the day, it has been decked in a manner befitting our distinguished rank. A carpet is spread over the bottom of it, reaching from our seats to the piece of triangular gilded carving in the bow. On the back Antonio stands on another piece of carpeting, which with the Venetian's love of color, he has chosen to be of a rich burnt orange, a brilliant touch against the blackness of the woodwork.

Thus attended we fare forth in the mellow middle of the afternoon. The sun is still very hot. Walking across the pavement and down the water steps one needs a parasol, and before the gondola gets well under way, the fan that every woman in Venice wears hanging round her neck on a chain of beads is put into use. But when the gondola is fairly started—either out across the lagoon or down some still and deeply shadowed canal—the air instantly grows cooler. The fresh, soft breeze wanders deliciously over you, fluttering lace edgings and causing frounces of thin summer material to undulate gently. You stretch yourself out on the black leather cushions luxuriously, like a cat stretching on a soft pillow, take off your hat and let the breeze blow coolly in through the roots of your hair, take off your gloves and throw them on the floor, and lazily move your little gauze fan while you impart your wishes to your henchman in a sentence like this: "Antonio, je ne sais pas ou je veux aller. Il fait trop calda pour penser. Allez anywhere you like. Mais

andanti, pas presta. Je deteste presta. C'est tant. Avante!"

And the most remarkable thing is that Antonio appears to understand perfectly.

So we glide forward and onward past all sorts of strange and wonderful things. There is never (except at night) any bustle or hurry about Venice. Now, in the shank of the afternoon, we slip along, silent and dreamy, the regular, drowsy dip of our oar the only sound that comes from our dark, stealthy craft. With Antonio's warning cry going before us, we round corners of old, mottled stone, from which grated windows look down on us, and high aloft, carved marble balconies hang, all fretted and worn with the wind and weather of centuries. Beyond, an expanse of pinkish-yellow wall shuts in a garden. Over its coping we can see the huddled tree tops, and a trail of jasmine, set thick with starry, white blossoms, hangs over almost down the canal. On the water steps brown, naked children swarm. As they climb up, slanting sun rays fall on their bare bodies, and transform them from living flesh to polished bronze, glistening like statues.

We pass little inns and wine shops, where, in the stone square before the door, the patrons sit under a trellis covered with grape vine, playing cards and checkers. From within the dark interior of the shop comes the sound of smitten guitar strings. One of these shops has only a wide window opening on the canal. A black-haired youth sits therein playing on the mandolin and singing softly to his low accompaniment. At an adjacent window, barred with a grating of rusty iron, a young girl (a full-throated, dusky-haired Venetian) is listening. She stands intent, half-smiling, a sidelong smile full of meaning, while she absently toys with the long strings of corals round her neck. We round a corner, Antonio's hail mellow on the stillness. An answering hail warns us, and we slide, gunwale against gunwale, past a fruit boat, sluggish and lazy with its scented freight. It carries nothing but watermelons, a great, green pile of them filling it from stem to stern. One or two are cut open, and we see their transparent pink flesh studded with black seeds.

With a slow dip of the oar they pass on, and as we glide away I can hear a man's voice singing, "La Donna é Mobile." I don't know where it comes from, but it softly rises and then diminishes in the windings of the canal. Antonio lifts up the back of the canopy drapery, and says, with the air of one who knows his duty, "Palazza Bianca Capello," and makes a motion to his left. An appropriate moment for one to hear a man singing "La Donna é Mobile"!

We lean out and look up—it was certainly a noble palace in which the woman of tragedy and passion first began that career of love and intrigue which ended in the sudden death that generally awaited the enemies of the Medici. If I am not mistaken, it was from this very palace that Bianca eloped, one dark night, took a gondola at these same water stairs, and floated away to a princely lover and a throne, years of triumph, and then the darkness of fierce pangs and annihilation. It is a magnificent pile, towering up straight from the water, dark and mysterious now with the rime of ages blackening it. The light catches the disks of porphyry and colored marbles set into its front, and dimly traces out the worn shields and armorial bearings of its noble tenants, long dead and gone.

"Some with lives that came to nothing,  
Some with deeds best left undone."

The oar dips, the gondola moves forward, rounds a corner, and we see a worn pinkish wall broken by pale-green shutters reflected in the glassy depths below. There is a crack of street beside it, the lower part dark and sinister, the upper stories of the houses that shut it in bathed in a blinding wash of sunlight. Bird-cages hang out of the windows, a broad green leaf laid over the tops of each cage to protect its inmate from the heat. There is a drooping fringe of multicolored rags depending from some of the sills. They take on wonderful tints, these drying garments of the poor Venetians: dull, soft blues; faded purples; greens; from the shade of a spring leaf to that of the small, crisp grapes that lie in heaps on the fruiterers' stalls; and all varieties of pinks—reddish, purplish, bluish, and yellowish.

Presently we shoot under the arch of a bridge, beneath which the water is a clear bronze-green and throws golden ripple shadows on the stonework above, and come out on the wide highway of the Grand Canal. We are some distance up beyond the hotels, in that region of columned palaces which front the stream with lines of pointed windows. Each has the slim black form of its gondola moored at its water stairs, the two gondoliers sitting on the steps chatting amicably and smoking cigarettes. The Rezzonico Palace is close to us—a vast gray edifice, its sombre front made gay with lines of flowering oleanders which deck the windows of every story. This was Robert Browning's home, where he died, and which is now, I believe, inhabited by his son.

Beyond, rising in stately façade straight from the water, are the Guistiniani palaces, a superb pair, fit homes for kings, and beyond them, most imposing of all, is the Palazza Foscari, a huge, red pile, with the lines of pointed windows that the Lombardi brothers used to build. The Palazzi Guistiniani interested me more than any on the Grand Canal. They make me think of the fascinating story of "The Last Guistiniani." Why some of the people who write plays or historical novels don't use this beautiful and unique

romance I can't imagine, unless it is that they have never heard it. Here it is for him who runs to read and take if he wants to:

Long ago, even before Venice's glorious heyday, the Guistiniani was one of its noblest families. In some war—the crusades or some expedition against the Turks—all the young men of this great clan were killed. The broken fleet came back without a single Guistiniani on board. It was a matter not for individual but national regret. Venice already had come to regard her race of patricians as her strength. That one of her noblest families should thus be annihilated was a tragedy not to be supported. Search was made, and it was found that one male representative of the family still existed. This was a young monk in a monastery on the Lido. Application was immediately made to the Pope to release him from his vows that he might marry and the name of Guistiniani be saved from extinction.

The Pope consented, and the monk was immediately waited on by a committee from the Doge telling him that he was absolved from his vows and must leave the monastery and marry at once. The bride selected for him was the Doge's daughter. History does not tell us whether he knew this young woman before—being a cloistered monk on a distant island, I should think it probable he had never so much as seen her. And so he was brought into Venice and to the Doge's palace, where his bride awaited him—the convent-bred youth and the princess, strangers to one another. There is a situation for a dramatist! The end of the story rather spoils the rest. They married and three children were born to carry on the great name of Guistiniani. Then, their duty accomplished, they separated, and each retired to the seclusion of religious orders. Why? That is something the historian does not tell us.

VENICE, August 10, 1904. GERALDINE BONNER.

## Completion of the Simplon Tunnel.

With the running of a construction train through the Simplon Tunnel, a few days ago, one of the greatest engineering feats in the world's history is brought to a successful conclusion. Begun in August, 1898, the Simplon Tunnel is the fourth piercing the Alps. It is twelve and one-quarter miles in length, whereas the St. Gothard is nine and three-quarters miles, the Mont Cenis seven and one-half miles, and the Aarberg six and one-third. It took thirteen years to dig the Mont Cenis tunnel, nine years and three months for St. Gothard, and six years and a half for Aarberg. Thanks to better machinery, it has required only six for this greater enterprise than any. A prominent feature about the Simplon scheme is that it provides two single track tunnels instead of the ordinary double track one. The axes of the two are fifty-six feet apart, but though both perforations advanced side by side, only the eastern tunnel is being hewn out to the full dimensions of the profile, eighteen feet in height and sixteen feet in width, the other being only eight feet by ten feet. The idea was to have a single track tunnel first, while the other heading, with which it is connected by transverse galleries at intervals of two hundred yards, has been used as a ventilating gallery and for the carriage of materials. Eventually, when the traffic demands it, the second tunnel will be enlarged to the dimensions of the first, but it will still remain a separate tunnel. The total cost of the two tunnels, not including the interest on money during the years of construction, was originally estimated at \$15,008,000. The cost of one tunnel and the gallery through the second was estimated at \$11,764,000.

## Venus, Pan, and the God of Love.

A magnificent marble Venus has been discovered on the Island of Delos, in the ruins of the famous Temple of Apollo. In the judgment of archaeologists, it will rank among the most interesting antique statues extant. The Venus stands erect, with her left arm partially concealing the body. The god Pan, in an access of passion, is grasping her forearm with brutal force. She looks at the thick-set, rugged divinity with an expression of scorn, while above both figures a merry-faced god of love, with one hand fondly caressing the head of Venus and the other hand encouraging Pan, draws the couple toward each other. Two large marble statues of Silenus have also been discovered. In one Silenus is larger than life size. The lips are thick and sensuous, and, with uncertain step and an expression of drunken levity, the naughty old man is walking along supported by a stout slave. One of the missing hands of the Colossus of Naxos, a seated statue of Dionysos, a number of epigraphic stones, and an entire house in a remarkable state of preservation are among the other objects excavated on famed Delos.

The sale of Chartley Hall, the ancestral home of the Earl of Ferrers, recalls to the Marquis de Fontenoy the historic hanging of the fourth Earl Ferrers, May, 1760, for the murder of his steward, a man of the name of Harold. The earl, who killed the man in the most cold-blooded fashion, was tried by his peers in the House of Lords, and found guilty unanimously, the sentence of death being pronounced upon him by Lord High Chancellor Henley, who presided at the trial as lord high steward. The earl was allowed to drive to the gallows in his own state carriage, drawn by six horses, which was followed by a hearse and six, and it is on record that the rope with which he was hanged was of instead of hemp.



## WILD AND WOOLLY GOTHAM.

An Epidemic of Crime in New York—Robberies, Assaults, and Murders by the "Black Hand"—Blackmailing Italian Societies—Their Medieval Methods—Police Inefficient.

To people who look upon New York as the epitome of American civilization, it will be rather startling to hear that the *Herald* says, editorially, that "unless the police bestir themselves a vigilance committee will be in order." Some fifty years ago such a committee was organized in your own town—and good work it did. But your pioneers had something of an excuse for the suppression of lawlessness by lawlessness. They were inadequately policed, and they had the raffra of the universe to deal with. We have the raffra, also—but, also, we have over eight thousand policemen and a large detective force. Yet there is an epidemic of crime, ranging from assault and robbery to wholesale and totally reckless use of dynamite. There seems to be no cessation of crime, and no results from the spasmodic efforts the police are making to render life measurably safe. Especially baffling are the deeds committed by murderous societies. Your Chinatown troubles are nothing to what has befallen us through the villainy of Italians and Sicilians, members of the "Black Hand" and other picturesque organizations.

I may have used the word picturesque rather unadvisedly. It would be more appropriate in connection with the over-seas life of these Italian handitti, who, at home, herded in mountain fastnesses, met in caves, and signed their bloody compacts in forest shades. Those surroundings have given way, in this land of the free—this home of police who are doing politics—of detectives whose appointments come through pulls—to dark and noisome cellars, to smelly tenement rooms, to foul alleys. And the change is to the benefit of the banditti, for the warrens of the city afford a better hiding place than the mountains and the forest. Too, victims are more plenty.

But these descendants of robbers have degenerated. The "stand and deliver" has been superseded by the threatening letter; the jack-booted, red-sashed brigand by a sneaking, furtive, Boweryized Latin. But the stiletto remains. It is supplemented by dynamite, and between the two the Italian highbinder societies, the Black Hand in particular, have established a reign of terror, real, poignant, apparently too much for our police. The Italians of the better class are in constant fear, and with reason. A threatening note demanding a sum of money is received. If ignored, a second note follows. Silence brings a third and a fourth, each signed by a rudely drawn black hand and each more threatening than the other. Then, if the money is not forthcoming, murder, retail or wholesale, follows. The Italian blackmailer is not particular as to how many he kills. One of them appeared at a picnic, a few days ago, went to the refreshment stand, asked for money, and was refused. Without warning he threw a bomb which, exploding, severely wounded twenty people. Previous to this, an attempt was made to kill Anthony Gimaldi, a watchman in a building at West One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Street. On July 12th, George F. Abbott and Frederick Van Buskirk were murdered by Black Hand thugs—for these man-hunters do not confine their killings to their own countrymen. On July 16th, Black Hand men set fire to a store at Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, and smothered the proprietor. Other cases have come to public notice, and there are many which, through fear of future vengeance, have not been reported.

The case that has made the most recent sensation is the abduction of Antonio Mannino. This boy was the son of a well-to-do Brooklyn contractor. He was kidnapped, and letters demanding fifty thousand dollars were received by his father. The case was reported to the police. They scoured the city, but without result. Great public interest was aroused, and the case became the talk of the hour. Then, suddenly, the boy was brought back by his uncle, who claimed to have found him near Brooklyn Bridge. The boy told a tangled story of having been enticed away by one Angelo Cuccozza (who is under arrest), who told him that he could earn some money by acting as an interpreter. He says that Cuccozza took him to the Atlantic Avenue ferry. They crossed to New York, and were met by a man who took Antonio ten blocks afoot, then a long distance on a car. At last they went into a house, where the boy was kept for nearly two weeks. He was well-treated, and finally released. Then, so he says (and so his uncle says), the latter met him and took him home. Mannino, the father, disclaims having paid any money to the kidnapers. But it is generally believed that the abductors received a price, that it was taken to them by the uncle, and that all of them are afraid to tell the truth. Certain it is that the boy tells conflicting stories. At first he knew exactly where he had been kept a prisoner, and expressed his ability to identify his abductors. Detectives have taken him over the ground he claims to have traveled, and have explored the East Side. People have been arrested who are thought to be the guilty ones. But the boy seems to be in constant terror of identifying them.

The Maha and the Comorra are societies organized solely for purposes of vengeance. But the Black Hand is an organization founded for the purpose of adhering in money. Vengeance, of course, follows a criminal to disgorge. The society is extremely danger-

ous. Its members are bound by such blood-curdling oaths as even Tom Sawyer did not imagine. A member may be called upon to murder his friend, his brother, his father. The penalty for neglect to do so is burial alive. But these Italians and Sicilians are such a blood-thirsty crew that a job is seldom overlooked—nearly every funeral has a real corpse.

Neither the law nor religion have terrors for these wretches. They enticed Father Speguino, of Paterson, N. J., out of his home a few months ago, abducted him, kept him three months, and turned him loose, poorer by fifteen thousand dollars that had been intrusted to his keeping for the building of a new church. Father Speguino was driven insane by his treatment. They flout the law by their actions, and threaten it, too. The police who are working on the Mannino case have received letters calling them dogs and promising death.

Yes, little old New York is a wild and woolly town now—a crime-ridden town, that needs wholesale regeneration. Home-bred lawlessness and Black Hand anarchy have it in their clutches, and we are having a hard time to shake off their grip.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 24, 1904.

## THE LAST OF "GALIGNANI."

The Oldest Paper in English on the Continent Ceases Publication.

Hood, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Leigh Hunt, Macaulay, Du Maurier, De Blowitz—these are some of the great names that have been connected with the oldest newspaper printed in English on the Continent of Europe, which has just suspended publication in the ninetieth year of its age.

The passing of so venerable a journal as *Galvani's Messenger* is an event of no little interest. Beginning in 1813 merely as a sheet of announcements of new English books to be had at Galignani's book-store in Paris, and distributed to the Anglo-French colony of the city, it gradually grew, adding first a bit of gossip about new books, then scraps of current news, and at length made its debut as a full-fledged English daily, being in large part a digest of the London papers of the day before. It soon was recognized as essential to every English family living on the Continent—in St. Petersburg and Berlin, Paris and Constantinople, Vienna and Madrid. Du Maurier in "Trilby" tells how Taffy and Laird "drifted into quite decent society, with dress-coats and white ties on, and their hair parted in the middle and down the back of the head, and brought over the ears in a bunch on each side, as was the English fashion in those days, and subscribed to *Galvani's Messenger*." As for Thackeray's connection with the time-honored journal, it is said that he was sub-editor at three hundred francs a month, and that he wrote in its office the better part of "The Paris Sketch Book." And it was in *Galvani's* that Lord Byron read the paragraph to which he referred when he said that he "awoke to find himself famous."

The vicissitudes of the *Messenger's* ninety years of life were many. The two brothers Galignani, Jean Antoine and William, were of Italian parentage, on the father's side, and English on the mother's; they were born in London; moved thence to France; and became naturalized Frenchmen—truly an odd mixture of races. All through the last years of Napoleon, the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, up to the time of the Commune, the *Messenger* appeared quite regularly. But when the streets of Paris ran with blood in '71, the paper perforce suspended publication. It later made up to its readers, however, by publishing in its columns a record of the war from day to day as its editor—then a Mr. Mackenzie—had faithfully noted it down in his diary. All this time—nearly three-score years—the journal was piling up a fortune for the two founders, whose profession seems to have been conducive to long life, one of them dying at eighty-four and the other at ninety-seven, bequeathing for the construction of a hospital at Neuilly a sum amounting to nearly a half million francs. But at their death the *Messenger* still remained in the family. Two nephews, Charles and Anthony Jeancourt, who assumed the name of Galignani, became its owners on the death of their uncles.

It was then that misfortune began to overtake the famous newspaper. It fell into the hands of the Hansard Union, whose grandiose ambition it was to form a Continental newspaper trust. After a brief but brilliant life as an eight-page paper, Galignani's passed, on the collapse of the trust, into the hands of a wealthy English brewer. Then it fell into the hands of a musical critic, Albert Keyser. For a short time it was owned by Mr. Evans, the famous American dentist. Along about this time, James Gordon Bennett and Mr. Mackay took it over "on trial" for a few weeks, but relinquished it later, some controversy over the retention of the name Galignani having failed of amicable solution. A little later Bennett started the Paris edition of the *Herald*, and that sealed the doom of the *Messenger*. It had withstood competition for nearly a hundred years—had seen its many, many English rivals, one after one, droop and fall by the wayside. But this gray-eyed American was too much for it. The paper plodded on a few years more, but it no longer went into the hands of the majority of English-speaking people on the Continent. The *Herald* took its place, and on a recent Sunday, when the staff appeared at the office, they were told that their services were no longer needed, as *Galvani's Messenger* had ceased publication.

## FROM THE HEARTS OF WOMEN.

The Mother.

"Ho!" said the child, "how fine the horses go. With nodding plumes, with measured step and slow. Who rides within this coach, is he not great? Some king, I think, for see, he rides in state!"

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by. So small a woman's arms might hold it pressed As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

"Ho!" said the child, "how the proud horses shake Their silver harness till they music make. Who drives ahead with all this majesty? Is it some prince who fain his world would see?"

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass A woman's face—a mother's eyes ahlaze Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

"Death drives," I said, and drew him in alarm Within the shelter of my circling arm. So in my heart cried out a thousand fears, "A king goes past." He wondered at my tears.

—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Red-Earth Country.

In the red-earth country the cider-apples grow In a hoon-wealth of leafage, as every wean must know. Silver run the rivers first, then brown toward the sea, But the Dart of many colors is the dearest stream to me.

Brown beneath her alders, 'neath her willows green, Clear agate shallows where her trout are seen: Blue beneath the sapphire sky where no trees o'erhead Meet to make soft shadows on the river bed.

In the red-earth country still the red deer run, Free and fearless creatures, dappled sire and son: Still they wind the hughes, still the helling hounds Fill the air of Exmoor with a mort of sounds.

In the red-earth country hours and days go by, Fishers wed with fishers' weans, moonmen live and die Where the moor grows purple far past Wistman's Wood, And the gypsy woman weds with gypsy blood.

In the red-earth country, in the deep-cut lanes, Poppies burn like drops of blood pressed from out Earth's veins. Hops lean down to catch the sun in a net of lace Fine enough for curtain to a fairy place.

In the red-earth country would that I might be, Lying on the heather, or sailing on the sea. Hearing high on Exmoor the wind begin the tunc, The Seven Whistlers mimic at the dark o' the moon.

—Nora Chesson in *Westminster Gazette*.

The Seven Whistlers.

I heard the Seven Whistlers, and no breeze blowing by. The moon was out on Dartmoor, the moon alone and I. Maybe the red-deer heard, too, and shivered with affright— At the cry of little children that wake alone at night.

Some say the sudden clamor that comes so eerily Is hut a skein of gray geese on wing toward the sea. And some they talk of wish-hounds that hunt the evil dead On every windless midnight out of their churchyard-hed.

But I who soothe the baby's cry and feel a little hand That clutches me when my face grows too wisht to understand. I know the Seven Whistlers, by sound, if not by sight, For the grief of little children that wake and cry at night.

Their mothers died and left them, their fathers soundly sleep By the new wives, who care not if the motherless should weep. And the voice of all their loneliness is gathered in that cry That we have heard on Dartmoor—the moon alone and I.

—London Sketch.

Les Foins.

They are mowing the meadows now, and the whispering sighing Song of the scythe breathes sweet on mine idle ear— Songs of old summers dead and of this one dying: Roses on roses fallen, and year on year.

Softly as swathes that sink while the long scythe swinging Passes and pauses and sweeps through the deep green grass: Strange how this song of the scythe sets the old days singing— Echoes of seasons gone and of these that pass.

Fair ghost of Youth—from your sea-fragrant orchard closes, Called by the voice of the scythe as it sighs and swings— Tell to me now as you toss me your phantom roses, What was the dream you dreamed through those vagrant springs?

What that forgotten air when the heart went maying? What was the perfume blowing afar, anear?

"Youth—Youth—Youth"—the scythe keeps sighing and saying— "The rose you saw not—the tune that you could not hear."

—Rosamund Marriott Watson.

A Song of Ireland.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea. And there is traffic on it, and many a horse and cart; But the little roads of Clonagh are dearer far to me And the little roads of Clonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill. And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind; But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still. And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way, Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal; But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray.

And the little waves of Breffny go stumpling through my soul.—Eva Gore-Booth in "The One and the Many."



## "RAFFLES."

Some Good Stories from Hornung's Books, the Dramatization of Which Kyrle Bellew Will Play Here Next Week—Thief after Thief—The Jeweler and the Yankee.

If almost every man were not potentially a thief or a man-hunter, Sherlock Holmes's "Adventures" and "Raffles" would have no such success as they indubitably have had. The books of Doyle and Hornung are popular everywhere; the plays have been successful wherever they have been produced. Gillette drew big houses when he played here the part of the inimitable detective; it is safe to predict that Kyrle Bellew, in the part of the gentleman burglar, will have a profitable two weeks at the Columbia. The success of the season, in the way of fiction, is Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage," whose vivacious heroine is a burglar's sweetheart and a thief herself. However much it may reflect on our boasted moral instincts, the fact is we allote on beholding, in imagination, a neat job of breaking safes or picking pockets, or the cornering of a man by a transcendantly skillful detective. Kipling—was it not?—said that nothing was so thrilling as a man-hunt.

Except perhaps to be hunted. That was Raffles's experience on a memorable occasion, account of which, in view of the appearance of the play, may be interesting.

Raffles, it will be recalled, had done "a fine stroke of business" at a country place where he was guest. Professional burglars entered the place one night, and Raffles, pretending to save the coveted jewels of the fat, deaf old Lady Melrose, drove off the thieves, and made away with the gems himself entirely unsuspected. One of these thieves was caught and sentenced to prison, but cleverly escaped:

"In a dense fog [said Raffles to Bunny] on the moor yesterday good old Crawshaw made a bolt for it, and got away without a scratch under heavy fire."

He unfolded a *Pall Mall* which he had brought in with him.

"But listen to this: here is an account of the escape, with just the addition which puts the thing on a higher level: 'The fugitive has been traced to Totnes, where he is reported to have entered the lodgings of the Rev. A. H. Ellingworth, curate of the parish, who missed his clothes on rising at the usual hour; later in the morning those of the convict were discovered neatly folded at the bottom of a drawer.' What do you think of that, Bunny?"

"He is certainly a sportsman," said I.

"He is more," said Raffles: "he is an artist, and I envy him. The curate, of all men! Beautiful—beautiful! He'll come on gayly to town."

"But why should he come to town?"

"In an instant the enthusiasm faded from out his face. 'I believe,' said he, 'that the beggar's on my tracks!'"

"What do you mean," said I. "What does Crawshaw know about you?"

"Not much: but he suspects."

"Why should he?"

"Because, in his way, he is very nearly as good a man as I am; because, my dear Bunny, with eyes in his head and brains behind them, he couldn't help suspecting. As a matter of fact, he wrote and told me so before his trial."

"He wrote you! What did he say?"

"That he was sorry that he was run in before getting back to town. Of course, he knew the Melrose necklace was gone, though he hadn't got it; and he said that the man who could take that and leave the rest was a man after his own heart. And so on, with certain little proposals for the far future, which I fear may be the very near future, indeed! I am only surprised he hasn't turned up."

He looked again toward the lobby, which he had left in darkness, with the inner door locked as carefully as the outer one, and flung the stump of his cigarette into the fire, stretched himself as he rose, and remained so long in the inelegant attitude that my eyes mounted from his body to his face; a second later they had followed his eyes across the room, and I also was on my legs. On the threshold of the folding-doors that divided bedroom and sitting-room, a well-built man stood in ill-fitting broadcloth, and howled to us until his bullet head presented an unbroken disk of short red hair.

Brief as was my survey of this astounding apparition, the interval was long enough for Raffles to recover his composure; his hands were in his pockets, and a smile upon his face, when my eyes flew back to him.

"Let me introduce you, Bunny," said he, "to our distinguished colleague, Mr. Reginald Crawshaw."

The limitations of stage representation have doubtless prevented the inclusion in the play of the interesting adventure in the book where Raffles (to quote verbatim) "without a stitch of clothing on his body, but with a glass phial, corked with cotton-wool, between his teeth, and a tiny screw-driver behind his ear, squirmed feet first through the ventilator over his berth" on the good ship *Uhlan*, and stole an emperor's pearl from the messenger that carried it.

There are no such limitations, however, with regard to most of the stories. One that is particularly good is the account of the outwitting of a jeweler. Raffles is impersonating a Yankee. One evening he succeeded in getting the leading jeweler to meet him at a swell restaurant with a choice collection of gems, from which he was to select suitable gifts for his future bride. After having made his choice, he suggested that he might just as well take the jewels at once and remit as soon as his allowance, long overdue from New York, arrived. But the jeweler was a bit wary of this unknown American tourist, as he claimed to be, and, to allay his suspicions, Raffles promised to send the money from Paris in a few days. In the meanwhile, that he might be sure he would get the very articles he had selected, he turned his cigarettes out of the tin box in which they lay, and said:

"Pack 'em in this, the three things we want, and never mind the boxes; you can pack 'em in cotton-wool. Then we'll ring for string and sealing-wax, seal up the lot right here, and you can take 'em away in your grip. Within three days we'll have our remittance, and mail you the money, and you'll mail us this darned box with my seal unbroken! It's no use you lookin' so sick, Mr. Jooler; you won't trust us any, and yet

we're goin' to trust you some. Ring the bell, Ezra, and we'll see if they've gotten any sealing-wax and string."

They had; and the thing was done. The tradesman did not like it: the precaution was absolutely unnecessary; but since he was taking all his goods away with him, the sold with the unsold, his sentimental objections fell to the ground. He packed necklet, ring, and star, with his own hands, in cotton-wool; and the cigarette-box held them so easily that at the last moment, when the box was closed, and the string ready, Raffles very nearly added a diamond hee-brooch at £15, 10s. This temptation, however, he ultimately overcame, to the other's chagrin. The cigarette-box was tied up, and the string sealed, oddly enough, with the diamond of a ring that he had previously bought and paid for.

When he reached home with Bunny, he smacked a cigarette-box down upon the mantelpiece:

It was not tied. It was not sealed. It flew open from the force of the impact. And the diamond ring that cost ninety-five pounds, the necklet for two hundred pounds, and the flaming star at another one hundred pounds—all three lay safe and snug in the jeweler's own cotton-wool.

"Duplicate boxes!" I cried.

"Duplicate boxes, my brainy Bunny. One was already packed, and weighted, and in my pocket. I don't know whether you noticed me weighing the three things together in my hand? I know that neither of you saw me change boxes, for I did it when I was nearest huying the hee-brooch at the end, and you were too puzzled, and the other Johnny too keen. It was the cheapest shot in the game."

While on a visit to the room of gold in the British Museum, Raffles and Bunny became interested in a cup of gold which was worth several thousand pounds:

"I wonder if we could lift it, Bunny, by hook or crook?" remarked Raffles.

"You'd better try, sir," said a dry voice at his elbow.

"Going to run me in, officer?" said he. "That would be a joke—my hat!"

"I didn't say as I was, sir," replied the policeman. "But that's queer talk for a gentleman like you, sir, in the British Museum!" And he wagged his helmet at my invalid, who had taken his airing in frock-coat and top-hat, the more rapidly to assume his present part.

"What?" cried Raffles, "simply saying to my friend that I'd like to lift the gold cup? Why, so I should, officer, so I should! I don't mind who hears me say so. It's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in all my life."

The constable's face had already relaxed, and now a grin peeped under the limp moustache. "I dare say there's many as feels like that, sir," said he.

"Exactly," and I say what I feel, that's all," said Raffles, airily. "But, seriously, officer, is a valuable thing like this quite safe in a case like that?"

"Safe enough as long as I'm here," replied the other, between grim jest and stout earnest. Raffles studied his face; he was still watching Raffles; and I kept an eye on both without putting in my word.

"You appear to be single-handed," observed Raffles. "Is that true?"

The note of anxiety was capitally caught; it was at once personal and public-spirited, that of the enthusiastic servant, afraid for a national treasure which few appreciated as he did himself. And, to be sure, the three of us now had this treasure to ourselves: one or two others had been there when we entered, but now they were gone.

"I'm not single-handed," said the officer, comfortably. "See that seat by the door? One of the attendants sits there all day long."

"Then where is he now?"

"Talking to another attendant, just outside. If you listen, you'll hear them for yourself."

We listened, and we did hear them, but not just outside. In my own mind, I even questioned whether they were in the corridor through which we had come; to me it sounded as though they were just outside the corridor.

The policeman was perfectly at ease, and did not seem to understand the solicitude of Raffles:

"Lor' bless you, sir," said he. "I'm all right; don't bother your head about me."

"But you haven't even a truncheon!"

"Not likely to want one either. You see, sir, it's early as yet; in a few minutes these here rooms will fill up; and there's safety in numbers, as they say."

"Ob, it will fill up soon, will it?"

"Any minute now, sir."

"Ah!"

"It isn't often empty as long as this, sir. It's the jubilee, I suppose."

"Meanwhile, what if my friend and I had been professional thieves? Why, we could have overpowered you in an instant, my good fellow!"

"That you couldn't; leastways, not without bringing the whole place about your ears."

"Well, I shall write to the *Times* all the same. I'm a connoisseur in all this sort of thing, and I won't have unnecessary risks run with the nation's property. You said there was an attendant just outside, but he sounds to me as though he were at the other end of the corridor. I shall write to-day!"

For an instant we all three listened:

Raffles was right. Then I saw two things in one glance. Raffles had stepped a few inches backward, and stood poised upon the hall of each foot, his arms half raised, a light in his eyes. And another kind of light was breaking over the crass features of our friend the constable.

"Then shall I tell you what I'll do?" he cried, with a sudden clutch at the whistle-chain on his chest. The whistle flew out, but it never reached his lips. There were a couple of sharp smacks, like double barrels discharged all but simultaneously, and the man reeled against me so that I could not help catching him as he fell.

It was but the work of a few moments until Raffles had broken the glass of the case and secured the cup. They had a most miraculous escape. This costly trophy, whose ancient history and final fate filled newspaper columns, and for which the flower of Scotland Yard was said to be seeking high and low, eventually proved an elephant on their hands. Any attempt to place it would have brought swift punishment, and to melt it down would have been sacrilegious. So Raffles sent it in a biscuit-box to Sir Arthur Bigge, asking him to hand it to Queen Victoria, as a jubilee present, with the loyal respects of the thief.

"Raffles" and "The Amateur Cracksmen" were both published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The imposition of a new monetary system upon the seven million people of the Philippines has proved entirely successful. The American silver coins now circulate readily everywhere, and Mexican and Spanish silver is being brought in for recoinage.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The assessors of the town of Oyster Bay have completed their assessment roll for the year 1904. President Roosevelt is assessed for fifty thousand dollars.

Frank L. Frugone, one of the proprietors of the *Boletino della Sera*, an Italian daily newspaper of New York, is to be the Republican candidate for congress from the eighth congressional district this fall.

John Morley, the great English statesman and author of the "Life of Gladstone" and many other books; and Sir Alfred Harmsworth, proprietor of the London *Daily Mail* and other periodicals, are to visit America during September and October.

Two red-headed Presidential candidates is something unusual. And Tom Watson, the Populist standard-bearer, has not, like Parker, lost any noticeable proportion of his sanguine-hued hirsuteness, either. Jefferson has the distinction of being the only red-haired President, so far.

Minister Kogoro Takahira, Japan's representative in Washington, is a solidly built little man, with an expressionless face, aggressively pompadour hair, and square, heavy jaw. He first came to this country in 1879 as secretary of the legation, and subsequently held numerous important posts at home and in Europe. He speaks and understands English perfectly—when he wishes to do so. Should an embarrassing question be asked, however, he falls back on broken English.

The celebrated bull-fighter, Luiz Mazzantini, who has become possessed of millions, and who boasts that he has killed thirty-five hundred bulls, has retired from the bull ring, and chosen Florence, his native city, as his future residence. Mazzantini was in America in 1901-2, when he visited Mexico, where he slew more than a hundred bulls. He was originally a law student, but, finding that profession did not pay, became a telegrapher. Though promoted to be manager of a telegraph office, this did not content him, and, choosing the career of bull-fighter, he entered the arena in 1881, in three years securing his diploma as a matador. He was soon advanced to the front rank.

The recently contradicted rumor of Prince Victor Bonaparte's marriage with the Princess Clémentine of Belgium has been followed by the announcement that the prince is already married and has three daughters, the eldest of whom entered the matrimonial state a few years ago. Prince Victor has never figured prominently as a Pretender, and the French Imperialists have always based their hopes of a restoration on his brother, General Prince Louis, now with the Russian army in the Far East. This has been due entirely to the marriage (known to the initiate) which Prince Victor privately contracted a score of years ago with a lady of great beauty but modest circumstances and comparatively humble parentage.

The announcement is made by cable from London that, with the approval of King Edward, Dr. William Osler, now of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has been appointed Regius professor of medicine at the University of Oxford, in succession to Sir John Burdon-Sanderson. This news will be received with deep regret by a host of friends and admirers of Dr. Osler in this country, who have long looked on him as the leader in American medical thought. In Dr. Osler's appointment to Oxford the whole medical profession of America is honored. If the selection had been left to the suffrages of his professional fellows there is no doubt that he would have been chosen by them for the distinction now conferred on him with the approval of the King of England.

The German press is full of good stories of Kuno Fischer, the famous Heidelberg professor of philosophy, whose eightieth birthday has just been celebrated by the entire learned world of Germany. That city is extremely proud of its great but eccentric professor. One traveler relates that he had no sooner got settled in his quarters there when his landlady entered his room and, with all the air of one who makes a very solemn and important announcement, declared: "Professor Fischer is going to write something on the black-board to-day!" To an astonished query as to whence she had this great news, she replied: "His barber tells me that the professor had his back hair parted to-day." This it seems never occurs save when the professor appears before royalty—or turns his back on his students.

The fact that at the outbreak of the Spanish war Senator Fairbanks offered to resign his seat in the Senate to go to the front with the Indiana volunteer troops has just been made public. This information is a surprise to the senator's most intimate friends. W. H. Smith, who is preparing a campaign biography of Senator Fairbanks, found, in going through the papers turned over to him, a letter to Senator Fairbanks from Governor Mount, under date of May 3, 1898, in which the governor said: "Permit me to say, in reply to your patriotic tender of your services, that I commend your loyalty to the State and nation. The offer of your services as a soldier means that you are ready to make any sacrifice for the preservation of the national honor. I beg to assure you that you can best that service in the United States Senate. As statesmen as much as soldiers."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## What's New in the Way of Fiction.

The terrible has its place in imaginative literature—a great place. But there is no room for that which is merely horrible. And the first story—and in a lesser degree some of the other stories—in Jack London's "The Faith of Men" (Macmillan's) are just that and no more. The first story is of the killing—no, the butchering—of a mammoth by a white man. The mammoth kills the white man's beloved dog. The white man, by rolling over the cliff a great stone, blocks the entrance to a gorge where the mammoth is, thus imprisoning him. Then the white man harries to his death the huge beast. At the end (we read) "I hamstring him, and spent the better part of the day wading into him with a hand-axe, he sniffling and sobbing till I worked in far enough to shut him off"—Ugh! this is as repellent as pig-sticking. And some of the other tales are not so very much better, though the story of the thousand dozen eggs is distinctly good. In justice to Mr. London, it ought to be said that these stories are not his latest work, having appeared in newspapers and magazines at various times during the last few years. But their appearance in book-form now is rather an anticlimax to that fine clean story, "The Call of the Wild."

Lord Byron is the latest person to be reconstructed by the sweet lady novelist. In "The Castaway" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), whose hero is Byron, Miss Hallie Erminie Rives apotheosizes that lusty-passioned poet most disgustingly. Nothing is more offensive than cheap and paltry excuses—mere sentimental gush—for amorous sin. Byron, we may be sure, did not deceive himself into believing that he was a virtuous young man, swayed by circumstance, when he skipped to Switzerland with Shelley's sister-in-law, or while he was intimate with the Countess Guiccioli. But Miss Rives makes out some sort of a sentimental excuse for every lapse from the path straight and narrow. Therefore "The Castaway" is not to be recommended to those who want a true picture of a virile poet, and Mr. Christy's illustrations, in many amazing colors, are in accord with Miss Rives's romantic sentimentalism. Neurotic girls will like "The Castaway," but people who think straight will find it intolerable—at least, we hope so.

A study in musical morbidity is the "Diary of a Musician" (Henry Holt & Co.), by Dolores M. Bacon. The original of the fictional character is probably Kubelik. It tells of his boyhood in Bohemia, his disgust at "the amorous mill-girl with big hips," his journey to study music in Prague, his ignorantly innocent love for the "Twilight Girl," his great success as a violinist, his meeting with the beautiful Russian countess, his introduction by her to life—with a capital L—his experiment in domesticity with an English girl, his trip to America and his views of American women, and finally his joy at the birth to him of a daughter by a peasant girl of Mons. A queer book!

E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," has given us in "The Challengers" (J. B. Lippincott Company), a novel which, while light and vivacious at intervals, is in the main a serious and thoughtful book. It concerns a Puritan clergyman and his son and daughter, who strangely differ from him in temperament. They are artistic and pagan; he religious and conventional. It is the conflict between the types that gives to the book its genuine human and dramatic interest.

Another English novel is "Love's Proxy" (John Lane), by Richard Bagot. This is its plot: An elderly respectable English gentleman marries a lovely propertyless girl, who loves him not at all. It is the ambition of his life to win her love as he has won her hand. While, with much torture of soul, he is endeavoring to achieve this benign end, a certain Mr. Latimer philanders with Lady Lorrimer always being restrained from giving rein to passion by a cowardly fear that he may endanger his own success in the world. We have about two hundred pages of this tepid love-making, and so the book really can not be called exciting. In the end, Mr. Latimer relinquishes his half-hearted pursuit of Lady Lorrimer, and Lady Lorrimer is somehow brought, through witnessing the intense jealousy of her husband, into loving him. And that is about all.

The idea of the anonymous novel, "The Woman Errant," by the author of "People of the Whirlpool" (The Macmillan Company) is that the woman who severs home ties and endeavors alone to make her way in the world, is doing a foolish thing. To prove this contention is the purpose of the book, but the author contrives to inject into it a lot of clever talk about gardening, suburban existence, and "people you meet." This is a "nice" love story or two, and the book is pleasantly enough written.

The super-solemn literary critics of the

London *Athenaeum* and the *Spectator* have praised Violet Jacob's novel, "The Interloper" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) in unequivocal terms; but it is not quite easy to quicken to their enthusiasm after reading the story. The novel has plentiful lack of wit, humor, and vivacity; it is monotonously serious; and while written with much painstaking care, it has not a tithe of the strength of other Scottish stories that we have lately had—"The House With the Green Shutters," for example. The complication is this: Gilbert Speid is the fruit of an adulterous relation between his mother and one Richard Fullarton, and his mother, before her death, confesses the truth to her husband. The husband, but no father, takes the boy to Spain, and dies there. When Gilbert is thirty, he returns to Scotland, and falls in love with a girl whose benefactress was in love with the man who made (keep straight!) the eldest Speid a cuckold. This benefactress is naturally averse to the marriage of her ward to the son of the woman who stole her lover away. There is a plot for you; but, strange to say, it all comes out very nicely in the end.

## "Manual of the Liquor Trade."

The New York *Evening Post* devotes a column and a half to a highly amusing review of a "Manual of the Liquor Trade," by Fritz Lindinger, "the saloon man." Among the unconsciously funny things in this book by the literary barkeep are the following quotations on drink and drinking in a chapter of extracts from classic writers:

"I pray thee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings."

—*As You Like It.*

"I have drunken deep of Joy,

And I will taste no other wine to-night."

—*Shelley.*

"Well, as he brews, so shall he drink."

—*Ben Jonson.*

"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

—*Wordsworth.*

"The last, at least," says the *Post*, "must have crept in by mistake, for later, in a chapter on hints for conducting a liquor store, Mr. Lindinger says: 'Public sentiment seems to be opposed to selling drink to women.'"

## Chesterton on Madness and Poetry.

That admirable critic and inspired thinker, Gilbert K. Chesterton, has some cogent words on poetry in his last weekly article in the *London Daily News*:

Men do not go mad through poetry; they go mad through lack of poetry. Only one poet (whose name occurs to me) really went mad, and he went mad through logic—Cowper. Men go mad through a fixity of vision upon precisely those details and crude limitations which poetry tends to float in larger waters, to bathe in nobler lights. Men go mad because they think they are going to lose all their money. Poetry would tell them that poverty can be merry as well as wise. Men go mad because they think they are predestined to hell. Poetry would tell them that God's mercy is over all His works. Men go mad because they think they are heirs to a dukedom; poetry would tell them that they are the heirs of the earth, and have no need to condescend to such vulgarities. Men go mad because they think their neighbors are in some kind of sordid conspiracy against them; poetry would tell them that their neighbors are free and laughing folk, pursuing their own wholesome business in this great, boisterous world.

## Whistler to His Mother.

Extracts from a letter from the painter Whistler to his mother have found their way into print. It is a very tender letter. It shows the other side of the character of the man who dipped his pen in gall, and wrote "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies":

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER: I have been so grieved to hear of your being ill again, and now I am delighted to hear better news of you. Do not let any anxiety for me at all interfere with your rapidly getting quite well—for I am happy to tell you that my own health is capital and the weather alone, in all its uncertainties, retards my work, which, however, is now very nearly complete, so that I look forward to being with you soon. . . . Perhaps to-morrow may be fine, and then Venice will be simply glorious. . . . This amazing city of palaces becomes really a fairyland, created, one would think, especially for the painter. . . . I have fifty pastels! . . . They are much admired here, and I think rather well of them myself, though sometimes I get a little despondent. . . . So you see, I have not been without friends. . . . It is the same old story, my dear mother—am at my work the first thing at dawn and the last thing at night, and loving you all the while, though not writing to tell you. . . .

Your fond son, JAMIE.

In an article in the *Dial* on ludicrous blunders, Percy Bicknell says that "in his edition of Shakespeare, Pope has a note to 'Measure for Measure' to the effect that its plot was taken from Cinthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5; that is Decade 8, Novel 5. The critical Warburton in his edition fills out the abbreviations thus—December 8, November 5."

## New Publications.

"The Crisis," by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company. Paper; 25 cents.

"Random Verse," by Herman Knickerbocker Viélé. Brentano's—strong and graceful lyrics.

"At the Rise of the Curtain," by Francis Howard Williams. "Dramatic Preludes." Richard G. Badger.

"The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson," by David Miller De Witt. The Macmillan Company.

"James Oglethorpe," by Harriet C. Cooper. Illustrated. Historic Lives Series. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"The Mathematical Theory of Eclipses," by Roberdeau Buchanan, S. B. Many diagrams. The J. B. Lippincott Company.

"American Railway Transportation," by Emory R. Johnson, Ph. D. Illustrations and maps. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"On the We-A Trail: A Story of the Great Wilderness," by Caroline Brown. Illustrated by Max Klepper. The Macmillan Company.

"Belgian Life in Town and Country," by Demetrius C. Boulger. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons—an interesting and instructive book.

"Rhymes From a Round-Up Camp," by Wallace David Coburn. Many drawings by Charles M. Russell. New edition revised and enlarged. G. P. Putnam Sons; \$1.50.

"Practical Exercises in Astronomy: A Laboratory Manual for Beginners," by Goodwin D. Swezey. Illustrated with diagrams and tables. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00.

"Napoleon: A Short Biography," by R. M. Johnston. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00—a succinct and lucid account of Napoleon's career; only two hundred and thirty-eight pages.

"Old-Time Schools and School-Books," by Clifton Johnson. With many illustrations collected by the author. The Macmillan Company; \$2.00 net—a clever and interesting book.

"Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer," by S. E. Kiser. Forhes & Co.; 35 cents—quite up to the standard of cleverness set by "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," of which they are the logical sequel.

"A Story of the Red Cross," by Clara Barton. Frontispiece. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.00 net—a moving story of endeavor and sacrifice, made somewhat pathetic by Miss Barton's deposition from the presidency of the Red Cross.

The most widely known English writer in Japan is Carlyle. All students of English literature in Japan read his works. Next to Carlyle comes Macaulay, and the new Hanyaku, or translation style, was practically created by borrowing his language by the Minyushamen, a literary band in Tokio. Emerson is greatly admired, and his writings have influenced many notable Japanese journalists of to-day. Mill and Herbert Spencer have also influenced the thought of modern Japan. Tennyson, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Byron, and Milton are the most popular poets, and in fiction Irving, Thackeray, and Dickens are best known. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has been recently translated into Japanese.

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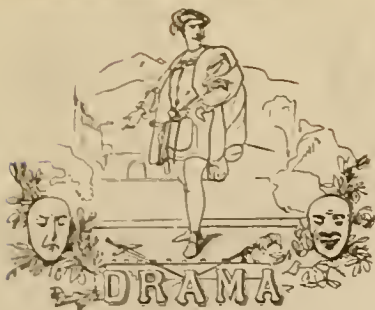
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"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," deprived of that flame-like intensity with which Mrs. Fiske was able to invest its more tragic situations, is a distinctly disagreeable play. The art of the actress has sufficed to lift the piece to a higher plane than it could have otherwise reached, even considering the literary standing of Thomas Hardy and the celebrity, or perhaps notoriety would better describe it, that his novel had attained previous to its dramatization. But Hardy is a stylist. He has the artist's vision and the poet's expression. England, with its hills and its heaths, its whispering forests and its lonely moors, is a vast sounding instrument from which he draws forth a thousand subtle harmonies. That note of doom, too, which he is so prone to sound, lends a solemnity and even a sort of dignity to the downward trend of Tess's terrible destiny.

These elements, however, are missing in the play. Without a great actress to dignify the almost savage cruelty of the fate which drove the poor victim to the gallows, the public would probably have found the piece too determinedly pessimistic to accept it.

In the novel, the reader is made aware of the gradual development of Tess's character during the retirement and mental anguish consequent upon her first fall. And there is much quiet beauty in the descriptions of the rustic life on the Crick's dairy farm. Hardy, too, although many find in his works too strong a suggestion of sensualism, is peculiarly gifted in analyzing the charm and beauty of a woman whose natural dowry it is to drive men mad with the desire of possession. The reader feels and almost sees Tess's soft, sensuous beauty through every page in the book. But transplant these suggestions to the stage, and they become coarsened, melodramatized.

Lorimer Stoddard has perceived and appreciated the importance of the rustic environment in "Tess," and the characters of the Durbeyfield family, as well as those of the milkmaids and rustic clowns of the dairy farm, are truly distinctive and characteristic of one phase of Hardy's literary art. But they figure almost too prominently in the first two acts, and retard the action to such an extent as to become a little tedious. In the third act, melodrama, strong, but rank and uncompromising, is in the ascendant. The long trail of misery and despair, with its climax of wickedness triumphant, leaves no images on the mind more pleasing than those of rapacity, duplicity, and lust.

The first scene in the last act is the most dramatic and absorbing in the play. It seems more than any other to be a replica of one phase of life; a terrible kind of existence which we know instinctively is only too common, and the morbid interest attached to it tends to hold the looker-on fixed in breathless if horrified contemplation. During the whole play, the only relief to the uniform atmosphere of impending evil is that afforded during the two love scenes between Angel and Tess, and the infatuated ecstasies of the milkmaids.

Florence Roberts, up to a certain point, is a thoroughly satisfactory Tess. The homelier virtues of family tenderness and kindly regard toward her associates which Tess showed, were simply and sincerely expressed by Miss Roberts, whose experience in emotional work has taught her voice many engaging notes of plaintiveness and tenderness. Where she failed entirely is in the moment of tense resolve that precedes the murder, and in the horror and dread that follow it. One could not believe that the flashing, lug-bladed knife that this little, soft, pink creature carried, was going to deal death, and the imagination utterly refused to believe that the gory stain which darkened its cruel glitter was anything but red paint.

These moments with Mrs. Fiske were the high lights of the play. The spectator was almost awed by the sudden vision of a mad, dazed soul wrought to a still, yet terrible, frenzy of retribution. It seemed, indeed, almost like a stern sacrifice offered to a long unappeased god of vengeance. With Miss Roberts the emotion at the moments was but a pale and feeble flicker. There was the pantomime, but unanimated by the terrible resolve, and the feeling she desired to express died almost before it was born. The demand was far too great for her to summon strength to respond.

Her good moments were earlier in the play, although in the interview with Alec D'Urberville directly preceding the murder, the still haggard endurance with which Tess

braved and met her daily meed of wretchedness was expressed in some degree. But Miss Roberts was a tender and beguiling bride, and in the first act she succeeded in reaching the imagination by her suggestion of a nature of gentleness and rectitude chastened into sadness by some undeserved humiliation and disgrace.

The support has plenty of good stuff in it. There is too much time given to the senile roisterings of the degenerate paternal Durbeyfield, but they are most excellently done by William Yerauce. Tess's family group is so oppressive as to awaken almost too keen a sympathy in the looker-on to amount to amusement during the lighter moments of the play—keener than Angel Clare's seemed to be, for the smile with which Mr. Henderson permitted Angel to listen to the tipsy vapors of his father-in-law was not in the least suggestive of an undercurrent of pained disgust. Mr. Henderson's effeminacy might perhaps be considered suitable to Angel Clare. I do not think, however, that Hardy meant Angel to be effeminate, in spite of his extraordinary name. He was meant to be more typical of strong, self-respectful young manhood, living in its world of beautiful idealism and making its first appalled discovery that the one woman believed to be the radiant epitome of crystalline purity, is, like man, a creature of flesh, and able to succumb to its temptations. There is not much in the rôle of Angel. He must be young, handsome, and suggestive of idealism in contrast to materialism; and able also to mark the contrast between the gentleman and the rustic hind. These effects, if we except the last, were only fairly well accomplished by Mr. Henderson, whose range of expression is somewhat limited.

Hobart Bosworth, who is much more positive and downright in his style, thoroughly fulfilled all requirements in the rôle of the libertine Alec. Alec D'Urberville's streak of sensational piety and repentance, so difficult to accept in the play, is conceivable in the novel, this phase being typical of that kind of primitive and undisciplined nature which runs to extremes in its emotions as well as its gross indulgences. In the play, Alec D'Urberville is much the type of the stereotyped melodramatic villain. His sudden viciousness and the ruthless air of ownership with which he sneeringly surveyed his creditable specimen of a human chattel, were expressed in such a manner as to reinforce the already strongly dramatic quality of the scene. Louise Royce, too, handles her rôle of Joan Durbeyfield, the mother of Tess, with ability and vigor. Joan's is one of those characters compounded of thriftlessness and rapacity which knows no instincts save those which spring from material needs, and is evidently studied from the lower types of the English peasantry.

It must follow that the contemplation of the selfish and base materialism of those about Tess, her hopeless struggle to save those dear to her from squalid poverty, and the lack of protection and sympathy afforded her by the one person whose love was pure and had seemed to be unselfish, leaves a rather disheartening view of human nature fixed upon the mental retina.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is true drama, however, and drama of an unusually strong and human character; a quality which will always atone in some degree for the lack of a more wholesome and optimistic outlook on life and human nature.

At the Orpheum this week, after the customary routine, during which they figured the usual slangy comedians; a much-married, many-mother-in-lawed monologist; a playlet in which a burglar suddenly turned on such a stream of lip piety that the woman whose house was being burgled quite forgot to scream; some good vocal and instrumental music from the Heinrichs; a strong man, who exhibited his naked torso as a map of muscles which showed how unpleasant, from an esthetic point of view, the bumps of pure muscular development may be; there came suddenly at the end of the programme something that, in vaudeville, at least, was unique, exciting, and, unreasonably enough, almost inspiring.

It was the spectacle of a group of young men, some of them mere lads, exhibiting various interesting features of the training undergone in forming the soldier into a model of military obedience. The men, directed by a masterful stripling, who issued his commands merely by short, sharp notes on a whistle, went rapidly and with absolute precision through a bayonet drill, evolutions in marching, and various other military tactics which are far easier to breathlessly enjoy than to accurately describe. But it takes no specific experience in this sort of thing to appreciate the unexceptionable manner in which the drills were done. The men are as taut as violin strings, perfectly uniform in their movements, alert mentally and physically, each a part of a perfectly disciplined and simultaneously animated whole. The most exciting moment came when the whole company suddenly swarmed up a perpendicular and perfectly smooth surface, which was enacting the rôle of the wall of a fortification. It was actually thrilling to see the cat-like

strength, activity, and sure-footedness with which these nimble youths, without a single projection to grasp, reached the top, dragging their comrades after them by the heels; and I wanted so badly to give a feeble, foolish, feminine yell of excitement and enthusiasm at the sight that it was an enormous relief to see that the men in the audience were similarly affected by this sudden breathless glimpse of the art of war. It was a glimpse, too, of conditions which, though novel, form, in this epoch of militarism, so essential a feature in the realities of life as to make all the idiotic songs and jokes and foolishness preceding it seem as barren of interest as last year's news.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Entertaining the Knights Templar.

The triennial convale of the Knights Templar is to be the most elaborate affair of its kind ever held here. It is estimated that nearly one hundred thousand strangers will be in the city during the week. The streets have been finely decorated for the occasion, the court of honor on Market Street, just below Kearny, being a stupendous arrangement. It consists of a huge circle of iron, nearly the width of the street in diameter, with chains of electric bulbs, in different colors, running to a smaller circle above, the whole to be a brilliant mass of light at night. There is to be a welcoming arch at the foot of Market Street, and one at Sixth and Market. The poles which uphold the strings of lights crossing the street are studded with flags. Geary and Post Street merchants have arranged a fine display, and Union Square will be brilliantly lighted. Business houses have done their share toward making the town beautiful.

Thousands of Knights and their wives have arrived, and more are coming daily. Each commandery, on arrival, is escorted by mounted horsemen, accompanied by music, to its headquarters. The regular programme for the week will be as follows:

**Sunday, September 4th**—Special services at the different churches.

**Monday**—Receiving officers of the Great Priory of England and Wales and the Dependencies of the British Crown; drill and band concert in front of the Palace Hotel by Malta Drill Corps of Binghampton, N. Y.

**Tuesday**—Grand parade at 10 A. M., starting from Market and Geary, down Kearny to Pine, to Market, to Van Ness, to Washington, passing the reviewing stand at Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue, countermarching to Market; in the afternoon, opening of the triennial session of the Grand Encampment at Golden Gate Hall, 625 Sutter Street; in the evening, reception to the Grand Master at the Palace Hotel; drill and band concert in front of the Palace Hotel by the Malta Drill Corps of Binghampton, N. Y.

**Wednesday**—Morning and afternoon sessions of the Grand Encampment, Golden Gate Hall; in morning, competitive drill, baseball grounds, Golden Gate Park; free excursions all day to Cliff House and Park; free bay excursions by two steamers, two trips each, morning and afternoon; evening, banquet at the Hotel St. Francis to Grand Encampment of United States and English representatives; special ladies' night reception at the Palace Hotel.

**Thursday**—Morning and afternoon sessions of Grand Encampment; free excursions as on Wednesday; evening, presentation of prizes to drill corps at Mechanics' Pavilion.

**Friday**—Morning and afternoon session of Grand Encampment; Oakland celebration by N. S. G. W.; afternoon, concert at Greek Theatre, University of California.

**Saturday**—Reception and entertainment at headquarters of Commanderies. Reception by Citizens' Committee.

In addition to this, there will be a promenade concert in the Ferry Building each evening, a reception by the ladies at the Palace Hotel each afternoon and evening, and a performance each evening of a real Chinese play, with Chinese actors, at the Grand Opera House, which has been secured for the week by the Knights Templar. There will be aquatic exhibitions at Suto Baths, and afternoon and evening concerts will be given at Mechanics' Pavilion. The California Commanderies will give an entertainment and ball on Friday evening.

Opinion in New York is divided as to Leo Ditrichstein's new comedy, "Military Mad," translated from the German. Some critics pronounce it far above passable, while others do not care for the play at all. One writer describing it as having "a little poetry, a little sentiment, a little humor, some pathos, more bathos, and an infinite deal of mere horse-play and buffoonery." Ida Conquest is praised for her work in the leading female rôle.

"The Isle of Spice," a new musical mixture produced at the Majestic Theatre, New York, is pronounced not at all spicy, with a libretto that "reaches the uttermost limit of inanity and infantile silliness."

Sousa is to take his band abroad for a long tour in December. He will give twenty-five concerts in London.

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Matinees Labor Day, Admission Day, and Saturday.

Usual Tivoli prices, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Look out for the Serenade.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Beginning Monday, September 5th, nightly, including Sunday, matinee Saturday.

MR. KYRLE BELLEW

Supported by original company, including E. M. Holland, in the celebrated dramatic study in criminology.

RAFFLES, THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICK, Gen. Mgr

Monday, September 5th, one week. Commencing with special Labor Day matinee, regular matinees Thursday and Saturday, also special matinee Friday (Admission Day), WHITE WHITTLESSEY in

:- ROBERT EMMET :-

Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c.

Monday, September 12th—Mr. Whittlessey in **The Second in Command.**

#### CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

Week starting Sunday, September 4th, regular matinees Wednesday and Saturday, special matinee Friday (Admission Day). Frederic Belasco presents FLORENCE ROBERTS in a new and elaborate production of

:- SAPHO :-

Adapted from Daudet's marvelous story.

Sunday, September 11th—**Marta of the Lowlands.**

**MAJESTIC**—Frisco's Finest Theatre. Market Street, opposite Larkin Street.

To-night and all next week, the Majestic Theatre Company, direct from New York, presenting

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING

Night prices, 25c, 35c, and 50c. A few front rows in the orchestra, 75c. Bargain matinee every Thursday, 25c (reserved); no higher. Regular Saturday and holiday matinees, 25c and 50c. Extra matinees Monday and Friday. Regular matinees Thursday and Saturday.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533. BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors. Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week starting Monday (Labor Day) matinee, matinees Friday (Admission Day), Saturday, and Sunday, Theodore Kremer's masterpiece,

:- THE EVIL MEN DO :-

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, September 4th. Modern vaudeville! Matinee every day Conclave week. The Great Singing Four; Burton and Brooks; Three Funny Mitchells; "Our Boys in Blue"; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelly; Klein and Clifton; Paul Barnes; Orpheum motion pictures; and last week of Eva Williams and Jack Tucker, presenting for the first time in San Francisco, "Driftwood," an episode in the career of Mary Ellen Post.

Prices, 10c, 25c, and 50c.

## Fischers THEATRE

Continued tremendous success, **THE ANHEUSER PUSH** Magnificent scenery. An unrivaled cast.

Same popular prices. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Special matinees Labor Day, Monday, September 4th, and Admission Day, Friday, September 9th.

Next burlesque—Miss Anzuma.

## BOUND VOLUMES

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From 1877 to 1904

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Sherlock Holmes's Opposite.

Kyrle Bellow, who was last seen here ten years ago when starring with Mrs. James Brown Potter, will appear at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, beginning a two weeks' engagement in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman." This play presents a daring, keen-witted, kindly, refined, gentleman-burglar, the very antithesis of Sherlock Holmes, the great thief-catcher. E. M. Holland comes with Mr. Bellow, playing Captain Bedford, the detective, between whom and the burglar there is a constant battle of wits. Clara Blandick, Beverley Sitgreaves, Olive Wyndham, Mignon Beranger, Stanton Elliott, Frank McCormack, and Frank Connor are in the company, which is the same as that which presented the play two hundred times in New York last year.

## Opening of a New Theatre.

The Majestic, the handsome new theatre at Ninth and Market Streets, will be formally opened this (Saturday) evening by a presentation of the dramatic adaptation of F. Marion Crawford's historical romance, "In the Palace of the King." The leading lady of the stock company that is to bid for public favor is Grace Reals, who has long appeared in leading rôles in Chicago and other Eastern cities. J. H. Gilmon is to be leading man, and others in the company will be Richard Thornton, Joseph Callahan, John D. O'Hara, Henry Stockbridge, Theodore Marston, Margaret Macklyn, and Eleanor Gordon. The management announces that the prices will be as much a revelation as will be the theatre itself, for which they claim perfection in appearance and convenience. During next week there will be matinees on Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. At the Thursday bargain matinees reservations in all parts of the house may be secured for twenty-five cents.

## Irish Drama at the Alcazar.

The original Brandon Tynan version of "Robert Emmet" will be produced during White Whittlesey's eleventh week at the Alcazar, with Mr. Whittlesey in the title-rôle. The time is 1803, the place Ireland, and the episodes upon which the play is founded occurred shortly after Emmet's return from France, where he had vainly tried to gain the co-operation of Napoleon and Talleyrand in the uprising of the Irish people against England. Much of the success of the play is undoubtedly due to its love interest, which forms one of its most important component elements. Preparations have been made to present "Robert Emmet" with all the scenic embellishments which characterized its original production in New York. There will be a special matinee Labor Day. The following week Mr. Whittlesey will be seen in Captain Robert Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command."

## Rehearsing "Miss Mazuma."

J. I. Jaxon, the new stage-manager at Fischer's Theatre, has started rehearsals of "Miss Mazuma," J. C. Crawford's burlesque, which is to follow "The Anheuser Push," the amusing burlesque which is still drawing. Dorothy Morton's songs continue to please, and Georgie O'Ramey makes a hit as the "Rube" girl. The trained monkey, "Kelly," is developing into quite an actor. Flossie Hope and Pearl Hickman furnish the chief terpsichorean part of the entertainment.

## Back to Melodrama.

The very creditable performance of "The First Born," given this week at the Central Theatre, will be followed, beginning with a matinee on Monday (Labor Day), with Theodore Kremer's "The Evil Men Do." The great scene in it is a belfry on fire, a boy having been lured there by the villain in order that his destruction might be accomplished. A thrilling rescue closes the scene. The villain is a counterfeit minister, who, while in the pulpit, is denounced by the woman he had betrayed and abandoned. At her demand the cassock is torn from the preacher's neck to discover the brand of the criminal on his back. In addition to the Labor Day matinee there will be a special matinee on Friday (Admission Day), and the regular matinees on Saturday and Sunday.

## Two Weeks More of "The Toreador."

The sixth, and next to the last week of "The Toreador," begins at the Tivoli Opera House at the special Labor Day matinee on Monday. There will also be an extra matinee on Friday (Admission Day). The good attendance indicates that "The Toreador" might run much longer, but the management has decided to put on "The Serenade," which has been thoroughly rehearsed.

## Many Singers at the Orpheum.

"The Great Singing Four," as the members of the Mendelssohn Quartet of Denver, Colo., are known, will be heard for the first time in San Francisco at the Orpheum this coming week, when a matinee will be given every day. The medium for their introduction

will be their original creation, "New Year's Eve in Bohemia," said to be replete with bright and catchy dialogue, intermingled with wit and song. H. D. Martin, first tenor; Robert Slack, second tenor; R. V. Brown, first bass; and C. D. Schmidlap, second bass, are the members of the organization. Edward R. Burton and Croney Brooks, who were here three years ago, will return with "A Can of Humor." The three Mitchells, Creole entertainers, will be new to this city. For their third and last week, Eva Williams and Jack Tucker will present "Driftwood." Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy will revive their greatest success, "Uncle Phineas." Other hold-overs will be Klein and Clifton, Paul Barnes, Kronau's "Our Boys in Blue," and the Orpheum motion pictures.

## "Sapho" at the California.

For the second week of Florence Roberts's engagement at the California Theatre, beginning on Sunday night, September 4th, Frederick Belasco announces a revival of "Sapho" which shares honors with "Zaza" in Miss Roberts's repertoire. All offensive and suggestive elements of the play have been eliminated, but all the important points of interest have been retained. New scenery, built for this production, will be used. Beginning Sunday night, September 11th, Miss Roberts will present "Marta of the Lowlands," a Spanish story of life among the Catalan peasants, by Angel Guimera. "Marta" was produced for the first time in English in New York City last October.

## Knights Templar, then "Fan-Tan."

James Neill will conclude to-night (Saturday) at the Grand Opera House an engagement of nine weeks, during which he has given eighty-two consecutive performances. The present programme, "Under Two Flags," is drawing well. Next week the Grand Opera House will be given over to the Knights Templar for the entertainment of their visitors, and at the Sunday matinee, September 11th, Bothwell Browne's musical extravaganza, "Princess Fan-Tan" will be produced for the first time, with new Japanese scenery and costumes, and a cast of three hundred juveniles. "Princess Fan-Tan" will have new and original songs, dances, marches, and ballets. During this production, special prices—fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents—will prevail. Seats are now on sale at the box-office.

## The Francisca Concerts.

On account of the scarcity of grand opera here this season, Mme. Fannie Francisca, who will soon appear in concert at the Alhambra Theatre, has arranged to make up her programmes so as to include some of the biggest numbers from the great standard works. She will include numbers in her programmes that will allow her to be heard in five different languages. Verdi, Massenet, Handel, Haydn, Strauss, and Donizetti will be represented on the first programme. This will be given on Wednesday night, September 21st, and will be followed on Saturday afternoon, September 24th, by a second concert. The Wednesday night programme will have among the numbers a scene from "Lucia de Lammermoor," and Mme. Francisca will render it in costume. Seats for the concerts will be \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents. The advance sale of seats will be held at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music-store.

A production of "Pinafore" for charity was given at Larchmont, on Long Island Sound, last week, with a miniature battleship, anchored in the harbor, as a stage. The rôles were assumed by society people, whose friends came in launches, yachts, and sailing vessels to witness the performance.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke is coming to the Coast as star in Klaw & Erlanger's "The Billinaire," written by Harry B. Smith and Gustave Kerker.

## Trophies for the Knights.

The four trophies to be presented by Shreve & Co. to competing drill corps during the Knights Templar's Conclave, are made entirely of California products. Probably the handsomest is a representation of a fortress of the time of the Crusaders. At each of the four corners is a battlemented tower, with its watching knight. Above the fortress is a silver globe, upheld by lances and shields, with the map of the world on it, California being represented in gold. Upon the globe stands the imposing figure of a knight. The front of the fortress is set in gold quartz. A silver clock, set upon a standard of onyx and bronze, the whole having a height of six feet two inches, is another trophy. A third one is a drinking set, consisting of a massive silver tray, thirty-two inches in diameter, artistically embossed and engraved, with thirty-seven silver cups to accompany it. Another trophy is a silver cup with two handles, decorated with grapes and leaves, and on its side a mounted knight in armor.

## A Profitable Opera.

When the Bostonians were preparing to sing "Robin Hood," which had its first production at the Chicago Opera House in 1890, the authors, De Koven and Smith, wanted \$1,000 for the opera. Barnabee and MacDonald preferred paying royalties. The opera was more of a success than they had anticipated, so they hastened to accept the authors' offer to sell it for \$1,000. But De Koven and Smith had raised the price to \$1,500. The singers wouldn't give that sum. They stuck to the royalty plan, and during twelve years of the opera's run paid the authors \$150,850. Maybe that was why the Bostonians at last "went bust," despite the fact that the gross receipts have been far over half a million dollars.

Nobushige Hozumi, the leading lawyer of Japan, arrived on Monday on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*, on his way to the St. Louis exposition. Dr. S. Kitazato, the great Japanese bacteriologist, and Miss Gyokashi Atowi, a famous artist, were passengers on the same boat.

Fay Templeton recently celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of her appearance on the stage.

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## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie,  
District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain- fall.	State of Weather.
August 25th.....	60	52	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	68	52	.00	Clear
" 27th.....	62	50	.00	Clear
" 28th.....	64	54	.00	Clear
" 29th.....	62	52	.00	Clear
" 30th.....	74	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 31st.....	66	54	.00	Clear

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
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Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
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(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

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Paid in Capital..... 3,000,000.00  
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Monthly Income Over..... 200,000.00  
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## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

Full reports in the New York papers of Mrs. Hermann (Gehrich's) famous "ball in white" reveal the fact that some of the men guests were permitted to appear in ordinary evening clothes. All the women, however, wore gowns of white material, chiffon, silk, gauze, or brocade. They were not of any particular period. The handsomely dressed women all wore white wigs or powdered hair, dressed with their superb jewels, and the great majority of the men were attired in hunting coats, with knee breeches of black or white satin, sabots of lace, and with rhinestone buckles on the pumps and at the knees. Some of them wore wigs, with queues tied with black ribbons, and others had powdered hair. It was rather late when the party began to arrive at "Rosecliff." They were received by the hostess, who wore a gown of white lace embroidered with silver. In her elaborate white coiffure were placed clusters of white feathers, and diamonds and pearls hung in loops to a bow knot of diamonds. Assisting the hostess in her duties of receiving was her sister, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who wore an elaborate Marie Antoinette costume of white satin brocade. In her powdered hair was worn a diamond tiara, and across the corsage were strings of pearls and a stomacher of diamonds. Miss Alice Roosevelt, who was present, wore a costume of white Mouseline de soie, elaborately embroidered with silver and tinsel in a design of the thistle flower. "Rosecliff" is a villa the decorations of which are of white and gold, and the floral embellishments by Hodgson emphasized this, as they were entirely of white. Gardenias and lilies of the valley predominated, there being festoons of these blossoms hung in the ball-room and halls. The mantels were banked with bride roses. All these decorations, combined with vines of delicate green, blended with the permanent adornment of the house. After supper the cotillion was danced, Henry S. Lehr leading with Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. The favors were in keeping with the general scheme of the ball, and were white or nearly so. They were dainty, and included Marie Antoinette fichus of soft chiffon fastened with large half moons of silver; automobile clocks of silver, staffs tipped with clusters of white hollyhocks; corsage clusters of gardenias; opera-bags of white brocade with mirrors at the bottoms; cigarette-cases of cedar wood covered with brocade of pale colors, filled with choice cigarettes; desk sets of white leather; playing-card cases of white leather inclosing bridge sets; English pipes in satin bags; Louis the Fifteenth fans and walking-sticks; and a great variety of silver trinkets and amusing toys.

London's clubs are said to be feeling the effects of the bad times. It is stated that nearly all have had an unremunerative year. The members, it appears, do not eat or drink enough to maintain the revenue at a safe pitch. Clubs are not economical at all. They are in fact extravagant. Moreover, it is admitted that club life is no longer a necessary part of existence. Life is so full and rapid in its passage from one engagement to another that men have not time for the dalliances of a club window. Half the clubs in London are living from hand to mouth in a managerial sense, and it is significant in proof of this that for several years there has not been an addition to the ordinary establishments of the kind in St. James's. On the contrary several have completely disappeared, and others are simply standing on the order of their going.

How a woman feels when she first asks her husband for money is the pregnant theme of discussion by a writer in the *Sun*. He imagines a hypothetical case, "Olivia," he says, married to Alexander, is a fine, sensible girl, with an idea of her duty. They do not enjoy a large income. He is probably an employee or runs a small and precarious business. They are fond of each other and devoted to material interests as moderately as is necessary. They are not mercenary enough to be very thrifty, nor pleasure-loving enough to be very extravagant. Alexander forgets to provide a sum for the outside expenses. So some fine morning Olivia hurries to get ready for the ride down town. She will go down with him on the car, just for company. She is quite sincere. How much of this early plan is due to her dislike of asking him for money? Until the last moment he did not think of it. Perhaps he will while they are on the car. But he has his paper. As they reach a station where she might get off for shopping she has to linger and she decides to go a station or two more. There are plenty of big stores to choose from. She is a little nervous. Why does she hate so to ask him? Two stations more and she is alone, in a panic. No, she will go on. He does not even think to ask her how far she is going. They exchange pleasant little words. Then, she decides to go as far as 10th St. Then, she will bring her to the most downtown of all the stores. She can easily back or walk across town. They get on the block or two he must walk Olivia

accompanies him. It is really foolish, she thinks, that now, when she has been married a year, she should still have this fear. In fact, it seems to be increasing. At last she makes the plunge. "Oh, how much do you want?" asks Alexander. She answers, not knowing what can be spared. Her list of household necessities has been growing for a month. She could spend fifty dollars as well as ten toward keeping up the little flat. Things do grow shabby, in spite of care. Or she could spend five dollars in a very careful manner to remedy the most immediate wants. He was not disagreeable, and when she saw him take a roll of bills out of his pocket she felt all at once a sort of glow. This lasted but a second. Then as he sorted out a couple, selecting them to hand to her, she shrank. She hated him through the coarseness of the money. When Olivia took them into her hand she felt like dropping them on the pavement, but she mastered herself. She took account of a slight diffidence in his manner, and it touched her. They turned the corner, and he walked by her side an extra block. She felt a sudden physical weakness. The need of being in some way agreeable to him showed her the gratitude which she ought to feel. But her sense of justice revolted against this, as it had against the shame she had felt before at having taken his money. Alexander, in his turn, was unconscious of even the possibility of this kind of thought. He had felt a certain dull tenderness when he handed the sum to her. Then, as when a man pays out a sum, a gap remains, he fell to repairing this physical gap, mentally. He began to calculate if certain sums would be coming to him this week or next. He forgot all about his wife's little matters. His thoughts roamed to slightly larger pecuniary considerations. He would have been offended if any one had said to him that no matter how kind a man is to a woman, there is one thing he never does constitutionally—put himself in her place. It is thus that Alexander hugs Olivia's independence."

Atlantic City, N. J., is outraged because, as an eloquent correspondent puts it, the privilege of being affectionate has been treasured upon, or, as Artemus Ward would say, the tenderest sensibilities have been trampled onto. The law prosaically calls the offense spooning, and has instructed its minions to treat goo-goo eyes with suspicion, and the holding of hands as evidence of intended crime. The penalty of osculation ranges from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per two heads. What chance has poetic feeling in Atlantic City? The little waves disdain each other, and no sister flower would be forgiven if it did not flee its brother. To read what happens in the carrying out of the inhuman mayor's ukase is simply to have one's heart-strings lacerated. List to the *World*: "Miss Mary Kennedy, of Philadelphia, stood on the beach, the other day, the tiniest wavelets rippling over her pink, shell-like toes. Venus herself rising from the sea could have been scarcely lovelier. Miss Mary is not a Quaker, so her bright-hued bathing-dress fitted her to perfection. Coquettish curls, escaped from the kerchief that bound her hair, still further beautified her alabaster neck. With Miss Mary, and very much in love with her, was George Henry, a sturdy young fellow of Paulsboro, N. J. The invigorating breeze brightened the charming Philadelphia's dancing eyes and kissed her peach-like cheeks. Losing control of himself, the impulsive George Henry went the invigorating wind one better. He put his arm around Miss Mary's slender waist, drew her to him, and kissed her, smack, on her lips. Patrolman Shultz, a bitter enemy of Cupid, one of the hard-hearted policemen sent to the beach to enforce Mayor Stoy's anti-spooning order, laid his heavy hand on George Henry's shoulder. It was a cruel awakening from love's young dream. Shultz called the patrol wagon, and clad only in bathing-suits, Miss Mary and George Henry were hurried to police headquarters. On the way the blushing young woman dissolved in tears, her grief touched the pity even of the grim officials, and she was permitted to depart. George Henry, the active confederate in the alleged crime, sent to the bath-house for ten dollars, and gave the money as a bond to appear in the police court. But he did not; he and Miss Mary fled a shore so inimical to spoony sweethearts."

On the following day, loving couples added forty-five dollars to the wealth of the town by permitting themselves to be caught "spooning on the beach during the bathing hour in violation of Mayor Stoy's edict." "The young lady was tired and I was helping her to the beach," one of the men told Recorder Balcock when brought before him. "But he had his arm around her waist sort of lovin' like," the policeman said. "Fifteen dollars fine," Recorder Balcock said; "this kissing and cooing on the beach must be broken up." "Certainly I kissed her, she's my wife, and we are on our wedding trip," was the defense of another. "Cost you fifteen dollars, then, for showing how much you love your wife," decided the recorder; "the beach is no place to do your kissing."

The third was just a plain case of "spooning," and no defense was made, and a fine of fifteen dollars was imposed. Clams are no longer found in pairs, and the old fishermen say it's because of the mayor's order.

A New York newspaper recently spoke of the American girl in flattering terms, which brought from a correspondent, who signs himself "One of the Disillusioned," a cynical reply. "Your description," says this person, "of the young women of America as 'rosy sirens' is but a poetic fiction, such as the *Sun's* young men are permitted to employ in the good old summer time. Sirens, yes; 'rosy,' no. Up here in the hills, where the summer girl pervades all the highways and byways, and lingers on every road waiting for a 'hitch,' we hachelors see none of the rosy ones, if any such there be. Lanky, slah-sided, pale-faced victims of dyspepsia, anemia, and neurasthenia, their pendulous straight-front shirt-waists hold up to the eye the delusive fabric of hope while enclosing in fact angles of bone with but the most meager circumambience of skin. As models for the popular American illustrators of living skeletons they may serve to point a moral and adorn a tale. The young men of to-day are on to their delusive curves and will have none of them, either young or old."

Yeast—"Do you believe a man can live on breakfast-food?" *Crimsonbeak*—"Why, sure! My harber lives on shavings."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

**A Perfect Milk Food**  
is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It has a delightful, natural flavor and is superior to the richest raw cream, with the added insurance of being sterile. Always carried by soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers, and explorers. It has become a household necessity.

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, August 31, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.	Closed	
			Bid.	Asked
Associated Oil Co.				
5%.....	44,000	@ 70	70	70½
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	7,000	@ 102-102½	102	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	11,000	@ 100½-100¾	100½	102½
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	12,000	@ 116-116½	116½	
Market St. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 116	116	
North Shore Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 102½	.....	103
Oakland Gas 5%.....	1,000	@ 107½	.....	107¾
Oakland Transit				
6%.....	1,000	@ 118¾	118¾	119
Oakland Transit				
5%.....	2,000	@ 110½-110¾	110½	
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5%.....	2,000	@ 102½	.....	102¾
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	31,000	@ 105	104½	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	5,000	@ 100	99½	100
S. P. R. of Cal, 6%.....	7,000	@ 116½	116½	117
S. P. R. of Cal, 5%.....	20,000	@ 109½	109½	110
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	1,000	@ 133½	133	
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000	@ 107½		
S. V. Water 4%.....	15,000	@ 100¾	100	100¾
S. V. Water Gen.				
4%.....	6,000	@ 98½	98½	
Insurance.				
Fireman's Fund....	40	@ 310	300	
Water.				
Contra Costa Water	30	@ 37½	.....	39
Spring Valley.....	247	@ 37½-39½	39	
Banks.				
Bank of California.	13	@ 420	420	
Street R. R.				
California Street				
Cable Co. 5%.....	100	@ 197½	196	197½
Presidio.....	5	@ 40½		41
Powders.				
Giant Con. S.....	60	@ 60¾	61¾	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	625	@ 56½-58	58	
Honokaa S. Co.....	805	@ 14½-14¾	14½	15
Hutchinson.....	935	@ 9¾-10½	10½	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	50	@ 3	.....	3½
Makaweli S. Co.....	160	@ 26½-27½	27½	30
Pauahau Sugar Co.	421	@ 14¾-15½	15½	15½
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric....	65	@ 12	12	12½
S. F. Gas & Electric	135	@ 61¼-61½	61	
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	110	@ 123-124	124½	125½
Cal. Fruit Canniers.	55	@ 97½-99	.....	100
Cal. Wine Assn.....	190	@ 80	81	
Oceanic S. Co.....	50	@ 4	.....	4
Pacific States Tel.	90	@ 102-101¾	.....	102½

The market has been active for sugars, and gains of from three-eighths of a point to one and three-quarters points were made, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar. Spring Valley Water on sales of 247 shares sold up to 39½, a gain of two and one-eighth points, closing at 39 bid. Giant Powder on small sales sold up to 60¾, closing at 61¼ bid. Alaska Packers was steady at 123-124. California Wine Association was in better demand, selling up one point to 80, and closing at 81 bid. Sales of 135 shares of San Francisco Gas and Electric were made at 61-61½.

INVESTMENTS.

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On the Wing.

Reputation travels like the wind.

Over the Continent the American Gentleman's Whiskey—



Hunter Baltimore Rye

has founded a new type, a new name for what is a

Pure, Old Mellow Product.

A good thing passes from lip to lip.

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The Greatest Doctors in the world recommend  
**Quina LAROCHE**  
A Ferruginous Tonic  
A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for  
**Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anaemia and Slow Convalescence.**  
E. FOUGERA & CO., 26-30 N. William St., N. Y.

BARBARA L. HOOK (maiden name Chambers), the wife of William Hook, of Sacramento, California, and William Hook, her son, or any of her children, and Theresa Connolly (maiden name Barnewall), or any of her children, are, pursuant to an order of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action re Henry Charles Barnewall, deceased, Bennett vs. Barnewall, 1900, B. 4,857, directing an inquiry, who were the persons entitled by virtue of, or according to the Statutes for the distribution of the Intestates Estates, to the Estate of Henry John Charles Barnewall, otherwise Henry Charles Barnewall, late of No. 24 Priory road, Kilburn, in the County of Middlesex, and formerly of Oakfield Lodge, St. James's road, West Country, in the County of Surrey, Esquire, who died on the 6th day of June, 1900, living at the time of his death, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the next-of-kin as are now dead, are, by their solicitors, or before the 24th day of October, 1904, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of Mr. Justice Kekewich and Mr. Justice Joyce at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London, or, in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Tuesday, the 1st day of November, 1904, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the said Chambers, Room 267, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims. The said Barbara L. Hook was a daughter of Mary or Mary Anne Chambers, who was a daughter of John and Anne Barnewall, of Kilmarry, County Meath, Ireland. The said Mary, or Mary Anne, Chambers (maiden name Barnewall) was married twice. Her first husband was James Monaghan, of Archerstown, Westmeath, Ireland, and her second husband was Benjamin Alcock Chambers, of Kells, Kilkenny, Ireland. Her daughter, Barbara L. Chambers, is believed to have been married to William Hook, a carpenter, at Sacramento, California, on the 9th October, 1866, and to have had a son, William.

The said Theresa Connolly was a daughter of the said John and Anne Barnewall, of Kilmarry, County Meath, Ireland, and is believed to have married one Connolly, and died in New York. Dated this 17th day of August, 1904. WILLIAM BENNS SMITH, Master of the Supreme Court. SLAUGHTER & COLEGRAVE, Solicitors, 7 Arundel street, Strand, London, England.

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Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe. Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day. Write for circular and terms.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a reception at Bar Harbor, the other evening, for Miss Alice Roosevelt, a young man was introduced to her. In the embarrassment of having to say something, he stammered: "Miss Roosevelt—ah—I'm very happy to meet you—I have often heard of your father."

Tammany Leader Tom Dunn met John B. McDonald, the builder of the underground rapid transit road, at the Central Park Casino, the other night. "Hello, John," said Dunn; "when are you going to start up that tunnel game of yours?" "In September," said McDonald, nonchalantly. "What year?" asked Dunn.

Rutherford Corbin, in personal recollections of Secretary Taft, published in *Harper's Weekly*, tells of being in San Francisco with Taft one Easter Sunday, and putting in the whole day with him and a member of his staff named Wilson in translating a cipher message from Washington. He says that the fact that young Wilson was missing an engagement with a lady seemed to Taft such a fine piece of humor as to obliterate the tedium of the task.

Sir Conan Doyle recently told a story of an English officer who was badly wounded in South Africa, and the military surgeon had to shave off that portion of his brains which protruded from his skull. The officer got well, and later on in London the surgeon asked whether he knew that a portion of his brain was in a glass bottle in a laboratory. "Oh, that does not matter now," replied the soldier. "I've got a permanent position in the war office."

According to Congressman Wade, of Iowa, a young man once took a sack of corn to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. The mill was fearfully slow, only a tiny stream of meal trickling out. At last the young man became impatient, and complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your old mill can grind it." "Yes," replied the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "Until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve men went right to the point by saying: "That thar Pike Muldrow orter to be convicted on gen'ral principles. He's had as they make 'em." As the hum of approval went around, a weakened little juror said: "I heerd that Pike giv' it out that he'd go gunnin' fur us if we sent him up, jes' soon's he got out, an' fur the judge, too." "We must pervert the judge," they agreed, and the verdict was "Not guilty."

Governor Bachelder, of New Hampshire, dislikes tramps, though at times he will hand a quarter to one of the traveling fraternity. Not long ago he found a husky young hobo lying under a tree at a lonely place in the country. The governor listened to the old hard-luck story, and gave the tramp some small change. Then he said, encouragingly: "Down there on the left, my friend, there is a farmer who wants men to help him thresh wheat." "Thankee, sir," said the tramp, turning to the right; "thankee, I might have gone down that way accidental like."

It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall Market. Secretary Rhodes walked in front of him down the length of the market, announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the President of the United States! Fellow-citizens, make room!" The chief executive had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when Mr. Rhodes, the secretary, turned around suddenly, and finding himself alone, promptly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious, where has that damned idiot got to?"

Colonel Cleary was a noted character in Chicago a quarter of a century ago. In his latter days he got to be quite a society man. One evening at a reception he noticed a beautiful girl, and on inquiry found that her name was O'Brien. "Bedad," he said to his host, "I know her! Introduce me." That formality having been gone through with, the old colonel declared to the young lady: "Your name is O'Brien and your mother was a Flannery." "Yes," Miss O'Brien assented. "Well! well! well!" the colonel exclaimed; "an' that's strange. D'ye know, young lady, that jist twenty-wan year ago I came in wan o' hein' your father?"

A story showing the incorruptibility of the London *Times* is told with Lord Randolph Churchill as the central figure. Churchill had made up his mind to resign. It was a

great piece of news, and Churchill, on going to Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, felt justified in thinking that the paper would maintain a friendly attitude toward him in exchange for the exclusive information. Mr. Buckle informed him that the paper's attitude toward him would continue to be unfriendly. "But for such a piece of news," exclaimed Lord Randolph, "why, there is not another paper in England but would be grateful." "That is true," replied Mr. Buckle, "but the *Times* can not be bribed."

Upon one occasion when "Tom" Taggart, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was distributor of the spoils, there was much speculation as to who would be coroner of Marion County, Ind. There were plenty of doctors who were anxious for the job, but only one of them, a dapper young physician, had the nerve to ask Taggart about it. "Mr. Taggart," he said, "I have come all the way down to your office to ask whom you favor for the nomination for coroner. I do not like to go ahead without knowing where I stand." Taggart slapped him on the back, and smiled in his most winsome manner. "I'll tell you one thing," he said; "you are no worse off than you were."

Representative Hull, of Iowa, sent some garden seeds to a constituent last spring. They came from the Department of Agriculture and were inclosed in one of the regular franked government envelopes. On the corner of each of these envelopes appears this legend: "Penalty for private use \$300." A few days later Hull received a letter from his constituent, which read: "DEAR MR. HULL: I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is \$300 fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay \$300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately, for I am a law-abiding citizen and do not want to commit any crime?"

Samovar and Samisen.

Our great story of the Russo-Japanese War. (Summary of previous chapters—Michael Popoff Falls In and is Out a Rouble. Disguised as a Bale of Hay, he makes his escape from a Japanese Prison, and is on his way to Nuchwang when there is a Terrific Explosion and Popoff—)

CHUNK IV.

was thrown high in the air, and was caught fast in a passing cloud. A strong wind wafted him rapidly over Mukden, and after many days of travel Popoff found himself above St. Petersburg. The sight of the site made the Cossack anxious to descend, but he was imprisoned within the cloud. There seemed no way of escape, but finally Popoff found the thunder-bolt and, shooting it back, the cloud opened and began to dissolve. Fearful lest he should be accused of *lèse majesté* for appearing to rain over Russia, Popoff hastily slid down a sunbeam and stood in the grounds of the Peterhof Palace.

In the meantime, the regret-to-report of the thunderbolt had aroused the Palace.

"Who frew dat homh?" cried the Hereditary Grand Wet Nurse; "they've done woke up the Czarevitch."

It was true. The squalling of a royal infant was heard from the steel-cad nursery. Popoff trembled. He could hear the Little Father running wildly up and down his homh-proof cellar, shouting: "Won't that child ever stop yowling?"

Just as Popoff's fate trembled in the balance there was an overwhelming crash.

Port Arthur had fallen.—Wex Jones in Oregonian.

Eminent surgeon—"I operated on Mr. Bullion for appendicitis to-day." His wife—"Dear me! I wonder who will have it next!" Eminent surgeon (absent-mindedly)—"I don't know. I haven't decided yet."—Life.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Mary's Belongings.

Mary had a little lamb,  
All fricassed with peas,  
Then a little lobster salad  
And some energetic cheese;  
A quart of hock to wash it down,  
A taste of mountain dew—  
All these our little Mary had,  
And a little coffin, too.  
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

May be Hilly?

We've had the Man Behind the Gun,  
The Man Behind the Plow,  
The Man Behind the this and that  
All come to make their bow.

But since there's one who makes no stir  
We recommend this plan:  
With candidates, 'tis well to hunt  
The Man Behind the Man.  
—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Down and Out.

To be "resigned to fate," 'tis true,  
We'd feel less hesitation,  
Were fate not almost certain to  
Accept the resignation.  
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Wasn't YY.

A maiden who monkeyed with BB  
While out in the yard picking PP,  
Felt the place on her head  
Where they stung her, and said,  
"G! Don't they bite hard when U TT?"  
—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE SELF-DENIAL OF TRUE LOVE.  
If shee noo bow i wurkt to gett thatt dime,  
How i wuz swetten neerle awl thee time  
i wasbt thee sheeps ann polisht thee frunt dore  
i wunder iff shee luv me ennymoar  
Wenn shee is drinken lemnenade wich i  
hav bott fore hur. shee nose thatt itt wood bi  
fishlines ur topps ur marbuls wich i nede  
Butt no. i doo nott bi um. no indeed.  
i onley think uv hur ann my grate luv  
ann wunder sumtimes wott sheez thinken uv.  
iff shee cood see thee blissurts on mi band  
frum rakk launs O wood shee understand  
thatt evry time shee stopps ann startts too draw  
Hur breth sheez drawn munney throo thee  
straw.  
O luv bow cezy u maik us foargett  
thee day wee wurk wee blissurt ann wee swett  
Too gett a littul munney wenn wee pass  
a stand ware lemnenade is five a glas.  
Wenn ure gurl looks up att u offie sli  
ann sez O henry doant itt maik u dri.  
O luv u are a mitey mitey powr  
we wurk fore munney menney a weery our  
butt lett a gurl gett thursty ann its gone  
befor u hardlie say jack robbison.  
thee millyunair spenns thowsands butt he noes  
thares lotts moar in his pokket wenn itt goze  
butt wenn i spennn mi dime fore lemnenade  
itts awl ive gott. Butt lov is nott afraide  
Uv povverty. Ann evry breth shee draws  
bringgs bappyness upp too me throo them straws.  
J. W. Foley in Life.

"What do you think of the political situation?" "I wish there wasn't any such thing," said the Kansan; "if so many people weren't looking for political situations there would be more willing to accept jobs as farmhands."—Washington Star.

"Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

**CURTAS**  
IS THE NAME WE ASK  
YOU TO REMEMBER  
WHEN ABOUT TO  
PURCHASE A PIANO  
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Philadelphia.....Sept. 10 | New York.....Sept. 24  
Germania.....Sept. 17 | St. Paul.....Oct. 1  
Philadelphia—Queensstown—Liverpool.

West'm'd.....Sept. 10, 10 am | Liverpool.....Sept. 24, 10 am  
Haverford.....Sept. 17, 10 am | Noordland.....Oct. 1, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....Sept. 10, 6 am | Minnetonka.....Sept. 24, 5 am  
Mesaba.....Sept. 17, 9 am | Minnehaba.....Oct. 1, 9 am

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Southwark.....Sept. 10 | Dominion.....Sept. 24  
Kensington.....Sept. 17 | Vancouver.....Oct. 1

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.

Sailing Tuesdays at 10 A. M.  
Ryndam.....Sept. 13 | Rotterdam.....Sept. 27  
Noordam.....Sept. 20 | Potsdam.....Oct. 4

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.

(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)

Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.

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Finland.....Sept. 17 | Kronland.....Oct. 1

**SPECIAL NOTICE**—The large new twin-screw steamships of the Red Star Line call at Dover, England, both east and west bound.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Majestic.....Sept. 14, 10 am | Arabic.....Sept. 23, 4.30 pm  
Cedric.....Sept. 16, 10 am | Teutonic.....Sept. 28, 10 am  
Oceanic.....Sept. 21, 3 pm | Celtic.....Sept. 30, 9 am

NEW SERVICE FROM BOSTON.

Fast Twin-Screw Steamers

of 11,400 to 15,000 tons.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Republic (new).....Sept. 8  
Cymric.....Sept. 15  
Cretic.....Sept. 22

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GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.

From New York.

Republic.....Oct. 20, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic.....Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18

From Boston.

Romanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28  
Canopic.....Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 18

First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Coptic.....Thursday, September 8  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1  
S. S. Doric.....Wednesday, November 9  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, November 26

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Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 14, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 17, at 11 A. M.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Ellinwood-Greer Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles N. Ellinwood, to Mr. Robert Greer, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Leontine Blakeman was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Katherine Dillon, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Minnie Nash. Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Allan St. John Howie, Mr. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mr. Harry Hollbrook, and Mr. Frank Owen. A reception and supper followed. Those at the bride's table besides the bridal party, were Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Dr. and Mrs. Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Spaulding, Miss Edith Simpson, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Dr. Harry Tevis. Mr. and Mrs. Greer have departed for the East, en route to Europe on a three months' wedding journey, and upon their return will reside at "The Hutch" in Sausalito.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabelle Kittle, daughter of Mrs. H. de Witt Kittle, of Ross Valley, to Mr. Benjamin Diblee.

The engagement is announced of Miss Amy Irene Garoutte, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. H. Garoutte, of Berkeley, to Mr. Chester E. Haskell, of Palo Alto.

The wedding of Miss Louise Bundschu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bundschu, to Mr. Maury Simms, will take place on Friday evening, September 9th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 245 Chestnut Street. The ceremony will be performed at eight o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Alma Bundschu will be maid of honor, and the bride's other attendants will be Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann and Miss Anita Hinz. Mr. Benjamin Weed will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Anna Ashe Sperry, daughter of Mrs. James W. Sperry, to Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother in Sausalito. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. Charles L. Miel. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. Willard Sperry. Mrs. John Burke Murphy was matron of honor. Miss Mary Langhorne was bridesmaid. Mr. Joseph Carrigan acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant E. G. Abbott, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Natt F. Jamieson, U. S. A. Lieutenant and Mrs. Carrigan have gone to Yosemite Valley on their wedding journey.

A vaudeville entertainment will be given this (Saturday) evening at "Meadowlands," the San Rafael residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. Among those who will take part are Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle, Miss Lillian Brechemin, Miss Pearl Landers, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Gertrude Jones, Miss Susan Montgomery, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mrs. Nat Messer, Jr., Miss Ethyl Hager, Miss Constance de Young, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Cleve Baker, Mr. Howard Veeler, Mr. Thomas Eastland, Mr. Courtney Ford, Mr. Will H. Smith, Jr., Dr. L. Brechemin, Jr., Mr. Harry Bush, Mr. Willard Barton, and Mr. Charles de Young.

A farewell dinner was given in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Edgar Peixotto, who is to be married in New York on September 21st to Miss Melvina Nathan. Covers were laid for thirty-five.

Mrs. Frederick Fenwick gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence on Washington Street in honor of Mrs. Edwin T. Blake, of Berkeley.

The "country fair" for the benefit of the Bishop Armitage Orphanage takes place today (Saturday), from two to seven, at "Uplands," the San Mateo residence of Miss Leonie Crocker.

## The Del Monte Auto Meet.

The meeting of the Automobile Club of California, held at Del Monte on Saturday and Sunday, was most successful, both as regards attendance and results. The good weather added to the enjoyment of the affair, and society was fully represented. The Hotel del Monte was crowded to its utmost capacity, every device for the accommodation of guests being resorted to. Over six hundred people were at the hotel on Sunday, and the lawn, dotted with machines of various makes and colors, filled with people in summer garb, and with spectators wandering or grouped all over it, vast expense presented as beautiful a display as ever seen at Del Monte. There were a large number of races, endurance and racing contests, and a world's record broken. Mr. Edwin R. Dimond going in a touring car in six minutes and two seconds. Mr. George P. Fuller prize in every contest. On Saturday

evening a largely attended hop was given at the hotel. Many visiting Knights Templar were present at the meet.

Among those seen there during Saturday and Sunday were:

General George H. Barlow, U. S. A., Colonel Henry C. Ward, U. S. A., Mr. G. Bronson Howard, of London, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Sterling, of San José, Dr. Carl Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Ethyl Hager, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Miss Grace Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dodd, Mr. E. J. Tobin, Mr. E. R. Dimond, Miss Clayborough, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Hall, Mr. C. R. Tobin, Mr. Edward Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee, Miss Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. E. S. Preston, Mrs. Worthington Ames, and Mr. A. C. Kingsford.

## Jinks Music at the Tivoli.

The concert, consisting of Bohemian Club jinks music, given at the Tivoli Opera House on Thursday afternoon drew a brilliant crowd that taxed the capacity of the house. This is the first time that the general public has had an opportunity to hear the music which the Bohemians make the main feature of their midsummer jinks. The concert was given for the purpose of raising money for the protection and improvement of the club's redwood grove on Russian River, and, as Mr. Richard Hotaling humorously added, to give the wives of the members an idea of the nature of the jinks and to prevent them in future from making engagements for their husbands which would keep them from attending the yearly pilgrimage to the grove. Under the general direction of the authors, the following selections were given from Joseph D. Redding's "The Man in the Forest: A Legend of the Tribe," jinks of 1902; Dr. H. J. Stewart's "Montezuma," jinks of 1903; and W. J. McCoy's "The Hamadryads: A Masque of Apollo," jinks of 1904:

## MONTEZUMA.

(a) Prelude: "Darkness and Dawn"; (b) March of Montezuma; (c) Intermezzo; (d) Valse Lente; (e) Finale. 1. March of the Sacrificial Priests. 2. Apotheosis of the Victim. 3. The Sacrifice.

## THE HAMADRYADS.

(a) Prelude; (b) Dance of the Young Hamadryads; (c) Supplication, solo (with chorus); Henry A. Melvin; (d) The Naiad's Idyl; (e) Final (scene and chorus). The Coming of Apollo.

## THE MAN IN THE FOREST.

(a) Overture; (b) Reverie; (c) Scene: 1. Storm; 2. The Legend (with recitation); (d) Finale (with chorus); "The Message of Bohemia."

A brief yet comprehensive synopsis of each play was given by Mr. Hotaling, whose sympathetic reading of the beautiful lines and explanation of the various themes added much to a better understanding and appreciation of the musical numbers which followed. His announcement that the appearance of the grove-keeper's two little daughters, in the guise of tiny hamadryads this year, marked the first instance of women appearing in a Bohemian Club jinks, was greeted with laughter and applause.

From the summit of Mt. Tamalpais it is a wonderful sight to watch the sunset, to observe the gorgeous changes of color, and the shades of night settle over the valleys far below. Nowhere but from Tamalpais can a California sunset be observed in all its glory, with nothing to shut off the fine effects as the sun sinks to sleep in the broad Pacific. The tavern at the top of the mountain is world-famous.

The corner-stone of the new building for the Lambs' Club building in New York was laid last week. It was sprinkled with champagne by Wilton Lackaye and blessed by Clay M. Greene. The new club-house is at 128 West Forty-Fourth Street.

Alameda, the choicest residence spot on the bay. Come over and look at our lovely homes. Write for folder containing map and general information. ALAMEDA ADVANCEMENT ASSOCIATION, Alameda, Cal.

Several English authors will have plays produced this season, among them A. E. W. Mason, W. W. Jacobs, H. G. Wells, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, and Arthur Morrison.

Margaret Anglin has returned to New York from Europe, and is rehearsing "The Eternal Feminine." Her New York season will open November 14th.

Domenico Russo, the Italian tenor, and Mrs. Frances Mandler, an Alameda singer, were married on Sunday.

## Army and Navy News.

Captain Thomas A. Pearce, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has relieved Lieutenant W. M. Robinson, U. S. A., who has been acting adjutant at the Presidio during the absence of Captain Pearce as one of the umpires at Atascadero.

Dr. John Evelyn Page, U. S. N., is on temporary duty at Philadelphia.

Mrs. Van Orsdale was one of the passengers on the transport *Thomas*, which sailed last Thursday for Manila, where she goes to join her husband, Colonel John T. Van Orsdale, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Major S. E. Allen, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., departed last Sunday for his station at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Major Charles Krauthof, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthof will spend September and October in a trip through the Eastern States. They will pass the winter at the Colonial Hotel.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., is again on duty at the post hospital at the Presidio.

Captain Benjamin Clarke Morse, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been made adjutant of his regiment which is at Mindanao, in the Philippines.

Captain Edwin O. Sarraat, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., left last week for Fort Totten, where he will be stationed at the artillery school for the coming year. Mrs. Sarraat accompanied him.

Mrs. McCrackin, wife of Commander Alexander McCrackin, U. S. N., has taken an apartment at 1560 Sacramento Street, where she will remain during Commander McCrackin's absence at sea.

Captain A. S. Rowan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rowan have returned from Atascadero and Del Monte, and are making a short stay at St. Dunstan's.

Lieutenant John S. Graham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Graham (née Moore) departed for Illinois last Thursday.

Lieutenant A. J. Dougherty, Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., left last Saturday for duty in the infantry and cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth.

Paymaster E. H. Cope, U. S. N., detached from the United States steamer *Vicksburg*, has joined the United States steamer *Albatross*.

Mrs. Murphy, wife of Lieutenant John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., arrived from Fort Russell on Saturday, and will be the guest for a month of her grandparents, Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers.

Lieutenant Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., gave a luncheon on board the United States flagship *New York* on Monday.

Lieutenant Robert M. Ellicott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ellicott were recent arrivals at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Eleanor Terry, daughter of Rear-Admiral Silas W. Terry, U. S. N., arrived from Honolulu on Monday.

## Death of Captain Healy.

Captain Michael A. Healy, United States revenue cutter service, retired, died in this city on Tuesday. He was a native of Macon, Ga., and was born in 1839. He was sent to France to study for the priesthood, but at the age of fifteen he ran away to sea, and in the course of time became a captain. In 1865, he entered the revenue cutter service as third lieutenant. He was advanced to second lieutenant in 1866, to first lieutenant in 1870, and to captain in 1883. Last year he was retired on account of having reached the age limit. Since 1886 he was stationed on the Pacific Coast, commanding the *Bear* for many years, and doing duty mostly along the Alaskan coast. A widow and a son, Frederick W. Healy, survive him.

At the automobile races at St. Louis last Sunday, Barney Oldfield, blinded by the dust of the machine in front of him, lost control of his own automobile, and sent it through a fence, killing two spectators. Oldfield was badly injured. In the vicinity of New York, on the same day, twelve people, including Tom Sharkey, the pugilist, were injured, some of them very badly, and several machines were wrecked. One of them exploded while its owner was preparing to go out in it.

The appointment of Earl Cummings, the sculptor, to be park commissioner in place of A. Altmann, transferred to the board of education, has been formally announced.

Governor George C. Pardee has appointed Charles S. Green, of Oakland, a member of the State board of library trustees, vice Dr. Thomas Flint, deceased.

## Wanted

furnished house of eight rooms, near Park preferred, otherwise Western Addition; from October 15th for six months. Address *Furnished House*, Argonaut.

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## REST A FEW DAYS

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PARIS, FRANCE.

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian New-  
hall will accompany Mrs. Easton and Miss  
Jennie Crocker on their trip East.

Miss Jennie Blair has returned from a  
month's outing in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden will re-  
turn from San Rafael about September 15th,  
and expect to occupy their new residence on  
Broadway within the next two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis are home from  
their automobile trip, which extended as far  
south as Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, who  
have been sojourning at Lake Tahoe, are  
expected home next week.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has returned from  
Livermore, and has taken apartments at the  
Palace Hotel for the winter.

Miss Alice Sprague will spend the month  
of September at Independence Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner departed  
on Monday for their future home, Cleve-  
land, O.

Mr. and Mrs. William Olney, Jr., are so-  
journing for a couple of weeks at Glen Al-  
pine.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and her daughters expect  
to remain at San Mateo with Mrs. Hyde until  
the middle of September.

Mrs. John S. Merrill has returned from a  
visit of several weeks to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Emma Butler will remain at the Hotel  
Rafael for another fortnight.

Mrs. John Kittle and Miss Isabel Kittle  
have returned from Mt. Shasta, and are again  
at Ross Valley.

Mr. John McLaren, superintendent of  
Golden Gate Park, has returned from a visit  
to Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes are ex-  
pected home from Howell Mountain the end  
of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore and Mr. H.  
R. Fennimore were among last week's visitors  
to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chase were recent  
visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. Lionel Lindsay has returned to Berke-  
ley from a visit to his family in England.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard visited Inver-  
ness last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Suydam were the  
guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F.  
Barnard at their Larkspur villa.

Mrs. Lewellyn Jones and Miss Grace Jones  
have returned from their visit to Santa Bar-  
bara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag and daughter  
were at the Hotel Richelieu recently.

Mrs. Horace Sperry has been at Del Monte  
during the past two weeks.

Miss Joliffe has returned to the Spreckels  
country place, "Sobra Vista," in Sonoma  
County.

Mrs. Camilo Martin and son were recent  
guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark are in Santa  
Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has been attending the  
automobile races at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., are taking  
an automobile trip through Europe, which  
will include a visit to England, Norway,  
Sweden, and France.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beatty have recently  
been the guests of Mr. John A. Hooper at  
Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stetson have returned  
from their summer sojourn in Napa County.

Dr. Henry Gibbons and Miss Margery Gib-  
bons have been at Inverness during the pres-  
ent week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Poett will spend  
the coming winter in San Mateo.

Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick has been attending the  
automobile races at Del Monte this week.

Mrs. W. J. Landers will return from her  
visit East in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barnard intend to  
return from Larkspur about the end of Sep-  
tember.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling has been spending the  
month of August at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bunker sailed for New  
York via Panama last week.

Mrs. W. H. Dunphy will return from Mil-  
brae next week, and will spend the next few  
months at the Colonial Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everett have re-  
turned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Robson and Miss Helen Robson, who  
have been spending the summer at San Ra-  
fael, were at Del Monte this week with Miss  
Lalla Wenzelberger as their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore and Miss  
Carol Moore, who have been in Europe, will  
leave New York September 10th and, after a  
visit to the St. Louis exposition, will arrive  
here about September 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy and Miss  
Mabel Toy have taken apartments at the St.  
Francis for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Scarles have returned  
from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Butters are ex-  
pected to sail to-day (Saturday) from Liver-  
pool, and to arrive at Piedmont late in Sep-  
tember.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Garceau were among the  
recent guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Eugene Korn has returned from a

visit to New York and vicinity. He spent a  
week at St. Louis.

Mrs. William R. Thompson is the guest  
of her mother, Mrs. Huie, in San Rafael.

Dr. George Brown, of Colchester, England,  
was an arrival at the Occidental Hotel this  
week.

Mrs. John Harold Philip has returned to  
her residence at Belvedere after a fortnight's  
stay at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and family  
were among last week's visitors to the Hotel  
Richelieu.

Mrs. B. F. Dillingham and Mr. Walter  
Dillingham sailed on Tuesday for their home  
in Honolulu.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Ra-  
fael were Mr. and Mrs. H. Coleman, Mr. and  
Mrs. W. Kaufman, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs.  
J. E. Page, Mr. I. S. Zemier, Mr. R. Kremer,  
Mr. L. Woodward, Mr. P. S. Baker, Mr. E.  
G. Bigelow, Mr. W. T. Coleman, and Mr. J.  
H. Masterson.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern  
of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. E. B.  
Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft,  
Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Morton, Mr. and Mrs.  
Shotwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Harron, Mr. and  
Mrs. J. D. Gilliland, Dr. and Mrs. Ballard,  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haskins, Mrs. J. J.  
Gallagher, Mrs. A. Copeland, Mrs. Mc-  
Carthy, Miss McCarthy, Miss Ruth Morton,  
Mr. R. G. Morton, and Mr. C. H. Shaw.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot  
Springs were Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Marshutz,  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Dolan, Mr. and Mrs.  
Henry Levy, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Park, Mrs.  
A. C. Peachy, Mrs. M. Walter, Mrs. C. C.  
Morehouse, Mrs. F. G. Gantner, Mrs. J. C.  
Myles, Miss Glascock, Miss A. C. Peachy,  
Mr. J. Pargett, Mr. A. Fawcett, Mr. Harry  
M. Campe, Mr. W. Chester Keogh, Mr.  
George J. Grinnel, Mr. Morris Levy, Mr.  
Samuel Sussman, Mr. H. H. Denison, Mr. C.  
L. Knapp, Mr. J. W. McManus, Mr. Charles  
Des Cormias, and Mr. J. Ghirardelli.

H. M. Whitney, founder of the *Pacific  
Commercial Advertiser*, of Honolulu, died in  
that city on August 17th. Mr. Whitney was  
eighty years of age. He went to Honolulu in  
1849, and in 1856 started the *Advertiser*,  
of which he was the editor for thirty years.  
He was editor of the *Planters' Monthly* up to  
a year ago, and also of *Kuakoa*, a native  
paper.

Miss Janet Mitchell, daughter of the late  
John L. Mitchell, formerly United States sen-  
ator from Wisconsin, will christen the ar-  
mored cruiser *Milwaukee*, to be launched  
from the Union Iron Works on September  
10th. Miss Lilly Jeffry will launch the boat.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN COR-  
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Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
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MISS A. K. WILSON  
Graduate of Dresden Royal Conservatory.  
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drama. Studio, Hotel Sutherland, Sutter Street,  
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XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING  
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sine and the most convenient location in the  
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# The Argonaut.

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As if it were not discouraging enough for Judge Parker to be opposed to so aggressive and confident a candidate as Theodore Roosevelt—to one whose record is a succession of conspicuous achievements—to one whose strength with the plain people is universally recognized by men of all parties—he has added to his disressing burden the energetic and militant opposition of Watson, of Georgia.

Thomas E. Watson is an opponent not to be sneezed at. Radical as he is, extreme as are his views, he has ability. His "Napoleon" is a work of scholarly weight. His "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson" has been widely recognized as an acute and eloquent

presentation of the career of the great statesman. By his speech in New York, at the opening of this campaign, Watson created a resounding sensation. Now they are saying that, while Wharton Barker polled only fifty thousand Populist votes in 1900, the Georgian will have a round half-million ballots to be counted on election day.

There are many reasons which incline us to believe that this boast has justification in the facts. Bryan, of course, is disaffected—with Parker. A formidable number of the six million and a half voters who supported Bryan in 1900 share their deposed leader's dislike of the judge. Watson did yeoman service in that campaign by stumping the South and West for Mr. Bryan. If, in view of the facts, the more radical of Mr. Bryan's followers conclude that a vote for Mr. Watson would have his secret sympathy if not his open commendation, are they not likely to cast their ballots for the plucky and downright son of Georgia?

Mr. Hearst is under obligations to Mr. Watson. Not only did Watson praise Hearst in his New York speech, but his "Life of Thomas Jefferson" is dedicated to Mr. Hearst in the most extravagant terms of laudation. He is there alluded to as having shown "an earnest, fearless, and consistent interest in the cause of the weak and oppressed," and as "working with splendid ability along the same lines which Mr. Jefferson marked out one hundred years ago." Despite his explicit promise, Mr. Hearst is not supporting Mr. Parker. Articles which, to the uninitiate, might seem to have that intention, are nicely calculated to have precisely the opposite effect upon the readers to whom Mr. Hearst's newspapers appeal. Unless there is a right about, and that soon, the voters who swear by Mr. Hearst will inevitably conclude that they will best further his ambitions and desires by voting the Populist ticket.

When it is considered that, in the event of the Democratic candidate's overwhelming defeat, the necessary result will be the utter disorganization of the conservative wing of the party and the quickening into new life of the radical elements which recognize Mr. Hearst, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Bryan as their God-ordained leaders out of the wilderness of plutocracy, then it will be clear how vast an interest Mr. Hearst has in seeing Parker not only defeated, but defeated badly. If Parker should be defeated by only a small plurality, then Mr. Bryan might have difficulty in "re-organizing" the radicals into formidableness. If Parker should, by any chance, win, then Mr. Hearst, having given him no substantial support, would inevitably be without influence in the conduct of the Parker administration. He could expect neither to control the selection of any of the more important appointive officers, nor to receive notable recognition himself. The logic of the situation would seem to drive Mr. Hearst towards still more open support of the Populist nominee than that which he is now giving him.

Will this secret sympathy of Bryan and Hearst for Mr. Watson send 450,000 votes from the Democratic party into the Populist camp? It is not at all impossible. And furthermore, in contesting for Democratic votes, Mr. Watson has all the good arguments on his side. No more unanswerable argument has been made in the campaign than that which is contained in Mr. Watson's speech when he said:

Our political history has never seen a situation so ludicrous as that which the national Democracy now holds. I can understand how the citizen can work for the Republican party and vote its ticket with enthusiastic zeal. If the Republican party represents his ideals of government, then he is justly proud of it, can justly confide in it, for it has stood by its principles through storm as well as sunshine, and no matter how bad you and I may think its creed is, we are bound to admit that the Republican party has a creed, is willing to fight for it, is willing to cling to it in defeat, and con-

tinue to struggle for it until victory comes again. But why any human being should in the year 1904 vote the national Democratic ticket is something that passes my untutored comprehension. I can understand why the citizen could vote a local Democratic ticket; I can understand how in some cities and in some States that party may be struggling to do some distinct thing which he believes ought to be done; but, in the name of common sense, tell me why any sane and sober citizen should in this campaign vote the national Democratic ticket. What principle of Democracy does it stand for? What does it propose to do for the people, different from what the Republicans are doing? To what point is it directing its line of march, except to the Republican camp? The mass of the Democratic party feel outraged at the way in which their leaders have sold them to Wall Street. I do not believe that the six and a half million men who followed Bryan, with cheers on their lips and warm convictions in their hearts, can now be delivered like cattle to the Clevelandites who knifed the ticket or bolted it in 1896. I believe that the great majority of the men who voted for Bryan are men of conviction; I can not but hope they will realize that I am fighting their battle now.

Well said! If, as he now proposes, this fiery and forcible Georgian makes a whirlwind campaign in the doubtful States of the North—viewed, meanwhile, with no unfriendly eye by the Republicans—he is likely to cause the Democratic campaign managers many a had half-hour. The trouble with the Parker candidacy is that it is passive and inert. Watson is positive and full of fight. Roosevelt is positive and stands confidently upon his record. If there were any doubt of the outcome of the campaign before, it can hardly remain if there are evidences of Watsonian success in seducing Bryanites from the Parker fold.

Positive convictions always win. The man who tries to please everybody winds up by pleasing nobody. Sympathetic as we feel toward Judge Parker in the sorry situation in which he finds himself, we fear that in his adoption of a policy of trembling silence and apprehensive caution, he has misjudged the temper of the American people. They admire the man who is strong and unafraid.

For a half-dozen years the most amusing figure of the THE "BULLETIN" British peerage has been Lord Ang- KILLS A lesey, of Castle Anglesey, in Wales. He MARQUIS. has been a mine of jest and admiration and pique. His phantasies have drawn the Smart Set to the theatre to see him act, his jewels have ravished four nations, and his waistcoats eclipsed the brightest planets known. This British institution is dead, slain, and obituaried by the San Francisco Bulletin. On September 3d, the Bulletin's editorial leader solemnly began: "The Marquis of Anglesey is dead." His \$10,000 worth of walking-canes are unswung, and his \$850,000 worth of rare jewels are shedding their brilliancy unappreciated by the connoisseur who made their purchase the object of bankruptcy. His creditors had caused him to sign a deed of assignment, men were put in possession of the greatest stock of particolored pajamas ever seen, castle, heirlooms, and the prestige of the most wonderfully dressed man in all Europe were taken away from him, but it remained for the Bulletin to give the blow of grace. Were it not for the brutal and unimpeachable honesty of this journal, the fact might be doubted; London still speaks of him as the present lord, Paris clamors (through its shopkeepers) at his doors with dams, and none knoweth of his unfortunate demise—except the Bulletin.

But now that he is at rest from his "long and ill-spent life," the world can view with historical complacency what he did. There would have been a little pathos in telling before the shamed face of bankruptcy the tales of prosperity. But as the Bulletin has strewn the flowers of its poetic columns on the grave, and thus taken the burden of the marquis's decease on its own shoulders, we may look upon Lord Anglesey's wardrobe with interest unmixd with any fear that the owner of old may come upon us spying into his bur-



drawers. We may admire the 900 lots of clothing listed by the auctioneer, the 200 walking-sticks and umbrellas, the infinitesimal dogs, the horses, the motor-cars, the steam launch, the Parisian furniture, the silver and gold plate, the pianos and strange musical instruments.

It may be well to state that Lord Anglesey was but twenty-nine years old at the time of his decease in the *Bulletin*, and that his better part is now in Paris arranging, through legal mediums, a compromise with the creditors who beset the noble lord during his pilgrimage on British soil. At his birth, Anglesey was weak, unable to follow the army, as many of his ancestors had done with universal applause, and unfitted in intellect to shine in the serene halls of the church. But some wayward divinity had endowed him with a passion for colors. He tried to put them on canvas, and was not encouraged to proceed. He instantly put them on himself, and became famous. His pigeon's egg trousers made a furor, and his white suede evening suit (worn with black linen and tie) raised him head and shoulders above his commonplace brother peers. He spent a million on diamonds and pearls; he paid \$5,000 for an overcoat of brown sable, \$1,000 for a black pearl, and the number of his ordinary suits four valets could not tell the tale of. He married, lived among his Welsh retainers, ruled the whims of society, spread his plumage in the sunshine of popular repute, and then died, at the early age of twenty-nine, in the columns of the *Bulletin*, which remarked with sorrowful unction, "The world never had but one real swell, and that was the Marquis of Anglesey."

This is the only monument that recites the death and virtues of Anglesey. The world over holds no other tomb of the gay, bright-vested, bankrupt young lord. Living among the highest of the proudest of two continents, spending the little span of his life in the blaze of a thousand waistcoats, he was suddenly extinguished, his light put out, his glory entombed in a foreign land, amid aliens, unhoused by his ancestral vaults, disappointed of his passion for eternal fame, in the pages of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. The news that he had finally effected a compromise with his creditors came too late.

When a new thing comes into the courts with two parties fighting for its possession, it may be said to have "arrived." This is the interesting period in the history of wireless telegraphy. A year ago, we knew it as the Marconi system, and messages sent by it were Marconigrams. Now the name has changed, and Marconi no longer claims in our common vocabulary an invention which has so progressed the last few months that it is even a subject of discussion among international lawyers.

Ten years ago Marconi successfully transmitted messages by electricity without wires. Now messages are sent wirelessly by the De Forrest, the Fessenden, the Lodge-Muirhead, the Slaby-Arco, the Braun, the Siemens-Halske, the Durrerel, the Popoff, and other systems. The exact differences and the values of the various systems can not be told now definitely, and in some cases are in the hands of the courts. But it is certain that the wireless is good for commercial purposes for distances from twenty-five to two hundred miles over water. The result of the installation of wireless telegraphy on ocean-going steamers, both merchant and naval, has proved this.

The most striking instance of the utility of the new invention is the report of the work of the London *Times's* dispatch-boat *Haimun* during the first months of the Russo-Japanese War. During the period that this boat was transmitting the news it gathered in the various ports along the Korean coast to the land station at Wei Hai Wei by wireless, the *Times* had the best news service in the world. Week in and week out the instruments, rudely set up and operated under most disadvantageous circumstances, kept going in good style, and finally, by the perfection of their working, moved the much annoyed Russians to that now famous order that all correspondents using wireless should be treated as spies.

The United States has not been backward in following up the hint broadly given us by this. San Francisco has lately witnessed some rather successful experiments in wireless, and at present the engineers in charge of the work on Goat Island and the Farallones hope to extend the operation of the system clear to Honolulu. When this comes, if it does, the problem will really have been solved. Indeed, so close to solution have we come, that other experimenters are now laboring to devise some way of not only interrupting the wireless at will, but of demolishing the instruments.

So far the attempt to convey messages long distances over land without wires has not been remark-

ably successful. What it is that prevents has not been determined. Presumably, with so fair a start, we shall attain to that in time, also.

San Francisco in 1904 must be an interesting city to those Knights Templar who were our 1883-1904. THE KNIGHTS AND GUESTS just twenty-one years ago, and OUR PROGRESS, who now revisit us again for the first time. What a transformation! How vast a change! In 1883, the Knights Templar entered the city by a rickety old wooden barn of a building, a disgrace even to the second-rate city that San Francisco then was. To-day they enter by way of a stately structure of stone and steel, surmounted by its stately tower. In 1883, their eyes fell upon no imposing office buildings, for the boggy of earthquakes still deterred capitalists from putting money into structures more than a few stories in height. The Mills Building, the Parrott Building, the Claus Spreckels Building, the Chronicle Building, the Crocker Building, the Examiner Building, and, of course, the newer structures, whose tall tops cut the sky line, were yet to be built. The tallest office building on Market Street was the Phelan Building, and the Palace Hotel, "the most magnificent edifice of the city," was considered the wonder of the age. When the Templars of 1883 visited the Park, they saw merely a few score acres of improved land, while there stretched beyond to the ocean a rolling waste of barren sand. There was no Chutes, but Woodward's Gardens were the resort of the *élite*. The old Cliff House was the scene of nightly (that week, Knightly, maybe) revels, and the ancestors of the seals of to-day bellowed and flopped on the wave-washed rocks. The cemeteries were then the favorite resort of the Sunday crowds, and though Tamalpais lifted its lofty crown against the sky, no corkscrew railway ran up its wooded sides. There were no electric cars in 1883; the cable cars were a wonder to every Eastern Knight; and horse-cars still ran on many streets. San Francisco's population scarcely exceeded half its present number.

In 1883, the Apache Indian raids in Arizona replaced the Japanese-Russian war as the topic of conversation, and Tilden's chance of getting the Democratic nomination was the matter of chief political interest. When we compare the plays that were being produced in 1883 with those that are being produced now, we get a faint idea of the change in taste and inclination of the theatre-going public. At the California Theatre, in 1904, the visiting Knight may see Florence Roberts in "Sapho"; in 1883, at Haverley's California Theatre, he saw the "splendid drama," "The Banker's Daughter." At the Columbia, this week, he may see Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles"; there was no Columbia in 1883, but at its predecessor, the ill-fated Baldwin, he might have witnessed a "Minstrel Festival," and at the Grand Opera House he might have seen John A. Stevens in "Unknown: A River Mystery." There was no Orpheum, no Central, no Fischer's, no Alcazar in 1883, but at the Bush Street Theatre the Knight of the twenty-second conclave might have seen Sol Smith Russell in "Edgewood Folks," and at the Tivoli Mozart's "Magic Flute." Sol Smith is dead, and so are all these plays—"The Banker's Daughter," "Unknown," and "Edgewood Folks"—and even the "Magic Flute" is moribund. And how old-fashioned sounds the advertisement of a four-round boxing-match ("knock-out guaranteed") for a purse of \$250—admission \$1.00! The *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Bulletin*, and *Call* flourished in those days as now; but there were no Happy Hooligans, no colored pictures—no pictures of any kind, for that matter—and the *Chronicle*, at least, had only four pages, albeit those each had nine columns all two inches wide and a full yard long.

Verily, a great change. And we hope, when the Knights Templar visit us again—we trust in less than twenty years—they will find the city to have advanced in wealth and power and attractiveness to a position as far removed from the present as the present city is from that of 1883.

Smiles of incredulity, shrugs of disbelief, have greeted the announcement emanating from David B. Hill, of New York, that he will retire from politics January 1st next.

"Will D. B. Hill give a bond to that effect?" says the *Sun*. "And who," it adds, "will go on his bond?" In other quarters similar doubting interrogations are to be heard. But though some question the sincerity of the declaration, nobody doubts its political sagacity. The shadow of this shrewd, but base, old politician, has rested like a blight upon Judge Parker's candidacy. During his entire political career, Judge Parker has been in intimacy with Hill. He managed one of Hill's campaigns, and Hill's friends are his friends. It was logical to conclude that, in return for the great services which Hill has rendered Judge Parker, the judge, if elected, would make Hill a member of his Cabinet.

Some voters will now doubtless accept Hill's *pronunciamento* as made in good faith, and reconsider their intention not to support Parker because "they couldn't stand for Hill." But Hill's exit from political life does not alter the fact that Judge Parker himself is a politician of the Hill type, and will still be, as heretofore, susceptible to the influence of the Hill school of politicians. That is considering the case in its best light. But the New York *Tribune* does not believe Hill's announcement should be received with any confidence whatsoever. "David B. Hill," it says, "is a crafty politician. Nobody ever accused him of keeping faith when he found it convenient to break. His present pledge is manifestly politic. Are the mugwumps, who so long distrusted him, to be taken in by his chaff at this late day?" It is a pertinent query.

The *Examiner* has been doing a valuable public service. About twenty columns of its space have been devoted, during the last two weeks, to an exposure, by means of authentic documents, of the manner in which the railways rob the fruit-growers of this State. These documents, which the *Examiner* has secretly procured from some trusted employee, or which perhaps (as the *Chronicle* shrewdly suggests) have been furnished by the S. P.'s rival, the Santa Fé, show that the cost of refrigerating a car on its journey, fruit-laden, from California to New York, is \$50 or \$60. This is proved by the exhibit of the original bills for ice at the various stations. But the rate charged the shipper for refrigeration is \$125 per car. Therefore the shipper is mulcted in that sum, and the total on California's annual fruit shipment runs into the hundred thousands. But that is not all the evil. Some big shippers are especially favored by the Armour company, which owns these refrigerator cars, and rebates are given. Thus the small shippers and the public at large are subjected to unfair and ruinous competition. The fruit business in California is none too prosperous anyhow, and these discriminations are proving disastrous to a great industry. Last December, a special committee of the California Fruit Growers' Convention testified to the correctness of these facts: The gross sale on 3,623 cars that season was \$3,927,492. Freight was \$1,244,500; refrigeration, \$381,747; commission, \$274,193; cost of production, \$1,762,955, the grand total to be subtracted from the gross proceeds being \$3,663,395, leaving only a profit of \$264,097 on 3,623 cars of fruit! And when interest on capital invested is deducted from this trifling profit, nothing is left.

The *Examiner* now urges the fruit-growers to get together and bring suit along the lines laid down in a recent Michigan decision. The difficulty is, however, that the moving spirits among the fruit-growers—the men of initiative and force—are the ones who are favored of the railways. "The whole private car-line business," says the *Chronicle*, "is rotten and always has been, and if this is really a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, some way will be found to put an end to it." This seems to be the status of the case so far. Judge Wellborn's decision, rendered on Tuesday of this week, does not touch the question of exorbitant charges for refrigeration, or the matter of the pool between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé, but does enjoin the railways from routing fruit shipments arbitrarily. It is, however, a step in the right direction.

What is the matter with the students of the University of California that the boys have to be told to "bathe daily," and the girls not to receive gentlemen callers in their rooms"? Evidently President Wheeler has found by disagreeable personal experience that advice along these lines is needed. But what apparently is needed more is some one to take in hand the parents of these personally unclean and morally indiscreet young persons, and give them some advice on how to bring up a child in the way he should go. Young men and women ought not to have to learn to be clean along with learning the conjugation of Greek verbs or the mysteries of trigonometry at the University of California.

President Wheeler is a brave man. It is easy to be platitudinous. It is most difficult to stand up on a platform and utter short plain English words like those contained in: "Keep your mind clean," and: "Washing the parts conveniently exposed to the weather is not a bath." If the author of "The Torch" still thinks that a university president who lives not a thousand miles from Berkeley is an utterer of empty and bombastic phrases, he is beyond the influence of reason. President Wheeler not only gave good advice in personal hygiene and morals, but he told the girls recently that they were not there "with the ambition to be school-teachers or old maids," but "for the preparation for marriage and motherhood." He ex-

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WHEELER'S  
PLAIN TALK.



pressed his disapproval of "engagements that are secret and marriages that are clandestine" among students, and said flatly that a secret marriage was no marriage at all; also that college engagements were "silly." In his advice to the men, President Wheeler urged them to go in for athletics and to join a Greek-letter fraternity, if possible. He laid emphasis on the personal inspiration of a good man and able teacher as a supplement to the knowledge drawn from books. He told the men to sleep eight hours a day, and added, in conclusion: "Unclean thoughts inevitably taint the mind. Dwelling upon them rots it to putrefaction. Of the subjects of your daily thoughts will in time he shapen the ideals of your life. What your ideals are, that in time will you become. They will govern all of your acts; with the years they will come to peer out of your eyes and debase or glorify your countenance." Courageous words, well spoken.

Only a Democratic Mark Tapley could extract satisfaction from the results of the September elections in Vermont. The Democrats hoped to cut down the Republican plurality of previous years. Instead, they lost ground. The Democrats hoped that voters who holted Bryan would be in line for Parker and the party in this campaign. On the contrary, there appear to be a thousand more Republican votes in Vermont in 1904 than there were in 1900. The Republican plurality in this election is fixed at 32,000. That is a greater plurality than in any year save one since 1876. It exceeds the average by 5,000 votes. In 1884 and 1892, when Cleveland was elected President, the Republican pluralities in Vermont were, respectively, 10,000 and 13,000 less than they are this year. The present feeling of confidence in the triumphant election of Mr. Roosevelt will be still further increased by the remarkable results in Vermont.

In an apathetic national campaign, where the election of the Republican nominee is not seriously questioned by his party, or much sleeplessness indulged in, there is no such secnity as regards the result in the constitution of the next Congress. The control of the House of Representatives is in doubt. There are many States in which there are districts where the balance is almost even. Three of these are in California.

The very fact of the lukewarmness in the Presidential campaign has put the control of Congress in jeopardy. Many Democratic leaders have practically given up all hope of electing Parker. He stands for nothing when compared to the positive Roosevelt. But these same leaders, balked by a narrow national committee, have turned their immediate attention to the House of Representatives. They have, it is asserted on good authority, picked out seventy-one congressional districts where the fight must be put up strongly. In some of these they will, it is said, let the Presidential contest slide, and try merely to elect a Democratic congressman. The Republican leaders do not, of course, concede that it is probable that the Democrats can control the next House, but Delaware, the three districts in Colorado, three in Connecticut, and three in California, are the subject of earnest inquiry and anxiety. California will admittedly go for Mr. Roosevelt, but there is also a chance for Mr. Livernash to win in the fourth district, Wynn in the fifth, and Bell in the second. A very good Democrat may not be able to swallow the taciturnity of Mr. Parker or the record of Mr. Hill, but vote for a Democratic congressman. Also a weak Republican might vote for Mr. Roosevelt on national questions, and with a perfectly good conscience vote for a congressman of another party.

It therefore behooves the Republicans of the fourth California district to pick out a strong man for nomination when they meet in convention in a few weeks, and the winning of the second and fifth is quite as important. In the first-mentioned district, the present Democratic congressman, Mr. Bell, has many friends, and is a capable man; but he has a far stronger opponent in Duncan McKinlay than he had two years ago in Coombs. Besides, the old quarrel between the *Examiner* and Bell has not yet been patched up to the satisfaction of the Hearst Democrats in Bell's district, nor is Bell likely to have the aggressive help of the *Examiner* in this campaign. In the fifth district, where E. A. Hayes, of San José, has been nominated by the Republicans for Congress, the outlook is much brighter than it was four years ago. Then, the letter-carriers, who are a power, were after the scalp of Loud; the labor unions were at the height of their power; and Wynn was elected. This year, there may be three men in the field—Republican, Union Labor, and Democrat—and even if Wynn is indorsed by the Schnitz Union Labor party as now seems unlikely, the chances of Republican success are bright, if an

aggressive campaign is waged. The convention of the fourth district meets, we believe, on September 22d.

The *Chronicle* has pointed out the indifference of the voters of San Francisco in the matter of registering. Out of the 80,000 that Registrar Walsh says should register, but 50,000 have already done so. It may be taken for granted that the 30,000 delinquents are largely, if not wholly, the men who hold the balance. Your professional partisan always registers. It is seen that he does. The Democratic leaders are making a fight against heavy odds, and it may be taken as assured that they will not trust to good fortune. To lose Congress, to give the leadership of the House to John Sharp Williams, the chairmanship of important committees to men of his party, means a serious menace to California interests. Those interests are growing under Republican policy. President Roosevelt, with a hostile House of Representatives, will be handicapped. He needs a solid Republican congressional delegation from California. The second, the fourth, and the fifth districts must be wrested from the hands of the Democrats.

Labor Day this year was marked by no notable incident. The Labor Council decided not to have a parade of the unions which compose it, and so the Building Trades Council, aggregating some twelve or thirteen thousand men, was the only one represented in line. The present moment is perhaps opportune to take note of the attitude of labor unionists toward the present situation and toward the future. In the last number of the official organ of the local unions, its editor has some illuminative "comment and reflections." It is there affirmed that San Francisco unions have increased their membership during the year, and that, in the matter of finances, there has been a "healthy growth." In the immediate future, so it is announced, "a union-label campaign is to be commenced on an elaborate scale." That there have been reverses during the year is admitted, and their cause is declared to be "precipitancy born of inexperience." In other words, hasty counsels have prevailed; the younger unions have begun strikes where they were bound to lose; they have entered contests without funds to maintain them. The editor of the *Labor Clarion* urges caution and a conciliatory spirit in all negotiations with the employer. The Citizens' Alliance comes in for hard knocks in this article. It is declared that its real object is not to reform the abuses of unionism, but absolutely to destroy labor unions. The writer, in behalf of the unions, declares war on the Citizens' Alliance, and believes that, while "its temporary power for harm is considerable," it is yet "foredoomed to eventual oblivion." We may be pardoned for expressing disbelief in both these statements. The Citizens' Alliance's temporary power for good is considerable, and it is foredoomed merely to remain a valuable check upon the excesses of unionists.

Some day, perhaps, a Japanese or Russian Victor Hugo will give the world the story of the Battle of Liao Yang in such form that its stirring events may be understood of the common people, just as the French novelist made vivid the Battle of Waterloo in that memorable chapter of "Les Misérables." Just now, however, all that the world knows is that, after a contest at arms lasting ten long days, the army of General Kuropatkin has been defeated, but not destroyed. It appears that, despite the wily plans of General Oyama to cut off his retreat, the Russian commander has escaped with the bulk of his army to Moukden, and before him the road to Harbin lies clear. If such be the result of the great battle, the end of the war is again removed to some indefinite time in the future. All the reports from Russia indicate that there is no intention of relinquishing her effort to defeat Japan, and certainly there is no thought in Japan of anything but the utter humiliation of Russia. The siege of Port Arthur proceeds slowly, and no official statements are made regarding the losses of either combatant. When it is considered how confident was the North that the South would be whipped in a few weeks or months, it becomes a question, in view of recent events, whether the Japanese will make good their boast and make the end of the war coincide with the beginning of winter. It is now September, and if General Kuropatkin is to be defeated before Generals December and January take charge of the campaign, General Oyama will be obliged to show masterly strategy and his army wonderful marching, as well as fighting, ability.

From the New York *Sun*: "Mr. Bourke Cockran, in an address made by him on Sunday to a Roman catholic society on Long Island, predicted the conversion of the United States to catholicism within a century." Indeed!

## SOME GOOD THINGS SHAW SAID.

Wise and Witty Passages from the Secretary's Speech.

Secretary Shaw's speech at the Alhambra Theatre last Saturday night was strong, clear, and dryly humorous. There was no buncombe. There were no flights of bombastic oratory. It was all hard sense. It was a speech from which it is a pleasure to reprint some of the wise and witty things therein contained. What, for example, could be more emphatic, and yet more just and reasonable, than this comparison of the personalities of the two candidates?:

"I am not unmindful of the claim made by some of our Democratic friends that the issue shall be the candidates. This is also welcomed. They will not attack the personal integrity of Theodore Roosevelt. They will not attack his patriotism. They will not attack his courage. They will not attack his independence. They will not attack his intelligence. They will not attack his wisdom, measured by results, of anything he has done or sought to do. They will not claim that his administration has been vacillating or disastrous. They will only express the opinion that a man who does things must, of necessity, do wrong things, and that a man who thinks quickly must, of necessity, think incorrectly; and that a man who is ambitious for his country's prosperity and for his country's peace and safety must, of necessity, be unsafe. The logic of their argument is that the only safe man would be some one who can be whipped into a telegram to the effect that whatever may have been his previous views, or whatever may be his present convictions, he is willing to acquiesce, for the time being, in anything he does not think it expedient to oppose."

This illustration used in the Secretary's reference to the Philippines was not printed in the daily papers—but it is good:

"To illustrate the truth contained in the following parable, I will suppose I am Uncle Sam. For over one hundred years I had heard the cry of murder in the Philippine Islands every night, and had seen the blood-stained doorstep. Unable to stand it longer I crossed the channel, and when I returned I had a baby in my arms. I wished I had never seen the little brat, but I didn't dare lay it down. I asked my daughter what I should do with him. She advised me to turn it over to Grandmother England, or Grandmother France. I did not like this idea, so asked my wife's advice. She replied, 'We will not adopt him into the family, nor give him away, but will take him to rear, and when he is grown then we will adopt him as our own. In the meantime, we will do the best we can—put him into a feather cradle, develop him, educate him, and show him how to live.' But the first time I went near the cradle the little fellow began to yell and kick and bite. [Here Mr. Shaw brought his hands together sharply with a whack, to illustrate a spanking].

"There was nothing else to do," he declared, amid roars of laughter.

"But the little fellow has developed," resumed Mr. Shaw, "and, the other day, Uncle Sam brought the nurse home."

Another good story the Secretary told the audience at the Alhambra was this:

"A man once asked his wife why married men lived longer than single ones. She said, 'I give it up. Do you know?' The man replied, 'They do not live longer, but it seems longer.' Cleveland's administration was no longer than Harrison's. It only seemed longer."

A striking illustration of prosperity in the United States was given by Mr. Shaw in the following passage from his speech:

"Senator Proctor told me ninety days ago that his Vermont marble works employed several times as much machinery in the marble industry as all the balance of the world, and he added that the United States consumes one-half of the marble of the world. I was astonished, and he pointed to a cemetery, with the remark, 'That is where the marble of the world goes. None of the people are too poor to place a little hock at the heads of their dear ones. They are not able to do this in other countries.'"

In his remarks on the tariff, Mr. Shaw was particularly happy:

"The Republican party does not levy tariff duties for the purpose of compelling American citizens to pay more for goods. They levy a protective tariff for the purpose of inducing the production, within the United States, of the article on which the duty is levied. In some instances it may have resulted in increased prices, but the purpose has never been to increase the price. The purpose is to build an industry and furnish employment for labor. The purpose is to make a home market for the product of American labor. The Dingley tariff, for instance, levies ten per cent. on cut diamonds, and admits uncut diamonds free. Of course, the duty of ten per cent. on cut diamonds increases their price. What is the result? We have 2,000 men in the United States to-day cutting diamonds, making from \$20 to \$30 per day. These diamond-cutters spend their \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 annual wages in one way or another. I assume that they like every one else, spend, in one way or another, most of their income. They may spend it in the purchase of homes, of furniture, or a horse and buggy, and they certainly spend some of it for food and clothes. In so doing they furnish employment for other toilers. I insist that the protective tariff on cut diamonds has contributed to the American market to the extent of \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 per annum. But it has done violence to Mr. Clark's theory that there should be a uniform duty on luxuries, and if the Democratic party has right, it has done violence to the Constitution of the United States, for this ten per cent. duty on cut diamonds was not for the purpose of revenue only. It was in part for the purpose of revenue, and in part for the purpose of building an industry, and it has been successful in both."

A further reference to the tariff emphasizes the vast importance of domestic commerce:

"Our Democratic friends insist that we should seek the foreign market. They are always urging that if we will take off our protective tariff, foreign countries will emulate our magnanimity. While the Republican party has not neglected the foreign market, it has protected the home market. And with what result? The last United States census gave our industrial commerce at \$20,000,000,000. The sixty principal commercial countries of the world export \$10,000,000,000 worth of merchandise of one kind or another per annum. Our domestic trade is thus twice the aggregate export trade of the world. I submit that this is worth looking after. But in proof of my previous statement that the Republican party has not neglected the foreign trade, the United States has the largest export trade of all the sixty countries, and more than one-eighth of the aggregate."

Such a speech as that of Mr. Shaw ought to make many votes.



## BATHING AT VENICE.

Baked and Broiled Dwellers in the Interior Come to Lido—Coffee on the "Terrasse"—Italian Swimming-Suits—Ludicrous to American Eyes—Tips to Everybody.

The hot weather continues, and people go about telling you there hasn't been such a summer in Italy for twenty years. It is a form of heat entirely different to what we in America call a "hot wave." It is not in a wave; it does not fluctuate. It is just a steady, dry, burning atmosphere, bright and scorching, like that of a furnace. There is none of the humidity that nearly kills one in New York. The air is dry and clear and dazzlingly brilliant; the sky like polished white metal with the sun's blaze, and the sun itself seeming to reel in the heavens, dizzy with its own force. It is more like the summer weather in interior valleys in California, such as Fresno, than anything I ever remember in the East.

In Venice we are kept alive by the sea breeze. It is a heaven-sent air that blows faintly all morning and in the afternoon freshens, and, with a spice of the salt man in it, blurs the mirror-like surface of the lagoon, flutters the gondola's canopy, and sweeps—health-giving and invigorating—down the still, breathless lengths of the old canals, roughening the glassy water and disturbing the immemorial Venetian smells. In the dead vast and middle of the night it dies down, and, waking in the stifling darkness, bathed in perspiration, and with the pillow under your head burning as if an iron had been passed over it, you realize what Venice would be without it.

The other night, in one of these hours of windless oppressiveness, I rose up and leaned out of the window. It was absolutely airless, the temperature at the moment so devoid of stir or freshness that you felt as if you must gasp to breathe. The lagoon lay before the windows, a perfectly smooth, unbroken sheet of black, not a single ripple disturbing its dead surface. Even from the water stairs just below no sound of lapping wavelets arose. The brooding languor of the hour had communicated itself to all nature. On every side lights sent long, motionless reflections into the inky water. They never quivered, but pierced down, deep, deep, deep, into the heart of the lagoon like long daggers of gold. At the water stairs a gondola lay, the white-clad figures of the two gondoliers clear against the encircling black. They neither spoke nor moved; and the silent craft, with its silent oarsmen, encompassed by the silent night, had a spectral air. One does not have to live long in Venice to realize that it is nothing more mysterious than the gondola of some gentleman from the Lido, or officer from a distant barrack, come in to go on a spree in the warm, sheltering Italian night.

Because of its sea breeze and its sea-bathing, Venice is quite a summer resort for the Italians in the interior. When they have baked and broiled in their villas and the palaces of small, old, mediæval cities as much as they can endure, they run across to the Queen of the Adriatic and cool off. Life is very leisurely and agreeable. After *déjeuner* they loaf over to Florian's, where the men take a cup of black coffee and smoke a long thin black cigar, and the women dally with an ice and softly wave their little fans. Then in the middle of the afternoon they take a gondola and float across the lagoon to the Lido and have a sea bath. After which there are more ices and black coffee on the *terrasse*, a wooden platform overlooking the sea, where one may watch the bathers and see the red-sailed fishing-boats drifting home in the sunset.

The bathing at the Lido is the best I ever knew anywhere. The bathing-place is on the outside—the Adriatic side—of the long low sand spit which shuts in Venice from the open sea. The sand is hard and ripple ridged, the water clear and so buoyant that bathers who sink like stones in other places here float on the surface like corks. At low tide the beach is very shelving, and one walks out a long way before one gets into deep water, which, considering the inspecting crowd on the *terrasse*, has its disadvantages. Ropes divide the beach into three compartments—the men's, the men's and women's, and the women's. Out beyond these ropes is the deeper water, less full of people, where the swimmers' heads bob, and the more adventurous spirits may be seen cresting the low swells, as they swim with strong, easy strokes far out into the breezy, heaving Adriatic.

When you get here you are far from the Venice of history and legend. It is all modern, quite fashionable, and up to date. If it were not for the different types of faces and the many strange tongues, one might almost be in some American watering place. One forgets all about Doges and palaces and frescoes, and becomes interested in the beautiful lace *berthes* and long coats displayed in the show windows the Burano Lace Making Company have so cunningly placed near the entrance, or begins to price the strings of beads that hang alluringly in the next doorway. Three quarters of the crowd do not bathe, but come across for the *sal* and the hour on the *terrasse*, spent sipping black coffee and looking at the people.

The bathers turn off to the left, and there fall into the hands of waiting menials, who conduct them to the place of transformation. You disappear down a passageway a summer butterfly, to emerge at the head of a flight of stairs leading to the sea, the most depressed-

looking grub that ever quailed before its own ugliness. Those bathing-suits at the Lido! They will haunt me in nightmares for the rest of my life, and at moments when I feel full of the joy and pride of life, I will just think of myself in one, and will drop back into the condition of humility proper to one in this Vale of Tears.

No suits were ever more skillfully concocted to rob the female of the species of all attraction and allurements. I used to think the Salvation Army bonnet was one of the most successful articles of dress ever invented for this end. But the Lido bathing-suits can give it cards and spades and beat it. They are made in two colors, blue and red, of a sort of thick striped linen material, one stripe being dark and one light in the same color. As to cut, they are all made in one piece, economically skimpy, and with an abbreviated, frisky little frill of a skirt sewed on round the waist. There are no sleeves, and the pantalettes come down according to the length of the wearer's legs—to the ankles, to the calf, or to the knee. On very little women they almost trail; on robust wearers of a stalwart height they are drawn up as high as the famous green satin petticoat of Lizzie Lindsay, and watchers on the *terrasse* can see massive limbs of the piano build striding over the sand. The last touch of all is the hat—of yellow straw of an enormous circumference, tied under the chin with a string, or skewered through the hair with a pair of pins.

Thus garbed the bather emerges, giggling, from her cabin, and steps gingerly down the passageways to the steps that lead to the sand. The American bathers—of whom there are always two or three—can be located by the screams of derision with which they greet one another. At the ends of passageways they may be seen doubled up with laughter, criticising the various peculiarities of each others' costumes. The Italians are perfectly serious about it, and don't seem in the least to regard themselves as ludicrous or remarkable. The heat in the bath-house is terrific, the Western sun beating full on them, and the natives have a way of undressing with the doors open and wandering about the passageways in states of dishabille which would scandalize those modest Americans, who, in the virtuous past, used to put pantalettes on the piano-legs, and to-day regard a low-necked dress as an invention of Satan.

With the consciousness of hundreds of eyes from the *terrasse* focused on your back, you run down the steps and out into the water—clear, bronze-green, and just cold enough for an entering shock. Inside the women's inclosure it is full. There are a good many children and young girls, and a few old women. Outside the defining ropes one gets into deep water quite quickly. This is a general thoroughfare; the men are swimming past in groups, trying to attract the attention of any good-looking girl they see by splashing and indulging in horse-play. Small boys are diving from the shoulders of their elders, and unless you're careful they may dive on your back, or, what is even more disconcerting, come up under you as you swim peacefully by. Some of the women swim far out. You can see their heads bobbing on the distant waves, small and black as the heads of seals. None of them wear the colored handkerchief, tied turban fashion, with which American women protect their hair from the water. A good many go without hats, and are tanned to that fine clear brown which the Venetians turn in summer.

Though this is the great bathing-place of all Venice, and though bathing is one of the most popular summer diversions, one sees few handsome or startling costumes in the water. The Venetian women seem to bathe with the whole-hearted sense of enjoyment that children show. The majority of them appear to be quite indifferent as to how they look. Now and then one sees a suit evidently fashioned with an eye to becomingness and beauty. The other afternoon I saw, for the first time, a girl who had undoubtedly been at some pains to get up a striking costume, and who undoubtedly had succeeded. She wore a white straw hat, trimmed with white net, and with a large pink rose in the front. The suit was made of a thin white flannel, trimmed with black stripes. When it got wet it stuck to her like another skin, and the effect was better imagined than described. In an American watering-place such a bathing-suit would have been honored by paragraphs in all the papers, and its wearer would have been greeted by a line of cameras when she emerged from the deep. At the Lido nobody took any notice of her, save the young man who was swimming with her, and he seemed to think she was too charming for words.

After the bath your exhilaration receives its first check, because all the people who want tips—and have to get them—begin to hang hungrily around. One of the things that most astonishes you with regard to the working-class Italian, is the perfect frankness with which he shows his desire for a tip. No false modesty obscures it. You may sometimes fear that you will forget it. Let such fears forever rest. He won't let you. He will follow you, asking you if you have your parasol when he sees it in your hand, or if you know the way out when he has just told it to you. The whole poor population of Venice is absolutely naïf in its exhibition of a desire for any small sum of money the passerby may throw it. The children, one and all, make a demand for a *soldino* as a matter of course. It is a sort of greeting they give to every foreigner, casually, as a phrase of general usage.

Coming from the bath you see the girl who has charge of the bath-houses. If you don't she has a dozen ways of making herself disagreeable next time you come. And do not allay your troubled anticipations by the thought she may not recognize you. One glimpse of a face fixes it in her memory for months. After that you see the woman who takes care of your purse and jewelry. If you see her enough she drags out from some inner recess a cheap mirror, which distorts your countenance, and allows you to look into it and see how truly hideous the human visage can be made to appear. Before the bath you have fed the old woman who gives you your bathing-suit. If you neglect her the next time you come she will give you a suit that doesn't fit you or is full of holes.

When you go out on the *terrasse* for a black coffee, which costs ten cents, you see the waiter. When you get into your gondola, you see the old man who draws it close to the steps with a hooked stick and offers you his withered old arm to lean on. When you get out of your gondola at the hotel, you see another old man with a hooked stick and a withered arm. And then at dinner, if you haven't just fed the waiter he will be cross, and up in your room afterward if the *femme de chambre* has not recently had a tip she will refuse to answer the bell.

GERALDINE BONNER.

VENICE, August 18, 1904.

## Aztec Knowledge of Medicine.

According to a recent medical writer the ancient Aztec race of Mexico was far advanced in the practice of medicine. The native Mexicans practiced massage, splints were used in the dressing of fractured bones, inflamed gums were lanced with obsidian knives, aching teeth were extracted, salt was used as an antiseptic, and ground obsidian as a dusting powder. Stiffness of the muscles and joints was treated by the sweat-bath, wounds were sutured with human hair, the actual cautery was applied to the edges of the wounds, and venom was drawn out of poisoned wounds by sucking, while bleeding was practiced in obstinate headaches. The hygiene of the teeth was well looked after, very hot food being avoided, as was the use of cold water after eating hot food. Wooden tooth-picks, clean water, and powdered charcoal served for dentifrice. In short, the practice of medicine among these early Mexicans compares very favorably with that in vogue at the time of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Few people were probably aware of the fact that Sir Reginald Palgrave, late clerk of the House of Commons, who has just died, was paternally of Jewish descent. His father, Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, was the only son of a London stock-broker called Meyer Cohen, but was admitted to the Christian Church in 1823, and in the same year changed his name from Cohen to Palgrave by royal license. Sir Reginald was the brother of Francis Turner Palgrave, the well-known compiler of the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," and of William Gifford Palgrave, who, having been captain of Westminster School, scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and a lieutenant in the Indian army, became a Roman catholic, joined the Jesuits, worked as a missionary in Syria, returned to Protestantism, and died English minister resident at Uruguay.

Forty-one California pioneers died during the twelve months ending June 30, 1904. Thirty-nine of the number were members of the Society of California Pioneers. On July 1, 1904, there were on the membership roll of the Society of California Pioneers the names of 806 persons who are entitled to the honor of membership. Of these but 426 are original pioneers. The others are junior members to the number of 380, the juniors, therefore, nearly equaling numerically their seniors. Of the members who have died within a year three were between eighty-five and ninety years of age, thirteen were eighty to eighty-five years, twenty-two were sixty to seventy years. The deaths in San Francisco numbered nineteen, and in other cities and towns twenty-one. One died in a foreign land.

It is not yet half a century since Colonel Drake discovered petroleum on the waters of Oil Creek, near Titusville, Pa. The total production of crude petroleum from 1859 to 1902—forty-three years—has (according to the *Scientific American*) been no less than 1,165,280,727 barrels. Of this output Pennsylvania and New York contributed 53.9 per cent.; Ohio, 24.3 per cent.; West Virginia, 11.3 per cent.; Indiana, 3.9 per cent.; California, 3.6 per cent.; Texas, 2.1 per cent., leaving .9 per cent. to be supplied by Kansas, Colorado, Louisiana, Illinois, Missouri, Indian Territory, Wyoming, Michigan, and Oklahoma.

*Forestry and Irrigation*, a periodical devoted to those interests, says that successful experiments have been made in various forests of France in cutting trees by means of electricity. A platinum wire is heated to a white heat by an electric current and used like a saw. In this manner the tree is felled much easier and quicker than in the old way. No sawdust is produced, and the slight carbonization caused by the hot wire acts as a preservative of the wood. The old sawing methods took eight times as long for the same work as the new process, the tools and equipments for it being quite simple and inexpensive.



## THE MISCALCULATION OF WELLS.

Mr. McSwain's Bill for Mournin' Things.

You see, Jim Thompson left him in the stock-yards on the tenth. That was in St. Paul. And Jim he started for home that same night without thinking of anything goin' to happen which he didn't expect it would.

But nex' mornin' the nigger porter come up—Jim had give him a dollar the night before, an' he says, "Want to see the papah, sah? Silveh snowed unde in the House, sah," an' he give it to him an' he give him a quarter, which was mighty good interest f'r that nigger.

An' Jim he turned over the paper an' he see an ad. in it 'bout a fellow was killed in the stock-yards the night before without no name on him. The paper it give a description of him, an' it says: "The unfortunate individual had the appearance of a New Englander."

That made Jim kind of hot—Jim's from Maine himself, an' he says: "Them newspaper men thinks they're smart," an' jes' then it struck him, an' he says: "I wonder if it could 'a' ben Fred!"

So he goes back an' goes over it all again, an' it did fit awful well—blue eyes an' medium tall and sandy hair an' looked like he come from Maine. An' Jim he felt pretty bad, an' he thought about it a lot on the way out—but o' course he wasn't sure it was him.

Well, when he gets home, pretty near the first person he meets was Mrs. McSwain, an' she says to him, mighty sweet: "An' didn't yu see anything of Fred while yu was away, Mr. Thompson?" She was a right nice little woman, too, an' everybody said Fred hadn't no sort of reason for holdin' her down on the dough the way he sure done.

An' Jim he tells her 'bout seein' him in the stock-yards an' him sendin' love an' a lot like that; but he never says a word about the paper, an' I think he was jes' right.

All the same he couldn't help worryin', thinkin' about bein' the las' person to see poor Fred alive, an' he talked about it to most everybody he met, an' the boys all tol' their wives, but Mrs. Mac she never got a hint.

They was a fellow named Wells there that time, an' it worried him awful. He always was wantin' to get his paws on other people's business an' see how they took things; an' bein' a minister of the gospel, only out of a job, it kind of give him a holt. He took on like Fred had ben own brother to him to think Mrs. Mac didn't know, an' he was always droppin' in on her an' followin' her round to be on han' when somebody told. But they wasn't none of us goin' to tell, an' we thought jes' to let her go on she'd come to it kind of gradual an' maybe drop on of herself. But Wells couldn't see it that way.

So he was right on han' when she come to the post-office one day an' steps up to the window f'r mail. When she got her mail she looks kind of solemn, an' she says: "I wonder what's the matter with Fred," she says. "You right sure yu aint dropped a letter?" she says to Miss Binns.

Miss Binns kep' t'le office f'r a spell there, an' she turned all kinds of colors, an' the rest of us we begin to slide f'r the door; but Wells see he'd got to tell her then if he ever done it, an' he says to her: "Madam, when did yu last hear from your husband?"

"Why, let me see," says she, "I got a letter the day before Mr. Thompson got home. Why, it's ben a week," an' she looks kind of scared.

"Oh, well, a week aint long," Miss Binns says. "Lots o' men don't write home onct a month."

"Oh," says she, "but Fred writes every other day." Which maybe he did, an' maybe he didn't; but Wells he see his chanct, an' he up to her, an' says: "My dear sister, in the providence o' God, yu must have patience," an' he tells her about the paper.

I don't think he meant to tell her all about it, only onct he got started he couldn't stop; an' she never says a word, jes' kep' her eyes on him an' kep' gettin' whiter an' whiter; an' when he run out o' talk, she kind o' swallows hard, an' drops over. Maybe Wells wasn't some scared! He yells out f'r Miss Binns, an' she run out an' poured water on her, an' Wells he held her head an' Jim Thompson rubbed her hands, an' between 'em all they brung her round—an' then of all the times! I guess Wells see enough takin' on right then to last him f'r one while.

First she'd cry an' then she'd laugh an' then she'd stiff out an' faint some more, an' all the time them people workin' over her an' givin' her camphire an' salts an' peppermint, an' pourin' water on her an' puttin' cold to her head an' hot to her feet, an' rubbin' her hands an' lettin' down her hair. You never see the like!

Pretty soon she wants to go home, so they bundles her up in a shawl an' starts her off with Wells on one side an' Jim on the other. But she hadn't no more 'n got out the door till she begins to cry—set right down in the road to cry, too. They got her started on again, an' 'bout a rod down she goes in a faint. Wells gets down on the sidewalk beside her, an' begins talkin' to her; but Jim he goes off an' gets his wagon, an' between 'em they gets her up on it, an' off they goes, she a-screamin' an' faintin' an' tryin' to throw herself off, an' they two holdin' her on.

When they got there, they was some women, an' Jim

left an' run all the way back to town, an' when he got in he jes' says, "Oh, Lord!" an' he never says another word. But Wells allowed now he'd started he'd see her through, an' when he come back he says, "Praise the Lord, she is quiet now, an' goin' East on the night train to get her husband's body, as she'd ought to have gone a week ago," says he, lookin' at Jim.

So Wells gets a ticket f'r her, an' some of the women packs her things, an' as soon as it was good an' dark she come down an' picked out some crape an' mournin' things an' a big crape veil. Course it was a little late to be startin', but we all thought she'd better go; an' as f'r the blacks, why Mrs. Mac she hadn't had no new clothes to speak of while Fred was alive; an' this time we give her good measure. Jim sent word to some frien's to look out f'r her, an' Wells telegraphed the police to holt the body of Fred McSwain, which was wanted in Montana; an' among us we got her off pretty comfortable.

Now Jake Wells was sheriff in Big Elk that time, but he wasn't no relation to the preacher, an' he'd ben away to Portland visitin' his girl. He come in on the same train Mrs. Mac left on, an' jes' as the train was pullin' out they brings him a telegram from St. Paul, sayin' to arrest Fred McSwain, who was comin' in on No. 2, an' hold till further orders.

Jake was some surprised, but he knowed a lot of the boys went on a tear when they was away, so he just waited round. He didn't say nothing to the men at the station either, f'r that wasn't his style—jes' loafed round the dark end of the platform by himself, an' waited f'r the train.

When it come, sure enough off steps Fred, 'bout as much alive as he'd any call to be. Jake he comes up out of his dark, an' he says: "Say, Fred, I'm sorry, but I guess I'll have to run you in."

Fred, he jumps back, an' he says: "I'd like to see yu do it. What I ben doin'?" an' he makes a hit at him, bein' a mean-tempered fellow, but jolly.

That made Jake kind o' hot, an' he says: "I don't know what yu ben up to, but on yu go," an' he pulls out a gun, an' Fred moves.

Nex' mornin' it was all over town how Fred had ben 'rested f'r knifin' a man in St. Paul, an' what a pity it was f'r Mrs. Mac, an' maybe she hadn't come to the en' of her troubles yet, poor woman, an' it must 'a' ben pretty bad f'r him to let his own people think him dead, an' all that sort o' talk, some sayin' one thing an' some sayin' another; but I see Wells wasn't sayin' a word; an' every time they'd begin to talk about it, he'd kind of edge out to one side. He kep' gettin' worse an' worse, too, till toward evenin' he couldn't keep still. He jes' kep' edgin' round the stove, an' settin' down an' gettin' up, like as if they was nettles under him. An' along dusk I see him goin' up the hill to the courthouse where the jail was in the back part, jes' hittin' the high places on the road with his hat jammed down on his eyes.

Fred an' Jake had made it up 'bout the arrest, an' they was two or three of the boys up there, tryin' to cheer Fred up. Fred 'd jes' ben tellin' 'em how whisky never went to his head, an' he must 'a' been drugged that last night in St. Paul, when Wells come runnin' into the passage outside the cells where they was bars between. He was clean out o' breath when he got that fur, an' he jes' leaned back against the wall, an' panted.

"Oh," he says—"oh, I'm 'fraid there's a mistake here. Mr. McSwain, I'm all out o' breath, gentlemen, but I'm afraid I'm the innercent cause—that is, I got a telegram. It's not very def'nit, of course:

"In answer to message, Fred McSwain in custody at Big Elk to answer charge."

When he begin to talk Fred jumps up, an' when he got through, he makes one dive across the room at him, an' if they hadn't 'a' ben bars between, he'd 'a' had something to stay in jail fur. But he couldn't only get his arms through the bars, an' when Wells stood flat against the passage he was a little too fur off.

"Nobody could feel worse about it," says Wells, an' he didn't breathe out much to say it, neither, "but I meant it all fur the best, an' after I started your wife off—"

"What!" says Fred.

"Oh," says Wells, "aint our kind friends told you? She felt she must go f'r yu body, but I saw to her startin', an' I got her a first-class ticket—"

"WHAT!" says Fred again, an' he couldn't find another word to say; he jes' stood there clawing the air.

One of the fellows in the cell was the man which fitted Mrs. Mac out with her blacks, an' he was a joshier, too.

"Say, Fred," he calls out, "I didn't like to bother yu sooner, but now your troubles is over, they's a little account between us," an' he reaches it out of his pocket.

An' when Fred seen that bill f'r mournin' he was the maddest man!

E. G. MIRRIELIES.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marshall Field, it is computed, is the heaviest taxpayer in the United States. Forty million dollars even is the assessed value of his taxable property, real and personal, in Chicago.

Paul Morton, our new Secretary of the Navy, has just returned from his first tour of inspection to the naval stations along the Atlantic Coast. He says he was "not very" seasick.

The arms of Judge Parker are: "Vert, a chevron, between three stags' heads cabossed, or." His crest is: "On a chapeau, a stag trippant proper." His motto: "Non fluctu nec flatu movetur."

Dr. Amelia Wilkes Lines, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday, is the oldest practicing woman doctor in the world. She was the first woman to receive a diploma in the State of New York, and has practiced in New York City since 1854.

Yasunosuke Fukukita, a Japanese student in English, who graduated from Stanford last May, has been awarded a scholarship in English at Harvard University by the Harvard Club of San Francisco. This scholarship is for one year, and was last year given to J. K. Bonnell, a Stanford graduate, who recently was appointed to the faculty of the English department at Stanford. Owing to the excellent record of Fukukita while a student at Stanford, he was appointed.

Three Revolutionary War pensioners are still living, one the widow, and the others the daughters of Revolutionary soldiers. The widow is Mrs. Esther S. Damon, of Plymouth Union, Vt., ninety years old. Sarah C. Hurlburt, of Little Marsh, Pa., eighty-six years old, is the daughter of Elijah Weeks. Rhoda Augusta Thompson, of Woodbury, Conn., eighty-three years old, is the daughter of Thaddeus Thompson. Two Revolutionary pensioners died during the year covered by the report.

Miss Lola La Follette, daughter of Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, will go to New York City in September to seek an engagement on the stage. Miss La Follette became interested in theatricals while in college. Later when she announced to her father that she intended to make a tour of the State with a stock company, the governor objected, but his daughter carried her point. She was so successful that her father gave permission to her to adopt the stage as her profession.

The wealthiest man in Mexico and one of the wealthiest on the American continent is General Luis Terrazas, governor of the state of Chihuahua, which borders on the western and south-western parts of Texas. He has just been granted a four months' leave of absence, and it is said that he will make an extended visit to the United States. The wealth of General Terrazas is conservatively estimated at over a hundred millions. He owns in fee simple approximately 20,000,000 acres of land, which is divided into fifteen haciendas, or ranches. No one, not even the general himself, knows the number of cattle he owns, but it is roughly estimated that his herds approximate 1,000,000 head, of which about 200,000 are cows.

Prince Adalbert of Prussia, having spent some eighteen months in the China seas as sub-lieutenant on board the cruiser *Hertha*, is now to return to Europe via the United States, traveling by ordinary passenger steamer from Japan. He is said to be a tall, well-set-up young fellow, who presents many traits of resemblance to his uncle, Prince Henry, in his complete absence of affectation and in his simplicity of manner. Destined to become in course of time the lord high admiral of the imperial German navy, he has already seen a good deal of the world, and at St. Petersburg, at Rome, at Constantinople, and in England, in fact, in every foreign country or capital that he has visited, he has created an excellent impression. He is still quite a lad, being just twenty years old. He has, however, already attained his legal majority, as princes of the blood are supposed to have reached their years of discretion at the age of eighteen.

Minute descriptions of the appearance of Mrs. Maybrick are contained in the New York papers. It is said that, if dependent upon her personal appearance, Mrs. Maybrick is a woman who would not attract a second glance, either in or out of a crowd. The form is that of a petite, well-built woman of middle age. The striking feature of the face is the scar beneath her right eye, the scar that for seventeen years has borne witness to the attack of her husband upon her. The eyes—large, grayish-blue and deep set—are troubled and constantly changing in the light. The prison light has killed their lustre and almost ruined the sight, but when they are concentrated, or a smile crosses the face, there is a flash of light, the spark of the old-time fire that burned there. A small and shapely head is covered with brown hair, a trifle faded. No gray hairs show at the temples. The hair is simply brushed back from the temples and coiled in a small knot on top of the head. The face is full and round—the face of a cloister nun. A few wrinkles have traced themselves upon the forehead and are faintly outlined at the corners of a small mouth, frequently compressed into a narrow line. The mouth tells the story of suffering, and the trick of compression is that learned by the suppression of mental pain.

Dr. Richard Cole Newton says in the *Medical Record* that "so far as known, the world's leaders have, generally speaking, been of powerful physique, and have also been men of simple tastes and abstemious lives. It has even been asserted that no man in this country has risen to eminence in either the medical or legal profession who has not at some time in his life worked with his hands."



## AN ENGLISH DREYFUS.

Astonishing Case of Adolph Beck—Imprisoned as Another Man—Released and Again Imprisoned—Miraculous Escape—Offered Money Consolation by the Government.

A most astounding case of criminal conviction through mistaken identity, coupled, some think, with unbelievable stupidity, and complicated by a set of circumstances that would not receive credence if woven into fiction, has been absorbing public attention in London and throughout England. Adolph Beck—twice convicted of fraud, once sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, which he served, and, at the last moment, miraculously saved from another sentence of ten or fourteen years—is the central character in the remarkable series of incidents that is occupying public attention. Beck was entirely innocent of the crime with which he was charged—fraud—yet he was adjudged guilty despite his impassioned plea for justice. And, queerly, the testimony by which he was held on the hearing in the justice's court, would, if admitted in the higher court, have cleared him.

The story begins in 1877. In London, in that year, a man who courted obscurity under the name of John Smith, was convicted of defrauding one Louisa Leonard of earrings, a finger-ring, and eleven shillings. Smith had formed the acquaintance of the complaining witness, had told her that he was Lord Willoughby, that he had a house in St. John's Wood, and that he wanted a housekeeper. Under this pretense he borrowed her jewelry, in order, he said, that he might have it duplicated in better material, and also money, giving her a check on the Union Bank for the latter. Other women testified to having been defrauded by Smith in the same manner. The case was plain against him, and he was convicted and sentenced to five years.

This all happened away back in 1877. In 1896, nineteen years afterward, similar crimes were committed. The method used was about the same as employed by Smith in 1877, so it was agreed among the police that he was at his old tricks. A man supposed to be Smith was arrested. He swore that he was Adolph Beck. Eliss Spurrell, who had arrested Smith in 1877, swore that Beck was Smith. Fanny Nutt, a victim of the second series of frauds, swore that Beck was the man who, by pretending that he had a house in St. John's Wood, and needed a housekeeper, obtained her jewelry, and gave her a check on the Union Bank. Other girls testified to a similar experience. To some of them he had said that he was Lord de Wilton. Same crime, same methods, same man—what more could the justice want? So Beck, alleged to be Smith, ex-convict, was bound over to be tried in the Old Bailey for a felony. His trial there was a remarkable one.

All the evidence in the police-court trial showed that the rascal of 1877 was the rascal of 1896—that Smith, long after his release from prison, had adopted his former way of making a living. The police judge was satisfied that Beck was Smith, and as Smith he was sent to the Old Bailey for final trial. But there, strangely enough, the Smith contention was dropped—in fact, was forced on. Spurrell, the policeman who had identified him, did not testify. Had Spurrell appeared there it would have been conclusively proven that Beck was not Smith, for Major Lindholm, Gentleman of the Chamber to the King of Denmark, swore that Beck was in Lima, Peru, in 1880. Smith, at that time, was in jail. Colonel Josiah Harris, an unimpeachable witness, swore that he knew Beck in Lima from 1875 to 1882. The consul-general of Peru in Liverpool swore that he knew Beck in Lima in 1882. But, to the judge, this had nothing to do with the case. It was ruled that whether or not Beck was the John Smith of 1877 had nothing to do with the case. He was the man who, shortly before, had swindled servant-girls. The girls had identified him, and that was enough. Yet, had Spurrell been allowed to testify in the Old Bailey and swear that Beck was Smith, the case would have fallen flat, for the evidence of the witnesses quoted would have proved that Beck and Smith could not be the same. Similarly with the handwriting expert's testimony. He tangled himself. He swore that the Union Bank checks of 1877 and 1896 were in the same hand, which was not Beck's hand. To offset that he swore that Beck, in writing the checks, had used a disguised hand. Yet, Beck was in Peru in 1877. He could not have written the checks issued that year. How, then, could he have written the checks of 1896, which, as admitted by the expert, were written by the hand that wrote the first ones? But this testimony was not admitted. It would have cleared Beck, taken in connection with his alibi.

Beck was convicted. Then came an astounding thing. The police court proceedings and Spurrell's testimony were resurrected, and Beck was sent to Portland jail as Smith, with a first conviction against him—and this after testimony to show that he was not Smith had been excluded from the trial.

Beck went to prison. He "banged the tins, he howled the hymns," with the rest of them. For two years he was there, a crushed, bewildered man, before he discovered that the Smith who was convicted in 1877 was a Jew. Beck sent a petition to the home office asking that the prison doctor be allowed to examine him. This was done, and the doctor reported that Beck was not a Jew. The home office removed the stigma of previous conviction from him, thereby ad-

mitting that he was not the Smith that he had been designated on the prison record—but he remained in jail. He forwarded one petition after another, setting forth his case as I have presented it—the fact that he was not Smith, and that it must have been Smith who committed both series of crimes. Beck sent a dozen or more of these petitions, but they were ignored. He was released when he had finished his term—then came another remarkable chapter.

After his release, in 1901, Beck lived with George R. Sims, the journalist, who had known him in 1888, who had always believed him innocent, and who has just furnished the *Daily Mail* with a series of letters which are a scathing arraignment of the courts, the home office, and all who were connected with the incidents by which Beck was proclaimed a felon. While with Sims, Beck devoted his time to attending to the business he had been pursuing when convicted, and in trying to establish his innocence. He spent over a thousand pounds in this manner, and fought valiantly to clear his name of the smirch upon it. His plea was attracting public attention, and he was growing hopeful, when an astounding thing happened. Smith appeared again; Smith defrauded servant-girls; Smith claimed to be Lord Willoughby, with a house in St. John's Wood; Smith gave his victims checks on the Union Bank; and Beck was arrested as the criminal. Gasp with astonishment, if you will, but the records bear out my statements that, on July 15, 1904, Beck was again arrested as being the man of 1877, and the man he had in 1896 proved himself not to be.

In this last trial Pauline Scott was the principal witness. She had been swindled out of a gold ring, a watch, and one pound by a man who had called himself Lord Willoughby, who wanted a housekeeper for his establishment in St. John's Wood, who gave her a check on the Union Bank. The police went to work on the case. They discovered that Beck ate in a certain restaurant. Pauline Scott was placed where she could watch him, and she said he was the man. On this testimony, and similar testimony by other girls, he was convicted a second time, and at the trial the same handwriting expert who had testified in 1896 swore that the checks written in 1877, in 1896, and in 1904, were by the same hand—that they were in Beck's disguised handwriting. Beck's counsel tried to resurrect former testimony, to show the impossibility of Beck and Smith being the same, but he was convicted, and sent to jail to await sentence. Then the miracle happened.

While Beck was in jail, awaiting sentence, an inspector of the detective department accidentally turned into the police department one morning and asked if there were any prisoners. He was told that there was a man there charged with defrauding two servant-girls by a trick. The inspector knew of the Beck case, and with it in mind went in to see the prisoner. He saw upon his chin the scar for which vain search had been made on Beck when he was on trial in 1896. He exclaimed, "John Smith!" and reported his discovery to his chief. An investigation was made, and, two days later, Beck was set free. At last he was cleared of the charges against him—at last it was publicly acknowledged that Adolph Beck was Adolph Beck, not John Smith.

The case is a remarkable instance, for one thing, of the unreliability of identification by ignorant people. The girls who gave damaging testimony against Beck in 1896 and in 1904, swore that Beck was the man who had defrauded them, and Spurrell swore that he was the Smith of 1877. Yet, now that the real Smith has been found, it is discovered that there is little real resemblance between them. Besides this is the fact that Beck, who is a Norwegian, speaks English with a foreign accent—and think of a man with a Norwegian accent trying to impersonate an English lord!

Beck has been offered two thousand pounds by the government as compensation if he will let the case drop. He has rejected it, and demanded an investigation. The *Daily Mail*, which, with almost the entire press behind it, is clamoring for a public ventilation of the whole affair, has guaranteed him his two thousand pounds in case he fails to receive it from the government.

Beck calls his prosecution a conspiracy. He can not be blamed very much; and any one is justified in pronouncing it a piece of colossal stupidity on the part of his prosecutors.

LONDON, August 20, 1904.

The burning of negroes for such crimes as murder and assaulting women is not exactly a new thing in America. The first instance of the burning of a negro recorded in the early American press may be found in *Niles's Register*, published at Baltimore, of February 5, 1820: "Thomas Hancock, of Edgefield district, South Carolina, was lately killed by two of his slaves. . . . One of the slaves is condemned to be burned to death." In May, 1836, a negro murderer at St. Louis was seized by a mob of white men, tied to a tree, and burned to death. In December of the same year—1836—a negro who killed his master, a Mr. Husky, near Hot Springs, Ark., was taken from the sheriff by a mob of whites and burned.

King Edward has approved the appointment of Sir Francis Leveson Bertie, assistant under secretary of state for foreign affairs, as British ambassador at Paris, to succeed Sir Edmund J. Monson, who retires.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Fire-King.

It is recorded that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,  
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;  
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,  
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.  
Oh, see you that castle, so strong and so high?  
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?  
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,  
The shell on his bat, and the staff in his hand?  
Now, palmer, gray palmer, oh, tell unto me,  
What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie?  
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?  
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?  
Oh, well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,  
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;  
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,  
For the heathen have lost, and the Christians have won.  
A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;  
O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung.  
O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee,  
For the news thou has brought from the Holy Countrie.  
And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,  
Oh, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?  
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,  
Oh, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?  
O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows:  
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows:  
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high:  
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.  
The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,  
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls:  
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone:  
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.  
Oh, she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;  
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need:  
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,  
To ransom Count Albert from Souldanrie's hand.  
Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,  
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he:  
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won.  
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.  
O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be:  
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:  
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take:  
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.  
And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore  
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,  
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake:  
And this shalt thou next do for Zulema's sake.  
And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,  
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land:  
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,  
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.  
He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,  
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord:  
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,  
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.  
And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,  
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,  
He has watched until daybreak, but sight saw he none.  
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.  
Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,  
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed:  
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,  
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.  
Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,  
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round:  
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh.  
The flame burned unmoved, and naught else did he spy.  
Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,  
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing:  
They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast  
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.  
The priests they erase it with care and with pain,  
And the recreant returned to the cavern again:  
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:  
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!  
High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,  
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat:  
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,  
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.  
Scarcely passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,  
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad:

They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,  
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-king.  
In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered through smoke  
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:  
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no more  
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."  
The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!  
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee.  
The thunders grow distant, and faint gleam the fires,  
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.  
Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,  
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong:  
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on  
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.  
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew  
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto,  
Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,  
The fence had been vain of the king's Red-cross shield:  
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before  
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.  
So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low  
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddlebow:  
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,  
"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.  
Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,  
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more.  
He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand,  
He stretched, with one buffet, that page on the strand:  
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,  
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.  
Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare  
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair:  
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,  
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.  
The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield  
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossletted shield.  
The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain,  
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?  
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?  
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!  
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring:  
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-king.  
Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,  
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell:  
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,  
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

—Sir Walter Scott.



## EMILE ZOLA.

Dire Poverty of Early Youth—Eating Sparrows Spit on Curtain-Rods—His Mistress—Plagiarism—How He Wrote "Nana"—Literary Friends—Illegitimate Children.

The word *zola* is simply a variant of the Italian *zolla*, which means a clod or lump of earth. And the enemies of the novelist Zola used to say that he was well-named—he wrote dirty books, and had a dirty name.

These facts are told on the first page of "Emile Zola: Novelist and Reformer," by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, Zola's translator. And like everything else that is sinister that is told of Zola in the book, the biographer proceeds to remove the bad impression from the reader's mind. In this case, he remarks that *zola* also means earth, and that Zola was a worthy son of Mother Earth, and "a true and zealous brother to all compounded of her clay."

Zola, curiously enough, had Greek, Italian, and French blood in his veins. One of his ancestors was a Jesuit missionary to Japan in the sixteenth century, and was made a saint by the Roman catholic church. The Greek blood came in through a girl of that race whom Zola's grandfather married at Corfu. The family as a whole were Venetians, and in Venice Zola's father was born. He was a civil engineer by profession, a man of talent and imagination, the author of many grandiose schemes of fortification and irrigation, but, like most inventors, he acquired no wealth. One scandal clouded his life. When thirty odd, while in the army, he became infatuated with a married woman, misappropriated some funds, was arrested, and dismissed. Later, in the maturity of his years, he met and fell in love at first sight with a young French girl in modest circumstances, and they were married at once. Zola, the first and only fruit of this marriage, was born, as Vizetelly minutely tells us, on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue St. Joseph, a narrow lane-like street of Paris, "at eleven o'clock on the night of Wednesday, April 2, 1840, on a camp bedstead, placed near a bedroom window." In the same year were born Thomas Hardy, John Addington Symonds, and Alphonse Daudet.

His first six years, the child Zola spent in Paris and in Provence. Then his mother was left a widow by the elder Zola's sudden death in a hotel at Marseilles. "Thirty years afterward," we read, "that sudden death, in a second-class hotel, amid unpacked trunks and the coming and going of heedless travelers, suggested to Zola's son the account of Charles Grandjean's death given in 'Une Page d'Amour.'"

From this period until he was nineteen, the Zola family managed to keep the youth in school. In his early years, he won many prizes—was a brilliant scholar. Of his first literary work we read:

Already while he was a hoarder, that is, early in his teens his literary bent began to assert itself, a perusal of Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades" inspiring him to write a romance of the Middle Ages, copiously provided with knights, Saracens, and fair damsels in distress. That boyish effort, though the almost illegible manuscript was preserved through life by the author, remained unprinted, and a like fate attended a three-act comedy in verse, entitled "The Usher Outwitted."

During his boyhood, Zola and his companions loved to ramble in the fields. They carried books of poetry with them, and found delight in spouting Hugo and Musset. A little later, we find Zola taking great delight in Rabelais and Montaigne and the "Contes de la Fontaine," and writing erotic verse modeled on the last.

When he was nineteen, Zola took the examination for a bachelor's degree, but, curiously enough, failed, among other things post-dating Charlemagne's death by five hundred years. He tried again the next year, but failed still more lamentably. Then, since the family was miserably poor, the future author of "L'Assommoir" became a clerk at the "Docks" at two francs—forty cents—a day. But two months of this work was more than enough, and Zola threw up his job and became a real bohemian. For three years he lived in the direst poverty. We read:

Alexis, when telling us that he composed his poem, "L'Aérienne," in his glass cage near the sky, during the terribly severe winter of 1860-1861, shows him fireless, shivering in bed, with every garment he possesses piled over his legs, and his fingers red with the cold while he writes his verses with a stump of a pencil. How does he live? it may be asked. He himself hardly knows. Everything of the slightest value that he possesses goes to the Mont-de-Piété, he timidly borrows trifling sums of a few friends and acquaintances; he dines off a pennorth of bread and pennorth of cheese, or a pennorth of bread and a pennorth of apples; at times he has to content himself with the bread alone. His one beverage is Adam's ale; it is only at intervals that he can afford a pipeful of tobacco. His great desire when he awakes of a morning is to procure that day, by hook or crook, the princely sum of three sous in memory that he is in despair; for his next evening's work. At times he is in despair; he is forced to commit his lines to memory during the long winter night for lack of the candle which would have enabled him to confide them to paper.

But as it is said that no man is too poor to marry, so it appears that no poetic bohemian is too poor to have a mistress. We read:

He went the way of many another young man dwelling in the Quartier, finding at last a companion for his penury, not the ideal Ninon, of whom he had dreamt in Provence, not the Musette nor the Mimi whom Murger portrayed with the help of rather his imagination than of his memory, but such a one as the bohemia of the time still had to offer. . . . Zola betook himself thither [to a *maison meublée*, which stood near the Pantheon] on being expelled from his glass

cage for non-payment of rent. The house was tenanted by students, their mistresses, and other women, and the life led there was so riotous and disorderly that more than once the police came down on the place, and removed some of the female tenants to the prison of St. Lazare.

Here is another picture of Zola's poverty during this period:

As the winter of 1861 approached, Zola's poverty became terrible. It was then, as he afterward told Guy de Maupassant, that he lived for days together on a little bread, which, in Provencal fashion, he dipped in oil; that he set himself to catch sparrows from his window, roasting them on a curtain rod; and that he "played the Arah," remaining indoors for a week at a time, draped in a coverlet, because he had no garments to wear. Not only did he himself starve, but the girl who shared his poverty starved with him; and Paul Alexis and Maupassant and "Claude's Confession" relate how, at one moment of desperation, on a bitter winter evening, after an unbroken fast of thirty-six hours, he took off his coat on the Place du Pantheon, and made his tearful companion carry it to the pawn-shop. "It was freezing. I went home at the run; perspiring the while with fear and anguish. Two days later my trousers followed my coat, and I was bare. I wrapped myself in a blanket, covered myself as well as possible, and took such exercise as I could in my room, to prevent my limbs from stiffening. When anybody came to see me I jumped into bed, pretending that I was indisposed."

It is darkest just before dawn. The tide turned, and Zola found a place at a salary of twenty dollars a month, in the great publishing firm of Hachette, but when he finally screwed up courage to offer them his poems for publication, they were gently but firmly declined. However, his salary was raised; he wrote constantly. On October 24, 1864, his first book, "Contes à Ninon," was published by another firm, and nearly all of the first small edition was sold. Not long thereafter Zola met Daudet:

The young men met occasionally at the offices as well as at Villemessant's country house at Seine-Port, and Zola was greatly struck by Daudet's handsomeness—"his abundant mane of hair, his silky, pointed beard, his large eyes, slender nose, and amorous mouth, the whole illumined by a ray of light, instinct with the soft voluptuousness, in such wise that his face beamed with a smile at once witty and sensual. Something of the French *gamin* and something of the woman of the East, were blended in him."

At this time Zola was not only writing books, but working at journalism. He made a great stir in these early years with an attack on the artists of the Salon, and there were continual controversies about books and the drama. They took the arts seriously then, in France, and if a journal savagely attacked a popular artist or author, it received scores of letters from outraged subscribers, and the editor was lucky if he could contrive to appease their anger. In such controversies, Zola was prominent; his earnings continued to increase; he began to think of marriage. In view of recent controversies regarding the desirability of an author's marrying, it is interesting to know what were Zola's views on the subject:

Apart from the question of love, he held "the marriage state to be an indispensable condition for the accomplishment of all good and substantial work." The theory which pictured woman as a destructive creature, one who killed an artist, pounded his heart, and fed upon his brain—was a romantic idea which facts converted. For his own part, he needed an affection that would guarantee him tranquillity, a loving home, where he might shut himself up, so as to devote his life to the great series of hooks which he dreamt of. Everything, said he, depended upon a man's choice, and he believed he had found what he needed—an orphan, the daughter of tradespeople, without a penny, but handsome and intelligent.

So he married, at twenty-six, and with his aged mother and a beloved dog moved into a house so small that when a little later Zola purchased a piano, the necessary space for it could only be obtained by transforming a kind of china-cupboard into an alcove. The following year, Zola had a play produced, but it was a failure. Several books had appeared, and had been fairly successful. Zola was planning the Rougon-Macquart series, which was to be his great work. We read:

He began to think of giving some fulfillment to an old and once vague project, to which the example of Balzac's works had at least imparted shape. Writing in May, 1867, to his friend Vallbregue, he had then said: "By the way, have you read all Balzac? What a man he was! I am rereading him at this moment. To my mind, Victor Hugo and the others dwindle away beside him. I am thinking of a book on Balzac, a great study, a kind of real romance." That book was never written, but the perusal of "La Comédie Humaine" and its haunting influence at least largely inspired "Les Rougon-Macquart."

Zola succeeded in contracting with a publisher for the whole series, and began its production. The dominant idea was, of course, degeneration, social and natural. The Second Empire was tottering to its fall; Paris was the brothel of the nations; and Zola's theme, therefore, was almost forced upon him. He had hardly begun the work when the war broke out, and literature languished:

Zola, now in his thirty-first year, was not called upon to undertake any military duties like others of that age, for, being the only son of a widow, the law exempted him from service. It is true, no doubt, that other widows' sons at that time occasionally joined the colors as volunteers in spite of legal exemption. And on that account, at a subsequent period, directly after the publication of "La Débâcle," Zola's enemies made much of the fact that he had not done likewise.

Mr. Vizetelly explains that if he had, his wife and aged mother would have depended on charity. As it was, the family sank again into poverty. Journalistic ventures turned out badly. Household goods were seized for debt, and Zola even sold the wool of the mattresses (which, according to the law, could not be attached) in order to procure the necessary money for bread. Even after the war had ended, with the fall of Paris and Commune, the outlook was black. "For my part," wrote Zola, "I imagined it was the end of the world, and there would be no more litera-

ture." Besides, Paris after the Commune cared not for heavy literature:

It desired amusement more than anything else—the sprightliest music, the gayest songs, the very lightest literature obtainable. It was the usual reaction, the same which had come with all the frivolity of the Directory after the Terror's bath of blood.

Accordingly, the first volume of the Rougon-Macquart series dropped still-born from the press. Zola again tried the stage, but failed once more.

However, in a short time France began to recover from the effects of the war, and Zola proceeded with his great work. Daudet, Flaubert, Turgénieff, and other noted men, were Zola's friends, and Mr. Vizetelly gives some interesting descriptions of monthly dinners organized by Flaubert, called "the dinners of the hissed authors."

In June, 1876, began the publication serially of Zola's most famous book, "L'Assommoir." Immediately there was a prodigious outcry. The journal that began its publication refused to publish further installments, and another journal took it up, and largely increased its circulation by completing it. When the book appeared, it sold like hot cakes. The papers were full of attacks on Zola; there were poems, parodies, and pamphlets directed at his new creed of naturalism. Before "L'Assommoir," critics had often contemptuously ignored Zola; after it, they were forced to take this new force into account.

It is interesting to note that, according to Vizetelly, Zola was accused of plagiarizing almost everything that he wrote. When "Ventre de Paris" appeared, M. Nadar accused Zola of forcibly borrowing "the color scale" of the sea of vegetables in the Paris markets; he was accused of stealing the plot of "Une Page d'Amour" from Mme. Berton's "Les Amours d'Un Homme Laid"; "L'Assommoir" was alleged to be cribbed from Denis Poulot's "Les Sublime"; the idea of "Germinal" he was accused of having taken from "Le Grisou," by Talmeyre. When "Rome" appeared, M. Gaston Deschamps roundly accused Zola of plagiarism, saying that the book contained whole sentences taken from works on Rome, and Zola was forced to reply, his answer being "a plea of confession and avoidance." "Nana," the story of a Parisian courtesan, is a good example of his methods:

Much of the year 1878 was spent by Zola in making preparations for that hook. He applied to friends and acquaintances. Edmund Goncourt, who had repeatedly dined at the table of La Paiva before she became the wife of Henckel von Donnersmarck, gave him a variety of information; Ludovic Halévy initiated him into the *demi-monde* side of theatrical life, to which, given all his intercourse with Hortense Schneider, Zulma Bouffar, and others, he was the most competent of guides; men of fashion, who had wasted their best years and much of their money among the harlots of the Second Empire, told him tales of their experiences; he visited the house of one *belle impure* from basement to attic, and he supped at the house of another.

The book was, of course, a success. Despite the protests of the critics, it was dramatized, Léontine Massin playing the rôle of Nana, which, it may be said, she had played in life:

All Paris flocked to see her. But she was not content with acting. She became Nana in reality, and her chosen victim was the manager of the Ambigu Theatre, where the play was put on, Henri Chabrillat, a bright, talented, gallant man, who had shown his bravery in the Franco-German war, and his literary skill in half a dozen novels. Unhappily he was carried away by a mad infatuation for the temptress; as fast as money poured into his coffers he squandered it upon her, embarrassment followed, and when the end came he put a pistol to his head.

This incident was a rather curious commentary on the boasted moral influence of Zola's novels, through their presentation of the "naked truth."

The production of "Nana" brings us up to the period in Zola's life when he reached his greatest literary fame. During a decade and a half following, the sale of his books fell off greatly; he became for a time a nervous wreck; he was tortured by the idea of sudden and violent death. He told Goncourt: "There are nights when I suddenly spring out of bed on both feet and remain for a moment in a state of indescribable fright." He continually lamented his loss of popularity, saying: "The big sales are all over," in much the same tone as a Trappist might have ejaculated the customary greeting: "Brother, one must die." At the end of this period of declining sales and lessened power, came the Dreyfus affair, the events of which are too familiar to need recounting at this time. Of course, this biographer gives no credence to the widely held view that Zola's course in this affair was dictated by his vast love for self-advertisement.

One interesting chapter deals with Zola's violation of his marriage vows in later life. The biographer attributes it solely to his craving to have children, which had not blessed the legal union. Two children, whose photographs are given in this volume, were the fruit of the peculiar arrangement, and the biographer explains that, after much suffering and unhappiness, Mme. Zola's "nobility of mind rose above the personal wrong and the common prejudice, and in these later days she has transferred much of the devotion with which she encompassed her husband to the children, whose birth followed the crisis, which, at one time, threatened to sweep the home away."

Mr. Vizetelly's readable biography makes a bulky book (five hundred and fifty pages), and, while very loyal and excusatory, does not seem to conceal essential facts in the life of one who, whatever the judgment of posterity, made a great noise in the world of his time.

Published by John Lane.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Shaw's Latest Play.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has somewhat inauspiciously chosen a time when the attention and interest of the reading world, already directed toward his works, has considerably increased, to perpetrate "Man and Superman." The word perpetrate is chosen advisedly, for "Man and Superman" is the most prolix, the most eccentric, the most abnormal, and the least practicable of all the Shaw plays. At their most rational, these dramas are characterized by a radical divergence from the accepted view-point on such vital subjects as the social code, property rights, marriage, religion, patriotism, and the relations of the sexes.

All of these topics, which have already figured variously in the several Shaw dramas, are again discussed in "Man and Superman," and existing institutions are extensively and unadvisedly upon, not only in the preface, a lengthy affair, which appears in the form of a letter to Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, the distinguished dramatic critic of the London *Times*, but also in a voluminous appendix to the play, called "The Revolutionist's Handbook."

The pertinency of this latter document Mr. Shaw characteristically explains thus: "It is a common practice with romancers to announce their hero as a man of extraordinary genius, and to leave his works entirely to the reader's imagination; so that at the end of the book you whisper to yourself ruefully that but for the author's solemn preliminary assurance you should hardly have given the gentleman credit for ordinary good sense. I not only tell you that my hero wrote a revolutionist hand-book—I give you the hand-book at full length."

After this reading, all who are familiar with the Shaw plays will instantaneously divine that his latest hero is Shaw himself. John Tanner, the hero in question, in the usual thin disguise, is a radical among revolutionists. He disbelieves so ardently in such a quantity and variety of established institutions—marriage among the number—that one looks instinctively for the advancement of a new creed or code, and it is only at the close of the book that the reader makes the discovery that Shaw *ride* Tanner has left everything as usual in the air.

Mr. Shaw's—or Mr. Tanner's—harangues to his public, being thus fruitless of result, their inspiration might best be defined by quoting from the prefatory epistle to Walkley: "But my conscience is the genuine pulp article; it annoys me to see people comfortable when they ought to be uncomfortable, and I insist on making them think in order to bring them to conviction of sin."

If Mr. Shaw could succeed in bringing them to a conviction of anything else, he might possibly be regarded as a great thinker. As it is, he is unquestionably a vigorous one, but lacking in profundity. With all his originality, his merciless insight, and his thorough hatred of sham, he is only an iconoclast; and never substitutes deep and abiding truths for the fallacies he seeks to overthrow. Indeed, it is not for the humorous guise in which he dresses his extraordinary philosophy it is conceivable that it might remain unnoticed and undiscussed.

"Man and Superman" is cast in the form of a four act comedy, but its length is such that it is doubtful if it will ever receive a stage hearing. It would probably require three performances of average length to present the play as written. In the third act occurs a lengthy interlude, devoted to the vision of the superman, as seen by John Tanner, the hero, during his slumber in the magic air of the Spanish Sierras. This interpolation can not fail to be the despair of even the most rabid Shaw devotee, for it is an endless and profitless flow of argument between the devil—in whose region—"a place of glamour"—the discussion takes place, and the superman, a strangely metamorphosed Don Juan, who reads Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, studies Westernmark, and is concerned for the future of the race instead of the freedom of his own nation. In this argument appears the old St. W. enunciations on the same familiar subjects, but with less vigor, less conviction, and less wit. Indeed it is Shaw's virtually deprived of wit and has daunted many a one of the chosen band who are the most famous appreciators of Shaw.

If there were even a taint possibility that the play would ever be acted, this episode would of necessity be lifted out bodily. But as the time required for the first act alone would swallow up well on to two hours, it is a practical certainty that the revolutionist will never eradicate his theories over the footlights.

In the more normal parts of the play the Shaw wit is abundantly in evidence, although the technical ability we have learned to expect is a lower order. The purport of the piece is evidently suggested by Maeterlinck's observations of the ruling principle in the bee hive, "that in the process of sexual selection, the male, instead of being the pursued, is the pursuer, as the pursued, obeying the influence of an overwhelming life force which blindly impels to the propagation of the hu-

man species. John Tanner the revolutionist philosophizes freely on this subject, until he discovers with alarm that Ann Whitefield, who is "not at all, if you please, an over-sexed person," has marked him for her own. He immediately betakes himself in fleet automobile flight to the Spanish Sierras, but is eventually run down by the fair enslaver, and ignominiously bends his neck to the yoke. Tanner, who has hitherto been strongly antimatrimonial in sentiment, and has previously declared that "marriage is an apostasy," now discovers in the process of capture that for him, too, the force of nature is too strong, and that he is a willing apostate; and the reader simultaneously finds himself questioning whether Bernard Shaw, too, does not find that his philosophy of life is wearing thin and needs an overhauling. When Don Juan says, "Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions," and "a woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all the beasts of prey," a clamorous note is perceivable in these utterances of Mr. Shaw's contentions which intimates the secret doubt. The conclusion of the book is apt to inspire the reader with the conviction that a great propagandist would best be without Mr. Shaw's incorrigible sense of humor. It lends him a hearing, but it denies him credit. And while "Man and Superman" will, in spite of its prolixity, increase the number of Mr. Shaw's readers, it will lessen the number of his followers, if it is possible that this prince of wags could hope to win anything that takes itself so seriously as a following.

Published by Brentano's, New York.

## A Nimble Wit on Kitchen Gardens.

Mr. Chesterton, in the London *Daily News*, abruptly closes a rambling discourse on idealism with a sudden and almost startling pean in praise of the kitchen garden. "Of all things on earth," he says, "the one perfectly beautiful thing is a kitchen garden."

It has a hundred kinds of beauty richly blended into a solemn harmony. It has the beauty of an embroidery, for all the colors are quiet and yet varied infinitely. It has the beauty of an army, for all the vegetable regiments are set in ranks as if they had been drilled in the night by God; as, indeed, they have been drilled by God, for the great battle against Nonentity. It has the beauty of a sepulchre, because so many of the shapes and colors that are seen are hut the colored crests or monuments upon the more precious bodies underground. It has the beauty of a store-cupboard, the beauty of a battle-field, the beauty of a fairy-tale. Cabbages alone have all the colors of the sea. I am forced, I find, to conclude these reflections for the moment and I propose by way of experiment, to conclude them at the end of a sentence. But I trust that before I resume my reflections on kitchen gardens again some one will have brought out a hook of amatory poems in which all the similes shall have been drawn from this nobler and more fruitful Eden. I do not see why he should not say that in a lady's cheek the turnip and the carrot fought for supremacy. Such a description is far truer to the mellow and tawny quality in the human complexion than the violent similes of the rose and the lily. These latter, I may be fastidious, offend me as fantastic.

## Conrad's Advice to His Literary Brethren.

Joseph Conrad has formulated a literary creed, and has taken the trouble to write it out for the benefit of his fellow-laborers in the vineyard of letters, instead of selfishly keeping it in the recesses of his mind for his private personal use. Here it is:

It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never discouraged care for the shape and the ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavor to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness, or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear his answer to those who, in the fullness of a wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demand specifically to be edited, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus: My task which I am trying to achieve is by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand, and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

Charles Warren Stoddard has very nearly completed the final revision of his "The Island of Tranquil Delight." Readers of this book it is said, will find his author, although not unresponsive to the humorous aspect of early Hawaiian attempts to assimilate civilization, yet as resolutely arrayed on the native side as Stevenson himself. Also, they will find him unkindly doubtful of the wisdom that justifies the subversion of the Hawaiian scheme of succession because its basic principle is not primogeniture, but bequest.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
2. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
3. "Pillar of Light," by Louis Tracy.
4. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
5. "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Cost," by David Graham Phillips.
2. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
3. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
4. "Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.
5. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
2. "Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.
3. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "The Double Garden," by Maurice Maeterlinck.

## New Publications.

"Poems," by Rachel Annand Taylor, John Lane.

"Poems," by Walter Malone. Paul & Douglass Company, Memphis.

"The Poems of Henry Abbey." Fourth edition, enlarged. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.15 net.

"The Imperial Republic," by Elizabeth G. Crane. "A Drama of the Day." The Grafton Press.

"Historical and Biographical Narratives," by Isabel R. Wallach. American Book Company—reading for primary school use.

"Robert of Kincaid: A Tale of the Douglas," by William Henry Tompkins. Poem. Illustrated. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"Bridge in Brief: Do's and Don'ts," by Eiram Ecyrb. E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents—a neat little booklet that should be useful.

"Christian Science: Is It Christian? Is It Scientific?" by Mary Platt Parmele. J. F. Taylor & Co.; 75 cents net—a sane little essay *contra*.

"Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers," by Jeannette Robinson Murphy. Bandanna Publishing Company; \$1.25 net—a reprint, in brochure form, of a series of musical lectures delivered by the author, who is a Southern woman.

"Romeo and Juliet." "King Henry the Fifth." "King Richard the Third." Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. American Book Company—further volumes in what is perhaps the best edition of Shakespeare for use in schools.

"College Entrance Examination Requirements in English: 1906-1908 (for Study and Practice)." Contents: "Burke's Conciliation with Colonies," "Julius Caesar," "Milton's Minor Poems," "Macaulay's Addison," "Macaulay's Life of Johnson." American Book Company.

"The Roosevelt Doctrine: Being the Personal Utterances of the President on Various Matters of Vital Interest. Authoritatively Arranged for Reference in their Logical Sequence," compiled by E. E. Garrison. Robert Grier Cooke; \$1.00—a timely book, neatly printed and bound.

"The Body and Breath Under Artistic Control for Song and Fervent Speech." "A Plain Talk with American Singers." "Some Psychic Reflections for Singers," by Louis Arthur Russell. Essex Publishing Company—three pamphlets of interest to vocalists; the first named is fifty cents; the other two, twenty-five cents each.

"The Roger De Coverley Papers," edited by C. P. Winchester. "The Ancient Mariner," edited by George Edward Woodberry. "Macbeth," edited by Thomas M. Parrott. "Milton's Minor Poems," edited by Mary A. Jordan. "Idylls of the King," edited by Henry Van Dyke. The Gateway Series of English Texts. General editor, Henry Van Dyke. American Book Company—neat volumes for school use.

The August number of the *California Review* is a San Francisco number, with a striking cover design, showing the sky line of the city against the sunset, as seen from the bay. A special effort has been made in an illustrated leading article to bring out the picturesque features of the city, as well as its great growth and its many fine hotels and business buildings.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The "Literature" of the Submerged.

The most prolific producer of fiction in the world, according to some authorities, was Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, who recently died. He had an interesting career. He was the son of a doctor of laws and a doctor of divinity, and educated by private tutor, and at the colleges of Jefferson and Mobile. He entered the Confederate army, was wounded and captured at Fort Hudson, and later was a commander in the Texas cavalry. After the Civil War, he served under Juarez in Mexico; also in Austria, in Crete, in Africa, and ten years in Cuba as a filibuster, finally being captured and condemned to death by the Spaniards, but making good his escape. His "literary career" began in 1870, and continued until his death a few weeks ago.

The six hundred novels, all told, that he is said by that usually veracious authority, "Who's Who," to have written, are said to have averaged 70,000 words each, which would bring the total up to 42,000,000 words, to which may be added 4,000,000 words representing four hundred novelettes! Some one has estimated the annual output to have been 1,353,944 words; the daily output, 3,708 words; the hourly output, 154 words. It is said that Colonel Ingraham made \$10,000 a year out of his books, most of which he lost in unfortunate business ventures.

These books of which the "literary world" has never heard, but which circulate by the hundreds of thousands among the "submerged tenth," offer a fascinating field of speculation, if not to the critic, then to the student of sociology. We possess no especial familiarity with these novels dear to the heart of the servant-girl, but the seller of old books, if he be affable, and not too busy, is a mine of information regarding such fiction as that which Colonel Ingraham produced in such profitable profusion.

There is, it appears, really a dearth of authors in the cheap fiction line. The most popular writers for the masses had their rise simultaneously with that of the New York *Ledger*, with which Robert K. Bonner made his millions. Most of these, like Charles Garvice, Mrs. Southworth, Agnes Fleming, Mrs. Sheldon, etc., are either dead or no longer productive, and, amusing as it may seem, no new writers have risen to take the place they occupied. Books, it is true, still continue to appear under their names, but not from their hands. Mrs. Southworth, Bertha M. Clay, and a dozen others now are syndicated! Broken-down journalists, men of intelligence brought to a low level by drink or other vices, are engaged in imitating the Clay style or the Southworth style, and the books they write are issued by that well-known firm with a sibilant and alliterative title under the names of the famous ones of the Bonner beyday. Another trick of the ten-cent-novel publishing trade is to rename one of the favorites of thirty years ago, and publish it as a new book. Sometimes the longer old books are issued in three or four parts, with corresponding profit to the publishers.

The "literature" of the submerged falls readily into three classes, the erotic, the sentimental, and the adventurous. The male taste inclines toward adventure and "spiciness," while it is a commonplace to say that the working-girl's favorite is something sentimental. Indeed, it is said to be a fact that girls who read the ten-cent novel will read nothing that concerns the United States; there must be jukes and earls and duchesses, or the volume fails to thrill. Men, on the other hand, are partial toward detective and adventure stories, and, curiously enough, detective tales are also said to be consumed in quantity by the legal fraternity.

Senator Hoar, as everybody knows, is an avid reader of the Nick Carter style of story, deriving therefrom fascinating relaxation. But it is perhaps not so well known that purveyors of the dime novel who have their shops in the neighborhood of office buildings which house many lawyers, find that the latter rank second only to the messenger-boys as a profitable class of customers.

Another interesting fact about the producers of the dime novels as a class is that they are—in the emphatic language of the old-book man—"the blankety-blankest plagiarists on earth." Whole chapters are stolen, and plots are taken entire. It is a tribute to the genius of Conan Doyle that the plots of his stories are particularly tempting to the Old Sleuth type of writer. The story of Doyle in which an advertisement for red-haired men is inserted in a daily paper in order to lure away the guardians of a treasure which it is desired to loot, reappears in the Nick Carter series, we are told, under the title, "A Herald Personal," and another of Doyle's stories of a horse, under the title of "A Handicap."

Do mature readers of the dime novel ever graduate from its fascinations into the realm of real literature? It is doubtful in the majority of cases; but when they do it is often by way of Alexander Dumas and Marie Correll—two writers who are almost as popular in the under world as they are with intelligent readers. There is something astounding

about the continued popularity of Dumas, with readers of every nation, every class, every degree of intelligence. H. A. L.

Henry James Home at Last.

After an absence of more than twenty years, Henry James, the novelist, returned to America last week on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. The *Sun* says that, owing to doubt as to the time of his arrival, there were few to meet the noted novelist. "Mr. James," it adds, "was a most inconspicuous figure on the pier for a celebrated, far-known personage. He carefully guarded his baggage till the custom inspectors had examined it, and personally engineered its removal to a carriage. As he stepped out upon that part of the pier which affords something of a view of Manhattan, Mr. James was overwhelmed by the change of things. The impression he received must have been profound, for it caused him to pause and almost gasp for breath. For some moments he leaned against the railing, deaf to the questions of his friends."

"Mr. James will very shortly begin work upon the book which is to contain his impressions of America. The volume will be published by the same publishers who will bring out the author's latest novel, 'The Golden Bowl,' which he completed shortly before leaving England."

"Henry James seems anything but the man one is inclined to fancy from reading his delicate tales. He is immensely robust, the line of his features is regular and sharp, and although he is 'bowed with the weight' of sixty years, the author's step is remarkably firm and elastic."

"Last winter Mr. James wrote a book on London, soon to be seen in print. At his age few eminent men of letters are turning out more than one volume a year. During 1903, Mr. James managed to write three. His works now number about forty volumes, and it is probable that a collected edition of them will soon be published. Among the many persons in New York who are anxious to honor him is Jacob M. Gordin, the Yiddish author, who will arrange a special performance of his play, 'God, Man, and Devil,' for the novelist."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Fleming Embree, the well-known short-story writer, and frequent contributor to the *Argonaut*, who has written a tale of Middle-West politics and love for the September *McClure's*, is working on a novel. He is the author of "For the Love of Tonita" and "A Dream of a Throne." The plot of the story in *McClure's* is laid in Indiana, where the author was born. Mr. Embree is at present living in Santa Ana, Cal.

Stephen Phillips's new play, "Miriam: or, The Sin of David," is not Biblical at all, as might be supposed from the title and from the fact that a previous play, "Herod," was concerned with Biblical themes. This new play, it seems, opens in the army of Cromwell, and runs through the English civil war.

About September 1st a "Short History of Oregon," compiled by Sidona B. Johnson, will appear.

Of Mr. Kipling's story, "They," Mr. Alden writes from London that he hears nothing but praise. "It is the Kipling of 'The Brushwood Boy' and of dozens of other stories such as no other man has ever written. In short, it is a delight to every one who has ever felt the spell of Kipling's genius."

A hitherto unpublished chapter in the history of the Civil War appears in the shape of a little pamphlet by Major Caleb Huse, of the Confederate army. It is entitled "The Supplies of the Confederate Army: How they were Obtained in Europe, and How Paid For," and in it he tells how he was singularly successful in turning the Confederate government's cotton warrants into rifles, guns, and ammunition. It is a story of daring and resource.

Henry Sienkiewicz, from whose brain sprang "Quo Vadis," is writing a trilogy. And it is a work of love, for its principal hero is King Sobieski. The first volume will picture the king leaving for Cracow amid the acclamations of his people. At Cracow the brave and picturesque Polish nobility will pass before the king, mounted at the head of his troops. Sienkiewicz intends to reproduce with a very life-like detail the splendor and courage of the ancient Polish nobles and soldiers. The second volume of the trilogy will tell the gallant story of Sobieski's struggle against the Turks. The last volume will describe the king's reentry into his country, covered with glory and blessed by Europe for her deliverance from the infidel.

One of the most sensational romances promised for November by the Macmillan Company is "The Unpardonable War," by James Barnes. This predicts a tremendous conflict between England and the United States some years hence in the present century. The editor of a "yellow" newspaper stirs up the American people to resentment against England; result, a conflict at which Russia, France, and Germany look on, interested and delighted spectators. Various new explosives are used, and a dramatic portion of the book is the ac-

count of the great sea fight between the two navies. These explosives come into play after the fight is over in a most unexpected and remarkable fashion, which does much to hasten the conclusion of the war. Later on an extraordinary American invents a contrivance that enables him to project "the force" into space at different distances, with disastrous results to the enemy's ammunition. One curious result is an old-fashioned charge in the open and a battle with swords and bayonets, the ammunition of both sides being nullified.

W. L. Courtney, the English critic, has gathered a series of his critical studies into a volume entitled "The Feminine Note in Literature." They deal with women writers like Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Craigie, "Lucas Malet," Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Voynich, Miss Robins, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. In the general introduction, Mr. Courtney sums up his views of the nature and character of fiction as understood by the women writers of the day. The book is expected next month.

Helen Keller's book, "The Story of My Life," has been translated into seven languages, and is now being translated into two more.

To the often-asked question as to the original of the quotation, "the heart hath reasons Reason knows not of," the editor of the New York *Evening Post* replies to a correspondent: "This famous epigram—'Le coeur a ses raisons, que la Raison ne connaît pas'—is from the 'Pensées' of Pascal."

Mrs. Voynich, the author of "Olive Latham," "Jack Raymond," and "The Gadfly," is of Irish birth but English parentage, and was educated in London schools, later spending several years on the Continent. Her full name is Ethel Lillian Voynich, and her maiden name was Boole. She is now thirty-five years of age. Her husband, Wilfrid Michael Voynich, is a native of Lithuania, in Russian Poland, who was arrested in 1885 for participation in the Polish national movement, kept without trial in Warsaw and Eastern Siberia, escaped in 1890, and fled to England. Her own life has been singularly free from startling incidents, in spite of the "intense" character of her novels. They live in an old-fashioned house in Soho, where they have gathered an extraordinary collection of manuscripts and books. Shortly after settling in England, Mr. Voynich, at the instance of Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, took up the study of the history of books, and has made it the main object of his life. From a small beginning he has built up a world-wide reputation as a collector of rare books, many of which he gathers from old monastic institutions in out-of-the-way places. His shop is a little museum in itself.

The Notorious Thomas Bowdler.

In reply to a correspondent, the New York *Times* gives some amusing facts about Thomas Bowdler, from whose name is derived the verb "bowdlerize":

He was born near Bath, England, in 1754, where he became highly esteemed as a physician. He was widely known for his charities, and had for intimate friends Bishops Hinchcliffe and Porteus, Mrs. Hannah More, and other worthy though Puritan persons. With such friends, it is not strange that he should have thought of improving Shakespeare's text. His peculiar edition appeared in 1818, with this title: "The Family Shakespeare, in Ten Volumes, in Which Nothing is Added to the Original Text, but those Words and Expressions are Omitted which can not with Propriety be Read Aloud in a Family." Continuing this strain of thought in his preface, Bowdler wrote concerning Shakespeare's language: "Many words and expressions occur which are of such indecent a nature as to render it highly desirable that they should be erased." Although his prudery made sad havoc with the original text, his edition had a large sale, five editions appearing before the end of 1826. The last years of Bowdler's life were spent in the improvement of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," which appeared in 1824 with the following title: "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, for the Use of Families and Young Persons, Reprinted from the Original Text, with the Careful Omissions of all Passages of an Irreligious or Immoral Tendency." In his preface he modestly declared that Gibbon himself would have approved his plan.

Luscombe Searelle, composer of operas, playwright, and joint author with Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the poetical play, "Esther," occupied a cot at the Central Emergency Hospital in this city recently. In addition to the play "Esther," Searelle is also the composer of the well-known opera "Bobadil," and of the operas "Estrella" and "Isidora." Searelle is an Englishman, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and formerly proprietor of the Theatre Royal in Johannesburg, the first theatre to be established by the English in the Cape Colony. He is also a traveler of some pretensions, having circled the globe nine times, and is now completing his tenth trip. In London he is remembered as the author of the epic poem, "Dawn of Death," which Gladstone quoted in one of his addresses before the House of Commons.



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For some reason, the gentleman-criminal, whether in fiction or drama, always endears himself to the multitude. Let your own property rights be menaced, and you become a statue of moral indignation. But when you read in fiction of a dashing, resolute, resourceful, good-looking rogue, with all the manners, tastes, and refinements of a gentleman, picturesquely planning all kinds of daring raids upon the property of others, you find yourself trembling for his peril and uniformly eager for his escape.

George Bernard Shaw partly accounts for this moral strabismus on the part of respectable and worthy people by explaining, in the preface to "Man and Superman," that they most admire the courage of him who has the heroism to dare to be the enemy of God. "Don Juan," he says, "became such a pet that the world could not hear his damnation. It reconciled him sentimentally to God in a second version, and clamored for his canonization for a whole century." Raffles, who had a well-developed sense of propriety, was no wanton opposer of general righteousness, but he showed a courage and address in personally evading the laws of man, which, no doubt, to many argued a courage superior to Don Juan's, since the transgression of man's law means the incurring of a swifter and more certain punishment.

Raffles, I believe, was at first designed by his creator to be a harder-hearted character, and one inaccessible to any emotion beyond that of gain; but as the separate detective sketches which go to make up "The Amateur Cracksmen" gradually appeared, and received the stamp of public favor, Mr. Hornung perceived the necessity of softening with a little sentiment the tempered steel of his hero's resolve. So Raffles and Bunny are made to be comrades in thought as well as in deed, and the former more than once lessens his chance of escape during critical moments in order to help out his slower-witted associate.

It is quite a touch of nature, this partnership of the shrewd rascal with his feeble confederate. The leader must always have his following, the superior his inferior, to fetch and carry, to admire, and to imitate. And then Raffles would not allow that he was a mere petty thief. He considered himself a sportsman, for his was the pleasure of the chase. That the quarry, when captured, was the means of paying for a young gentleman's food, raiment, and lodging, and brought expensive town dissipation within his reach, was, on many occasions, only incidental with Raffles, who never could resist the temptation, even when in funds, to make a brilliant coup if chance offered.

Mr. Hornung neglects no adventitious aids to insure the popularity of his hero. Raffles is handsome and a gentleman in the eyes of his world. He loves beauty for beauty's sake, just as he loves adventure for the excitement of his peril. In the story entitled "The Jubilee Present" both these tastes influence him in stealing from the British Museum an enameled gold cup, worth eight thousand dollars, whose value lies in its decoration. Raffles, declaring that the destruction for base gain of such a rare *objet d'art* would be a crime against God and Art, places the pilfered cup on his chimney-piece, where it stands for days while he drinks in its beauty, and finally gets rid of his gold brick by sending it as a jubilee present to the queen with the loyal respects of the thief.

One begins to wonder after reading a number of these selected tales, and noting the attentive admiration of Bunny for his chief, whether the book is not likely to contaminate young minds and even that logical creature that should prevail concerning the laws of crime and crime. Mr. Hornung, however, possibly to mollify the respectable British public, expresses a protest in "The Last Laugh" what is a probable occasion is that of three. Raffles, Emma exclaims, was a genius, and he could not make it pay!"

Mr. Hornung himself has taken a hand in dramatizing Raffles, and in collaboration with Eugene O'Neill has turned out a creditable melodrama that while less thrillingly exciting than Gillelles' "Sherlock Holmes," has a more potent element of suspense to prove vastly absorbing to the audience. It is a play that has practically been written twice over the role of Captain Raffles having been an afterthought. It is for which Mr. Bell may assume some credit he himself having suggested it. The first draught of the play was coming to his recognition of the necessity

of there being a famed detective against whose skill and experience Raffles might pit himself and his ready wits.

Captain Bedford was at first Captain Redwood, who will be remembered as the detective who twisted his mustache so successfully while engaged in running down the forger in "Jim the Penman." Threats of legal redress were made by the heirs of Sir William Young, author of "Jim the Penman," on account of this open appropriation of the detective character; but the difficulty was easily met by changing the name from Captain Redwood to Captain Bedford.

This rôle, although necessarily differing in lines and situation, is practically identical with the one upon which it is founded. The resemblance is further established by Holland's giving to this more recent version of his once famous rôle the same make-up, mannerisms, and personal attributes generally. Captain Bedford, however, does not figure quite so impressively in "Raffles" as his admired prototype, the character being in a degree sacrificed in order to intensify the brilliancy of the heroic halo that encircles the head of that secretive, but engaging rascal, Raffles.

Kyrle Bellew's impersonation of the elegant blackleg is a very finished one of its kind, more especially when we recall that his assumption of the character was the occasion of this actor's first professional appearance in modern evening dress for sixteen years. Mr. Bellew is not quite so dazlingly beautiful as he appears in the frontispiece illustration to "The Amateur Cracksmen"; but he is still a handsome man, with the air of elegance and easy social supremacy, which is one of the principal requirements of the rôle. His distinctness of articulation and his low-pitched but carrying voice, with its suave, profoundly courteous inflections, are greatly conducive in adding to the aura of social charm which envelops the all-conquering Raffles.

Raffles's lady-killing proclivities are not strenuously insisted upon in the original sketches, but in the play a sentimental episode transpires, tending to show how irresistible the attractions of the gentlemanly criminal prove to female susceptibilities. Four of the five female characters in the play circle around him in admiration, and two are openly in love with him. These matters of the heart, however, are purely extraneous to the main issues, being virtually pitchforked in to please the sentimentalists, who are sure to be appeased by the high birth and unexceptionable social position of the young woman who aspires to be Mrs. Raffles.

Speaking of social position, that is certainly a curiously incongruous group that partakes of the hospitality of Lord Amersteth; and one forming a social juxtaposition possible only in melodrama. It comprises an adventuress, a detective—undisguised and evidently a neighbor and family friend—and a connoisseur in high-art burglary. Mr. Hornung, however, has raised Raffles in the social scale. In the book, he belongs to the middle class, and is only invited to the ranks of the aristocracy for his skill in cricketing. In the play, he dominates the drawing-room, and his polished manners and conversation are the despair of the men and the admiration of the women.

It can not be said, however, that the dramatists of "Raffles" have succeeded in making any stage exploitation of his predatory skill. The theft of the diamond necklace is accidental, the jewels falling into Raffles's grasp much as the frogs dropped in the stork's bill in the nursery tale; and the placidity with which Captain Bedford naps behind his handkerchief during the accomplishment of the theft would make Captain Redwood blush for his successor.

There are indeed many details of the play that sorely tax the credulity. It would certainly be in the highest degree improbable that Lord Amersteth would place the famous diamond necklace in a safe near an open French window, opening invitingly on a shadowy garden. Nor would the Raffles of the book invite the suspicions of the detective by the undue significance and the tacit "dare" that he puts in his tones when he alludes to several compromising details. And, if I remember aright, Captain Redwood in "Jim the Penman" was, as he should have been, a detective in disguise. It is again extremely unlikely that an old hand like Raffles would place the diamond necklace in the most conspicuous position in his safe, or in his breast pocket. The trick of the hollow drum clubs, as practiced by Lord Ernest Belleville in "To Catch a Thief," is much more in his line.

Theatrical effect and well-calculated suspense, however, are the elements that have received first consideration in the piece as prepared for the stage, and it is really odd to see how thoroughly successful old and well-seasoned devices are, and how enormously popular Raffles is with the audience. It almost amounts to discouragement of a faithful practice of honesty. They are with him to a man in their unswerving sympathy with the ready-witted rogue skillfully evading the pursuit of the trained sleuth-hound who represents the majesty of outraged law.

The extreme suitability of Mr. Bellew for his part and the good acting of his support

have undoubtedly contributed to the successful run of "Raffles," although the only really important rôles, beyond those of the robber and the detective, are to be found in the characters of the two women in love with Raffles, and in that of Crawshaw, the heavy-handed burglar.

Mr. Bellew makes love well, although it is highly improbable that so clever a craftsman as Raffles would bungle things so terribly in the proposal by proxy. Miss Clara Blandick, the actress who played the rôle of the infatuated heiress, is pleasing to look at, but feeble in emotion, and rather too conscious of her pretty eyes. Beverly Sitgreaves, as Mrs. Vidal, has a good drawing-room presence, but is just a little tame and not quite resplendent enough, either in gowns or attractions, for an adventuress; and Frank McCormack plays Crawshaw, the specimen of the rougher genus thief, plausibly enough, except for an absence of the suggestion of hardened viciousness necessary. This was partly explained when, in response to the numerous curtain calls on the first night for Raffles and his leading support, Mr. McCormack came before the curtain, revealing even through his make-up, a youthfully ingenuous countenance whose prevailing expression was that of cheerful, unfettered honesty.

The best thing in the play is its unexpected finale, which sends the audience forth buzzing their approval in a state of high good humor. It is really quite Raffle-esque.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Fitzsimmons, the Actor.

The New York *Sun* says that there was a great first night up in Harlem recently, when Bob Fitzsimmons, ex-pugilist, appeared with Mrs. Fitz in a play which the star helped write, and which is called "A Fight for Love." The leading rôle doubtly honored the leading man, for the hero of the play was known as "Robert Fitzsimmons, a country gentleman." The heroine, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, is a banker's daughter, upon whom the villain has deep designs, which, with the aid of a blacksmith who thinks he is a pugilist, he is trying to consummate. But Bob is there, and foils the villain and his tool. Later he rescues the girl from a burglar. Then the banker stakes his last ten thousand dollars on a prize-fight. The man on whom he is betting is "doped," but at the last second Bob appears at the ring, and wins the fight and the girl. Fitzsimmons says that he enjoys the play, which he considers of transcendent merit, and gives Mrs. Fitz great credit for his present position among the stars. "Mrs. Fitzsimmons has put me on to this acting business a lot," he said.

The second year of the Polyglot Club, which was organized last year by Professor L. D. Ventura, will begin on September 19th. The object of the club is to advance and facilitate the study and render popular the contemporary literature of modern languages. The headquarters of the club are at 230 Fern Avenue.

The New York papers announce that Margaret Wycherly, who produced Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire" and "The Hour Glass" at the Alcazar last spring, will present the same plays in Boston, the New England college towns, Philadelphia, and Chicago.



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Three hundred juveniles in the cast. New and magnificent oriental costumes, scenery, and effects. New songs, dances, ballets, and marches.

Regular matinee Saturday. Popular prices—15c, 25c, and 50c.

### CENTRAL THEATRE.

Phone South 533.  
BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week beginning Monday, September 12th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Chas. G. Blavney's immensely popular New York comedy drama,

### "ONLY A SHOP GIRL"

Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c. Next—Fallen by the Wayside.

## Orpheum

Week commencing Sunday matinee, September 11th. Cheerful Vandeville, The Harry La Rose Company; Rooney and Bent; Al. Shean; Leo Carrillo; the Great Singing Four; Burton and Brooks; the Three Mitchells; Orpheum Motion Pictures, Showing the Parade of the Knights Templar; and last week of "Our Boys in Blue."

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

**Fischers**  
THEATRE  
Tremendous success of  
**THE ANHEUSER PUSH**  
Chorus of lory unsurpassed.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Nights—25c, 50c, and 75c. Saturday and Sunday matinees—25c and 50c. Children at matinees—10c and 25c.

Burlesque to follow—Miss Mizuma.

Those desiring the latest bound volume of the Argonaut, Volume LIV, covering the six months from January 1st to July 1st, 1904, should send in their orders at once to the office of this paper, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone James 2531.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Another Week of Bellew.

The engagement of Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles" at the Columbia Theatre closes Sunday night, September 18th. "Raffles" will be succeeded by "The Wizard of Oz," a musical extravaganza that has had a good run in the East. It is announced as "a pageant of pictorial art, feminine beauty, and novel spectacular surprises." The Scarecrow and the Tinwoodman are the principal characters. An entirely new stage effect is presented in this extravaganza: the disruption of a Kansas farm by a terrific cyclone, which carries away in full view of the audience a substantial-looking farmhouse, containing the heroine, little Dorothy. The storm subsides, and the house descends in fairyland, where the little heroine from Kansas encounters all sorts of strange adventures amid all kinds of whimsical and fantastic creatures. The cyclone effect originated with Stage-Manager Julian Mitchell, former associate of the late Charles H. Hoyt. Seats go on sale Thursday.

Whittlesey in a Marshall Comedy.

White Whittlesey's twelfth week at the Alcazar Theatre will be devoted to the first presentation, by a stock company, of Captain Robert Marshall's comedy, "The Second in Command." Captain Marshall wrote "The Royal Family," in which Annie Russell appeared, and "The Duke of Killcrankie," in which John Drew opened his New York season on Monday night. Besides Mr. Whittlesey in the leading rôle, others who will have prominent parts in "The Second in Command" are Luke Connors, Harry S. Hilliard, H. D. Byers, Earle Williams, Eugenie Thais Lawton, Virginia Brissac, and Alfa Perry. For the following week, beginning Monday, September 19th, Mr. Whittlesey will be seen in a scenic revival of "Monbars."

To Run Another Week.

It was the original plan of the managers of the Majestic Theatre to put on a change of bill every week, but the advance sale of tickets for "In the Palace of the King" was so large that it has been decided to continue the play for another week. The Majestic stock company has been well received. In the play now on, Grace Reals has the part of Dolores, and J. H. Gilmour assumes the rôle of Philip of Spain. Richard Thornton has an opportunity as Don Juan to display his talents to full advantage, as has Harry Stockbridge as the court fool. Joseph Callahan is the cardinal, and Eleanor Gordon the wicked and designing princess. The bargain matinee given by the Majestic on Thursdays is a popular feature of the house.

Florence Roberts in a New Play.

At the California Theatre, beginning Sunday night, Florence Roberts and her company will present a play entirely new here—"Marta of the Lowlands." It is by the Catalan poet and dramatist, Angel Guimerà. The story of the play is of a feudal lord of Spain, who ruins the daughter of a blind beggar, and, later, wishing to wed a wealthy woman, gets rid of Marta by marrying her to a shepherd, who knows nothing of her history. Marta's hatred for the shepherd, who, she thinks, was paid to marry her, is one of the strong elements of the play. The drama was produced in New York last season, and attracted much notice.

Juvenile Extravaganza.

The programme at the Grand Opera House for the week beginning next Sunday matinee will consist of Bothwell Browne's new musical extravaganza, "Princess Fan-Tan," in which three hundred juveniles will take part. The piece has its origin in an ancient Japanese legend. Oriental scenery, costumes, and effects have been specially prepared for the occasion. The performance will be plentifully interspersed with new songs, marches, etc. Among the incidents will be "The Rainbow Butterfly" dance, and the ballets, "The Feast of Chrysanthemums," "Love in the Clouds," and "Early Days of California." Popular prices—fifteen, twenty-five, and fifty cents—will prevail, and there will be a matinee Saturday. "York State Folks," a rural drama, will shortly be presented at this theatre.

A New Sketch by Cressy.

Harry La Rose and his company of comedians will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting "The Sailor and the Horse," the latest effort of Will M. Cressy. The sketch introduces a horse that can do six miles a minute, when doped, a sailor and a race-track tout, and is a story of a great winning on a 400 to 1 shot. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, eccentric comedy and acrobatic dancers, will also be new to San Francisco. Al Shean, a German monologist, who was here with the Manhattan Comedy Four, now appears doing a single-handed turn. Leo Carrillo gives imitations of everything known to the animal, bird, and insect kingdom, and then jumps from a phonograph to an automobile with perfect

case and facility. His imitations are accompanied by a running patter of small talk. The "Great Singing Four," as the Mendelssohn Quartet of Denver is known, for their second and last week will change their selections. Burton and Brooks will continue "A Can of Humor." The three Mitchells will offer new songs and dances, and "Our Boys in Blue" will bid farewell to San Francisco. The Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, including the Knights Templar parade, will complete the programme.

Revival of "The Serenade."

The seventh and last week of "The Toreador" begins at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night. Then, on Sunday evening, September 18th, will come a revival of Victor Herbert's "The Serenade." Andrew Bogart, a local singer who has been attracting attention abroad, will have a rôle in this opera. The rest of the cast will include Kate Condon as Dolores; Forrest Dabney Carr as Alvarado, the bandit chief; Dora de Philippe as Yvonne, the singing girl; Teddy Webb as Colombo; Willard Simms as the Duke of Santa Cruz; and Bessie Tannehill, William Schuster, and Joseph Fogarty in various rôles.

Comedy and Tragedy at the Central.

The Central Theatre's bill next week will be "Only a Shop Girl," a comedy-drama by Charles G. Blayney. It tells of the struggles of a New York shop-girl, who is persecuted by the family of a rich young man whom she loves and who wishes to marry her. There are some novel scenes in the play, one of them being a huge department-store in full blast. A snow-storm is another feature. The play has plenty of comedy as well as tragedy and pathos, one of the principal characters in it being a Bowery cash-girl, with an independent tongue and a large and original slang vocabulary.

The Bill at Fischer's.

"Anheuser Push," the burlesque now running at Fischer's Theatre, continues to draw large crowds. The specialties are numerous and good, and there is an unusually large number of catchy songs. Dorothy Morton, Georgie O'Ramey, Rice, Cady and North, Ben Dillon, and the others are all provided with rôles that bring out the best in them. The management has done well for "Anheuser Push" in the way of scenery, costumes, and stage settings. Already preparations are going on for "Miss Mazuma," by J. C. Crawford, which will be the next burlesque. Others scheduled for the future are "Tommy Rot" and "A Night at Monte Carlo."

Opening of the Concert Season.

The concert season will be opened by Mme. Fannie Francisca, who will appear at the Alhambra on Wednesday evening, September 21st, and on Saturday afternoon, September 24th. Among the numbers to be heard at these concerts will be arias from such works as "La Traviata," "Norma," "Herodiades," "Lucia de Lammermoor," "Rossignol," "Aida," "Faust," "Nanon," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rigoletto," and "Tannhäuser." Among the song numbers for the first concert will be Massenet's "Elegie," Mann's "Ottawa," De L'Acqua's "Villanelle." Proch's variations will also be heard, and Liza Lehman's "The Cuckoo" will be sung. Mme. Francisca will render the mad scene from "Lucia" in costume. The advance sale of seats for the two concerts will commence next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music-store. The prices are to be \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents. Mme. Francisca's concerts will be given under the direction of R. Pincus.

Miss Lovey—"I don't see why you don't like Mr. Spooner." Her father—"Well, for one thing, he's too close." Miss Lovey—"Oh, father! Were you mean enough to spy upon us last evening in the parlor?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

New York's Grand-Opera Season.

Heinrich Conreid, manager of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, has returned to New York from Europe, and announces that his season will start on November 21st and continue fifteen weeks. "Aida" will be the opening opera. Ten performances of "Parsifal" will be given, then it will be taken to Boston, Pittsburgh, and Chicago, one performance to be given in each city. Mr. Conreid promises San Francisco two performances of "Parsifal."

The manager will not tell of all the stars he has secured, but admits that the list includes Nordica, Melba, Sembrich, Eames, Akte, and the new Italian soprano, De Macchi. Caruso is to be the principal tenor, and another male singer will be a Spaniard, Francisco Nuiho, who is said to have a remarkable voice. Neither of the De Reszkés will be in the company, nor will Calvé, who Mr. Conreid asserts, "cursed me all over Europe." All the standard operas will be produced.

Mr. Conreid said he encountered much enmity in Germany on account of having commercialized "Parsifal," one Wagnerite refusing his proffered hand. He did not go to Bayreuth.

A dispatch from New York states that, while the number of actors and actresses has increased enormously, the good ones are so scarce that the following advice has been sent broadcast throughout the theatrical world: "If you are a good actor, demand any salary within reason; if you are a bad one, don't hope to get a position at any figure."

When Anna Held arrived at New York from Europe last week, Joseph Weber and members of his company, accompanied by a band, chartered a boat and went down the bay to meet her, thus gladdening Anna's heart, as well as advertising the fact that she is to be leading lady for Weber this year.

Fay Templeton, who, a few days ago, celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of her stage appearance, is engaged to Blair Frazier, of Syracuse, N. Y. Frazier is twenty-seven years old, and very wealthy.

When you go East

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GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

A mile deep, 13 miles wide,  
217 miles long, and painted  
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526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
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Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depositary for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
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BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,483

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

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Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

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VANITY FAIR.

Mists" and "mustn'ts" in tall head-gear for women who desire to be excessively fashionable are laid down as follows by "Madam" Hunt, president of the National Milliners' Association, which has just been holding its convention in Chicago: "To be extremely 'fashish,' hats must be of new mahogany or raspberry, but if these shades are unsuitable, then the choice must be from brown, orange, terra cotta, and robin egg blue. Light creams and pale yellow may be worn. As to materials, velvet foliage, imported from Paris, must be used extensively. Ribbon must be made into rose effects, and braided piping and laces must be heavy and of fine silk. Dress hats are going to be small caushobourghs. Owing to the expensive materials to be used, prices will be somewhat higher."

The news from the National Dressmakers' Association, also in session in New York, is quite as thrilling. "Cowboy skirt, the rage in Paris," is the label on one gown exhibited at the opening of the convention, which impresses masculine minds as "the limit." Gowns fitted tightly to the hips and tapering to the shoes, unrelieved by ruffle or wrinkle and exhibiting the form, as modistes say, "to perfection," have gone designers one better. This "cowboy skirt" has the skirt and waist in one piece, fitted to the form divine with poetic ingenuity. The skirt, reaching the waist line, forgets to stop, and extends almost to the arms. "In Paris they are all talking about the cowboy skirt," Mme. Baker, president of the association, is reported as saying; "it is made like the princess gown. It has the long lines, with the skirt and waist all in one piece. There is no division at the waist. Harecloth is used in the lacing."

Read the following description of a Kentucky bride, penned—penned is the appropriate word—by the Lexington (Ky.) correspondent of the Mansfield (O.) News. It certainly appears to us that the correspondent wrote in a genial glow from the internal application of another Kentucky product: "Again have radiant, fragrant young maidens' eyes, luminous with love and joy, beamed through bridal veils, the most ecstatic hope of every maiden's heart. Miss Lottie Rule, of Lexington, is the maiden with beauty's crimson glow on her cheeks, made happy by nuptial rites. She was as charming as any who ever arrayed herself in bridal vestments here. She was radiant and lovely as the roses now opening their petals to the June zephyrs. Her luxuriant, shining tresses were garlanded with jewels, and she was, as all brides should be, a radiant queen of love, joy, and beauty. She has the finest feminine instincts and graces, and the cavalier in whose heart she became enshrined as his bride should cherish her as a fragrant, delicate flower, a rare exotic transplanted from its native soil."

A "complete history" of the adventures of "Captain" Glen Collins, who married the beautiful Natalie Schenck at Del Monte last May, who took a cow with him on their honeymoon trip to Japan, who stopped off at Honolulu and came back on the next steamer, and who is now separated from his bride of four months, is given by New York *Ten* *Lopies*. That journal takes two pages to tell the story, but, briefly, it is this: Comes of a respectable family, which made its fortune in printing Bibles; given an allowance of \$80 a month from the time he was twenty-one, which with \$25,000 to be given him on reaching the age of twenty-five, was his entire fortune. Entered the Cameron Highlanders, and borrowed as freely as possible from brother-officers, used to run over to Monte Carlo, and made big winnings; set up an establishment in the Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris, presided over by a "divinity," whose smiles were out to be had for a song, mortgaged his \$25,000 far ahead of time won 250,000 francs at Monte Carlo, and lost it next day; borrowed more money from "easy marks" on the Riviera had his baggage attached at the Hotel Maurice Paris, raised more money, \$100,000 by representing that he owned property in England and giving thereon a "blind mortgage" to a brother lieutenant, raised still more money by giving checks on bank where he had no funds to persons too polite or afraid to prosecute him when they found him out, finally in January of the present year when London was getting pretty hot for him he made a final assignment of the \$25,000 coming to him on his twenty-sixth birthday (May this year) and came to America with many excellent letters of recommendation from persons glad to see him well out of England, met at Newport Natalie Schenck, who was immediately enamored of the dashing officer, a member of a swell London club and reputed to be fabulously wealthy; he, for his part believing her an heiress and being close to the end of his string, prosecuted his suit with vigor and they were married at Del Monte in May, and off to San Francisco, here, apparently, they fed each other out, and tried to raise the money by taking out insurance policies on their

lives of \$50,000 each, on which they hoped to realize ready cash; failing in this, they sold some of their wedding presents to a "leading silversmith," and embarked for Japan, they stopped off two weeks at Honolulu, and then, as their tickets were no good for further journey, not being stop-overs, they returned to San Francisco with a cock-and-bull story about Mrs. Collins's injured face, and after selling more wedding presents, proceeded to New York; there Collins tried hard to raise more money, and probably succeeded in borrowing a good round sum from Reggie Vanderbilt; but the truth about him was becoming generally known, and, on July 30th, the London *Times* contained notice of his bankruptcy, and on August 2d the London *Gazette* the notice of the resignation (enforced) of Lieutenant C. G. Collins from the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; about the same date Mr. and Mrs. Collins separated, and he sailed for parts unknown under an assumed name. For the present this is the end of the drama of Collins.

Here is a story from Denver: "She was thoroughbred looking, as well as mischievously pretty. He was just a man. The outpouring crowd in the theatre moved with the usual utter inanity and lack of intelligence of human beings when they are not soldiers in a line. The girl was a trifle in advance, holding her fluffy skirts tight to her. The man pressed closely at her side. As they reached the lobby, the girl dropped her fluffy skirts right at the feet of the man. She darted on. His ponderous foot on the trailing skirts pulled her back. With a little cry of vexation the girl shot at him. 'Why don't you mind your feet?' The man replied, instantly, 'Why don't you hold up your skirts?' 'Married!' commented those who saw and heard."

"Of course," says the philosopher of the Denver *Post*, commenting on the story, "if they had not been married, the girl would have laughed, and said, 'It is nothing!' The man would have turned crimson, and whispered, 'How inexcusably awkward of me—I beg a thousand pardons!' It happened, in this case, that the man was not to blame. The lady dropped her trailing skirts in front of his next step. He refused to apologize—because she was his wife, and he didn't have to. At first blush, the incident seems to suggest that if marriage breaks down the customary courtesies, it is something worth deploring. But the chances are that, if the incident had been followed by the customary false words of conventional courtesy, that the relations of the husband and wife would have been veiled, like the veil between the man and woman who are simply going to the theatre together. The Frenchman, who keeps a mistress he is very proud of, would have been gallant and profuse in his apologies for stepping on his wife's gown. The rich man, who lives in apartments separate from those of his wife—and perhaps is away a good deal—would have been apologetic in due form, too. There are lots of cultured, intelligent men and women, who contrive to have good clothes and some luxury, but necessarily live together as closely as peasants and grow rude. Very likely the couple in the incident loved one another dearly and were true. Beautiful manners and refinement of expression and word seem to flourish on artificiality. The boasted equality between the sexes seems to coarsen the outwardness of the relationship."

Miss Alice Roosevelt seems to have a passion for making athletic contests interesting by making small bets on the outcome. It will be recalled that she was "in disgrace" with her father not long ago for betting on the races at Washington. At Newport, just the other day, she is reported to have made several bets on the outcome of the tennis match between Mr. Clothier, the Philadelphia millionaire hachelor, and Mr. Ward. Miss Roosevelt wanted Clothier to win, and, among other articles, bet on him five pairs of gloves with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and the Misses Mills. She lost, as Ward won in three straight sets.

It is probably no exaggeration to declare that nine out of ten married men are secretly of the opinion that they could keep house better than their wives if they had the job and chose to put their whole minds to it. Every editor of a "Woman's Page" can testify to an esteemed clientele of masculine correspondents, who write to her on topics ranging from the mysteries of casserole cookery to the proper laundering of silk negligé shirts. "It was therefore," says the New York *Evening Post*, "with an astuteness born of a deep knowledge of human nature that the editor of *Good Housekeeping* conceived the idea of publishing a number written entirely by men. Did he have any difficulty in filling his pages? Not a bit. All sorts and conditions of men trod on each other's heels to get their contributions in. It was the first real opportunity they had ever had to free their minds on how a house ought to be run, and they jumped at it. In the September number they swarm all over the house, putting things to rights, according to their

own ideas. One man musses up the pantry, rearranging it in what he conceitedly calls ship-shape. Another delivers a lecture on huying meat. Very likely his wife had previously declined to listen to it. Two pages of photographs of 'Homelike Rooms' and an illustrated article on a 'Man's Cottage' embody theories on household decoration long bottled up. But it remains for the contributors to a department of short paragraphs called 'Discoveries' to really express themselves. Here are favorite recipes from half the matinee idols on Broadway; expert views on making coffee, manipulating the chafing-dish, mixing salads, managing children, and discharging the cook, from doctors, lawyers, brokers, and clergymen."

"Ma, I wish you'd speak to pa. He's too careless about the way he dresses. He doesn't seem to understand that he should appear in conventional attire." "Don't he? Of course he does. Aint he been wearing th' same suit he wore to th' convention all th' summer?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Wife—" John, did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" Husband—"Of course I did." Wife—"How provoking! I wanted to add a postscript." Husband (producing the letter)—"Well, here it is. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Old Kirk Whisky." In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAfee, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 1st .....	65	50	.00	Clear
" 2d.....	70	50	.00	Clear
" 3d.....	74	52	.00	Clear
" 4th.....	64	59	.00	Clear
" 5th.....	72	49	.00	Clear
" 6th.....	92	50	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Tuesday, September 6, 1904, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	5,000	@ 105		100	105 1/2
Bay Co. Power 5%	3,000	@ 100			
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.					
C. T. 5% .....	5,000	@ 81 1/2		81	82
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	5,000	@ 100 3/4		100 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	12,000	@ 102- 103		102 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 113 3/4		113 1/2	114 1/4
Pacific Gas Imp't					
4% .....	20,000	@ 95		95	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	15,000	@ 105		105	106
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	7,000	@ 100			100 1/2
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5% .....	3,000	@ 118		118	
S. V. Water 6% .....	2,000	@ 104		104	104 1/2
S. V. Water 4% .....	1,000	@ 100		100	100 1/2
S. V. Water Gen.					
4% .....	3,000	@ 98 1/2		98 1/2	
		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Spring Valley ..	265	@ 39- 39 1/2		39	39 1/2
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. S. ..	460	@ 58 1/2- 60		60	
Honokaa S. Co. ....	1,495	@ 15- 16 1/2		15 1/2	
Hutchinson .....	1,020	@ 10 3/4- 11		10 3/4	11
Kilauea Sugar Co.	60	@ 2 1/2		2 1/2	3
Makaweli S. Co. ....	560	@ 28 1/2		28	
Pauahau Sugar Co.	880	@ 15 1/4- 16		15 1/2	16 1/4
Gas and Electric.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	230	@ 61- 61 1/4		61 1/4	61 1/2
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers ..	75	@ 125- 130		130	132 1/2
Cal. Fruit Cannery.	30	@ 99-		98	100
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	40	@ 81		80 3/4	81 1/2
Pacific States Tel.	100	@ 102		101	103

The sales of sugar stocks for the week amounted to about 4,475 shares, and the market advanced from three-quarters of a point to two points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar, which sold as high as 60, the whole line closing in fair demand at the advanced prices.

Honokaa Sugar Company has declared three dividends of 10 cents per share, each payable October 1st, November 1st, and December 1, 1904.

Spring Valley Water Company was steady at 39-39 1/2.

Alaska Packers advanced five points to 130 on sales of 75 shares, closing at 130 bid, 132 1/2 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has about held its own in price, 230 shares changing hands at 61-61 1/4.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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A SENSIBLE MOTHER

Proud of her children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

SOZODONT Liquid and Powder

should be used. The Liquid to penetrate into the little crevices and purify them; the Powder to polish the outer surface and prevent the accumulation of tartar.

3 FORMS: LIQUID. POWDER. PASTE.

BARBARA L. HOOK (maiden name Chambers), the wife of William Hook, of Sacramento, California, and William Hook, her son, or any of her children, and Theresa Connolly (maiden name Barnewall), or any of her children are, pursuant to an order of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in an action re Henry Charles Barnewall, deceased, Bennett v. Barnewall, 1900, E. 4,857, directing an inquiry, who were the persons entitled by virtue of, or according to the Statutes for the distribution of the intestate's Estates, to the Estate of Henry John Charles Barnewall, otherwise Henry Charles Barnewall, late of No. 24 Priory road, Kilburn, in the County of Middlesex, and formerly of Oakfield Lodge, St. James's road, West Croydon, in the County of Surrey, Esquire, who died on the 6th day of June, 1900, living at the time of his death, or to be the legal personal representatives of such of the next-of-kin as are now dead, are, by their solicitors, on or before the 24th day of October, 1904, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of Mr. Justice Kekewich and Mr. Justice Joyce at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London or, in default thereof, they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said order.

Tuesday, the 1st day of November, 1904, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the said Chambers, Room 267, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims.

The said Barbara L. Hook was a daughter of Mary or Mary Anne Chambers, who was a daughter of John and Anne Barnewall, of Kilmurphy, County Meath, Ireland. The said Mary, or Mary Anne, Chambers (maiden name Barnewall) was married twice. Her first husband was James Monaghan, of Archerstown, Westmeath, Ireland, and her second husband was Benjamin Alcock Chambers, of Kells, Kilkenny, Ireland. Her daughter, Barbara L. Chambers, is believed to have been married to William Hook, a carpenter, at Sacramento, California, on the 9th October, 1866, and to have had a son, William. The said Theresa Connolly was a daughter of the said John and Anne Barnewall, of Kilmurphy, County Meath, Ireland, and is believed to have married one Connolly, and died in New York.

Dated this 11th day of August, 1904.

WILLIAM BINNS SMITH, Master of the Supreme Court.  
SLAUGHTER & COLEGRAVE, Solicitors,  
7 Arundel street, Strand, London, England.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

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THE

Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century .....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine .....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas .....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar .....	4.35
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Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine .....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly .....	6.70
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Argonaut and North American Review .....	7.50
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Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine .....	4.50
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Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine .....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critic .....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West .....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set .....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset .....	4.25



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An indignant letter dictated by a clever old gentleman runs thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, can not take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, can not express it; but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

Secretary Shaw told a story, the other day, of a small boy at a country Christmas-tree party, who found a pair of trousers on the tree for him. He examined the garment carefully, and, turning to his mother, shouted: "Oh, mamma, those pants must be all new. Papa never had a suit like that."

Mayor Collins, of Boston, tells of a Christian Scientist who, with his little boy, was crossing a lot in which was a vicious-looking goat. As they approached the goat, the boy showed fear, whereat his father told him to think it not possible for the animal to harm them; but the boy, remembering a previous encounter with a goat in which he came out second best, did not grow any braver. "Papa, you're a Christian Scientist all right," he said, "and so am I; but the goat doesn't know it."

A green reporter on the New York American is the hero of the latest newspaper story. His first detail was to get an interview from an English scientist who had just arrived. As it was midnight then, he was told to hurry, and, above all, to get a good interview. In about an hour he returned, and announced that his mission had been fruitless. "What was the matter?" asked the city editor. "Well," was the reply, "he said he had told everything to the Herald reporter, and had nothing more to say."

Grover Cleveland once ran across a little girl acquaintance who was fishing, and who had no bait on her hook. "You can't catch fish without bait," said the statesman. "But I don't like to put the bait on the hook," answered the little girl, deprecatingly; "the worms wriggle so. They won't keep still while I put them on. If you'll put the bait on for me I'll let you have the fish, Mr. Cleveland, if I catch one." "Ha! ha!" laughed the ex-President; "this isn't the first time I've met with such a proposition. Give me your hook, little politician."

When the Independence Party, the late belligerent end of the Philadelphia Democracy, was in process of organization, there was held a meeting to adopt rules. One of the provisions was for a committee to decide contests, and it was suggested that it be composed of eight members. Up rose an enthusiastic Irishman, representing the hot-head of belligerence. "Misther Chairman," he began, "Oi move, you that the committee of eight he made a committee of nine, so that when there's a toi vote there will be wan majority."

The last words of the last interview between the German emperor and the late Prince Bismarck were spoken in English. When the rupture between the two appeared to be final, the Iron Chancellor went to the palace to resign his seals of office. The supreme moment arrived, and the chancellor thought that by tact and consummate diplomacy he might even yet succeed in handing "that young man"—as he afterward bitterly called him—to his iron will. But his art and his eloquence were in vain. The sovereign and his minister had, of course, conversed in German. But when all was over, Bismarck said in a changed voice—and in English: "Then I am in your way, sir?" And the German emperor answered in one word: "Yes."

A young man who was trying for the sheepskin in Missouri, and who had made a poor showing, was asked by Senator Vest, one of his examiners, if he would like to be questioned further. "I regret to say," remarked Mr. Vest, "that you have failed to come up to the mark in the branches of law upon which we have examined you. But," he added, in a most kindly spirit, "we will question you further, if you so desire." "Well, sir," responded the applicant, "I would suggest, if you please, that I be questioned on the statutes." At this Mr. Vest smiled, sadly. "My dear young man," added he, "I do not doubt that you're up on the statutes; but I do doubt that you will succeed in the law. Suppose you should have the utmost familiarity with the statutes, what's to prevent the legislature from repealing all you know?"

Bierholm Tree, who has never shrunk from facing the laugh against himself, has been recounting an incident of his last visit to Ireland. He had just arrived at the station in Dublin from London, and was about to enter a cab, when a strange man asked for a "tip" to bring the manager luck. "To get rid of him," said Mr. Tree, "I gave him a

shilling." "Ah! Mr. Tree, dear," said the man, "I thought you would make it four." "But why four?" "Well, when Sir Henry was here, sir, he gev me two, an' since you're twice as good an actor as him—in yere own estimation," he added, loudly, as Mr. Tree drove away ohdurate as to further largesse.

Admiral Dewey's favorite story is of an American army officer who, when in Cuba, was extremely dissatisfied with the cooking. He insisted that the Cubans put sugar into everything they cooked. At last he announced that he would eat nothing but hoiled eggs. "They can't sugar them," he declared. So he ordered them next morning. But, hefore he appeared at the table, another officer had filled the salt cruet with sugar. When the "kicker" appeared, his eggs were brought to him. He opened them with a gloomy complacency, and sprinkled over them plenty of the doctored salt. At the first mouthful he turned purple. "Sugared! Sugared!" he exclaimed, and rushed from the table.

One evening recently a well-known writer received a check from a magazine, which was a good deal larger than he had anticipated. The occurrence seemed worthy of a celebration; so, in company with a young artist, he sought a restaurant noted for its expensive menu. With a luxurious shrug, and with indifference to the cares of the world, he ordered an elaborate repast. His companion, being of the sex especially thrifty when dealing with household matters, begged him to be cautious. No, indeed, for that night he was Prince Bountiful. At length it came time for the reckoning. "Waiter," drawled the host, "bring me my check; and, waiter—bring it v-e-r-y gradually."

A rumor has recently gone the rounds of the newspapers stating that Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman, the president of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, was about to resign his office. Many different reasons for the resignation were given, among them being that he was breaking down from old age. At last, to get at the truth of it all, a reporter called upon him for a little first-hand information. "Resign?" was Dr. Gilman's answer; "certainly not." And after an instant's pause, he added: "Joseph Le Conte, my old colleague at the University of California, was asked just such a question as you have put to me on his eightieth birthday. His reply will do for mine. He said: 'Why should I resign? I have just begun my life's work.'"

Overheard.

"Stop!"  
"Please."  
"No. If you kiss me I'll never speak to you again."  
(A struggle and a murmurous sound).  
"Don't you ever dare to do that again."  
"I couldn't help it."  
"Yes, you could. Now behave."  
"All right, I will."  
(Another of those sounds).  
"If you kiss me again, I'll tell my mother."  
"No, you won't."  
"Yes, I will."  
(Another of those sounds).  
"Oh! Now you stop."  
"Why?"  
"Because I want you to."  
"Why do you want me to?"  
"Because."  
(Silence for a few minutes).  
"I wish you would keep your arm to yourself."  
"Why?"  
"Because I don't want it around my waist."  
"Why not?"  
"Because it isn't proper."  
"Why isn't it?"  
"Suppose some one should see."  
"But no one can."  
"They might."  
"Well?"  
"Well."

This sort of conversation may not be an intellectual treat to every one, but seven girls and three men who were eavesdroppers listened to it with rapt attention, and sighed when the lovers departed.—*New York Press.*

Brute: She—"You told me when we were married that you were well off." He—"I was, but I didn't know it."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Many Foods

offered for new-born infants do not and can not contain the valuable elements of milk required for the proper nourishment of the child. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is superior to other artificial foods and its use prevents sickly, weak, and rickety children.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Travelers.

Jim Rickey soon will go away  
And in oblivion hide.  
While Tom comes marching bravely in,  
With rolling gait and jolly grin,  
And Jerry by his side.

—*New York Sun.*

Not There.

"Aho, there, don't give up the ship!"  
The captain wildly cried:  
"I won't," the seasick passenger  
Vehemently replied,  
"For I've not had a symptom yet  
That your old ship's inside."

—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Emmerett.

When Emmerett had company  
She scarcely ate a bite.  
She thought 'twas vulgar to display  
A hearty appetite.

When pa would say, "Now, Emmerett,  
Here's what you like—a wing,"  
The dainty maid would sweetly say:  
"I can not eat a thing."

She ate so little that the guests  
In chorus would declare  
They didn't see how she could live  
Upon such scanty fare.

But when the company had gone—  
I tell it with regret—  
You'd scarce believe a girl could hold  
The stuff that Emmerett.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Retrospective Person.

He never thinks a man is truly great until he's dead;  
And then he wipes away a tear and quotes what he has said.  
He talks about the nations that long since have passed away,  
And mourns when he compares them with the nations of to-day.  
He talks about his boyhood and the fun that folks had then;  
He talks about the actors that we ne'er shall see again.  
He vows that everything worth while long since has gone before,  
And life to him is just one grand, sweet funeral—  
—nothing more.—*Washington Star.*

Difficilis Descensus Aveni.

[Many people wonder why the upper ten figure so prominently in present-day British drama. In *Les Temps*, A. B. Walkley suggests as the explanation that only men of means and leisure can afford the luxury of a grand passion.]

There's a wish I've always had to be very, very bad  
And to emulate Don Juan with the sex,  
For I feel that I could make every bit as good a rake  
As the dissolute Tom Jones or giddy Quex.  
I would cultivate a passion in the very finest fashion,  
If you kiss me again, I'll tell my mother."  
"No, you won't."  
"Yes, I will."  
(Another of those sounds).  
"Oh! Now you stop."  
"Why?"  
"Because I want you to."  
"Why do you want me to?"  
"Because."  
(Silence for a few minutes).  
"I wish you would keep your arm to yourself."

"Why?"  
"Because I don't want it around my waist."  
"Why not?"  
"Because it isn't proper."  
"Why isn't it?"  
"Suppose some one should see."  
"But no one can."  
"They might."  
"Well?"  
"Well."

How I envy lucky chaps—in the Albany, perhaps—  
Who address their cringing valets thus: "You dunce!"  
Pack my Gladstone bag! Make haste! There is little time to waste;  
We are leaving for the Continent at once."  
Now, if I presume to cherish such delicious dreams they perish  
At the prospects which await us poorer men.  
It's a very prosy pity, but I've got to reach the City

Every morning as the clock is striking ten.  
Thus with every wish to shine in the gay Lotherio line,  
And with every inclination to be bad,  
I hate is too much for me, and the sad result you see—  
I'm the very mildest person to be had.  
On a Sunday you will find me, with my little ones behind me,  
Strolling virtuously over Waltham Green.  
Ah, how few would guess the hunger of this pious ironmonger  
For the joys of a forbidden might-have-been!

—*Punch.*

Tesla Briquettes are  
Excellent domestic fuel  
Since recently improved.  
Let us send you  
A ton—and please you.  
TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

# Centemeri Gloves Special

Colors \$1.10  
and Black 1 Per pr.

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Corner Grant Ave.

## GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES

First-class, \$40.00; second-class, \$30.00 and upwards, according to the line, steamer, and accommodation.  
**AMERICAN LINE.**  
PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
New York.....Sept. 24 | Philadelphia.....Oct. 8  
St. Paul.....Oct. 1 | St. Louis.....Oct. 15  
**Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.**  
Friesland.....Sept. 24, 10 am | Merion.....Oct. 8, 10 am  
Noordland.....Oct. 1, 10 am | Westernland.....Oct. 15, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnetonka.....Sept. 24, 5 am | Minneapolis.....Oct. 8, 4:30 am  
Minnehaha.....Oct. 1, 9 am | Manitowish.....Oct. 15, 9 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....Sept. 24 | Canada.....Oct. 8  
Vancouver.....Oct. 1 | Southwark.....Oct. 15

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Vaderland.....Sept. 24 | Zealand.....Oct. 8  
Kronland.....Oct. 1 | Finland.....Oct. 15  
SPECIAL NOTICE—The large new twin-screw steamships of the Red Star Line call at Dover, England, both east and west bound.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Oceanic.....Sept. 21, 3 pm | Celtic.....Sept. 30, 9 am  
Arabic.....Sept. 23, 4:30 pm | Baltic.....Oct. 5, 2 pm  
Teutonic.....Sept. 28, 10 am | Majestic.....Oct. 12, 10 am  
NEW SERVICE FROM BOSTON.  
Fast Twin-Screw Steamers  
of 11,400 to 15,000 tons.  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cretic.....Sept. 22  
Cymric.....Oct. 13, Nov. 17

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.  
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AZORES, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.  
From New York.  
Republic.....Oct. 29, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic.....Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18

From Boston.  
Romanic.....Sept. 17, Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28  
Caupolic.....Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
First-class \$55 upward, depending on date.  
C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1  
S. S. Doric.....Wednesday, November 9  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, November 26  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Sept. 14, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 17, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland, and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2 P. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

## ELECTRICAL WIRING AND SUPPLIES

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## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings or entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by addressing

COURRIER DE LA PRESSE,  
21 Boulevard Montmartre  
PARIS, FRANCE



SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Delmas Walter of San Jose, to Mr. Herbert D. Martin, son of Mrs. Camilo Martin.

The wedding of Miss Violet Eife, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Eife, to Mr. Lawrence Foster took place on Wednesday at St. Paul's Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Rev. Maxwell O'Reilly. Miss Beatrice Eife was the bridesmaid, and Mr. Fenton Foster acted as best man. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 1201 California Street.

The wedding of Miss Anne Van Winkle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Van Winkle, to Mr. Ernest Lee, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 104 Baker Street. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. H. S. Thomas. Miss Sarah Van Winkle was the maid of honor. Miss Martha Lee was bridesmaid and Mr. Lewis Burland acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Louise Bundschu, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bundschu, to Mr. Maury Simms took place on Friday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 245 Chestnut Street. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. Bradford Leavitt. Miss Alma Bundschu was maid of honor, and the bride's other attendants were Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann and Miss Anita Hinz. Mr. Benjamin Weed acted as best man.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was given a banquet recently at the Pacific Union Club. Others at table were Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. C. J. Foster, Mr. John McNaught, Mr. E. B. Halden, Mr. C. Fred Kohl, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. Allen Pollock, Dr. B. MacMonagle, Mr. F. H. Hamilton, Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough, Mr. W. B. Chapman, and Mr. Ward McAllister.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a dinner at his residence, 1316 Taylor Street, on Sunday evening, in honor of Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton. Others at table were Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Will Chapin, and Mr. Lathrop Ellinwood.

Mrs. MacArthur, wife of Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. N., gave a dinner at Mare Island on Monday in honor of Mrs. George, wife of Lieutenant Harry George, U. S. N. Others at table were Commander Edward D. Taussig, U. S. N., and Mrs. Taussig, Commander James Glennon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Glennon, Captain Benjamin F. Tilley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tilley, Commander James H. Bull, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bull, Rear Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla, Naval Constructor E. B. Zahn and Mrs. Zahn, Lieutenant Samuel Graham, U. S. N., and Mrs. Graham, Miss Lily McCalla, Miss Stella McCalla, Paymaster McGill R. Goldsborough, U. S. N., and Pay Inspector Leeds C. Kerr, U. S. N.

Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd gave a dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of the Earl of Euston. Covers were laid for seventy-six.

Mrs. Charles Creed gave a tea in Oakland on Tuesday in honor of Miss Isabelle Hooper.

Mrs. W. S. Goodfellow gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 923 Fifth Avenue, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. John J. Valentine. Others at table were Mrs. John L. Howard, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. George Percy, Mrs. L. L. Barker, Mrs. C. A. Hooper, Mrs. Prentiss Sella, Mrs. T. C. Coogan, Mrs. A. L. White, Mrs. W. H. Gerrill, and Mrs. William Angus.

A Successful Conclave.

The Knights Templar's Conclave, still in progress here, has been as successful a meeting as the order has ever held. The attendance has been unusually large, the whole country as well as England and Canada, contributing to the enormous crowds. Still, the opportunity for entertainment has not been neglected, and its hospitality has been well appreciated. The visitors have been busy all day with receptions, dinners, excursions, and other amusements, and the more serious business of the meeting. The parade on Tuesday was spectacular and imposing, over eight thousand men in uniform, and a splendid motorcade being in line. The parade was today (Saturday).

Forty visitors who have made the trip to the top of Mt. Diablo this week declare that it was the most enjoyable experience of their lives. They were delighted and amazed at the new vista disclosed by every turn of the railway, and at the magnificent view from the top of the mountain.

The Lord Euston Banquet.

For many of the guests at the reception to Lord Euston, the Earl of Euston and the English Sir Knights of the Grand East Meets, Sir Reuben Lloyd, president of the county association. Each couple seated at a table, and the champagne was served. The champagne was served at the table. The champagne was served at the table.

COST OF STAGE PRODUCTIONS.

Lyman B. Glover, in an article in the Chicago Record-Herald on the cost of stage productions, says:

Edwin Forrest boasted on one occasion that he could play Lear with nothing more than the American flag for scenery. It is well known within professional circles that two or three of the stars who now irradiate the dramatic horizon with more or less brilliancy are firm in the conviction that they would still boast a long array of followers if they were to appear on a bare stage, with no more pretense of illusion than was observed in the days of the old Globe Theatre of early London memory.

One notes, however, that they all bear silent but eloquent testimony to the necessity for adequate environment by securing the best scenery and appointments that money will buy. No less than three bright lights in the theatrical firmament have confided to friends their absolute disbelief in the importance of realistic scenery and accessories. One in the plenitude of his own self-confidence confessed his ability to play "Hamlet" in a frock-coat, with a sheet for back drop, and a park bench for the king and queen to sit upon. No doubt he could represent the melancholy Dane quite as well in that guise as any other, but we do not find him matching practice with precept and testing his theories in the presence of an up-to-date audience. On the contrary, the tendency of the day, with him as with others, although away from gaudy and distressing over-elaboration, is in the direction of complete illusion and appropriate environment down to the smallest details.

The much-vaunted period of simplicity, Mr. Glover thinks, was all right when nothing better was to be had; but he believes that even as electricity and gas have superseded the tallow dip, so should other devices and conveniences be taken full advantage of for the good of the progress of drama. He calls attention to the time, not long ago, when touring companies had but one set of scenery for everything—which grew monotonous. He welcomes the change that demands new scenery for each production. "Probably the manager would be glad to return with Ben Greet to the days of no scenery," he says, "since the cost of modern methods is large enough to bring about a painful vacuum in all but the most plethoric bank accounts. But it is idle to expect that the public will consent to any revolution backward."

As an instance of great cost for a big production, Mr. Glover cites N. C. Goodwin's venture last season with "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Goodwin acknowledged that it cost sixty-two thousand dollars, of which he risked and lost half. Sothern invested forty-two thousand dollars in "A Proud Prince." Viola Allen's "Twelfth Night" cost about twenty thousand dollars, while Klaw & Erlanger spent that much on touching up the "Mother Goose" production after it had been brought over from England. Over eighty thousand dollars were spent on "The Red Feather" and the Napoleon Bonaparte play in which Anna Held appeared. The average cost of a society-comedy production is about ten thousand dollars, while a gorgeous musical-comedy or extravaganza represents a preliminary outlay of about four times that much. When "Erminie" was first produced there was a gasp of astonishment over the fact that the pink ballet scene cost three thousand dollars, the costumes ten thousand dollars, and the entire show nearly thirty thousand dollars. But Mr. Glover says that nowadays no manager of sense or experience would think of escaping with an expense account of less than forty thousand dollars. Mention is made of Belasco's "Du Barry" and "The Darling of the Gods," each of which was put on at an expense of about thirty thousand dollars, and Sir Henry Irving's production of "Dante," which cost considerably over twenty-five thousand dollars. But Mr. Glover says that the idea that Irving pioneered huge productions in this country is wrong. He gives due credit to Booth:

In 1869, many years before Mr. Irving's first visit, Mr. Booth produced a Shakespearean repertoire in his million-dollar New York theatre on a scale of magnificence that has never been surpassed. "Romeo and Juliet" led the van of these notable events.

and the scenery for this production surpassed in size, extent, and massive dignity anything ever set up in this country before or, perhaps, since. The house of Juliet in the second act measured sixty-five feet in height and had two balconies, one above the other. Two set trees measured over fifty-five feet, and the other architectural and decorative belongings were in harmony and proportion. For the loggia scene of the third act there was a row of connected arches extending backward to the full depth of the stage. These flanked a wide court-yard with solid and substantial accessories, which it required forty stage hands to set and remove. Other plays, including "Othello," "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "Richard III," "Winter's Tale," and "Richelieu" were put on, each, if possible, surpassing its predecessor in splendor.

Lawrence Barrett, A. M. Palmer, Mr. Daly, and other American managers had dealt in brilliant stage equipment long before Mr. Irving made his first trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Daly's elaboration of scenes had been regarded as a seven days' wonder. Mr. Barrett provided for "Pendragon," "Ganelon," and other plays, scenes quite equal to any coming from abroad, in the way of cost, if not always in the detail of artistic excellence. Mr. Palmer gave to the original production of "The Two Orphans" and other plays all that money could buy, and far more than we were accustomed to see in the realm of English melodrama. The production of "Cleopatra," in which Mrs. Potter appeared, cost over thirty thousand dollars, of which sum the costumes for Mrs. Potter alone required seven thousand dollars.

Coming down to more modern times, "Blue Beard," the scenery of which furnished the tinder for the terrible fire in the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, consumed forty thousand dollars before the public saw it. On some of Henderson's extravaganzas fifty thousand dollars were expended before the curtain was raised. Robson and Crane paid the scenic artist and the costumer twenty-three thousand dollars for their work on "The Two Dromios," and Mansfield spent twenty-five thousand dollars on "Cyrano."

A New Pacific Liner.

America's greatest steamship, the *Minnesota*, arrived in New York last week, and was given a monster reception, a large party of distinguished people boarding her. She loaded with 15,000 tons of coal at Newport News, and from there goes to Seattle, being intended for service between there and the Orient. The *Minnesota's* electrical equipment is the most extensive ever put into any steamship. The electric power supplies energy for thirty-eight separate cargo-hoisting winches. One of her twenty-horse-power winches will hoist 3,000 pounds at a speed of 170 feet a minute with a single whip. The ship is lighted, heated, and cooled by electricity, and there is an equipment of 370 telephones for the use of passengers, of which she will carry 218 first-class and 68 second-class. There are separate accommodations for 2,300 Chinese, and berthings on the main deck for 1,300 soldiers. Her speed is fifteen knots. She has a gross tonnage of 20,718. She is the biggest freight-carrier afloat.

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Ethel Barrymore severely sprained her ankle while crossing a railway track in Omaha recently. Despite the accident she appeared in Kansas City. The pain was so intense that she fainted at the end of the third act of "Cousin Kate."

Mrs. Fiske opens her New York season at the Manhattan Theatre on September 14th in "Becky Sharp."

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy recently left Paris for Genoa. Mrs. Florence P. Frank and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank, were with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, who have been traveling in Russia, had returned to London at last accounts, and were intending soon to go again to the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester have been sojourning at St. Moritz in the Swiss Alps during the heated term.

Mrs. Adam Grant and Miss Haste have recently gone to Paris from Switzerland.

Mr. Harry N. Stetson and Mr. Alfred Wilcox, who have been traveling in Europe for the past two or three months, were in St. Petersburg when last heard from, and expected to visit Moscow.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Miss Bessie Huntington, and Miss Marion Huntington are expected to arrive from their trip to Europe toward the last of September, and will be here for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis are passing this week with Mrs. Thomas Van Ness at her country place in Napa Valley.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin spent a few days in the city last week on her return from her visit south. She is now at Del Monte.

Miss Charlotte Wilson is passing this week at Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee are at San Rafael for a brief visit.

Mrs. Arthur Lord has been the guest recently of Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier will leave shortly for a tour of the principal Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood have returned from their summer sojourn at Blythe-dale.

Ex-Judge Edward A. Belcher has returned from his vacation in Trinity County. Mrs. Belcher will remain at Hoopa, Humboldt County, until the latter part of September.

Miss Bertha Brittan, Miss Constance Jordan, and Miss Helen Jordan attended the Wagner festival at Munich.

Mr. Albert J. Lowenberg and Mrs. I. Lowenberg departed on Thursday for a short visit to the St. Louis exposition.

Dr. F. W. Skaeke has returned from Europe, where he has been studying for two years past.

Miss Jessie Fillmore is the guest of friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. James Cunningham, Miss Sara Cunningham, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Jane Cunningham, and Mr. James Cunningham, who spent the summer here, have departed for their home in New York.

Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, and Miss Kathleen de Young will return from San Rafael to their residence, 1919 California Street, within a few days.

Mrs. Arthur Holland has departed for a two months' trip to New York and other Eastern cities.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols and the Misses Nichols will depart on September 29th for a two months' trip to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requa, who have been sojourning at Santa Barbara, have returned to their residence in Piedmont.

Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, who spent the summer near Nevada City, has returned to town.

Miss Emily Wilson has been spending the week at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro (née O'Sullivan) have returned from the East, where they went on their wedding journey.

Miss Emily Carolan is home from San Mateo and Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mrs. Henry W. Poett and Mrs. George Newball.

Mr. Philip Paschal has returned from his visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Edward Hopkins sailed on the steamer *Manchuria* last week for a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Dr. and Mrs. George A. Richardson have taken a residence on Clay Street, near Devisadero.

Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Lottie Collier will depart for St. Louis in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond and Mr. E. H. Hamilton went from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs by automobile Saturday, remaining over Sunday.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman will spend the next two or three months in San Rafael.

Mrs. Daniel Kane has returned from Boston.

Miss Minnie Nash has returned to her home in Baltimore.

Mrs. and Mrs. A. W. Foster and the Misses Foster have returned from Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Miss Marguerite Doe have gone East for a visit of several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. George A. Moore have departed on a visit to the Yellowstone Park. They will go on from there to New York and Boston.

Miss Helen Bowie will spend the autumn

and winter months with her aunt, Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick, at her residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Costigan will occupy an apartment at Jackson and Baker Streets for the winter months.

Mrs. Frederick Beardsley sailed for Honolulu on the steamer *Manchuria* last week.

Mrs. C. A. Devol, Miss Lucille Devol, and Miss Mary Devol departed last week for San Antonio, Tex.

Mrs. E. Dore departs next week for Yonkers on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Philip Wooster.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald and Mr. Allan St. John Bowie have been sojourning for a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. S. M. Van Wycke, Miss Nanny Van Wycke, and Miss Laura Van Wycke depart in a fortnight for St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family are home, after having spent nearly a year in Europe.

Mrs. George McIvor, accompanied by Miss Helen Ashton, sailed for the Philippines on the United States transport *Thomas* last week.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn have returned from Europe, and are at present in Central New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore have returned from Menlo, where they spent the summer, and are at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Driscoll left last Sunday for a visit to St. Louis. Later they will go to New York, and will not return until late in November.

Mr. George Lewis is expected home from England shortly.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Claus T. Grantz, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. S. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gantner, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Strobbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyers, Mrs. Rita Rogers, Mrs. L. A. Haehnen, Miss Agnes Voight, Miss Sophie Clayburgh, Miss Gladys Brigham, Mr. George Bucklin, Mr. George H. Graves, Mr. C. S. Chamberlain, Mr. J. H. Barker, Mr. J. W. Hamm, Mr. G. E. Luce, Mr. W. H. Brooks, Rev. M. D. Connolly, Mr. W. C. Burke, and Mr. Werner Stauff.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Seymour and Miss M. Seymour, of Los Angeles, Mrs. A. Sutton, Miss May Sutton, Miss F. E. Sutton, and Miss V. M. Sutton, of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Black, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stow, Mrs. A. L. Valleau, Mrs. A. Forbes, Mrs. J. M. Purengron, Miss Purengron, Miss F. Grant, Miss M. Toy, Miss E. Hammond, Miss B. Valleau, Mr. C. P. Murdock, Mr. E. E. Brown, Mr. R. H. Variel, Mr. C. A. Wayne, Mr. W. D. Forbes, Mr. C. Guffin, Mr. G. Smith, Mr. W. B. Collier, Mr. C. H. Hilbert, Mr. H. M. Wright, Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. J. F. Brady, Mr. F. C. Hotaling, Mr. R. C. Noble, Mr. C. J. Dunlap, Mr. W. C. Allen, Mr. G. H. Busch, Mr. B. F. Nourse, Mr. G. J. James, Mr. H. Long, and Mr. C. G. Keuhn.

Army and Navy News.

General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur and Colonel Parker West, U. S. A., departed on Tuesday on an inspection trip to Yosemite Valley.

General William M. Graham, U. S. A., retired, Mrs. Graham, and Miss Meta Graham sailed last week for Manila.

General Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Coolidge have returned from a visit to Vancouver.

Lieutenant James Kelly Parsons, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Parsons, sailed last week for the Philippines.

Major Edward T. Brown, U. S. A., has been assigned to the command of the field artillery at the Presidio.

Paymaster Edward E. Goodhue, U. S. N., arrived from Samoa on the United States steamer *Wheeling*, and has gone East.

Mrs. George, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Harry George, United States steamer *Tacoma*, has left the Hotel Knickerbocker, and is the guest of Mrs. MacArthur, wife of Lieutenant Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. N., at Mare Island.

Lieutenant E. G. D. Abbott, U. S. A., has been granted a two months' leave of absence, which will be spent in Texas.

Dr. John Murtagh, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Thomas*.

The Twenty-Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., will be transferred from the Presidio to its new station in Dakota early in October.

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Bernard Shaw on "Candida."

James Huneker, in the *Metropolitan* for August, tells the truth about Candida, giving the author's own views of the much-discussed lady. Before telling what Mr. Shaw thinks about her, Mr. Huneker quotes the "shawl" speech:

"Ah, James, how little you understand me, to talk of your confidence in my goodness and purity! I would give them both to poor Eugene as willingly as I would give my shawl to a beggar dying of cold, if there were nothing else to restrain me. Put your trust in my love for you, James, for if that went I should care very little for your sermons—mere phrases that you cheat yourself and others with every day."

Then he delivers himself of a reminiscent paragraph:

Last season when Arnold Daly and his company were playing Mr. Shaw's "pleasant" psychologic comedy, the audiences always waited patiently for this speech of Candida, and then literally rose to Dorothy Donnelly when she uttered it. Dissatisfied women, married and single, quoted that unhappy shawl until it became frayed at its edges as a topic. The play itself faded, the delightful humanity of the subordinate characters was submerged, and all because for some occult reason the play-going public got the notion firmly lodged in its head that these few lines contained the *crux* of the piece. And they were at once set down as special pleading for the Woman Who Rebels.

But the interesting part of the article is the letter that Shaw sent to Huneker in answer to a query as to what he, her creator, thought of Candida:

Don't ask me conundrums about that very immoral female, Candida. . . . Candida is as unscrupulous as Siegfried. Morell himself sees that "no law will bind her." She seduces Eugene just exactly as far as it is worth her while to seduce him. She is a woman without "character" in the conventional sense. Without brains and strength of mind she would be a usefully slattern or voluptuary. She is straight for natural reasons, not for conventional ethical ones. Nothing can be more cold-bloodedly reasonable than her farewell to Eugene: "All very well, my lad; but I don't quite see myself at fifty with a husband of thirty-five." It is just this freedom from emotional slop, this unerring wisdom on the domestic plane, that makes her so completely mistress of the situation.

Then consider the poet. She makes a man of him finally by showing him his own strength—that David must do without poor Uriah's wife. And then she pitches in her picture of the home, the onions, and the tradesman and the cossetting of big baby Morell. The New York *Hansfran* thinks it a little paradise; but the poet rises up and says, "Out then, into the night with me!" Tristan's holy night. If this greasy fool's paradise is happiness, then I give it to you with both hands: "life is nobler than that." That is the "poet's secret." The young things in front weep to see the poor boy going out lonely and broken-hearted in the cold night to save the proprieties of New England Puritanism; but he is really a god going back to his heaven, proud, unspeakably contemptuous of the "happiness" he envied in the days of his blindness, clearly seeing that he has higher business on hand than Candida. She has a little quaint intuition of the completeness of his cure: she says, "he has learnt to do without happiness."

Mr. Huneker comments as follows:

So here is Shaw on Shaw; Shaw dissecting Candida; Shaw at last letting in light on the mystery of the "poet's secret"! There may be grumbling among the faithful at this very illuminating and sensible exposition I feel. So thinks Mr. Shaw, for he adds, "As I should certainly be lynched by the infuriated Candida maniacs if this view of the case were made known, I confide it to your discretion"—which by a liberal interpretation means, publish it and be hanged to you! But "Candida maniacs!" Oh, the wicked wit of this man who can thus mock his flock! His *coda* is a neat summing up: "I tell it to you because it is an interesting sample of the way in which a scene which should be conceived and written only by transcending the ordinary notion of the relations between the persons, nevertheless stirs the ordinary emotions to a very high degree, all the more because the language of the poet, to those who have not the clew to it, is mysterious and bewildering and therefore worshipful. I divined it myself before I found out the whole truth about it."

On the last trip to New York of the *Deutschland*, Julius Steger, the tenor, demanded of the captain that half of the proceeds of the ship's concert go to the Actors' Fund of New York instead of the entire collection being given to the seamen's fund. The captain refused, and Steger and other professional people and their friends boycotted the concert.

Colonel Arthur W. Bradbury, N. G. C., has been appointed adjutant-general N. G. C.

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One of the most momentous and eventful battles in the world's history—one surpassing in the number of men engaged and in duration of desperate and bloody fighting every battle (save possibly the Battle of Leipzig) that has been fought during the past thousand years—one for a parallel to which we must turn back to the days of Alaric the Goth, Atilla the Hun, Xerxes the Persian, and Genghis Khan the Mongol—has at length ended. The Russian army is in full retreat to the north. The Japanese are for the moment resting after their vast and heroic struggle. News of the events of seven days of fighting has little by little reached the outside world,

and it is now possible to arrive at some tentative conclusion.

The awfulness of the conflict must impress itself upon every mind. We read of thousands of Japanese who had nothing to drink for twenty-four hours; that they had no food but dried rice; that the temperature frequently exceeded a hundred degrees, the intense heat being abated at times by torrential rains; that so exhausted were the Japanese that their officers urged on the worn-out and fainting men with the points of their swords, and that soldiers lay down and slept in the mud of the roads, heedless of the storm; that, the rain having made cremation of the dead bodies impossible, they were hastily buried in shallow trenches, only to be uncovered by the sudden torrents. We read of hills that had been the scene of attack and defense upon which were scattered hundreds of twisted, broken, bloody bayonets; we read of hand-to-hand encounters, in which, ammunition being gone, the Russians hurled down upon the Japanese attackers the sand-bags of which the barricades were constructed. And a touch of grim humor is given to the whole by the story of how the Chinese inhabitants of Liao Yang sought that solace of oblivion which opium gives when they perceived that the city was about to be wrested from the Russians by the Japanese armies, and was to be the scene of pillage and rapine.

The pro-Japanese newspapers of the United States seem desirous of convincing their readers that Kuropatkin mismanaged the battle, has demonstrated his lack of ability, and merits no praise. Such a view is not to be accepted. Indeed, many facts incline to the belief that his strategy was masterly, and that only an accident almost beyond his control changed what would otherwise have been a victory, or at least a drawn battle, into a defeat.

In the first place, the Russian force was admittedly inferior in numbers to the Japanese. No one contends that the vicinity of Liao Yang was naturally a position such as to give large advantage to its defenders. It was not chosen by Kuropatkin, but forced upon him by an impatient government at home, which refused to agree to his plan to retire from all South Manchuria and await attack at Tie Pass or even at Harbin. The Japanese had the important psychological advantage of being the attackers. But, notwithstanding, General Kuropatkin successfully escaped from the superior force without the loss as prisoners of any considerable number of men; without the loss of a single gun or any baggage; and he inflicted upon the Japanese a loss credibly reported to be greater than his own. In other words, General Oyama, superior in numbers, artillery, nearness to base of supplies, and in mobility, failed to prevent General Kuropatkin's safe retreat, and he lost more men than his enemy. This was no decisive victory. Liao Yang was very dearly bought. Even the British correspondents, in sympathy with their allies, admit that General Kuropatkin's was a masterly retreat, accomplished, as it was, over terrible roads, by an exhausted army, harassed by a determined foe.

The extraordinary accident—or let us call it the chance of war—which turned the tide of what might have been Russian victory into defeat, promises to rank in history with such an event as the coming up of Blücher at the Battle of Waterloo, which practically turned defeat into victory for the side of the allies. The accounts from St. Petersburg and those from the correspondents with the Japanese armies curiously harmonize, so there is no doubt of the fact that there was a moment in the battle when such a little thing as the wounding of a single officer and the bolting of a horse changed, perhaps, the destinies of nations.

The general situation on September 3d was this:

General Kuropatkin was engaged in the vicinity of Liao Yang with the armies of Generals Nodzu and Oku along an extended line. The Japanese army, under General Kuroki, marched far to the east of Liao Yang toward the north with the intention of getting behind the Russian army, cutting the railways, and preventing the Russian escape. But it was General Kuropatkin's belief that, by a desperate attack on this detached army under General Kuroki, he could defeat it. He, therefore, directed the troops under General Orloff to make such an attack, while he himself took good care to cut the communication between General Kuroki and the armies to the south under Generals Oku and Nodzu. When this isolation was accomplished, General Kuroki immediately realized how dangerous was his position. The dispatches from correspondents who were with him tell in detail of the anxiety which could not be concealed at headquarters on the morning of September 3d; of their being sent to the rear because the "situation was too dangerous for correspondents"; of the ignorance of Kuroki of how the tide of battle went elsewhere; and of his plainly evidenced fear of an attack from the north-west, where the Russians were believed to be in force. He is said to have spent the entire day of the fourth in scanning the field from a high hill with telescopes, and attempting to get messengers through to the other Japanese commanders. Finally communication was established; the army moved again with confidence; the danger was over.

But why was there no vigorous attack—no strenuous attempt to annihilate Kuroki's army while he was in so dangerous a position?

The accounts from St. Petersburg tell us that General Orloff, who was to make this vastly important movement, was wounded, and "to make matters worse," says the dispatch, "the horse of his chief-of-staff bolted." These troops were fresh from Russia, and with the loss of their commander and the disorganization resulting from the accident to the chief-of-staff, they failed to take advantage of their opportunity. How important General Kuropatkin considered the movement is made evident by the report (not yet officially confirmed, however) that he has recommended the trial by court-martial of General Orloff, to whose failure in this critical hour the loss of the battle is attributed.

The effect of the battle upon the spirits of the Russian troops has been, of course, disastrous. The best informed of military critics appear to believe that General Kuropatkin will make no notable stand at Moukden, but will retire to Tie Pass, a strong position which it is believed the Japanese can not possibly take before cold weather sets in. There is no disposition on the part of any nation to intervene at this juncture, and the Russian Government appears to be unshaken in its belief in ultimate victory. Another year of war is therefore a probability, barring one contingency—revolution in Russia. Port Arthur, which has been defended with wonderful determination and courage, nevertheless can not hold out without relief by land or sea, of which there is no probability, and its fall will inevitably cause great depression and discontent among the Russian people. The birth of a son to the Czar has had a good influence, but whether it can counteract the effect of disasters in the Far East is something that yet remains hidden in the bosom of the future.

The American is fond of his joke, though so far he has never shown a preference for it in the Presidential chair. But the mild and suddenly agricultural Judge Parker, acting possibly on the suggestion of his astute plebeian advisers, has essayed to see whether the



to the White House may not be at least macadamized by pleasantries. Judge Parker is playing endman to the Democratic interlocutor. A red poll bull and a bulldog, christened Teddy Roosevelt, have their parts in the olio.

But every joke has its day, and occasionally the most pessimistic and sour-tempered of voters must yield to the soft persuasiveness of a jest. The Republican party could afford to laugh respectfully at the first quips of the campaign in chorus with the delighted and harmonized Democrats. It is to be feared that this acquiescence has gone too far. The genteel and refined humors of the Sage of Esopus must inevitably be making their due impression. Laugh often with a man and you will vote for him!

A matter that is giving the Republican leaders much anxiety at present is the part taken by Judge Parker's bulldog. Infants gurgle when they see his picture, and children cry for a repetition of his exploits. He may be considered, according to that ancient definition of humor, to satisfy the necessary unexpected surprise. He is the comic twist. His master, the nominee, is bland. But we no sooner have drunk in Judge Parker's Esopus unctuousness than the bull pup's funny pranks come into our field of vision, and between the two, man and dog, inextinguishable laughter seizes upon us, mirthful, exuberant, and, possibly, electoral.

On September 4th, while Judge Parker was hastening, in his described bath-robe, with his depicted towel in his hand, toward the river for a matutinal dip, the pup broke in on that chaste scene, and again the cultured ribs of thousands were tickled. Teddy had killed a skunk in the small hours, and the odor of the sacrifice of its young life was still upon him. We view thereafter seasons of fumigation, of ablution, of dilution, of convulsion and insistent pollution. We hear the scream of the pursued, the tricks, artifices, and indignation of the cleansers. And when the roar and tumult of the scene die away, we are allowed to view Judge Parker sitting on his porch, alone, solitary, smoking vigorously upon his cigar while Teddy howls disconsolate from quarantine.

Now this is vote begetting. There are 25,000,000 people in the Middle West who have scented the nocturnal polecat, and 15,000,000 more who have seen bulldogs. Possibly 5,000,000 others have bathed. Do the Republican leaders understand what they are about? Do they expect to carry the country for a man whose daily acts bear no immediate and familiar resemblance to the daily acts of the voter? Are dog lovers and fanciers to elevate to the Presidential chair a man who has never publicly announced his intimate relations with canines? Whose pajamas we do not know the color of? A man who does not even, so far as the public prints narrate, use a towel when he bathes? San Juan Hill is past and the Rough Riders ride no more. Every one knows that national elections are matters of sentiment. Give us a catch-word for the Common People, something the plebiscite can cling to and vote for!

The increase of the use of electricity over steam as a motive power is still a striking fact. Not only are steam roads being transformed into electric roads, but there is constantly new construction, rendered possible only by what ten years ago was referred to as the "new power." But when we view a new universal fact, our impulse is to localize its application and see its truth in little. Here the San Franciscan may halt slightly in his acceptance of the theorem, for does not the steam car smoke, hurtle, and thump through the midst of our loveliest suburbs? Does it not clang and whistle and roar through the most congested streets of our water front? We can't go to Baker's Beach without riding behind a steam engine.

This is not said in the way of complaint, especially, but merely as a reminder to ourselves that we are somewhat behind what the rest of the world holds as law. Even Warren S. Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the greatest labor organization of its kind in the world, acknowledges, in the columns of the New York Sun, that electricity is ousting steam.

Electricity, according to Mr. Stone, has distinct advantages for suburban work—speed, more trains, a smaller unit of traffic. Characteristically enough, smokelessness, the desire of the suburbanite, does not enter into Mr. Stone's calculations. But in this connection he has one odd remark: "If the steam locomotive breaks down, it affects the motor unit only. But if the motive power of an electric road is put out of commission, everything on the road, or at least a very considerable section of it, comes to a standstill. In other words, the electric road carries all its eggs in one basket. . . . In these days it affords an easy way for an unprincipled rival to put a road out of business." In the matter of the long haul, Mr. Stone does not

admit the superiority of electricity so fully. But he thinks the time is coming when the electrical train will cross the continent, and points to the fact that fares are but one-half what must be charged by steam roads, and that sleeping-cars have already been successfully operated over an electric road between Columbus, O., and Pittsburg. A thing that every one is interested in, Mr. Stone states to be the same in the case of either motive power, and that is the degree of skill required of the engineer or motorman. He remarks curtly that temperance, cool-headedness, and orderly life are the necessities, and then throws in the striking fact that only seventeen per cent. of railway firemen are found fit to attain to the rank of engineer.

The only Democratic editor to our knowledge actively engaged in the prophecy business is James Gordon Bennett, the distinguished chief of the New York Herald. "To a calm, dispassionate looker-on in Vienna," he writes, "are apparently unmistakable signs throughout the country of a political revolution. From the moment that Judge Parker flashed his famous manifesto for the gold standard, a wave of enthusiastic popular response has been rising and rolling eastward, until it has submerged even the sleepy granite hills of New England. As far as the eye can reach, the once divided ranks of the Democracy have closed up and present the spectacle of a united phalanx!"

Mr. Bennett has a remarkable eye to see from Vienna so much all at one time. But a prophet ought not to contradict himself. A prophet who denies today what he affirmed yesterday may not be stoned as were the unlucky seers of old, but he is liable to be the target of the gibes and jeers of the populace. If we read in one part of the *Herald* that the Parker tidal wave is going to "surprise the party in power as much as the authorities of Martinique were surprised by the fatal eruption of Mont Pelée," and, in another part of the *Herald*, a few days later, that the precedents show that Parker will inevitably be defeated, which are we to believe? This latter article points out that "Vermont's vote has been an unerring political barometer in the last seven contests for the Presidency." Clearly and logically, it shows that the "size of the Republican plurality in the State has ALWAYS forecast national results." "In every instance," we read, "Vermont's lead was followed by other doubtful States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. When the Republican majority fell below 25,000, the Democratic national ticket ALWAYS WON, and the converse ALWAYS PROVED TRUE." For example, in the Tilden-Hayes contest of 1876 (which the *Herald* includes among Democratic successes), the Republican plurality in Vermont, in September, was 23,735, and, in November, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and New York all went Democratic. Four years later, the Republican plurality was 26,603, and three of these four States went Republican. In 1884, the Republican plurality again fell to 22,704, and the four doubtful States mentioned all went Democratic. When Cleveland was elected the second time, the Republican plurality fell to the minimum of 19,702, and once more the four States mentioned were lost to the G. O. P. But in 1896 and 1900, when Vermont's Republican plurality again rose above the 25,000 mark, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and New York all came back again into the Republican column.

Which is the more conclusive—Mr. James Gordon Bennett's opinions arrived at "in Vienna," or Mr. James Gordon Bennett's *Herald's* setting forth of the meaning of the big Republican plurality in Vermont this year?

We have just been examining a prospectus of Mr. Pulitzer's \$20,000,000 school of journalism, and have arrived at the definite conclusion that the curriculum is fatally defective in one important particular. It is proposed to teach history, economics, English, and other matters of that sort, but not a single word is said about instructing would-be editors in the noble art of self-defense. We warn Mr. Pulitzer that if he expects Western youth to patronize his school, a department conducted by some giant of the fistic world will be an absolute necessity. For look at the record of the last two years right here in San Francisco:

One editor shot in the left leg.

One editor knocked down and tramped upon with hobnailed shoes by an Alaskan miner about whom the editor had printed a story saying that the miner was educated by his sweetheart.

One editor beaten over the head by two brothers who had a sister.

One editor sandbagged by parties unknown.

We trust that Mr. Pulitzer will take note of the *Argonaut's* suggestion, and immediately proceed to

remedy the deficiency. No editor can write cogent and lucid editorials while suffering from abrasions of the scalp or bullet wounds in the leg.

On December 14, 1903, the *Argonaut* printed a leading editorial, headed "Let Us Annex the Isthmus!" In this country, it met with slight favor. In Central America, the San Salvador *Latino Americano*, having translated it, it made quite a stir, but that was all. Already, however, the condition of affairs predicted has become a reality. In the editorial referred to, we said:

Politically considered, a strange, anomalous, and altogether unsatisfactory condition of affairs exists in the new, so styled "Republic of Panama." Nominally, there is there a fully established government having authority. Actually, the United States is master of the Isthmus. Such a condition of affairs in time will become intolerable. "Nine poor men will sleep on a pile of straw, but no country is large enough for two kings," says an ancient proverb. And Panama is far too narrow to support two governments in harmony. Between the Spanish officials and the American engineers and officers who will be constructing the canal there are bound to come conflicts of authority and stretched squabbles, if not worse. In a country where, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, there have been fifty-three revolutions in half a century, worse may reasonably be expected.

A dispatch from Panama, under date of September 10th, says in part:

A crisis is at hand in the affairs of Panama. So excited are the people of Panama that there have been open threats of another revolution and return to the jurisdiction of Colombia. The issue under discussion is the vital one of control of the forts or harbors at the two ends of the canal. Panama claims that they are hers. The Panama Commission insists that Article II has no such meaning. Distrust and bitterness toward the United States grew out of the methods of the commission. The situation is still critical.

"Wretched squabbles if not worse," we said; they have begun.

Most of the excitement over the dramatic appearance in San Francisco Harbor of the Russian cruiser *Lena* appears to have been in the newspaper offices. We have been on the verge of war with Japan—in the dailies. Complications with Russia were inevitable—in the dailies. International complications were likely—in the dailies. But, curiously enough, Mr. John Hay, Count Cassini, and Minister Takahira were all singularly calm and collected. The trouble seems to have been that the newspaper editors were convinced that no Russian told the truth, and that what seemed likely was to be rejected with contempt for a theory based on wild guesses. The actual facts are plain enough. The *Lena* was with the Vladivostok fleet when it encountered the Japanese fleet along in August. She escaped, and was separated from the other vessels. On her attempt to reënter Vladivostok Harbor, she found it guarded by Japanese ships of superior armament, and was obliged to turn back. To sail southward for shelter in a Chinese port was to invite capture by one of the many Japanese vessels well known to be cruising in those waters. The condition of her boilers was such that she could not make a Russian port, and so the natural thing to do was to sail for this coast. It seems highly improbable that she was "lying in wait" for merchant vessels, for while her guns, though small, are capable of sinking a merchant any of them could outrun her. Besides, when she entered this harbor, she had coal enough to last for but two days, and her bottom was foul. The best speed she could make was six or seven knots. The Japanese Government is neither angry nor likely to be. There appears no disposition on the part either of Captain Berlinsky or of the Russian Government to hoodwink or deceive Uncle Sam. In fact, it is upon the direct request of Captain Berlinsky that the *Lena* is to be dismantled, and, after her repairs are made, remain here until the end of the war. There is nothing complicated, nothing strange, nothing unintelligible about the matter. If the dailies had not each printed three columns of guesses for three days in succession, the average man would have had clearer ideas about the "meaning" of the coming of the *Lena*.

The cartoon that the *Examiner* prints—showing Uncle Sam with a scowl on his face and a club in his hand, saying to the Russian Bear: "What are you after over here?" is nothing less than a gratuitous insult to the Russian Government.

The fact that publicity is the safeguard of public probity seems to be the moral of the disclosures regarding the operation of the Chinese Bureau of the Bureau of Immigration. The *Chronicle* has taken up the question of certain unpublished landings of Chinese men and women at this port, and the result has been that the Department of Labor and Commerce seems strongly inclined to air the whole matter.

The first fact of importance brought out so far is

ELECTRICITY  
OUSTING  
STEAM.

A SERIOUS  
SUGGESTION FOR  
MR. PULITZER.

SCANDAL  
IN THE  
CHINESE BUREAU.



that there is a bureau in this country which can decide on the rights to citizenship of many hundreds of people a year, and yet is responsible to no judicial body in the land, and holds its action in every case to be a secret. Requests to this bureau, of which Immigration Commissioner Hart H. North is head, for information as to the grounds of action in refusing certain persons a landing, for curtly refusing the claims of others to citizenship, have been uniformly denied on the ground that the rules of the department forbid any outsider knowing what transpires in the official inquests.

The next fact is that, unknown to the public, this bureau has landed lately a large number of men under the treaty that permits exhibitors at the St. Louis fair to bring in performers and showmen, provided a bond of five hundred dollars is given as assurance that at the end of the exposition they will return to China. As the *Chronicle* has pointed out, the St. Louis fair is over half over, the men who came were in charge of men notorious for their eagerness to evade the Exclusion Law, and the value of the bond may be legally questionable.

Another fact brought out is that among the performers for the fair were sixteen women, slaves, doomed to the deepest degradation any slave could pray for deliverance from, and that in admitting these slaves, under pretense of letting them go to a concession at St. Louis, the bureau in San Francisco deliberately overlooked the fact that their chief was a woman so notorious in this city for twenty years as a procuress that the Federal government finally ordered her deported in 1901.

Other facts: that girls have confessed to being imported as slaves and yet have been kept by Federal might in the power of their masters; that at least one young maiden, Lee Mee Ho, was for five weeks in the detention sheds, unguarded by any woman, lonely and helpless among hundreds of unscrupulous and debauched men, before her case was tried—all this the department now has cognizance of in a way that will likely lead to some change. The public, too, for the first time, has been made aware of the barter of girlhood, the sale of citizenship, the unremarked proceedings which the system of a secret bureau has allowed. However correct be the estimate that the importations, illegally, within the past two months have netted the Chinese "ring" over a hundred thousand dollars, the general public cares only that the acts of its Federal officials be above board, and that the wholesome corrective and check of publicity be applied to every proceeding.

Why doesn't he call it *Harvey's Weekly*, anyhow? The bright shining intelligence of the colonel illumines every corner and cranny of venerable *Harper's*. In the advertisements we observe, not "Read *Harper's*," but "Read Colonel Harvey's Comment." He is the master of the weekly's fate. In the forcible and unbridled language of the street, he is "the whole cheese."

But even our undisguised admiration for Colonel Harvey can not permit us to overlook his misleading of his innocent readers in the matter of the political situation in California. Nor does he err merely in a matter of opinion—it is a question of fact. It is in the last number of *Harvey's Weekly* that the colonel goes so deplorably astray—thus:

We assumed that the Republicans might gain five seats west of the Mississippi. Many Democrats would protest against the assumption, on the ground that they expect to carry the one Montana district and the three districts of Colorado, and to take also from the Republicans one or two seats in California.

And so Colonel Harvey still supposes that all the congressmen from California are Republicans, and what the Democrats are trying to do is to take "one or two seats" away from us. Never heard of Theodore Bell, colonel? Never heard of Mr. Wynn? Never heard—but this is almost unbelievable—of Edward James Livernash? Of course, we wish that the colonel were right. But, unfortunately, the case is vastly different. The Democrats already have three seats, and the problem that confronts Republicans is to get them back. And they intend to do it.

We are further pained to observe from the same number of *Harvey's Weekly* that the colonel is in need of a new war editor. We read:

From the beginning of the war, February 9th, until August 22d, the following Russian warships have been destroyed: The *Petropavlovsk*, *Variag*, *Bogatyr*, *Rurik*, *Boyarin*, *Ko-nietz*, and *Yenesei*.

The war did not begin on February 9th; the cruiser *Bogatyr* was not destroyed; the *Yenesei* was not a "warship." She was a member of the torpedo flotilla—a destroyer. If, however, it is intended to use "warship" here simply with the meaning "fighting vessels," then the colonel's weekly should add to its list of destroyed warships the *Vnushitelni*, sunk on

February 24th; the *Stereguschchi*, sunk on March 10th; the *Skori*, sunk on March 17th; the *Bestrachni*, sunk on April 13th; the gunboat *Gremiastchy*, sunk on June 4th; and the *Burni*.

"Further information furnished on application."

We are grieved at the *World*. We have thought it a Democratic newspaper of intelligence and principle. We have believed it was above resorting to low, lying calumny in political warfare. It seems we were mistaken.

On Thursday, August 25th, the *World* printed a long, minute account of a visit alleged to have been made by J. Pierpont Morgan to President Roosevelt. The article was headed thus:

MORGAN SEES ROOSEVELT; DEAL MADE; TWO SECRET TRIPS BY THE BANKER IN HIS YACHT "CORSAIR" DELIVER THE WALL STREET INTERESTS TO THE PRESIDENT ON TERMS SATISFACTORY TO BOTH. PARTNER STEELE AT THE TEN-HOUR CONFERENCE. MORGAN AND ROOSEVELT TALK OVER SITUATION, AND THE FORMER GETS ASSURANCES THAT WIN HIS SUPPORT—THE BANKER TO RAISE FUNDS, THE PRESIDENT TO "BE GOOD."

In the body of the article, among other equally vicious and false statements, occurred this:

It is thoroughly understood that President Roosevelt, at this meeting, which is now a bit of political history, pledged to Morgan, body and bones, the future of the Republican party.

Here was a direct statement that the President had simply sold himself to plutocracy—a statement no honest newspaper could possibly make unless it had positive evidence of its truth. That it was absolutely false is evidenced by the following statement issued by Secretary Loeb:

The story in the *World* about the visit of Mr. Morgan to the President at Oyster Bay is a lie from beginning to end. Neither Mr. Morgan, nor any representative of Mr. Morgan, has seen the President or communicated with him directly or indirectly at Oyster Bay or anywhere else. As far as the President or any one around him knows, Mr. Morgan has been nowhere near Oyster Bay, in a yacht or otherwise.

The *World* has still further discredited itself in the eyes of the country by not only failing to apologize for the calumny, but, while presenting no evidence of the truth of its story, still insinuating that Secretary Loeb's denial is untrue. And then it has the impudence to accuse papers like the New York *Tribune* of "mud-slinging"!

"A writer in the *Argonaut* professes to think Thomas E. Watson will split the solid South."

THE OAKLAND "TRIBUNE" A-DREAMING. That sentence is from the Oakland *Tribune*. No writer in the *Argonaut* ever said, or intimated, or insinuated, or inferred, or implied, or predicted that Thomas E. Watson had a ghost of a chance of splitting the solid South. What ails the *Tribune*, anyhow?

REGISTER TO-DAY. Registration closes September 28th. Office, City Hall. Open 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

## THE PRESIDENT'S STRONG LETTER.

Carries Political War Into the Enemy's Country.

The Democrats can now justly accuse President Roosevelt of being a man of war. He has made war on them. He has fired into their camp huge explosive shells of hard fact; he has launched torpedoes of irresistible argument; he has mowed down their ranks with the steel-tipped bullets of truth and logic. The letter of acceptance is one of the most forcible and aggressive documents ever issued by a President of the United States directed at his opponents. What answer is possible to such argument as this, with which the letter of acceptance begins?

It is difficult to find out from the utterances of our opponents what are the real issues upon which they propose to wage this campaign. It is not unfair to say that, having abandoned most of the principles upon which they have insisted during the last eight years, they now seem at a loss, both as to what it is that they really believe, and as to how firmly they shall assert this belief in anything. In fact, it is doubtful if they venture resolutely to press a single issue; as soon as they raise one they shrink from it and seek to explain it away. Such an attitude is the probably inevitable result of the effort to improvise convictions; for when thus improvised, it is natural that they should be held in a tentative manner.

The party now in control of the government is troubled by no such difficulties. We do not have to guess at our own convictions, and then correct the guess if it seem unpopular. The principles which we profess are those in which we believe with heart and soul and strength. Men may differ from us; but they can not accuse us of shiftness or insincerity. The policies we have pursued are those which we earnestly hold as essential to the national welfare and repute. Our actions speak even louder than our words for the faith that is in us. We base our appeal upon what we have done and are doing, upon our record of administration and legislation during the last seven years, in which we have had complete control of the government. We intend in the future to carry on the government in the same way that we have carried it on in the past.

A party whose members are radically at variance on most vital issues, and if united at all, are only united on issues where their attitude threatens widespread disaster to the whole country, can not be trusted to govern in any matter. A party which, with facile ease, changes all its convictions

before election, can not be trusted to adhere with tenacity to any principle after election.

Continuing, the President points out that criticism of the government's action in the Panama affair "is simply criticism of the only possible action which could have secured the building of the canal; as well as the peace and quiet which we were, by treaty, bound to preserve along the line of transit across the Isthmus," and adds:

The service rendered this country in securing the perpetual right to construct, maintain, operate, and defend the canal was so great that our opponents do not venture to raise the issue in straightforward fashion; for if so raised there would be no issue.

Referring to Democratic criticism of the government's foreign policy—its alleged dangerous character—the President pertinently asks:

To what phase of our foreign policy, and to what use of the navy do our opponents object? Do they object to the way in which the Monroe Doctrine has been strengthened and upheld? Never before has this doctrine been acquiesced in abroad as it is now.

Do our opponents object to what was done in reference to the petition of American citizens against the Kishinev massacre? or to the protest against the treatment of the Jews in Roumania? or to the efforts that have been made in behalf of the Armenians in Turkey?

Do our opponents object to the fact that the international tribunal at The Hague was rescued from impotence, and turned into a potent instrument for peace among the nations?

Do our opponents object to the settlement of the Alaska boundary line?

Do they object to the fact that after freeing Cuba we gave her reciprocal trade advantages with the United States, while at the same time keeping naval stations in the island and providing against its sinking into chaos, or being conquered by any foreign power?

Do they object to the fact that our flag now flies over Porto Rico?

Do they object to the acquisition of Hawaii? Once they "hailed down" our flag there; we have hoisted it again; do they intend once more to haul it down?

Do they object to the part we played in China? Do they not know that the voice of the United States would now count for nothing in the Far East if we had abandoned the Philippines and refused to do what was done in China?

Do they object to the fact that this government secured a peaceful settlement of the troubles in Venezuela two years ago?

Do they object to the presence of the ship-of-war off Colon when the revolution broke out in Panama, and when only the presence of this ship saved the lives of American citizens and prevented insult to the flag?

Do they object to the fact that American warships appeared promptly at the port of Beirut when an effort had been made to assassinate an American official, and in the port of Tangier when an American citizen had been abducted? and that in each case the wrong complained of was righted and expiated? and that within the last few days the visit of an American squadron to Smyrna was followed by the long-delayed concession of their just rights to those Americans concerned in educational work in Turkey?

Do they object to the trade treaty with China, so full of advantage for the American people in the future?

Do they object to the fact that the ships carrying the national flag now have a higher standard than ever before in marksmanship and in seamanship, as individual units, and as component parts of squadrons and fleets?

If they object to any or all these things, we join issue with them. Our foreign policy has been not only highly advantageous to the United States, but hardly less advantageous to the world as a whole. Peace and good will have followed in its footsteps. The government has shown itself no less anxious to respect the rights of others than insistent that the rights of Americans be respected in return. As for the navy, it has been and is now the most potent guarantee of peace; and it is such chiefly because it is formidable and ready for use.

These questions are simply unanswerable. A strong logical and consistent foreign policy is one of the chief glories of the administration. Referring to the famous pension order, the President asks his opponents if they will revoke it, if they come into power. "If not," he says, "then we have the right to ask why they raise an issue which, when raised, they do not venture to meet."

As to the coal strike, he shows that his course was far more conservative than that which the Democracy proposed—the seizing of the mines.

Regarding the monetary standard the letter says:

Being unable to agree among themselves as to whether the gold standard is a curse or a blessing, the Democrats have apparently deemed it expedient to avoid any commitment on the subject. . . . It is idle to say that the monetary standard is fixed so long as the party which cast forty-six per cent. of the total vote at the last election refuses to put into its platform any statement that the question is settled.

The President shows that Parker's "common-law" remedy for trusts is no remedy at all; but would simply mean inaction on the part of the government. A strong argument is made against the Democratic denunciation of tariff as "robbery," and the demand of the party for reciprocity is shown to be insincere. It is shown that the expenditures of the nation have been made economically, and "to cut down the expenses complained of, the irrigation policy must be abandoned, rural delivery abolished, inspection of meats done away with." It is shown that there is now only one soldier for every fourteen hundred people in this country—less than one-tenth of one per cent.—and the Democratic plea for reduction of the army is therefore absurd. Regarding the Philippines, the President said:

Our opponents promise independence to the Philippine Islands. Here again we are confronted by the fact that their irreconcilable differences of opinion among themselves, their proved inability to create a constructive policy when in power, and their readiness, for the sake of momentary political expediency, to abandon the principles upon which they have insisted as essential, conspire to puzzle us as to whether they do or do not intend in good faith to carry out this promise if they are given control of the government.

The letter is long but able; more aggressive than usually to be expected from a President, perhaps; a telling arraignment of Democratic inconsistency.



## IN VENETIAN PALACES.

Browning's Old Home A Vast, Stone Place—Interesting Relics of the Two Poets The Vandramini Palace—Portraits of Royalty—Beautifully Decorated Rooms.

Antonio had told us, by means of floods of Italian, his halt a dozen words of French, and much gesticulation, that the Rezzonico Palace was open to the public, the *proprietario* being somewhere in the country. It was good news, for not only is the Rezzonico Palace one of the most majestic in the length of the Grand Canal, but it is the home that Robert Browning bought for his old age, the place where he died, and now is the residence of his only son, that "Penini" who figures so constantly in the Browning letters.

One notices the great building as one comes down the canal, not alone because of its size and magnificence, but because it has a lived-in, prosperous, cared-for air. It is evidently not let out in apartments; there are no shops on the first floor. Oleanders in boxes flourish in long lines below its tiers of windows. Now and then a gondola is seen lying at the water stairs, or a man-servant may be observed looking down from one of the lofty windows on the life of the canal below.

As our gondola grated against the steps, the great doors of iron grill-work that shut in the lower hall were thrown open, and an ancient custodian stood hospitably smiling at us. He was a very nice old custodian, speaking French, and alluding with reverence to all that appertained to the dead *poète*. We passed at his heels through the enormous lower hall, which traverses the first story of almost all Venetian palaces. It was a vast stone place, cool, bare as a prison, echoing to our footsteps. The gondolas are housed in these halls, and nothing else seems to be kept there, unless sometimes a few statues or an old crumbling marble urn. They are almost on the water level, and must be very damp.

At the end of it a truly palatial stairway leads to the living apartments. It was a stairway for kings and queens to ascend, entirely of stone, of vast dimensions, and half way up, turning at right angles on itself. The ceiling was several stories above it, slightly painted in buff and white. On the landing, long windows opened on a prospect of slanting red-tiled roofs, trailing falls of creepers, the brushy tops of oleander and fig trees, and on an angle close to the palace wall was a shrine of the Madonna, lifted high above the surrounding houses, the figure standing unencumbered and upright against the blue Venetian sky.

This second story above the water is the great one of the Venetian palaces—the *appartamento signorile* is, I think, what it is called. Here are the apartments of state and ceremony, and sometimes the bedrooms of the heads of the family. On this story the ceilings are of an incredible loftiness, the rooms of a size befitting the word palace. There are no halls; one room leads to another, so that by leaving the doors open one gains a diminishing vista of stately length, the stone floors gleaming like ice, the tapestried or frescoed walls showing rich and dim in the side lights.

Throwing open a door our custodian ushered us into an enormous room, so large that one felt a tiny, stunted figure in its cool, still spaciousness. It was sparsely furnished, as is the case with almost all these state apartments. Their magnificence of frescoed ceilings, mosaic floors, and tapestried walls, draws such small matters as the useless pieces of furniture and the ornaments of our day to their proper degree of insignificance.

This was the only room I have seen in Venice with a hardwood floor—an innovation, I suppose, of its present owners. It was of a pale ochre yellow, and so highly polished that the legs of the chairs were reflected in it. Here and there on its glassy expanse a few dim-colored, napless rugs were scattered, and on them stood little groups of tables and chairs. Severely upright against the wall were some old Venetian arm-chairs, with gilded carvings surrounding seats, and backs of worn, green brocade. The ceiling and walls were frescoed in pale-colored allegories by Tiepolo—that last declining figure of the glories of the Venetian school. There were no pictures anywhere, no ornaments, and the groups of chairs and tables had a lost, lonely air in the great, bare stillness of the splendid chamber. A golden light poured in through windows that stretched from the floor to the ceiling, and were veiled by curtains of the same ochre yellow as the woodwork. Two enormous chandeliers of wrought metal, gilded and floriated in cunning designs, depended from the ceiling. They were a relic of the days when the Rezzonico family had owned the palace, and were three hundred years old.

From this a long vista of rooms stretched to the front of the building. There must have been five or six of them—sitting rooms, libraries, *salons*. All had the Venetian stone floors of a sort of variegated mosaic, and walls upon which different colored brocades were stretched. Souvenirs of the poet and his wife were on every side, portraits of them, busts, photographs of where they had lived. The pastelle head of Mrs. Browning that has been so often reproduced in magazines and books hung on one wall, the busts of herself and her husband, by W. W. Story, faced them. There was a painting of her as a rosy-faced, round-eyed English child, before the accident took place that made her an invalid. There were pictures of him, portraits

and photographs of portraits, at various stages up to the white-bearded, white-haired old man, quite bowed and aged, who used to retire to the primitive village of Asolo, leaving his palace vacant and shuttered.

The next place we set forth to see was the Vandramini-Calergli, a palace of royal splendor, just beyond the Rialto Bridge—a palace whose history goes far back and comes up to our own times. Nobles and kings have lived in this great gray pile, with the motto, "Non Nobis, Dominine, Non Nobis," written across its face. It was built for one of the illustrious Loredan family before Columbus discovered America. The Duke of Brunswick owned it, and then the Duke of Mantua. The Calergli acquired it, and, they becoming extinct in the male line, it passed to the Grimani, and from them to the Vandramini—all names to conjure with in the dark, dramatic annals of Venice. Finally a royal lady bought it—the Duchesse de Berri, she who was once the hope of the Bourbons, and lost a throne for a lover.

The walls of the Vandramini Palace have seen strange things. Its princely occupants were of the ages when to be a prince meant much. In the garden beside it, which has a small, secret door on the canal, the three Grimani brothers one dark night murdered one of the Querini, and threw his body into the water. The crime was found out, but the Grimani continued to flourish—why, nobody knows, save that they had some mysterious "pull." The garden is still there, and the door to the canal, with the slippery water steps, worn by the lapping currents and green with slime and weeds.

The custodian this time was a young man, exceedingly polite and well-mannered, who spoke a fluent Italian-French, and was an excellent cicerone. The present *proprietario* is the Ducca della Grazia, the son of the Duchesse de Berri by that second marriage which destroyed her cause and swept her far from the throne. Her son by her first marriage was Henry, Comte de Chambord, called by the French "Royalist Henry the Fifth of France." He has gone, and with him the hopes of a Bourbon succession. His half-brother, the present duke, appears to be a quiet, domestic man, who has seven children and prefers his Venetian palace to most places.

It is, after all, something to be royally descended. We followed our cicerone, two thoughtful, impressed republicans, from one magnificent room to another hung with the portraits of dead kings and queens. "The ancestors of Mme. la Duchesse," the young man observed, waving his hand to walls hung thick with painted faces, where the full, prominent eyes and hooked noses of the Bourbons were repeated many times. Then, with an indicating finger: "Louis Seize, dans ses robes de court," "Louis Quinze," "Le Grand Monarque," "M. le Comte D'Artois," "Charles Dix"—and then, pointing to a large picture alone on a stretch of wall, and representing a handsome, hawk-featured man on a rearing charger, "Le Roi Henri Quatre." That was the last touch of impressiveness. Could anything be more distinguished than being a lineal descendant of Henry of Navarre?

The rooms upon which these fading royalties looked down were very splendid, and at the same time more comfortable than the rooms of palaces generally. They were all hung with ancient Cordova leather, colored and gilded, and then both color and gilt mellowed by time into a melting richness of hue that no modern manufacturer can imitate or decorator reproduce. Chandeliers of Venetian glass hung from the ceilings. The pictures were collected in a few rooms. In the dining-room—the walls covered with a leather in dim bluish greens with delicate traceries of gilt—the only ornaments were four antique Venetian glass mirrors, each mirror throwing out a crystal branch which held three candles. The furniture in this room was of the Louis Quinze period, painted white and green, and upholstered in a dull-green brocade, much worn.

There were many souvenirs of the duchess—an ottoman in old-fashioned, cross-stitch, woolwork that she had made with her own hand; a set of Sevres mantel ornaments that had come to her from Marie Antoinette, who had owned them in the *Petit Trianon*; her bed of red mahogany, with the rolling head and footboard that are now coming back into fashion, and so wide that six people could have slept comfortably in it; finally, her portrait in her blooming maturity, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. We looked at it with deep interest. It had the slightly simpering air of its period, but if the duchess resembled it she must have been a delightful woman, one that could love herself and must have been loved many a time and oft before she retired to Venice and the making of woolwork ottomans.

The taste for seeing palaces had by this time developed in us into a passion, and on a wet Sunday afternoon we found ourselves ascending the water steps of the Grassi Palace on the Grand Canal. A light, gentle rain fell persistently from a bulging leaden sky. It was a warm, sad, gray day, for which Venice, dreaming among its canals, seemed a fitting background. The Grassi Palace dripped from all its cornices, and stared out on the dripping cornices of its neighbor palaces from lines of windows, shuttered, dark, and indifferent. A child led us in, then ran before us through the vast, chill hallway into the court-yard, and called some one, its youthful voice echoing among the stone pillars and galleries.

I will always remember the Grassi Palace that wet afternoon as the acme of desolation. The court-yard

was open, and the soft, summer rain fell noiselessly on its stones. These were stained with green and worn away by the passing storms of heaven and the passing feet of humanity. Two large urns full of plants stood at one side, balanced on the other by two stone wells, gray and ancient-looking. A wide flight of stairs led from the court to the story above, and facing these, running round the gallery, was a curious painting in fresco by Loughi. It was a series of studies of carnival time, and was so painted that it had the appearance of being in relief, and at the first glance the figures, leaning over a painted balustrade, looked startlingly real.

A woman met us at the stairhead and conducted us through the rooms. She was a German, she told us, though she spoke French fluently and with a good accent. The gray sadness of the day without seemed to find an echo in the splendid, silent rooms within. Everything was chill, deserted, and lifeless. The chandeliers were shrouded in netting, the furniture covered with brown holland. It was all very handsome and in perfect condition, for the Grassi Palace was bought within the memory of man by one Sina, a Greek banker, and entirely restored. In the fullness of time Sina died, leaving a granddaughter who married the present *proprietario*, M. le Comte de—Something or Other. I did not catch the name. I asked if M. le Comte was often there, and the woman gave a rather melancholy shrug and said not often, sometimes for a week or two to take the sea bathing at the Lido; for the rest of the time the place was closed.

I supposed from this that M. le Comte rented it, and asked her if it was then to let. She gave a queer little smile, and said no, M. le Comte did not rent any of his houses. He had a good many and lived in some more than others. He had four castles in Austria, a mansion in Buda-Pesth, a town house in Vienna, a château in the south of France, and this palace in Venice, to which he seldom came. The count was an Austrian, and seemed to prefer his own country. It was exactly like an extract from a novel by Ouida, the woman herself being so perfectly in keeping, in her well-bred, melancholy dignity, with the splendors of M. le Comte. VENICE, August 24, 1904. GERALDINE BONNER.

## OLD FAVORITES.

HAWKINS BAR, BURNT RANCH P. O.,

TRINITY COUNTY, CAL., August 29, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly reprint the poem, "The Man With the Hoe," and oblige an old subscriber who, with others, desires the same? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

## The Man With the Hoe.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting.)

"God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him."—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—  
More tongued with curse of the world's blind greed—  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immortal infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries?

—Edwin Markham.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York has purchased, at a cost of \$300,000, and placed on exhibition, the collection of armor and arms made by Maurice de Talleyrand, Duc de Dino. The collection consists of about 300 pieces, and the Duc de Dino spent nearly fifteen years gathering it.

The world's record in grouse shooting was made at Broomhead, near Sheffield, in England, recently, Rymington Wilson and eight companions, and slaughtered 2,748 birds in one day.



## THE ROOTS OF SACRIFICE.

A Tale of Tangled Purposes.

Dr. Robert Morse sat on his front porch at dusk, the breeze no menace to him. So long it was since he left Indiana that his California life was reared around him like a beautiful ground-glass bowl, and seldom did he see out of it.

Now, to break the bowl, came the telegraph messenger, wheeling under the umbrella trees. When the doctor took the telegram he thought that it concerned a patient in Riverside, but by the sunset glow he made out these words:

DOCTORS decide David must spend a year in California. I shall come with him at once. Could you find us a house? See letter.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

MARIAN APPLETON.

"Well, well," murmured he, and sank down deeply in his chair. The papyrus by the porch railing waved its green hair over his propped-up feet. And then again, "Well, well; Aunt Marian."

So, temporarily, the ground-glass bowl of his California life was broken, and he saw, with the eyes of his heart, old days in Evansville, the whitish Ohio, Aunt Marian, and one old gray-green gown she wore. Of a sudden the messenger-boy came again, emerging from the dusk.

"I thought that you were gone," said Morse.

"I was; it's another one."

"Oh; then I'll hear from my Riverside man after all." The doctor was forced to turn on the electric light which hung from the ceiling of the porch.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Doctor thinks Marian must come to California for a year. Her case serious. I leave with her at once. Rent us a cottage. See letter.

DAVID APPLETON.

Three days later Mrs. Morse took the two epistles out of the mail-box together, just as Morse came out from lunch to see. She was a thin, dark woman, always seeking external activities, chiefly in the way of lodge.

"Here they are," said she, "ready to swoop down upon us with hardly a warning!"

"Shame," said the doctor. "Susanna, they haven't demanded a thing of you." And he opened Aunt Marian's letter:

DEAR ROBERT: You see with what faith I turn to you in trouble. Poor David, there can be no longer doubt, has tuberculosis. The doctor advises me to take him West at once, and how could I hear to go where he doesn't know a soul? When you're getting along in years it's very hard to pull up roots. We can't be transplanted like younger people; wherever we pull away we bleed. Of course, it is a terrible sacrifice for me to turn my back on the old home and the whole of life. But how glad I am to do it for him! If there is anything near you to rent get it for us. A little cottage, with lawn and flowers to work with, would be good for David. For you need not expect him to act like an invalid. He moves about and enjoys himself, and is still that lovely character you knew him. We reach you at 3:30 p. M. May 23d.

Yours as ever,

AUNT MARIAN.

P. S.—One important thing I forgot. We never have spoken much of his disease. I make it a point not to mention the word. I like to keep his mind wholly off it, and shall ask you not to talk at all as though he were ill.

"Rather a mysterious old pair," said Susanna. "Now let's hear Uncle David's version":

DEAR BOB: The dreaded lung trouble is getting its hold on Marian. I can deny the truth no longer. The doctor and I fixed it up without her consent to get her West for a year. Are there cottages? I tell you, old boy, this is a tough pull for me. An old codger can't pull up roots like a young one. But I'd go into the heart of Africa for her, and she's as patient about it as can be—never even mentions the disease. Neither do I. I make it a point not to talk about it, and shall ask you to do the same. You won't find her so hard as really to act the invalid, you know. I'm completely pulling up stakes, and have sold out the steamers. Do you remember how you used to go up the Tennessee on the *Nisbet* and keep track of the peanuts and cotton? Marian and I talk those old times over. Bob, she's the same noble woman.

Yours affectionately,

DAVID APPLETON.

The day of the arrival was a hard one for Mrs. Morse—with preparation of the rented cottage—though Mrs. Morse was addicted to hard ones. To have more to do than she could was her habit.

The little yellow house smiled at the new-comers as only California houses smile. When the trio descended from the bus at the door, Marian Appleton's beautiful face was lit with pensive happiness.

"Oh, Robert," she said, "this lovely little spot. The very place for him!"

She was a lady of fifty, gentle, fine of feature, with soft eyes. So pretty and young she looked that Morse, carried into the past, stood forgetful of all else, till she touched his elbow, and whispered: "Won't you please carry the valise for David? The journey has been weary. I have to watch all those little things."

The doctor seized the baggage in one hand and Uncle David's fat arm in the other, and the two followed the women, Appleton putting his gray whiskers to Morse's ear, and whispering: "We won't see your place till to-morrow, Bob, old boy; we'll go to bed early to-night—she needs the rest."

"Yes," said the doctor, mildly. "Susanna and I understand." And the fascination of this, his most curious psychological study, was paramount to Morse.

After supper, when he stood smoking in the dark of the porch, he felt an arm go round his waist, and turning could barely see Aunt Marian's white countenance.

"Now, Robert, my dear, I know you will understand—I think David would better retire at once. And then," she smiled, dreamily, "it is a strain on me to seem cheerful, you know. Good-night, dear boy, and thanks a thousand times! At what hour shall I come to your office to-morrow to consult you about David?"

The doctor suggested nine, and she glided into the sitting-room; then through a side door issued David Appleton, and came to him with an air of secrecy, whispering: "Bob, you'll excuse us now, won't you?—you see, Marian ought to go to bed. I want to be careful of her, old boy. Say, when could I drop up—on the sly, you know—to see you about her?"

There was something pathetic about this—out of the dusk the old man's face shone with yearning. How they seemed to depend upon Morse! He meditated; he fell into the tender strategy, and said: "About ten, Uncle David; about ten I should say—not before."

"Good-night," Appleton said; "you see," and he yawned, "this thing of being jolly when I feel so anxious about her—"

The doctor's office was a shiny and new one on the second floor of a handsome block. Next day she came in hastily, with dainty, quick furtiveness.

"I just ran away. I thought, you know, I'd make some little excuse. Now—tell me all that he must do. Did you observe him last night?"

The doctor placed a chair for her and donned his profoundest manner. "I took in all the symptoms," he said. "Not a serious case. He must get out of doors. He must be interested in the lawn and the flowers. That is all—not a drop of medicine."

She smiled happily over that. "I've already done it!" she said. "He's digging around the roses now; and do you know, I am sure the blessed, unselfish man will come here secretly to consult you about himself. You see he does not wish to worry me. It is beautiful how he will not let me talk of it. And of course," she folded her hands, "I humor him in that. When he comes, just act as though—palely shone her face—"as though you hadn't seen me at all. And by the way," now she had walked to the window and spoke in quite an off-hand manner, "you had better give me something for this little cough of mine, now that I'm here."

"I noticed it," the doctor said. "You may take—"

"Oh, it doesn't amount to anything," she hastened to say; and turned a wistful look on him.

"No, no," he answered. "People often take—hm—take little colds when they change the climate. Use this—the directions are on the— Now it would encourage Uncle David in staying out of doors if you could take a little interest in the lawn and flowers."

She cast a quick eye of delicate suspicion, bright and blue, at him; but his face had a pleasant reassurance.

"Yes," she murmured, "I had planned to dig up some ferns. Good-by; now mind, we'll humor him by not telling him that I came. You see he'd think that I thought that he thought it more serious than he thinks it is with him!"

Morse was busy with other patients when Uncle David, puffing and weary, came up the stairs and in; but at length, the office being cleared, Appleton said, full of a kindly strategy: "Bob, I wanted to hear your opinion about her. She's been here this morning—ha, ha—you needn't conceal it, you know. It's an unselfish bit of fiction on her part; she doesn't want to worry me. You see, if she thought I knew she came, she would be afraid I thought she knew—I understood—hang it, it is mixed, you see; but she would be afraid, if I knew that she was consulting you about herself, that I'd think it worse than she thinks it is. Bob, she's the most thoughtful of women!"

"Her case is mild," said Morse, shrewdly. "I think the climate alone will cure her. The point is," and he laid his hand on his uncle's shoulder, "to keep her at light exercise out of doors. Get her interested in the lawn, and the flowers, and things."

"Good," said Uncle David; "I'm on the right track, then. I have her started in a bed of ferns. You see—oh, I'm a clever old nag—you see, I led her into it by pitching into the roses myself."

"You have the idea," said Morse.

"I might take a little something for this cold while I'm here," said Uncle David.

"A little of this," said Morse.

"Thanks—change of climate, you know," Uncle David explained, breezily. "One will get a little—ah—tickling in the throat."

"The Pullman cars are draughty," assented Morse.

"Now you won't mention, old man, that I consulted you about her? You see she'd think I was worried. And then another thing; we'll have the little joke to ourselves, about her thinking that I don't know that she comes about herself, you know. I like to humor her in that, Bob."

The days of tender deceit, sacrificial dodging, went on; and the health of uncle and aunt improved. Their complicated affair was pronounced exasperatingly simple by Susanna, who even called them—(when she had seen Aunt Marian's cough leave a tiny scarlet stain on the lady's handkerchief, which caused the lady to slip into the kitchen and burn the tell-tale article with a lovely air of secrecy and happiness)—Susanna called them a pair of fools.

But Morse began to comprehend what a strain the little fictions were on both of his patients—how hard it was, after weeks, for Uncle David really to pretend to his wife that he did not know, and how lonesome it was to her to continue in this effort of not showing that she knew. So he resolved upon a little strategy of his own to cut the gentle tangle.

On a pleasant day in December, she for the hundredth time slipped into Morse's office, the same daintiness as of a girl in all her manner. Some faint bloom of increasing health was on her cheek.

"Robert, my dear," she said, "do you know, the climate is even benefiting me—who didn't need it!" She laughed a little over that. "I am much more sprightly, I assure you, when I climb the stairs. But, oh, the blessed thing about it is that David is indeed improving."

"I hope," said Morse, who had an intriguing eye to-day, "that you can make up your minds to stay."

She turned quite pale, but came bravely to it, and said: "That's what I wish to talk about, Robert. I want to begin to persuade him now. And I wish you to inculcate it gradually into his mind. For truly I see that he must never return to Indiana."

"Good!" said Morse. "And then, of course, you're beginning to feel at home."

She caught eagerly at this.

"True," she said. "The people are so kind. Though, of course, his loneliness at first was—"

She broke abruptly off. There was a heavy tread upon the stairs, and the cough of one ascending. All at once she was in a gentle flutter, and the color fled from and to her face.

"It's David!" she cried.

"Here—quick," the doctor said; and almost as though he were a lover concealing his fair one in a bower, he led her to a large screen.

"Bob, old boy," said Uncle David, tramping in, a flush upon his face, "let's settle this matter and have done. I've made up my mind. Of course, I'm mighty lonesome at times, but really, now, she oughtn't to go back to Indiana. We'll begin to persuade her to stay."

"I've already begun," he said, "gently to hint 'You're beginning to feel—hm—a little more settled, Uncle David?'"

"Well, there has been many a time," he said, "when homesickness would have carried me back, if I hadn't been doing it for her."

Again the doctor smiled. "Yes," he said, in the encouraging way that leads to reminiscence.

"You see," the older man continued, and laid his hand on his iron gray beard, "when first I found that I'd have to bring her here, I determined to make whatever sacrifice for her Providence might decree. And, Bob—I've done it gladly. Then, things are pleasant here; the people are hospitable, you know. And most of all," his eyes lighted up, "she's getting well. Why, I declare, the climate's even doing me good—me, who didn't need it! And as for her, Bob, old boy," he leaned forward and tapped the doctor's leg, "I'd go to the heart of China if it was best for her."

There was a little gurgle and a little cry beyond the screen; and then she came suddenly from behind it. She was a very picture of most beautiful bewilderment. Her lips were parted; her cheeks were alternately blanched and blushing. Before her breast she clasped her hands, and cried with passionate mixture of adoration and chagrin: "Oh, David!"

From the doctor's office they walked home arm in arm under the acacia and umbrella trees—the first time that they had walked thus, from Robert's office to their little California home, together. Uncle David wore a sheepish look, while her fair face was oddly flushed. But they did not speak.

They went in, where the roses, the ferns, the purple catarract of a bougainvillea vine made welcome at the cottage door. She put her arms around him; and she laid her cheek upon his breast.

"David," she murmured, "you didn't—you didn't do it all for me?"

"Why, Marian, it wasn't anything. You knew that I'd do anything on earth for you."

"But then," she faltered, "there wasn't anything—much—the matter with me."

He had a look of great relief.

"No, Marian, and what little there was is getting better, you know."

She was silent for a while.

"Oh, David," she said, "you made all that great sacrifice for me."

"Pish—it wasn't any more than you would have done for me," he replied.

Again she was still a long time. But her heart was rising to reveal itself. The woman in her could not bear to be unknown so long.

"David," she said.

"What is it, Marian?" said Uncle David.

"I think—I think you, too, didn't understand. I came just for you, too. You see, there wasn't anything—the matter—with me."

He stared down at her with blank astonishment. He fingered her hair.

"Why, Marian!—why, Marian!" He could say no more, but stood scrutinizing the past year, now illumined for him. "Marian," he said at last, "there wasn't anything much the matter with me."

"I know—I know—but, oh, I was so glad to come for it," she said.

After a long time he comprehended.

"To think—you made such a sacrifice for me."

"David," she said, smiling up, "we couldn't understand if we hadn't both made it alike, could we?"

"No," he said. "I seem to see it all different now, about staying. The place where you did all that for me," he gazed about, "I don't believe I could leave that place."

"So had I, too, begun to feel," she said. "It seems that sacrifice takes root!"

CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1904.



## NEW YORK'S NEW SHOWS.

Opening of Gotham's Dramatic Season— "The Duke of Killierankie"  
Presented by John Drew and Company Lulu Glaser in  
New Musical Comedy—Minor Attractions.

The dramatic season, which has had as a prelude the staging of several musical comedies of the usual order—innocuous and unoriginal—was really opened on Monday night with "The Duke of Killierankie" at the Empire Theatre as the leading attraction. A brilliant first-night audience attended, and heartily voiced approval of the play and players.

"The Duke of Killierankie" is by Captain Robert Marshall, to whom we should all be grateful for past favors—for he it was who wrote "A Royal Family," and gave us an opportunity to see Annie Russell at her best. In my opinion it was Captain Marshall's best, too; for, clever as this last piece is, it is more broad in its humor than "A Royal Family." It is more farcical—more provocative in parts of shouts than chuckles; and its love-story is not so engaging, so sympathy-compelling, or so daintily set forth as is that of the princess and her prince. Yet its humor is refined, keen, and subtle; its dialogue extremely witty; its plot clever, if not quite sane; and its situations unexpected and vastly funny.

The story, briefly told, is this: The Duke of Killierankie, impersonated by Drew, loves Lady Henrietta Addison, to whom refusing him has become a habit. The duke resorts to strategy, and has a telegram sent to the lady informing her that her aunt is sick in the Scotch highlands. Through bribing railway guards and others, he has her landed, before she suspects the plot, in his mountain castle. There she finds, as other guests, Pitt-Welby, an impecunious and rather silly M. P., and a rich widow, Mrs. Mulholland, who is the suspicious and unreciprocative object of the M. P.'s affection. She, too, has been lured to the castle by Pitt-Welby at the instance of the duke, who realizes that the situation demands a chaperon—but who, alas, does not know that the two women hate each other most enthusiastically. The first dinner at the castle discloses that fact, and throws both men into a temporary panic. It is an intensely humorous scene—two women acting cattishly toward each other, two men full of perturbation at this unexpected turn in events, and wondering if time will really pass pleasantly. It is not until after the dinner that the women discover that they are captives, and can not leave until they have promised to marry their captors. Then they bury their differences, and put their heads together to devise some means of escape. They remain prisoners for a week, during which time they plan all sorts of impossible methods of reaching the outer world, and refuse to be comforted by the entertainment offered them. But, unexpectedly, each finds that she loves the man she has repulsed—and each woman discovers the other's secret. The men, unaware of this change in feeling, decide at the end of the week upon a bold move. They will inspire love by pretended indifference. So Lady Henrietta and Mrs. Mulholland are told that they are free to go—that a week of association with them has killed the love that had been consuming the duke and the M. P. The widow, with less pride than Lady Henrietta, flatly informs the M. P. that he must marry her. Lady Henrietta tries to go bravely. But by the open gate her lip quivers, her pride breaks down, and she takes shelter in the arms that have waited so long for her. It is a beautiful closing scene, not unexpected, of course, but sweet and tender, of the sentimental character that makes young and susceptible hearts go pitapat.

As the duke, John Drew has a better part than was given him in "Richard Carvel" or in "Captain Dieppe." In short, it is a John Drew part, and his playing of it is almost perfect. His English accent is not of the best, he poses a little, he descends once or twice to low-comedy tricks. But for the most part he plays with a rich and subtle humor, with the exuberance, the mingled dash and nonchalance, that have always marked his work.

But the best thing about the play is that it has four good parts, and four excellent players. Ferdinand Gottschalk as the shambling, hesitating, blundering, chicken-brained M. P., has a difficult part, but he masters it with wonderful skill, accentuating the humor, bringing out every point perfectly. Fanny Brough as the widow Mulholland wins more than her share of the laughs. She attacks her part with vim and energy, and squeezes every tinge of the author's meaning out of the lines that fall to her. And Margaret Dale, barring some rather stiff and expressionless intervals, lends to the full her charming personality and her dainty methods to her rôle. She plays with grace, charm, and distinction, and shares fully in the applause given to this fantastic absurdity—this medieval story in a modern setting.

But "The Duke of Killierankie" is not the only new thing in town. At the Knickerbocker Theatre, Lulu Glaser is the star in "A Madcap Princess," a musical comedy version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." It is by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Laglunder, and they have built the entire adaptation upon the character of Mary Tudor, with Miss Glaser as the turgid, turgid of Tudor temper. It is strictly a Glaser comedy—so much so that the actress is over-looked to an extent that makes one wonder whether

she can keep up the pace. She is in the limelight nearly all the evening. Yet I have never seen her more sprightly, lively, or vivacious. She sings with freedom and spirit, and wears her tights most dashingly. William Prunette does well with the little opportunity that the part of King Hal affords him. The other characters are even less important than his. There is nothing striking about the music, but the whole piece is clean, wholesome, and, if not brilliant, yet sparkling and tuneful enough to be entertaining.

Then we have "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—hardly a play, but more a vehicle for character study and homely philosophy, with the former predominating. The honors go to Helen Lowell, as the shrinking, incompetent, prudish Miss Hazy, a character pitifully pathetic as well as broadly comical; and to Will T. Hodge, as the worthless, loutish, good-natured fellow who finally finds a haven of ease and rest. Both of these characters are played with fine discrimination and balance, and redeem the play from triviality. Madge Carr Cook is only fairly good as Mrs. Wiggs, and Mabel Taliaferro as Lovey Mary is somewhat submerged.

Last—and least—we have "The Spellbinder," a rather awful example of comedy and melodrama most inartistically mixed; and "The Rogers Brothers in Paris," good of its kind, but not essentially different from Rogers Brothers in various other places.

We have good things in store for next week: Faversham in Pinero's "Lettie" and Cecilia Loftus in Zangwill's "The Serio-Comic Governess."

New York, September 7, 1904.

FLANEUR.

## Balfour's Explanation.

At the meeting of the British Association, held August 17th, Prime Minister Balfour, president of the body, declared that the deterioration of the British race during the past half-century had been proved by statistics, and asserted that it was brought about by the close approach to universal education, which tends, he thinks, to a deterioration of the breed. He says that the facilities afforded by gratuitous education for rising from the lowest to the highest class tend in that direction, because the low-class men who profit by those facilities to raise themselves to the upper or middle class are almost certain to marry in the class to which they have arisen. The children, therefore, are liable to inherit from the mother the physical qualities of the higher or middle class, among which prolificness is not included. It follows that the children of the very men who best justify by their success the educational system tend to lower the birth-rate. In the second place, by learning to read, the children of agricultural laborers are made acquainted with the opportunities of improving their condition offered in urban communities. Of these opportunities they would have remained in ignorance a century ago. It is, however, the most energetic part of the rural population that profits by the knowledge of wider opportunities, and either drifts to the cities or emigrates. It is the less vigorous and less adventurous who remain in the rural districts, and it is upon them that the burden of perpetuating the race tends more and more to be thrown. Hence an apparently irresistible tendency of the race to deteriorate, both in quantity and quality.

The connection that exists between Port Arthur and a peaceful village in Devonshire is little known. Half a century ago, the rector at Atherington was Rev. James Arthur, the father of Lieutenant W. Arthur, R. N., and great-uncle of the present rector, Rev. W. W. Arthur; and Lieutenant Arthur was, somewhere about 1859, sent in command of the gunboat *Algerine* into Chinese waters. The *Algerine* was attached to a surveying expedition prior to the landing made by the English and French in 1860; and when the flagship *Acteon* was disabled, Lieutenant Arthur towed her into the then unnamed harbor, which was thenceforth known as Port Arthur. Lieutenant Arthur afterward attained the rank of rear-admiral.

The census of 1900 reports that 29,000,000 of the people of the United States are "engaged in gainful occupations." Upon that basis the number so engaged to-day is probably about 32,000,000. This includes proprietors and professional men, as well as employees of all kinds. One-third of the number is represented by farmers and agricultural laborers, owners, renters, and farm hands. Women and girls constitute about twenty per cent. of the total number.

The Rocky Ford, Colo., cantaloupes are acknowledged to be the finest in the market, and Eastern epicures eagerly await their arrival. Beginning about the first of May, so-called Rocky Ford melons are shipped from various points of the Union, but it is not until about the middle of August that the genuine are shipped. The first crate to reach Chicago contained fourteen melons, and was sold for twenty dollars.

The *Japan Mail* of Tokio sympathizes with the warless war-correspondents. It says: "The unfortunate war-correspondents in Tokio are said to be at length losing patience and becoming antagonized. Many hard-working, competent men are threatened with permanent loss of the reputations they have built up by years of toil. It is very hard."

## FASHODA.

Colonel Marchand's Own Story of the Historic Meeting—Lord Kitchener as a Diplomatist—"Let Us Have a Whisky and Soda."

In the Paris *Figaro* for August 26th, Colonel Marchand for the first time gives a detailed account of the incidents attending his historic meeting with Lord Kitchener at Fashoda in the autumn of 1898.

Kitchener had taken Khartoum; Marchand, journeying from the French Congo country eastward, had reached Fashoda. The question was, To which country, France or England, did control of the Soudan belong? Marchand had explored it. Kitchener had conquered part of it. The possession of the Soudan seemed to hang as in a balance. It was at this moment that communication was established between the British and Colonel (then captain) Marchand's force, and at length a flotilla of ten steamers filled with Egyptian troops appeared before Fashoda, and a British officer (Lord Edward Cecil) landed, and invited Colonel Marchand to pay a visit to the general in command.

Proceeding to the Sirdar's steamer, Colonel Marchand found him standing on the bridge, and after salutes had been exchanged, Lord Kitchener came forward with outstretched hand and, begging him to be seated, congratulated him on his achievement.

"Then, speaking slowly in French, with a strong English accent," writes Colonel Marchand, "he said:—

"Major, I am the Sirdar of the Egyptian army, commanding in the name of his Highness the Khedive and of the Sublime Porte. I have come to regain possession of the territory belonging to his Highness the Khedive."

"General," I replied, "I am Captain Marchand, of the French army. I have come here by order of the French Government."

"There is no English general here, major. I am Sirdar of the Egyptian army. I act solely for his Highness the Khedive and the Sublime Porte, who are reconquering their dominions. I have come to plant the Egyptian flag here."

"General, Egypt had abandoned these territories and renounced its sovereign rights over them. France never recognized this renunciation."

"What are your plans, major?"

"I am awaiting instructions from my government, general."

"You do not wish to withdraw after your magnificent explorations?"

"No, general. I am waiting for orders."

"It is a long time since you had news from France."

"A few months, general. My orders are to wait here."

"Major, I will place my boats at your disposal for you to return to Europe by the Nile."

"General, I thank you, but I can not accept your offer. I await orders from my government."

"Many events have happened since you started."

"Whatever may have happened, general, France, which is not accustomed to abandon her officers, will send me orders."

"I must plant his Highness the Khedive's flag at Fashoda, major."

"I am ready to hoist it myself, general, over the village."

"Over the fort, major."

"That I can not permit, general, for the flag of France flies there."

"And supposing my instructions direct me to hoist his highness's flag over the fort?"

"I should be bound to offer resistance, general."

"Are you aware, major, that this business may produce war between France and England?"

I bowed without reply. General Kitchener rose from his seat. He had grown pale. I, too, got up from my seat. He cast a glance at his large flotilla, where the men were packed together to the number of at least two thousand. Then he turned toward our fort, above which bayonets gleamed.

At the end of this inspection, the general raised his arm with a sweeping gesture above his vessels, then, letting his hand fall toward our fort, he said, slowly: "Supremacy, major—"

"Military supremacy, general, can only be established by fighting."

"You are right, major. But I must hoist the Khedive's flag. . . . You do not wish it on the fort?"

"It can not be, general: plant it above the village."

"I think, major, that our official interview is at an end now—"

"As you wish, general."

"Then," said he, suddenly returning to his most genial mood, "let us have a whisky and soda."

So we drank a whisky and soda together, Kitchener questioning me on my expedition, I interrogating him on his Omdurman victory.

Some moments later I left for the fort, when Kitchener came and returned my visit. I gave him champagne, and he told me news of France.

At this interview, Colonel Marchand goes on to say, he learned of the fall of the French ministry, and with it of M. Hanotaux, the foreign minister, who had dispatched him on his mission. Lord Kitchener and Lord Edward Cecil found some difficulty in giving the details for which Colonel Marchand eagerly inquired, and, confessing his inability to explain the Dreyfus case to a man who had never heard of it, the former promised to send some French papers. Then he had the Khedive's flag hoisted over the village, and returned with his troops to Khartoum.

In a subsequent interview in *Figaro*, Colonel Marchand explains why he thought he had a good chance of successfully resisting the British force.

"It is true," he says, "that I had only one hundred and eighty Soudanese riflemen and two guns, but we were covered by stone and clay walls over sixteen feet thick, and lay in an inaccessible position. Those who attempted to land on the treacherous 'sudd' which lined the bank," he adds, "would have been shot down by hundreds."

As it turned out, however, all Marchand's firmness and courage was lost to France through the policy of the then administration, which, after a period of diplomatic negotiation with England, during which the two countries were several times on the verge of war, finally assented to British demands.



## GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT FOLK.

Creevey on the Failings and Frivolities of the Aristocracy of a Hundred Years Ago—Nicknames of Nobility—Anecdotes of Napoleon, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Others.

The love for backstairs' gossip about great men and noted, if not good, women, is indicated by the great popularity of the work entitled "The Creevey Papers," which was brought out in two volumes last year, and which has already passed through seven or eight editions, and is now reprinted in a single compact volume of some seven hundred pages.

Thomas Creevey, to whom were written, and who wrote, the letters here printed, and who is also the author of the fragmentary diary given, was a politician of some importance about the time of the Napoleonic wars. He was a droll, clever fellow; knew intimately Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Pitt, and was an intimate of the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth. When he wrote, he wrote vigorously; was a good hater; was ever curious about the lives and deeds of his party leaders or his opponents; and preserved all the letters he received and copies of those he wrote, one-fiftieth of which are now published.

The degree of intimacy in which he was with the nobility of Britain is indicated by the nicknames he uses for great folk. In his letters, Lord Brougham was variously "Beelzebub," the "Arch-Fiend," and "Wicked-Shifts"; Lord Grenville was "Bogey"; William the Fourth was "Our Billey"; the Duke of Rutland was "Cheerful Charlie"; the Earl of Carlisle was "Goosierump"; the Earl of Darlington was "Niffy-Naffy"; and Mary Amelia, Marchioness of Salisbury, was "Old Sally."

It is interesting to note that then, as now, great newspapers were suspected of being in the pay of the powerful. Under date of November, 1802, Creevey writes:

The Grenvilles are in great spirits; the *Morning Post* and the *Morning Chronicle*, too, are strongly suspected of being in their pay, and to-day it is said Count Grenville is to be started as Speaker against Abbott.

Writing on the same date, Creevey retails a spicy bit of gossip about Bonaparte:

He [Napoleon] became, therefore, the fashion, and was asked to meet good company, and he was asked to Tallien's to put him next the widow Beauharnois, that he might vex Hoche, who was then after her and her fortune. Mme. Tallien did so, and the new lovers were married in ten days. She was never Barras's mistress; Mme. Cadarrus (Tallien that was) told Mackintosh that was calumny, for that she herself was his mistress at that very time.

They were still talking of the revolution in England, and Creevey tells how Mackintosh told him that he heard at a dinner in Paris that Senator Fouché (who was present at the dinner) used to "ride full gallop to preside at some celebrated massacre, with a pair of human cars stuck one each side of his hat."

It is amusing to note Creevey's comment on the breaking out of war between England and France. "Was it not lucky," he writes, "that I sold out at 74 3/4? They are to-day about 64." Consols, evidently. It is such little touches as this that reveal the man. Very human, too, is this hit from a letter, written in 1803:

I have been attending your aunt, Mrs. Eaton, who was very ill, but is recovered. I was to have written to you about the time she got better, but neglected it. But in answer to her earnest inquiries, I delivered your love (God forgive me) and your congratulations on her recovery. I said everything kind and civil to Eaton, too, so that you are not to pretend that you did not hear of her illness. But you are now to write a few lines, either to him or her, as soon as convenient, saying what you see fit on so affecting an occasion—now do not forget this.

Here is a casual picture of that amiable statesman, Charles Fox:

You would be perfectly astonished at the vigor of body, the energy of mind, the innocent playfulness and happiness of Fox. The contrast between him and his old associates is the most marvelous thing I ever saw—they having all the air of shattered debauchees, of passing gaming, drinking, sleepless nights, whereas the old leader of the gang might really pass for the pattern and the effect of domestic good order.

Some of the Creevey invective directed at political opponents is unprintable. But here is a sample of his milder manner upon the meeting of Parliament after the declaration of war. The "Doctor" referred to is Premier Addington:

Think only what a day Monday or Tuesday will be in the House of Commons! and think likewise what a damn'd eternal fool the Doctor must turn out to be. Upon my soul! it is too shocking to think of the wretched destiny of mankind in being placed in the hands of such pitiful, squinting politicians as this accursed Apothecary and his family and friends!

But Creevey could be fair to opponents even while hating them. He speaks of the elder Pitt by many endearing terms, as "such a beast as Pitt," etc. But he granted him ability, as witness this description of a debate in the Commons:

Then came the great fiend himself—Pitt—who, in the elevation of his tone of mind and composition, in the infinite energy of his style, the miraculous perspicuity and fluency of his periods, outdid all former performances of his. Never, to be sure, was there such an exhibition; its effect was dreadful. He spoke nearly two hours—all for war, and for war without end.

Creevey saw a great deal of Sheridan. "We dined together several times," he writes in one place, "got a little bosky, and he took great pains to convince me that he was sincere and confidential with me." In fact, Creevey is continually telling of dinners where he or other guests got drunk, and of affairs with women. It was a robust, violent-speeched, hard-drinking, free-

loving age. For example, the morals of the navy might be indicated by this passage from a letter written by Captain Moore from on board the *Indefatigable*:

If there is to be a war with Spain, it would be well to let us know of it before we sail, as money—although nothing to a philosopher—is something to me. I am growing old, and none of the women will have me now if I can not keep them in style, and you know there is no carrying on the war ashore in the peace, when it comes, without animals of that description.

Creevey refers to Brogden and Colonel Porter, on the very next page, as "two cursed rum touches," and further down tells of a dinner with a political opponent, where "we all got to loggerheads directly, and jawed and drank till twelve or one o'clock, and I suppose I was devilish abusive, for they are all as shy as be damned of me ever since."

Of another dinner Creevey writes:

So, of course, I stayed, and about one o'clock the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Norfolk, and myself, sat down to a supper of broiled bones, the result of which was that, having fallen asleep myself, I was awake by the sound of the Duke of Norfolk's snoring. I found the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence in a very animated discussion as to the particular shape and make of the wig worn by George the Second.

An elevating scene! A few pages further along, Creevey tells of a duel fought by Sheridan over a woman, which affords quite a contrast to the bloodless affairs of honor that we hear of occasionally in the Latin countries:

Never was anything so desperate. Sheridan's sword broke in a point-blank thrust into Mathews's breast; upon this he closed, and they both fell, Mathews uppermost; but, in falling, his sword broke likewise, sticking into the earth and snapping. However, he drew the sharp end out of the ground, and with this he stabbed Sheridan in the face and body, over and over again, till it was thought he must die. . . . There was a regular proceeding before the mayor of Bristol, on the ground that Mr. Mathews had worn some kind of armor to protect him, which broke Sheridan's sword.

Creevey gives an interesting picture of the crabbed old Lord Thurlow:

Thurlow was always dressed in a full suit of clothes of the old fashion, great cuffs and massive buttons, great wig, long ruffe, etc.; the black eyebrows exceeded in size any I have ever seen, and his voice, though by no means devoid of melody, was a kind of rolling, murmurous thunder. Two or three hours were occupied by him at dinner in laying in wait for any unfortunate slip or ridiculous observation that might be made by any of his male visitors, whom, when caught, he never left hold of, till I have seen the sweat run down their faces from the scrape they had got into. I took care, of course, to keep clear of him, and have often enjoyed extremely seeing the figures men cut who came with the evident intention of showing off before him. Curran, the Irish lawyer, was a striking instance of this. I dined with him at Thurlow's one day, and Thurlow made just as great a fool of him as he did formerly of Tooke. Sir Philip Francis, whom I knew intimately, and who certainly was a remarkably quick and thorough man, was perpetually vowing vengeance against Thurlow, and always fixing his time for "making an example of the old ruffian," either at the Pavilion or wherever he met him; but I have seen them meet, and though Thurlow was always ready for battle, Francis, who on all other occasions was as bold as a lion, would never stir.

Mrs. Creevey's letters are almost as interesting as her husband's. She tells of a ball that was nearly spoiled by the news of the death of Nelson, which kept many great folk at home. Speaking of the host and family, she writes:

The girl grin'd it off with the captain, but Johnstone had a face of perfect horror all night, and I think he was very near insane. I once lamented Lord Nelson to him, and he said: "Oh, shocking; and to come at such an unlucky time!"

Another of her letters to a feminine friend contains this amusing passage:

At two o'clock in the morning, that terrible Sheridan seduced Mr. Creevey into Brookes, where they stayed till four, when Sherry affectionately came home with him, and upstairs to see me. They were both so very merry and so much pleased with each other's jokes that, though they could not repeat them to me very distinctly, I was too much amused to scold them as they deserved.

We have chosen, for the purposes of this review, to quote mainly from the first part of "The Creevey Papers," but Creevey lived until the accession to the throne of Victoria, and he thus familiarly describes her personality:

Here comes in the queen, the Duchess of Kent the least bit in the world behind her, all the ladies in a row still more behind. . . . She was told by Lord Conyngham that I had not been presented, upon which a scene took place that to me was truly distressing. The poor little thing could not get her glove off. I never was so annoyed in my life, yet what could I do? But she blushed and laughed and pulled till the thing was done, and I kissed her hand. . . . Then to dinner. . . . The Duchess of Kent was agreeable and chatty, and she said, "Shall we drink some wine?" My eyes, however, were all the while fixed upon Vic. To mitigate the harshness of any criticism I may pronounce upon her manners. . . . I never saw a more pretty or natural devotion than she shows to her mother in everything, and I reckon this as by far the most amiable, as well as valuable, disposition to start with in the fearful struggle she has in life before her. Now for her appearance—but all in the strictest confidence. A more homely little being you never beheld when she is at her ease, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm everybody. Her voice is perfect, and so is the expression of her face when she means to say or do a pretty thing.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The "diamond hitch" is at once the pride of the West, and the despair of the tenderfoot. No cargo strapped onto a mule's back with it can possibly slip, no matter how rough the road. The invention of a Spanish muliteer, the hitch was first used in America by the Spaniards who conquered Mexico and looted the treasure houses of the Montezumas.

In 1903, German breweries manufactured 1,787,615,000 gallons of beer, or 133,085,230 gallons less than manufactured by the breweries of the United States.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Edward has approved the appointment of Earl Grey as governor-general of Canada, in succession to the Earl of Minto.

Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky is the name of the man reported to have been appointed to succeed M. de Plehve, assassinated.

A check for \$18,516.81 has been received by Admiral Dewey as his share of the prize money for the capture of Spanish ships and other property in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898.

John D. Rockefeller failed to make any donation to Chicago University at the autumn convocation this year. This is contrary to his custom for many years, and excites speculation.

Señora Algeria de Rayna, the widow of the former president of Guatemala, still continues to figure in the police courts. She was last heard of in London, where she was in court as complainant against some porters who were carrying her baggage, and who lost some of it. The porters testified that the lady was intoxicated at the time, and didn't know what was happening.

Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany—whose betrothal to the Duchess Cecilia, sister of the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has been announced—has been carefully trained in anticipation of the time when he may have to assume the heavy cares of government now borne by his father. He attained his twenty-first birthday on May 6, 1903.

Des Moines has a population of sixty-two thousand people, is the capital of Iowa, and has an ex-mayor who is a wonder. His name is James M. Brenton, and, to begin with, he weighs three hundred and ninety pounds. He began his career as a circus clown. Making and saving money he settled down in Iowa, and went into the ice business. Then the political hee began to buzz. He was elected county superintendent of schools of Polk County, which includes the city of Des Moines. He held that position for six years. He was then nominated by the Republicans of Des Moines for mayor, and elected, serving one term of two years. He aspired to Congress, but lost the election, and a week after opened up a saloon in Des Moines, taking his place behind the bar as chief mixologist. A few evenings ago he challenged "Jim" Parr, champion of England, to a wrestling match, and threw Parr in nine minutes, but the English champion took the two next falls in thirty minutes, so the mayor lost.

Former Judge William G. Riley, of Virginia, the only man in the history of the American consular service who did personal violence to the sovereign of the country to which he was accredited, is dead. Mr. Riley was appointed by Grant as consul to Zanzibar. He was presented to the sultan, but found that the sultana was the real power. Mr. Riley was informed that he would not be permitted to display the American flag over the consulate. But the flag did fly. Mr. Riley related that he shot to death with his fowling piece two members of a guard of soldiers sent to cut down the colors. The sultana sent word that if the flag flew twenty minutes longer she would haul it down in person. According to Mr. Riley's story, which he declared is authenticated by State Department records, the sultana charged the consulate with such desperation that he was obliged to fire upon her and her military escort, with the result that the sultana's robes were pierced by forty bird-shot and she was borne away, and was unable to sit beside her husband on the royal throne for many days. A commission was sent to Zanzibar to settle the incident. Mr. Riley remained there, and became *persona grata* at court and a favorite of the sultana. Senator Vest, of Missouri, made the "Zanzibar vendetta" famous by a version in which Mr. Riley shot the sultana, who persisted in bathing without a single garment in full view of the household of the American consulate.

William Allen White, the editor of the *Emporia* (Kan.) *Gazette* and the man who wrote "What's the Matter With Kansas?" and also the author of the words: "Kansas started in to raise hell and had an over-production," makes an interesting confession in his paper. "To-day," he writes, "is the *Gazette's* lucky day. Eight years ago to-day an article entitled 'What's the Matter With Kansas?' appeared in this paper, and good luck has been in the shop ever since. Since that time the *Gazette* has built and paid for a \$5,000 building; \$5,000 in new equipment; has bought and paid for a home for its editor; has multiplied its circulation by three; and has the reputation among collection agencies of having its lists collected up closer to date than any other country weekly in Kansas. 'What's the Matter With Kansas?' was a 'scratch shot.' It couldn't be duplicated. There wasn't an original idea or expression in the whole piece; it was merely what had been heard on the streets, in the office, and on trains. It was a mirror of the popular temper at that time. But it brought lots of luck, and the man who would go back on it wouldn't be much. Demand for it still continues, and two or three letters a week have come to the office inquiring for the article for the last year. The article has no more to do with present conditions in Kansas than a description of the Garden of Eden had to do with Jackson County, Mo., but nevertheless the article still goes."



## ONCE AGAIN, "THEY."

## A Suggestive Letter About Kipling's Story.

UNIVERSITY CLUB,  
SAN FRANCISCO, September 13th.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: We have one more question about "They." It concerns the climax of the whole story and your editorial of August 15th gives us no answer. Why is it that the stranger must never come again? What is the meaning of these words?

"You think it is wrong, then?" she cried, sharply, though I had said nothing.

"Not for you. A thousand times no. For you it is right. . . . I am grateful to you beyond words. For me it would be wrong. For me only."

"Why?" she said. . . . "Oh, I see," she went on as simply as a child. "Yes, for you it would be wrong. . . . You must never come here again."

What is this thing that is right for her, but wrong for him, that Kipling leads up to by such subtle, such painfully wrought, strokes? Is it that he must not communicate with the spirit of his dead child, that he thus resolves with the "very parting of spirit and flesh"?

Such is not our theory.

"They" is the story of a woman in whose nature the absence of one sense overstimulated the remaining four, and also, especially, the creative instinct. The passion for loving and being loved, the longing to have children of her own, are so strong that (as you have pointed out) she "draws down to her spirit children." In her own words (after telling how she filled the rooms with toys and left open the garden gate and kept the fire all night):

"I did all that and lots of other things—just to make believe. Then they came. I heard them; but I didn't know that they were not mine by right—till Mrs. Madden told me."

"The butler's wife? What?"

"One of them—I heard—she saw. Hers! Not for me. Afterward I began to understand that it was only because I loved them, not because. . . . Oh, you must bear or lose," she said, piteously.

Thus, the children that she heard were not hers. All the stifled longing of her mother-nature cried out to have the right. And so, discovering strong sympathy and something of the same child-passion in the stranger who stumbled across her pathway, the temptation comes to make him the means of giving her the right to have children of her own.

Now, as to what has gone before, her child-love has made her either consciously or unconsciously (it is not sure which) the cause of the wrong-doing of the butler and Jenny (the woman whose child died) because, when the butler discovered the blind woman's passion for children, and the fact that any children would be supported and protected by her, he considered that he had an excuse for letting them come into the world. This seems evident from Jenny's words:

"That sort," she said—"they're just as much to us dat has 'em as if dey was lawful born. Just as much—just as much! An' God He'd be just as pleased if you saved 'un, doctor. Don't take it from me! Miss Florence will tell 'ee de very same."

And later it appears:

Thanks to Miss Florence, the child had been buried with a pomp that, in Mrs. Madehurst's opinion, more than covered the small irregularity of its birth.

And now as to the "problem." The reason why the stranger must never come again is because he is fine-grained enough to see that what perhaps, poetically seems right for the blind woman would be wrong for him to share in. The little brushing kiss that fell in the centre of his palm "as the all-faithful, half reproachful signal from a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-up were busiest—a fragment of an old mute secret code devised very long ago"—the kiss of the spirit of his own dead child—makes him suddenly to understand the children of the haunted house and wood that flit "like shadows within a shadow." The tenderness of that kiss makes him also to understand, through his own fatherhood, what it is that she would have. His fatherhood also makes him to resist. She understands almost without word. She remembers that he saw the children—that he had the "right" by having lost that loyalty to other ties commands him to go—that he has not her own peculiarly detached attitude toward life.

And in the disappointment of her life hope in the denial of her yearning for motherhood that sounds in every note of her voice so that the stillness made slow to close on the perfection of that cry—"comes the tragedy of the story. She cries that it can not be and say as simply as a child. "Yes, for you it would be wrong. . . . You must never come here again!"

H. I. F. B.

This letter is very suggestive, very interesting. But we can not agree with the conclusion of the writer and his associates. It is so thinkable that so delicate so sensitive, a woman so exquisitely attuned to all the subtle as the blind mistress of the haunted house is represented to be, could for

a single moment forget that there was another woman in the world whose rights she must not invade—the mother of the stranger's child, the child who is dead.

Nor is the idea put forward that the butler was the father of Jenny's love-child more credible. We know that he is married; and that his wife bore him a child which died. Unfaithfulness with a "dragged-tailed wench" of the countryside would be so gross a thing that we can not imagine him a harmonious habitant of the Ancient House and his eyes open to its mysteries—as he is represented to be.

It would be natural for the lady of the Mansion to be tolerant toward Jenny's child, and sympathetic when it dies. But country wenches brought to bed of inconvenient children are not so rare in rural England that any particular and especial explanation need be sought after in this instance.

And the reason why "it was right for her and wrong for him" may simply be that the ties which bound him to the world—other children, wife, parents, friends—were too real and strong to admit of the intrusion (except this once) into his life of the spirit-child. Then, too, there existed the inexorable artistic necessity that the story should end. After all, it is "only a story."

## The Attempt to Bribe Nast.

Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Thomas Nast, the great cartoonist, which has been running serially in one of the magazines, and which is soon to appear in book-form, contains some striking stories, among which the following is perhaps most remarkable:

A lawyer friend one day intimated to Nast that, in appreciation of his great work, a party of rich men wished to send him abroad, and give him a chance to study art under the world's masters. The friend was probably innocent enough—an unconscious tool of the ring.

Nast said very little except that he appreciated the offer and would be delighted to go, but for the fact that he had important business, just then, in New York. He fancied that he detected the far, faint odor of a mouse under the idea, but he did not mention this to his friend. On the following Sunday an officer of the Broadway Bank, where the ring kept its accounts, came out to Morris-town to see Nast. He talked of a number of things. Then he said: "I bear you have been made an offer to go abroad for art study."

"Yes," nodded Nast, "but I can't go. I haven't time."

"But they will pay you for your time. I have reason to believe you could get \$100,000 for the trip."

Nast pondered a moment, then: "Don't you think I can get \$200,000?"

"I do. I believe from what I have heard in the bank that you could get it. You have a great talent; but you need study and you need rest. Besides, this ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and jurors, and can get you locked up for libel. My advice is to take the money and get away."

Nast looked out into the street, and perhaps wondered what \$200,000 would do for him. It would pay the mortgage on the house in the city. It would give him years of study abroad. It would make him comfortable for life. Presently he said: "Don't you think I could get \$500,000 to make that trip?"

The bank official scarcely hesitated. "You can. You can get \$500,000 in gold to drop this ring business and get out of the country."

Nast laughed a little. He had played the game far enough.

"Well, I don't think I'll do it," he said. "I made up my mind a long time ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, and I'm going to put them there!"

The banker rose, rather quietly.

"Only be careful, Mr. Nast, that you do not first put yourself in a coffin!" he smiled.

It was not until two years later that he met Nast, one day, on Broadway.

"My God, Nast!" he said, "you did it, after all!"

## Modern Books Under Rome's Ban.

Curiously enough, it appears that the Holy Office excommunicates books as actively as when, three hundred years ago, that body condemned the aged Galileo to repudiate on bent knees his famous dialogues. The latest edition of the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" contains a long list of nineteenth-century authors, among these being some English writers—John Stuart Mill, Dr. Whately, Roscoe, a lady of the name of Waldie (author of "Letters from Rome," 1817), and otherwise unknown to fame, also the late St. George Mivart, the works under ban being certain essays contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* in 1892 and 1893. French writers of the last century and their living brethren are made a pretty clean sweep of. Lamartine, Mignet, Michelet, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Faine, Renan, the elder and younger Dumas, George Sand, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, are forbidden fruit, and incredible as it may appear, the great encyclopedic dictionary of Larousse, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" of France, is also under the ban!

Mrs. Wiggins' "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has been translated into German. "Birds' Christmas Carol" has just appeared in a new Danish version.

## A Parody on Henry James.

London *Punch* publishes the following imaginary letter from Henry James on the subject of the Rider Haggard dog dream:

LAMB HOUSE, RYE, July 26th.  
It was, I think, on the night of that day which may be said in a sense to terminate the week, coming as it does, in a word, between Friday and Sunday, that I experienced, if that it not too strong a term (or shall I rather say underwent?) a very rum sensation, not, I think, distantly connected with that elusive chain of intelligent communication to which the hideous but expressive word "telepathy" has been in a manner affixed. I was not exactly sleeping, nor was I, strictly speaking, awake, my state being perhaps most accurately expressed as dozing, when the consciousness of a pretty stiff calamity was projected in more or less vague fashion upon my sensorium. It was impossible in the present state of poverty of our language in the matter of exact terms to describe with any degree of vividness the constituents of this vision, or, as it were, ghostly visitation, but the sound of barking as of a fox-terrier, or even miniature spaniel, was insistent, while among other component parts may be mentioned a sound resembling an owl's hoot, or the horn of a motor-car, not necessarily a Mercedes or even a De Dietrich, but certainly a car of one or other make. The accompanying testimonials will prove how extraordinarily true was this weird harbinger of coming evil.

## New Publications.

"The Barrier," by Allen French. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Tomb of Burns," by William Watson. Poem. Illustrated. John Lane.

"Letters from a Chinese Official." Anonymous. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"To Punish the Czar," by Horace Hutchinson. Illustrated. Cassell & Co.

"The Truth About the Trusts," by John Moody. Moody Publishing Company.

"The Saint and the Outlaw and Other Stories," by Michael Wood. John Lane.

"Felice Constant," by William C. Sprague. Frontispiece. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Lafayette Ode and Later Lyrics," by Frank Putnam. National Magazine Press; \$1.00.

"Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism," by F. V. N. Painter, A. M., D. D. Ginn & Co.; 95 cents.

"Essential of Orthography and Orthoepy," by E. J. Hoenschel, A. M. Crane & Co., Topeka; 15 cents.

"Points at Issue and Some Other Points," by Henry A. Beers. Essays. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

"The Digraph 'GH' and Other Philological Problems," by John Morris-Moore. The Knickerbocker Press.

"Normal Institute Physiology with Black-board Drawings," by F. W. Simmonds. Crane & Co., Topeka; 50 cents.

"The Evolution of the Soul and Other Essays," by Thomas Jay Hudson. Portrait. A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.20 net.

"The Poultry Book," by Harrison Weir. Complete in eighteen parts. Illustrated. Part XI. Doubleday, Page & Co.; 60 cents.

"Howe's Handbook of Parliamentary Usage," by Frank William Howe. Hinds & Noble; 50 cents—an excellent little manual.

"Young America in the Hands of His Friends: A Political Drama," by Arthur W. Sanborn. James H. West & Co.; 75 cents.

"Sermonettes Selected and Translated from the French of Félicité Robert de Lamennais," by J. L. Jacobson Van Hemert. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Reports of the Moseley Educational Commission to the United States of America, October-December, 1903." Illustrated. Co-operative Printing Society, Ltd., London.

"The Confessions of St. Augustine," edited by Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D. Red Letter Library. H. M. Caldwell Company; \$1.00—a very attractive pocket edition in limp leather, printed in red and black.

"Macbeth," edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. "First Folio" edition. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents—a beautifully printed reprint, preserving the spelling of the first folio; an admirable edition.

"The Cantridg Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL. D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt. D.; and Stanley Leathes, M. A. Volume VIII: "The French Revolution." The Macmillan Company; \$4.00 net.

"A Journey in the Sea-Board Slave States in the Years 1853-1854, with Remarks on Their Economy," by Frederick Law Olmsted. With a biographical sketch by Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., and an introduction by William P. Trent. Reprinted from the edition of 1856. Two volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

If Mary Austin's novel, "Isidro," the first of which is printed in the September *Atlantic Monthly*, fulfills the promise of these colorful chapters, it will be one of the notable books of the year. The scene of the story is the vicinity of Monterey, the time "before the gringos came." Miss Austin's style is like a rich fabric, wonderfully woven, most resembling, among modern writers, that of Maurice Hewlett.

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor has written a cycle of sonnets on the desert, some of which are to appear in *Out West*, and later, all are to be published in book-form. They are said to be among Dr. Taylor's happiest efforts.

Elia W. Peattie gives a sympathetic picture of Colonel Prentiss Ingraham—"the man who wrote a thousand novels"—who has just died. "I used sometimes to see him," she writes, "on the suburban train—not suspecting his thousand novels—a tall, erect, slight, courtly man, with the slouched hat that spoke the Confederate veteran, with long coat buttoned carefully about his dignified person, and with a manner, which even in the press of city travel and among strangers, conveyed the impression of something kind, deferential, and yet proud. He lived quietly, enjoyed to the full a group of friends, was domestic, and by his pen brought at least seven thousand dollars a year into his home."

Myrtle Reed and Peter Newell are evidently going to try to have fun with Ernest Thompson-Seton—or is it Seton-Thompson? Putnam announced their book, entitled "Clever Beasts; or, Studies in Unnatural History." "Jagg, the Scootaway Goat," is one of the stories, and furnishes the clew to the person against whom the parody is leveled.

Louis Robertson will soon have published another volume of verse.

The librarian of Sing Sing Prison has given to the editor of the *Reader Magazine* some interesting statistics on the reading of prisoners. Out of 40,500 books drawn from the prison library, 29,381 were fiction. Romance leads in popularity. Dumas is of all authors the favorite at Sing Sing, and 1,413 volumes of his works were read by the convicts in the course of the year. This shows good literary taste. Other authors, as represented by the number of their books read, ranked as follows: Charles Reade, 720; Collins, 649; Corelli, 596; Doyle, 584; Dickens, 567; Hagard, 481; Crawford, 415; and Henty, 402. After fiction came biography, of which 1,227 volumes were read; history followed with 953 volumes; religion with 792; and poetry with 205. Of books in foreign languages, German led with 1,686 volumes, Hebrew was next with 1,259; Italian third, with 1,067, and French last, with 545.

Henry Mills Alden, who, as recently noted in these columns, has completed his thirty-fifth year as editor of *Harper's Magazine*, still retains the little cubby-hole of an office partitioned off from the corner of the editorial rooms which he occupied first in 1869. Some years since, when a spasm of improvement seized the editorial department, he was offered a commodious set of offices at the other end of the long apartment, but he smilingly declined to move. He said he should miss too much the little ray of sunlight that had streamed in on his head in the mornings for nearly thirty years, and added that he thought the little ray would miss him. In addition to his editorial duties, Mr. Alden has written two notable philosophical works, "God in His World" and "A Study of Death."

"Considerable amusement has been afforded to Englishmen," writes W. L. Alden in the *Times*, "by the proposal that, when the statue of Shakespeare is unveiled in Rome, the name of the poet shall be translated into Italian, and the inscription on the pedestal of the statue shall inform the world that it is erected in honor of Guglielmo Brandilasta. But if we translate the names of Italian towns into English and call Firenze Florence and Livorno Leghorn, why should we find fault with the Italians if they translate the name of Shakespeare into Brandilasta? Do we not always speak of Victor Emmanuel instead of Vittorio Emanuele? And have we not translated Cristoforo Colombo into Christopher Columbus?" The inconsistencies in the spelling of the names in English of foreign proper names is beyond remedy.

Henry Fielding as reading for young girls! This, at least, is a brand-new suggestion. It is "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) who makes it in a recent number of the *London Express*. "Speaking for myself," she says, "I consider Fielding may be regarded as a nerve tonic nowadays, an antidote to the morbid and neurotic twaddle which, under various disguises—romantic, sentimental, and historical—is consumed by girl and women readers. If I had a daughter, I should certainly give her the works of Fielding. I should be sorry, of course, that she would have to make the acquaintance of many severe facts with which Fielding deals, but she would have to learn these things at one time

or another, and I do not think she could learn them in a better way than by reading 'Amelia.' It is a true study of human nature on robust lines, and the moral Fielding draws is invariably sound and reasonable. Unreasonable novels do enormous harm."

"The Affair at the Inn," the novel which Kate Douglas Wiggin wrote this summer in collaboration with three friends—Mary and Jane Findlater and Allan Macaulay—is just issued.

The September number of the *Cosmopolitan* is unique among magazines. The twenty-five articles deal with a single subject, the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition at St. Louis, and there is but one writer, John Brisben Walker, the owner, editor, and publisher of the magazine. Mr. Walker went to St. Louis with two stenographers and a photographer, and devoted eleven days and nights to the work. The result is one hundred and twenty-eight pages of graphic description.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
2. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.
3. "Dorothea," by Maarten Maartens.
4. "The Double Garden," by Maurice Maeterlinck.
5. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
2. "Plays," by George Bernard Shaw.
3. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "Olive Latham," by E. L. Voynich.
5. "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Olive Latham," by E. L. Voynich.
2. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
3. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
4. "By-Ways of Braithre," by Frances Powell.
5. "Man and Superman," by George Bernard Shaw.

Irving Bacheller, the novelist, has what is probably a unique study in which to do his work. Mr. Bacheller has built a home at Sound Beach, Conn., a stone's throw from the water. The house stands at the head of a sloping lawn, facing the broad reaches of the beautiful sound, where the novelist refreshes himself with his favorite sport, fishing. His den is not in the house, but is a separate square-built structure on the rocky edge of the water, and when the tide is high it is half boat half house, for the waves come up under it in a sort of a tunnel built directly beneath for the safe housing of a boat. When Mr. Bacheller has been working hard far into the night, he goes to sleep in the study, with the lapping of the water all around and under him.

The word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*, used by Costard in "Love's Labor Lost," act V, scene 1, is said by Dr. Johnson in his dictionary to be "often mentioned as the longest word known." Hunter, in his "New Illustrations," denies that it is a word, and says: "This is a mere arbitrary and unmeaning combination of syllables, devised merely to serve as an exercise in penmanship, a school-master's copy for persons learning to write. It is of some antiquity. I have seen it on an exchequer record, apparently in a hand of the reign of Henry the Sixth, and it may be seen, with some additional syllables, scribbled on one of the leaves of manuscript in the Harleian Library."

A Song of Ronsard's.

The *Argonaut* is in receipt of the following unsigned communication, in feminine handwriting:

An old subscriber would greatly appreciate it if the editor of the *Argonaut* could find and print in his columns at an early date a sonnet written during the Renaissance by Ronsard, beginning:

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, . . ."

We are happy to be able to comply. The sonnet is as follows:

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,  
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,  
Direz, chantant mes vers et vous émerveillant:  
Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle.

Lors vous n'aurez servante, oyant telle nouvelle  
Déjà sous le labeur à demi sommeillant,  
Qui au bruit de Ronsard, ne s'aïlle réveillant,  
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je serai sous la tombe, et fantôme sans os,  
Sous des ombres myrteux je prendrai mon repos:  
Vous serez au foyer une vieille accroupie,  
Regrettant mon amour et votre fier dédain.  
Vivez, si m'en croyez; n'attendez pas demain.  
Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.

A graceful translation has been made by Andrew Lang, which may be of interest:

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

When you are very old, at evening  
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,  
Humming my songs, "Ah well, ah well-a-day!  
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing."  
None of your maidens that doth bear the thing,  
Albeit with her weary task foredone,  
But wakens at my name, and calls you one  
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid  
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,  
While you beside the fire, a grandame gray,  
My love, your pride, remember and regret;  
Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,  
And gather roses, while 'tis called to-day.

This sonnet of Ronsard's is somewhat famous. Emile Faguet, in his "Histoire de la Littérature Française," speaks of it in terms of high praise, and further remarks that it is this sonnet, without doubt, which inspired the verses of a later poet, Pierre de Nolhac, to write another exquisite bit of poetry, which may also fittingly be quoted:

Lorsque Ronsard vieilli vit païr son flambeau  
Et connut le néant des gloires passagères,  
Il voulut échapper aux amours mensongères,  
Et d'une chaste fleur couronner son tombeau.

Faisant don de sa muse et de son cœur nouveau  
A la jeune vertu d'Hélène de Surgères,  
Il confia ce nom à des rimes légères,  
Et son dernier amour ne fut pas le moins beau.

Ils se plaisaient ensemble à fuir les Tuileries  
Et, dévisant d'amour sur les routes fleuries  
D'Amour, honneur des noms qu'il sauve de périr!  
Le poète songeait, triste qu'elle fût belle,  
Alors qu'il était vieux et qu'il allait mourir.  
Mais elle souriait, se sachant immortelle.

Of the sonnet of Nolhac's we have been able to find no English version.

The Sedan Letter.

News has been received in Paris (says the *London Globe*) that in a second-hand book-dealer's shop, at Leghorn, there has been brought to light a highly important letter written by Napoleon the Third on the fatal day of Sedan. It is addressed to William the First, and is nothing less than the identical letter in which the defeated emperor announces to his conqueror his willingness to surrender. The text is as follows:

SEDAN, September 7, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER: Not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I surrender my sword to your majesty.

Your brother, NAPOLEON.

The letter was found inside a volume dealing with the Franco-Prussian War.

Marcus R. Mayer, the impressario, has been writing his reminiscences, and will publish them this winter. The book will be filled, of course, with anecdotes of theatrical and operatic celebrities—Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Patti, and scores of others.

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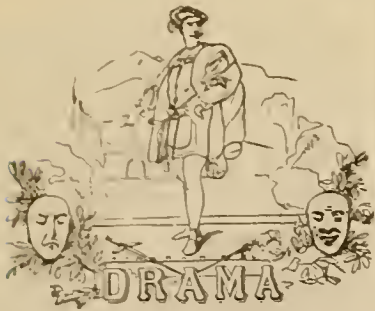
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SAN FRANCISCO





"Marta of the Lowlands," the play in which Florence Roberts is appearing this week, is an intense and absorbing drama—so much so that it becomes rather a matter of surprise that Mrs. Fiske did not run it for a week during her recent long engagement in San Francisco. Her failure to do so might perhaps be accounted for on the ground that the principal character is really Manelich the goat-herd, the husband of Marta, instead of Marta herself.

The play, which in the original Spanish is by Angel Guimera, has been extremely well translated by Wallace Fitzpatrick and Guido Marburg. The dialogue is simple but forceful, abounding in the graphic imagery of the peasant, whose limited outlook lends a concentrated strength and picturesqueness to his many metaphors, giving them a sort of Biblical simplicity. The story of the play is one of elemental passion, such as might be expected to govern the actions of the wild Catalan peasant who dwell in that remote district which borders on the slopes of the Pyrenees.

The Spanish author, evidently governed by an inborn sense of the picturesque, has couched his play in language of such pastoral charm and backed it by adjuncts so characteristic to the locality as to bring the atmosphere of the Catalan village vividly before us. A group of peasants, partly envious of Marta's favor with the "master," partly scornful of her life of enforced shame, and wholly hostile to the handsome alien whose family roots have not sprung from the same soil as their own, flout her and poison with malicious enmity her already embittered lot. Beyond the stone walls of the mill yard are visible the lofty peaks of the Pyrenees, from whose upper slopes descends Manelich, the goat-herd, wild, free, and joyous as a laughing faun. Manelich is a blonde giant, exulting like a young god in his strength, happy in his wild solitude, save for some instinctive yearnings for a mate, and simple and unsuspecting as a child.

Marta is offered to him as a wife by Sebastian, her master and lover, who is desirous of keeping a hold on the girl, although planning relief for himself from financial entanglements by means of a mercenary marriage.

It is from this situation that the dramatic motive is evolved. Manelich, although regarded with horror and loathing by Marta, who believes that his sordid compliance has been bought by the master's gold, is ignorant that the girl whose gypsy beauty has won his love has lost her purity. The marriage takes place, and enlightenment comes too late. Then ensue complications unforeseen by Sebastian. Love grows apace between this united yet strangely divided pair, and the burden of past shame becomes intolerable to the wretched girl, who cowers beneath her load of futile misery, and learns to hate her betrayer. In the end, Manelich solves his problem in the manner of the primitive man, and, turning his face once more to his native mountains, shakes from his shepherd's sandals the vile dust of the lowland village where he first learned of man's inhumanity to man—and to woman.

The conception of this character is picturesque, even poetic, but scarcely credible. It is difficult to pass intelligent judgment on the degree of simplicity possible in a goat-herd on the Pyrenees, but it does seem as if Señor Guimera had somewhat sacrificed the probabilities in his desire to invest with a poetic halo the strikingly free and unconventional figure of the mountaineer. Manelich might almost have worn blood-brotherhood with Siegfried, so remote is he from the conception of the modern peasant even though he hail from those remote hill countries in Spain untrod by the feet of the globe trotter. Of the theatrical value of this character creation, however, there can be no question. Manelich, as presented by Hobart Bosworth, becomes a remarkable figure, so unfettered by tradition as to actually send a breath of pastoral poetry over the footlights. His tall figure, as bounding as a child's in the exuberance of his young vitality, is clad in sheepskin, and a sheepskin mantle depends from his broad shoulders. He laughs and carols with unalloyed joy over his coming removal, and gathering a group of entranced listeners around him, tells wild, primeval legends of the mountains, until the villagers, aware of the deception practiced upon him, begin to jeer, when his blue eyes, all innocent of evil, become clouded like those of an angry child.

Mr. Bosworth's unqualified success in the assumption of this character is all the more creditable from the fact that he has heretofore seemed more particularly adapted temperamentally to impersonating the rôle of the sophisticated ensnarer of female hearts. There is only one slight defect noticeable—a peculiarity of speech which impels him to divide his discourse into a series of short, rapidly uttered phrases; a tendency which went well with Alec d'Urberville's lines, but scarcely accords with the flowing poetic quality noticeable in many of the speeches that fall to Manelich.

The character of Marta, although she acts as the storm centre of a maelstrom of conflicting emotions, is possessed of but little strength, and shows few admirable qualities. Marta is early betrayed by Sebastian, whose position of practical despot over the villagers is indicated in many ways by Señor Guimera as a means of partially palliating the woman's fault. But after her marriage with Manelich, Marta still seems to fear the power of Sebastian, and has an almost cowardly dread of again becoming his prey.

Her figure in the drama is almost invariably expressive of some shrinking emotion—fear of Sebastian, dread of her projected marriage, avoidance of the spiteful villagers, terror lest she should lose the henison of the new and pure affection that has made her loathe the memory of her past. Florence Roberts played the part admirably, being able to sink herself with unusual completeness into this new and novel character. The effectiveness of the impersonation was greatly enhanced by the change she made in her appearance in adopting the black hair and hrunne tints of the women of the Latin race, and also by her graceful peasant costumes, which gratified the taste and pleased the eye by the novelty, simplicity, and beauty of their design, and by their absolute departure from the stereotyped style of peasant dress usually seen on the stage.

Miss Roberts and Mr. Bosworth together executed some very striking and effective poses in the scene of the second act, during which Marta implores Manelich to kill her. In that scene, and during Marta's plea for pardon to Tomas, Miss Roberts infused a strongly dramatic quality into her acting, which greatly intensified the strong simplicity of the lines.

The author has, in an eminent degree, a sense of dramatic values not only in action and situation, but in diction. There are brief but graphic phrases here and there, and sentiments of universal appeal to which the emotions respond with a quick leap of the pulse. When she seeks to exculpate herself for not having ended her shame by death, Marta gives the instinctive plea: "And then one is horn to live"; and again she says to Tomas, speaking of her heggary parentage and of her mother's death: "I had never had anything else of my own, but one's mother always belongs to one."

Señor Guimera's freedom from theatrical tradition is shown by the presence in the play of Nuri, the peasant child, who plays her little part in the drama of sin without at all understanding it. Ollie Cooper has already won her spurs as a child of talent, standing entirely apart from the ranks of the ordinary stage marionette of tender years. But as Nuri she astonishes one by her ease, the naturalness of her attitudes and inflections, and by her air of comprehending and entering into the spirit of what she portrays. The presentation as a whole indeed is given thoroughly well. Lucius Henderson does violence to his natural style, and is a plausible villain; the villagers seem like real people influenced by real emotions. Indeed, a mellow-voiced youth named Sterling Lord-Whitney, who impersonated one of them, has sufficient buoyancy of natural talent to rebound from the ponderosity of his name and show himself an actor able to give significance and value to an essentially slight rôle.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Rehearsals for Emile Bruguière's opera, "Baroness Fiddlesticks," will begin in New York on September 24th. George de Long wrote the libretto. Toby Claude will play the principal soubrette rôle.

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#### Bernhardt's Day.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is spending the summer on her island of Belle Isle-sur-Mer, gives a programme of her day's employment there: "In all weathers, up between five and six. Shooting immediately. Eight A. M., back home, gun exchanged for fishing-net, and I go shrimping; 11 A. M., bath and toilet; 12:30 P. M., lunch. After lunch, siesta. The siesta is compulsory and sacred. It is my first instant of bodily rest after the moment of getting out of bed; the first instant of immobility and silence. We lie down on wicker sofas against the fort, sheltered from the sea breeze. Then 'mum's the word!' Each one meditates, reads, or sleeps, as he or she feels disposed. Afterward to work. In the studio opposite the fort each inmate has a special corner. For myself, I read MSS., learn or look over parts, or I take up the sculptor's chisel. At five, tennis. Then dinner, then music, then bed."

#### Another Week of "Princess Fan Tan."

It has been decided to present "Princess Fan Tan" for a second week at the Grand Opera House. The piece is a musical comedy, done by juveniles, and is full of marches, dances, songs, and tableaux, arranged by Bothwell Browne, set off by beautiful costumes and elaborate scenery.

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Monday, September 26th—White Whittlessey in a special revival of *Soldiers of Fortune*.

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Thursday, Friday, Saturday Nights, Saturday Matinée, == TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES ==  
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Week commencing Sunday matinee, September 18th. Vaudeville Notables. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Truesdell; the Marvelous Melrose Troupe; T. Trovolo; Lawson and Namon; Mrs. Snider-Johnson; Rooney and Bent; Leo Carrillo; Al. Shean; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and Last Week of Harry La Rose Company.

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#### MISS MAZUMA

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Historical Drama at the Majestic.

The Majestic Theatre made a lucky selection for its opening piece. "In the Palace of the King" is precisely the sort of play to please the taste of the miscellaneous throng of holiday-makers who crowded into the city during conclave week.

The play, as every one no doubt remembers, is adapted from Marion Crawford's historical romance of the same name. The historical atmosphere, if one can call it so, is, however, entirely subsidiary to the love interest, which is of a purely stereotyped order. The play, indeed, would be more correctly classified as romantic melodrama. There are any number of lay figures disporting themselves at the court of the Spanish king: a cardinal, spouting forth a steady stream of noble sentiments; Don John, the warrior brother of the king, who stands for young chivalry and romantic devotion; a stern father, who is hotly loyal to a base king; a court fool, with the usual propensity to put his finger in every pie; a number of Spanish grandees; lots of funkeys; a group of spindle-legged soldiers, who have the usual difficulty in keeping in step, and are a prey to rooted melancholy; and a wicked and intriguing princess, who hisses out sentiments of blighting cruelty and machinates steadily against the interests of the heroine.

Even during its vogue, the piece appealed more particularly to the young and unexacting. The sentiment is so stereotyped that it calls for acting of a corresponding quality. Therefore the piece loses little by its presentation at the Majestic, more particularly as the management has given the scene most effective settings and costumed the players almost if not quite as handsomely as in the Frohman production. There are so many people on the stage during the scenes at court that plenty of chance is offered thereby to the sweet girl graduates who are stage struck. Quantities of pretty girls in gilded trappings figure as court ladies, and a comely maiden, wrapped in a dream of ecstasy as in a garment, plays the Spanish queen, with pages to hear her royal mantle.

The night that I was there—one of the hottest during conclave week—the new, bright auditorium was a charming sight. It was literally packed with youth; pretty belles attended by their beaux, whose outspoken approval testified to the unqualified success of the production. These rosy-cheeked, pink-armed and -throated goddesses, gowned in airy summer lawns and chewing the insidious chocolate drop, were having the time of their lives, hanging with delight on a play that was built of situations as remote as possible from the daily prose of life. It was just what they wanted: something brightly colored, gorgeously costumed, plenty of young love, more than a dash of adventure, sufficient cruelty and oppression to start susceptible sympathies, and enough of the ceremony and display of a stage court to gratify the love of pageantry. I derived a vicarious enjoyment from watching the pleasure of the young creatures, whose lives are unbrightened by the presence of Don Johns in plumed hats and white silk tights, and lovely maids of honor with their hack hair streaming from under their mediaeval coiffures, whose love laughs at locksmiths and paternal edicts.

The company as a whole is naturally of mediocre quality, the schedule of prices not permitting a high order of talent. The leading members, however, do very acceptable work. Eleanor Gordon, formerly of the Alcazar, has apparently settled down to the rôle of the dark-browed villainess, and does it with ample effectiveness. Grace Reals, although a shade too complacent and somewhat heavy during Donna Dolores's lighter moods, has the robust quality requisite for her position as leading lady, and J. H. Gilmour, who plays the king, is an experienced and intelligent actor, who reads his lines well and does excellent work. A score or more of young players have greatly assisted by their earnest and ambitious efforts in launching the new enterprise successfully.

"In the Palace of the King" will be succeeded on Sunday evening by "The Altar of Friendship," in which N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott were successful. Vera McCord, who comes from London, where she was in Charles M. Hawtreys company, will have a leading rôle. "Captain Barrington," a Revolutionary war melodrama, will follow "The Altar of Friendship." J. H. P.

In Search of Heart and Brains.

The last performance of Kyrle Bellaw in "Raffles" takes place at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. "The Wizard of Oz," which is to begin a two-weeks' engagement on Monday night, has as its chief characters a scarecrow that has been brought to life, but has not been furnished with a brain, and a woodman who is changed into a being of tin, and is deprived of his heart by the change. The scarecrow and the tin woodman go out together to hunt for brains and a heart, and their adventures bring about the amusing complications of the play. It is announced that in the matter of scenery, costumes, and pretty girls, "The

Wizard of Oz" can not be surpassed, and its music and songs are said to be unusually attractive. Owing to the length of the piece, the curtain will rise at eight o'clock promptly. Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy" follows.

Revival of "The Serenade."

The management of the Tivoli Opera House has made full preparation for the revival to-morrow (Sunday) night of Victor Herbert's comic opera, "The Serenade." Andrew Bogart, a California singer, who has won much praise abroad, will make his home debut in this production, appearing as Lopez. Kate Condon will sing the rôle of Dolores, which was one of her successes with the Bostonians. Dora de Fillippe will be seen as Yvonne. Teddy Wehh will appear as the broken-down tenor. Colombo, while the part of the Duke of Santa Cruz will go to Willard Simms. Alvarado will be impersonated by Forrest Dahney Carr, and Bessie Tannehill will be the school principal. Other rôles are allotted to William Schuster, Joseph Fogarty, George Chapman, Addison Braidwood, and Aimee Leicester.

A Burlesque With a Plot.

"Miss Mazuma," a burlesque by J. C. Crawford, will be given its initial production at Fischer's Theatre on September 19th. The management claims that the burlesque, besides being full of humor and good music, has a connected, coherent plot. The piece is in three acts, and opens with a fake clearance sale in a dry-goods store, and then the scene shifts to a suburban hotel which houses a matrimonial bureau. The play has been written with the capabilities of the different people at Fischer's well in mind, and Rice, Cady, North, Dillon, Clark, Dorothy Morton, Georgia O'Ramey, and the others each have parts particularly suited to them. Prominent among the musical numbers, of which there are nineteen, are "Springtime," "Cindy," "When the Pairs Unfold," and parodies on popular songs for Bohdy North. There are plenty of dances, and the music is said to be unusually bright and tuneful.

Whittlesey as Monbars.

Beginning Monday night, the romantic drama, "Monbars," will be the bill at the Alcazar Theatre, with White Whittlesey in the title-rôle. The play is an interesting one, having as its principal characters a child of the people who turns privateer, and fills his pockets with gold from the ships of Great Britain, then engaged in war with his own country, France. Love as well as war figures in the story. Following "Monbars," Mr. Whittlesey will appear in a revival of Augustus Thomas's dramatization of Richard Harding Davis's novel, "Soldiers of Fortune."

Ben Greet's Season at Lyric Hall.

Ben Greet and his company of London players will open a short season at Lyric Hall, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum, on Monday night, October 3d, with the much-discussed morality play, "Everyman." This will be the third season of this unique production in America. Mrs. Constance Crawley will again take the part of Everyman, and the rest of the players have been selected from both of the Ben Greet companies, so we are promised a perfect production in even the very smallest details. Among the players are Agnes Scott, Daisy Robinson, Helen Head, Alice Harrington, Sybil Thorne, John Sayer Crawley (whose performance of Death last season was one of the features), Eric Blind, Maurice Robinson, S. H. Goodwyn, Frank McEntee, Leonard Shepherd, Percyval Aylmar, Sydney Greenstreet, Frank Darch, and Ben Greet.

During the second week of the engagement, Shakespeare's comedies, "Much Ado About Nothing," "Comedy of Errors," and "Twelfth Night," will be produced in the Elizabethan manner, that is, with the original text, without scenery, but elegantly costumed, the stage be-

ing draped as in the original productions. The sale of seats for the performances will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday morning, September 26th. The prices for reserved seats will be \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents. To clubs, colleges, schools, etc., desiring to attend in a body, special arrangements will be made on application to the management. No one should miss the opportunity of seeing "Everyman," and parents should certainly send their children, for, as Edward Everett Hale wrote in the *Christian Register*, "the performance is dignified, serious, and fits the real purpose of those leaders of the people who contrived such performances in the Dark Ages. The spectators at these performances are better men and better women for attending."

Last Week of Florence Roberts.

Florence Roberts will begin the farewell week of her engagement at the California Theatre on Sunday night with a revival of "Zaza," which will run until Wednesday night, inclusive. Mr. Bosworth will appear as Bernard Dufresne and Mr. Henderson as his friend, Rigout. The full strength of the company will be used. For the latter half of the week, commencing Thursday night, "Tess of the D'Urhervilles" will be revived to accommodate the many hundreds of theatre-goers who could not get seats the first week.

Varied Attractions.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Truesdell, assisted by Robert Gemp, will present at the Orpheum this coming week a comedy entitled "Aunt Louisa's Advice," by George Arliss. Mrs. Truesdell made her last appearance in this city with the late Annie Pixley, and has since been identified with the Klaw & Erlanger and Rich & Harris forces. Mr. Truesdell will be remembered for his work with Francesca Redding last season as Senator McHutchins in "The Cattle Queen." Another notable new-comer will be Mrs. Snider-Johnson, the well-known soprano, who has a host of friends and admirers in San Francisco. The Melrose troupe of novelty acrobats will make their first appearance in San Francisco. In T. Trovolo is promised one of the best ventriloquists who ever threw his voice into inanimate figures. Al Lawson and Frances Namon will present a trick bicycling and hag-punching specialty. The Harry La Rose company of comedians will continue Will M. Cressy's skit, "The Sailor and the Horse"; Pat Rooney and Marion Bent will vary their dancing; Leo Carrillo, the mimic, will change his imitations; and Al Shean, the German monologist, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

Strong Drink the Theme.

Theodore Kremer's sensational drama, "Fallen by the Wayside," will be seen here for the first time on its presentation at the Central Theatre on Monday night. In a large measure it is a temperance play, the hero being an artist, a man of high attainments, brought down by his love of drink. The villain attempts to separate the artist and his wife, and to kill their child. The latter is rescued from the roof of a high building by a Bowers boy, who accomplishes the deed by means of a huge swinging derrick. The scenes are laid in New York, and are highly realistic.

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Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier. Asst. Cashier,  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 4,155,753.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT.....Vice-President  
Paid W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallat.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffmann, J. E. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President; HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President; H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK E. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON

Established 1782.

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

Providence Washington Ins. Co.

OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

PELICAN ASSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

GEORGE E. BUTLER,

General Agent,

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 1845)

200 PINE STREET.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

Talk about Byron's awaking to find himself famous—his case dwindles into insignificance compared with the experience of Mrs. R. J. C. Walker, of Philadelphia. Yesterday Mrs. R. J. C. Walker was unknown. To-day her name is known in a hundred thousand households, and to-morrow it will be familiar to millions. And why? Because Mrs. Walker has come into a fortune of sixty millions of dollars, and she is going to manage—is already managing—the vast business of one of the greatest wholesale chemical houses in the world—the firm of Powers & Weightman. We estimate that the newspapers of New York City alone have already printed a hundred columns about Mrs. Walker. These articles, and those in the Philadelphia papers, will be copied and paraphrased and condensed by practically every city daily and country weekly in the land. Big papers will print pages and little papers paragraphs about Mrs. Walker. We have no hesitation in saying that, by the end of September, more matter will have been printed about Mrs. Walker than about Byron during his entire lifetime. Such is fame in the dawn of the twentieth century.

But fame has its drawbacks. As soon as the facts became known she was besieged in her mansion. Police guarded her doors and patrolled the street, driving onward the crowd of photographers who sought to snap her for the benefit of a curious world. Mrs. Walker refused to be snapped. All day she sat and wrote at her desk. She wanted to go out, for the big red automobile in which she travels to her laboratories flitted about the house all day, but was blocked by the cameras. Indignant relatives and servants scowled and scolded, and threatened the men of plate and film, but the camera defenses were impregnable. Four of the tripod artists were arrested, but others heroically took their places. When night fell a few artists lingered about, but the lady of millions did not show herself. We are told that at ten o'clock she went to bed.

One of Mrs. Walker's hobbies is lace. Lace curtains hang from the windows, lace falls from draperies over doors, and in little crevices and corners bits of filmy white relieve the severity of the rooms. She has three others: business, charity, and Napoleon. Napoleon is her hero. Most of the paintings and etchings on her walls reflect scenes from the life of the great emperor. Her collection of Napoleonic literature and relics is one of the most complete in the United States. She seldom reads fiction. Mrs. Walker is a cultured and accomplished woman. She has gained her knowledge by study and personal contact with the world. Both for pleasure and through contact with the worldwide business interests of her father, she has visited practically every important spot on the globe, with the exception of Australia. In this way she has learned things at first hand. It is now a fund of knowledge of vast importance to her. She knows the details of the Weightman business in Persia, London, and Venezuela almost as intimately as she does the secrets of the great Philadelphia laboratories. Mrs. Walker's preparation for the immense burden has been gradual. She has been trained under her father and husband. Now a widow of fifty, she has well in hand all the details of the business from which grew the millions she inherited. Her hair is red, tinged with gray; she wears it in waves over her temples and caught up in a coil back of the ears. Her nose is snub and her complexion shows numerous freckles. There are traces of dimples about the mouth, and the chin is square and masculine; the eyes are sunken. Mrs. Walker's face is the kind that shows the lights and shadows of the mind. She rarely shows anger, but she has a keen sense of humor, and her smile makes her look twenty years younger. For the test she is slight of physique and nervous in manner. Her eyes are steely blue.

Living pictures, or, more chastely, *tableaux vivants* are the latest at Newport. But, let us hasten to add, the pictures were none of them in the least risky. There was no representation by fair society maid or matron of Venus rising from the sea, none of the three graces, none representing a pursuit of dryads by satyr or faun! Everything was quite correct. The affair was for charity, and all the *Vere de Veres*, and some of more plebeian blood were there. Standing room only signs were up early at the Casino, and everybody had a good time. First came the pretty picture, "Les Enfants Jardiniers," after a celebrated piece of tapestry representing a levy of children picking fruit. Next came "A Picnic," after a famous English print by Morland. In this were posed Mrs. William Payne Thompson, Miss Rosamond Street, Mr. Louis Brugnère and Mr. William Spencer, who were attired in eighteenth-century costumes. Then came "Wedgwood Plaque," in dead white, on the figures having the appearance of *l'aves in bas-relief*. The next picture was "The Infanta," after the famous portrait by

Velasquez. It was posed by Miss Kate Brice, whose costume of white corded silk and gold cord with its royal order of Spain was a direct copy of the original painting made for her by Worth. Many other pictures were shown. The last tableau was a stirring hunting scene, in which the gentlemen posed in full hunting togs, as well as a pack of live hounds which added their cries to the general merriment.

Is the bath-tub dangerous—only less so than the automobile? So we must believe with we give credit to the plaint of one "B. K. J.," who voices his woes in the Sun. "Let us pause," he exclaims, "in our mad career of politics and other autumnal diversions and raise a cry for reform in bath-tubs. Not in the old-fashioned, safe kind, but in these new-fangled polished porcelain affairs in which lurk all manner of slippery disaster. They are handsome to look at and cleanly in character, but they are dangerous to all who indulge in them. Already do I know dozens of people, men and women, who have slipped upon their treacherous surfaces and suffered more or less breakage and bruises. I know one distinguished railway man who fell during his bath and broke his collarbone, and I know a distinguished author who broke two ribs in the same way. As for myself, I have thus far sustained no further injury than bruises. But why should the bath-tub be so dangerously slippery? Is glaze its only glory? What's the matter with having unglazed bath-tubs? Or at least the rim unglazed, so that the bather may have some chance to catch his falling self? Even a rubber cap would be of some avail. I know one lady who spreads a table-cloth in the tub before she turns the water on, but how cumbersome and clumsy this is. The polished beauty may be pleasing to the eye, but the danger of it should make it as much to be avoided as we avoid the mottled beauty of the deadly moccasin."

"The Widow," who writes in *Town Topics*, has been visiting the St. Louis fair, and chronicles an amusing thing one sees on the Pike. "Brawny American men," she says, "hate to be seen riding in rolling-chairs that are pushed by other men—smaller, less strong, perhaps—yet even the brawniest of them get tired after tramping for hours. A trick of theirs is to adorn the chair, either at their side or across their knees, with a crutch. One station for rolling-chairs must keep a supply of crutches. The other night, a popular club fellow of New York—and St. Louis at present—was seen riding down the Pike toward the entrance gate with one of these crutches in the chair beside him. The next day the telephone attendants at two of his St. Louis clubs and at his hotel were kept busy answering inquiries about what accident had befallen the well-known man. No one appeared to know of it. One of the inquirers met him a day or two after, and spoke of his anxiety. 'Nothing—nothing at all,' said the clubman; 'I was infernally tired, and more infernally ashamed to be pushed along by some one not as husky as I am. I borrowed the crutch to help out appearances.'"

The accounts in the London papers of the auction of the (not late) Marquis de Anglesey's wardrobe, to which we adverted editorially last week, are most amusing. Many things, it appears, went at stiff prices, so eager was the public to acquire some of the outrageously extravagant costumes. "Every one agreed that it was the most wonderful collection of personal clothing ever sold," says the *Daily Mail*, in summing up the last day's sales, and adds: "The sale opened with a somewhat sensational duel between the London 'ring' [of dealers] and a Bangor broker for the possession of a sky-blue silk bath-gown. Ladies murmured that it was very pretty and thought they would go to a guinea for it, but in a sharp volley of ten-shilling bids the price rose to £8 10s, at which the Bangor man was content to stop. 'Upon my word and honor,' said Mr. Dew, the auctioneer, in good spirits at such a start, 'you must want a bath very much.' There were two similar bath-gowns, one in heliotrope and one in red, and they were only acquired by the London 'ring' for £10 each. This was an excellent start, but after twenty-seven simple towel bath-gowns in beautiful shades had gone for prices ranging from £1 to £2 10s, or rather more than their first value, something like gravity fell upon the gathering. The auctioneer forgot to crack jokes, the ladies were silent, and the men bid seriously. All seemed hypnotized by the long procession of silken dressing-gowns which passed in parade before them. That one man could collect a hundred such beautiful creations seemed almost appalling, even after two days spent with other equally costly personal clothing. The artistic handwork on some must have taken months to complete, and the earth had been ransacked for dyes and fabrics for the making of unique gowns. Many seemed too startling and outlandish for use off the stage, but others were artistic harmonies in quietly rich silks. A heliotrope silk gown, lined with expensive gray squirrel, sold for £27, and three of Charvet's confections, which cost

thirty guineas each, realized £22, £20, and £18. There followed two bardic cloaks in crimson and green silk, made for the marquis when he was chaired at the Bangor Eisteddfod, and at £5 10s and £3 15s they were probably the cheapest things sold. The rage of bidding and the desire to secure souvenirs of a remarkable auction led both sexes to give outrageous prices for satchets, pyjama cases, and other little appurtenances of the toilet. Silk braces brought a sovereign apiece, and eight pairs of sock suspenders went to a lady for 18s."

The cable brings the news that a series of gowns has been designed for a certain American actress, each representing an emotion. They are named appropriately: "Incessant Soft Desire"; "Thoughts of Strange Things"; "The Vampire"; "The Tangible Now"; "Dirge; or, the Death of Pleasure"; "A Silent Appeal"; "The Meaning of Life is Clear." Commenting on this, the *Sun* says that the idea is capable of indefinite expansion. What household does not know the feminine trappings that might be called "The Cook Has Quit"? Does not every domestic hearth shelter "The Nursemaid's Day Off"? "Company is Coming" warns many a returning husband of the impending fate. It is the universal language of duds.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 7th.....	100	54	.00	Clear
" 8th.....	100	76	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 9th.....	82	72	.00	Clear
" 10th.....	60	58	.00	Clear
" 11th.....	60	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 12th.....	64	50	.00	Clear
" 13th.....	64	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 14th.....	60	54	Tr.	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 14, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 4% Old Associated Oil Co.	13,500 @ 107		107	107 3/4
5%.....	15,000 @ 70		70	70 3/4
Cal. G. E. Gen. M. C. T. 5%.....	12,000 @ 81- 81 1/2		80	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	6,000 @ 101 1/2		101	102
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	11,000 @ 116 3/4-117		116 3/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	40,000 @ 119		119	
North Shore Ry 5%.....	4,000 @ 102 1/2			102 1/2
Oakland Transit 6%.....	15,000 @ 118 1/2		118	
Oakland Transit Con. 5%.....	1,000 @ 105			105 1/2
Pacific Gas Imp'm't 4%.....	2,000 @ 95		95	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	20,000 @ 105- 105 1/2		105 1/2	105 3/4
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 118		118	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909.....	8,000 @ 107 3/4		107 3/4	108 3/4
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1910.....	8,000 @ 108 3/4		108 3/4	109 3/4
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	5,000 @ 133 1/2		133	
S. V. Water 6%.....	6,000 @ 104		104	104 1/4
S. V. Water 4%.....	5,000 @ 100 1/2		100	
United Gas & Electric 5%.....	1,000 @ 103 1/2		102 1/2	

STOCKS.		Closed	
Water.	Shares.	Bid.	Asked
Contra Costa.....	20 @ 36		37
Spring Valley.....	450 @ 38 1/2- 39 1/2		38 3/4
Banks.			
Bank of California.	21 @ 420	420	425
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.....	390 @ 60 1/2- 61 1/2	61	65
Honokaa S. Co.....	1,615 @ 16- 16 1/2	16 1/2	16 3/4
Hutchinson.....	565 @ 10 1/2- 11	10 1/2	10 3/4
Kilauea Sugar Co.....	50 @ 3		3 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	175 @ 28 3/4- 29	28 3/4	29
Onomea Sugar Co.....	300 @ 27 1/2- 28	27 1/2	28
Pauahau Sugar Co.....	1,945 @ 16- 16 1/2	16 1/2	16 3/4
Gas and Electric.			
Mutual Electric.....	200 @ 11 1/2- 12		12 1/2
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,165 @ 62- 62 1/2	62 1/2	62 3/4
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	15 @ 132- 133	132	130 3/4
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.....	20 @ 99- 98 1/2		99 3/4
Cal. Wine Assn.....	135 @ 81 1/2- 83	83	
Oceanic S. Co.....	35 @ 3 1/2		3 3/4

The sugar stocks have been active, and about 5,040 shares changed hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar advanced one and a half points to 61 1/2; Honokaa Sugar Company, one-quarter of a point to 16 1/2; Hutchinson, one-quarter of a point to 11; Kilauea Sugar Company, one-half of a point to 3; Makaweli Sugar Company, one point to 29; Pauahau Sugar Company, three-eighths of a point to 16 1/2—the whole line closing in good demand at the top of the market.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was strong at 62-62 1/2, 1,165 shares changing hands. Spring Valley Water sold off three-quarters of a point to 38 3/4 on sales of 450 shares, closing at 38 1/2 bid, 38 3/4 asked.

Alaska Packers was quoted at 132, on small sales; California Wine Association at 81 1/2-83; Oceanic at 3 1/2.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bnsh 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



Hunter Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's Whiskey

The First Sought and The First Bought

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO. 136-144 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Private 313.

Romeike's Press Cutting Bureau

Will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date."

A large force in my New York office reads 650 daily papers and over 2,000 weeklies and magazines, in fact, every paper of importance published in the United States, for 5,000 subscribers, and, through the European Bureaus, all the leading papers in the civilized globe.

Clippings found for subscribers and pasted on slips giving name and date of paper, and are mailed day by day.

Write for circular and terms.

HENRY ROMEIKE, 33 Union Square, N. Y.

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THE

Argonaut

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and The Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rabbi Hirsh, of Chicago, was riding in a crowded street-car, and rose to surrender his seat to a lady. Before she could take it a young man plumped himself into it. The rabbi looked at him in disgusted silence. "What's the matter?" demanded the man; "what yeh glarin' at me for? Yeh look as if yeh'd like to eat me." "I am forbidden to eat you," answered the rabbi; "I am a Jew."

When Wicker, the Chicago pitcher, was a young fellow pitching on a college team in the South, a preacher uncle of his went out to see him pitch a game. "What are those preliminary signs that the catcher is making?" he asked. "He is signing Wicker the sort of curve he wants him to throw," volunteered a bystander. "Do you mean to say, sir, that he and my nephew are conniving together to deceive the batter?" "You might put it that way, I suppose." "And this is a Christian college," sighed the Rev. Mr. Wicker.

Sylvester R. Burch, chief clerk of the Department of Agriculture, comes from Kansas. A Kansas farmer called on Mr. Burch in Washington, and all the farming marvels of the Department were shown to him. He was silent. He seemed impressed. "I tell you what it is, sir," said Mr. Burch, enthusiastically, "the time is coming when a man will be able to carry all the fertilizer for an acre of ground in one of his waistcoat pockets." "I believe it, sir," returned the farmer, "but he will then be able to carry all the crop in the other."

General Frederick D. Grant is responsible for a story that embodies an answer to quick-tempered people who argue that they soon get over their tantrums. Grant had a friend who, on account of his fiery temper, could never keep a valet. One of them remained two months, and, on leaving, told his erstwhile employer bluntly the reason for his departure. "Pooh, pooh, James," said Grant's friend; "what if I am a bit quick-tempered? My anger is no sooner on than it is off." "True, sir," said James, respectfully; "but it is no sooner off than it is on again."

The Czar is superstitious, and often consults fortune-tellers. A young gypsy girl has been making a success in St. Petersburg along this line, and the Czar, hearing of her, sent word for her to visit him. He told her of a dream that he had had, of seeing three rats, a lean one, a fat one, and a blind one. He wanted the dream interpreted, saying that it troubled him. "Has it a meaning?" he asked. "It has," said the gypsy, who is extremely frank. "The fat rat stands for Russian officialdom—for all your various ministers and departmental heads. The lean rat is your people. The blind rat is yourself."

"The widow," said I. W. Read, of Nashville, "furnishes the most delightful study to the observer of the tricks and manners of human beings. One summer," he continued, "I was spending some time at White Sulphur Springs, Va., and one afternoon a handsome young woman and her little six-year-old son sat near me on the veranda. The little fellow trotted up to me, and I patted him on the head. 'What's your name?' he asked. 'I told him. 'Is your married?' he lisped. 'No, I'm not,' I replied. Then the child paused a moment, and, turning to his mother, said, 'Mamma, what else did you tell me to ask him?'"

One of the delegates to the Republican National Convention from the Philippines told a story about Captain Andrew Rowan, whose exploit in carrying the President's message to Garcia won for him a place among the heroes of the Spanish war. Rowan was stationed at a post in one of the remote provinces of the islands. A backward season had been disastrous to crops, and the prices of provender had gone skyward as a result. About this time several wealthy Chinese merchants had been arrested for smuggling. Rowan put the Mongols at work cutting grass. This brought forth a protest that finally found its way to the chief authorities at Manila. In due course of time the following telegram reached Rowan: "Why are you compelling wealthy Chinese merchants to cut grass?" "Because grass is high," was Rowan's laconic response.

An Eastern college professor, who was going to test the power of laughing gas upon some of his pupils, overheard one of them saying that, as the gas rendered one irresponsible for what he said, he was going to take advantage of that fact when it was administered to him, and give his plain opinion of the professor. After the class assembled, the professor quietly announced that, for the purpose of illustration, he would like to administer gas to some member. The scheming student volunteered, and the leather bag was connected with his mouth. He soon showed evidence of much excitement, and began to

express his opinion of the professor in language punctuated by much profanity. Having allowed him to proceed for some little time, the professor then said that he needn't be so irresponsible, for the gas had not yet been turned on!

Justice David J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, said that the best way to reach the young men is to send the young women after them; that ever since the days of Mother Eve they had been a potent factor in catching the elusive man, and that they are as strong now as they ever were. He told the story of the religious man who took his Bible in one hand and his little son by the other, and went for a walk and instruction. They came upon a bevy of young girls playing in the forest, and the boy asked what they were. "Geese, my son, geese," replied the father. "Oh, catch me one, father; catch me one!" cried the boy.

A House-Painter on the Artist Watts.

The Tasmanian *Clipper* tells the story of a highly amusing incident that occurred when the late George Frederick Watts, the famous British artist, visited "Tas," which is the cant word for the island. It appears that the editor of a Hobart newspaper wanted a report of a picture he had just finished. The office staff knew nothing about art, and following the line of reasoning peculiar to Tory inquesters, the chief naturally concluded that if he dispatched a brother of the brush he would be doing the correct thing. So he sent a house-painter! When the critic sent in his copy, the editor was a bit dubious about it, but he decided to risk it. It was as follows:

Mr. Geo. Watt, the famous artist, is to be congratulated on the substantial job he has just turned out to the order of Mr. Alex. Morton. He has painted a picture of a lady on a horse, and it looks very pretty. The lady's face is picked out in flesh colors, with arms to match, and the delicate rose pink on the cheeks form a nice contrast to the ultramarine blue eyes. The lady's hair seems to have been laid off rather carelessly and is very streaky, and looks as though it had been done with a new brush. It would have been better if the brush had been broken in on the body of the horse first. There are seven trees on one side of the horse and four on the other; this makes the picture look lopsided, but, perhaps trees grow that way. The leaves of the trees are painted green, and the trunks drab, with sienna colored knots. The picture seems to have had several coats of the best oil and lead color, and the paint has not been spared on the sky, which is very thick and cloudy. There are several holidays (misses) on the ground, which was probably painted by the apprentice on a Saturday morning when he was in a hurry to knock off and go to the football match. The picture is painted on canvas. There is a lot of suction in canvas, and the job could have been done cheaper if zinc had been used instead. There are some figures in the foreground, £3 17s 6d, which perhaps refers to the price of the job. If so, the price is a bit stiff (even for day work), and pans out at about £2 9s 2d per yard. Taken altogether, and as the frame is gilded in a first-class manner, the artist deserves the custom of any one who goes in for that sort of thing.

The Political Situation.

Mrs. NEWWED—John, do you think that Roosevelt and Parker will be elected?  
Mr. NEWWED [looking up quickly]—Why, I suppose one of them will be elected.  
Mrs. NEWWED—One of them! Why, I thought both of them would be elected.  
Mr. NEWWED—That's impossible.  
Mrs. NEWWED—Why, McKinley and Roosevelt were elected at the same time.  
Mr. NEWWED—But they were running on the same ticket.  
Mrs. NEWWED—Well, so are Roosevelt and Parker.  
Mr. NEWWED [showing rising anger]—They're nothing of the kind.  
Mrs. NEWWED—Oh, how terrible! I thought that Fairbanks was running against Roosevelt and Parker.  
Mr. NEWWED—Not at all. It's Parker and Davis against Roosevelt and Fairbanks.  
Mrs. NEWWED—Well, who is Colonel Bryan running against?  
Mr. NEWWED [visibly irritated]—He isn't running at all. He isn't a candidate.  
Mrs. NEWWED—Well, then, why did he have such a terrible fight?  
Mr. NEWWED—Oh, he was against the gold plank in the platform.  
Mrs. NEWWED—John, what is a gold plank? Is it real gold, or just an imitation?  
Mr. NEWWED [with a look of approaching lunacy]—It's simply called a plank. It's merely a declaration of the principles of the party.  
Mrs. NEWWED—What party, John?  
Mr. NEWWED [reaching for his hat]—You'll have to excuse me, darling. I'm going out on the porch to get a little air.—*New York Herald.*

The Infant Needs

a perfectly pure, sterile, stable, easily absorbable and assimilable food. These are a combination of requirements which are found in Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. These properties are so perfectly represented in no other form of artificial infant feeding.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Yell of '04 Class, Wichita Nurses' School.

Staphylococcus, streptococcus,  
Microbes all!  
Sterilize and fumigate,  
Watch them crawl!  
Big germs, little germs,  
Short and tall;  
Fat germs, lean germs,  
We kill them all!  
Antisepsis, that's our call,  
We're the largest class of all!  
—*Topeka Capital.*

The Top Note.

A musical lady from Ga.  
Once sang in "Lucrezia Ba."  
Said a friend, the next day,  
"I'm sorry to say  
That high note in C Major fla."—*Ex.*

Picking a Loser.

Although wild horses can not drag  
His money from a man,  
It very often comes to pass  
We see that tame ones can.  
—*New York Sun.*

Location is Something.

They say that germs are pesky  
And make a person ill,  
But I could love the microbes  
On a fifty-dollar bill.  
They may be very ugly,  
And seize us by the throat,  
But I don't fear a microbe  
On a hundred-dollar note.  
—*Chicago Chronicle.*

Fall Styles in People.

"The styles in people for the fall  
Will be both trim and neat,  
With no important change at all  
In hands or eyes or feet,  
There'll be a smaller size in brains,  
So's not to discommode  
In dodging autos, trucks, and trains,"  
Says Madame de la Mode.  
"Though morals are in vogue this year,  
They'll wear them rather low,  
And many scandals will appear  
In swell whole-cloth, you know.  
New fads in fashionable disease  
Will soon come in, no doubt,  
For vermiform appendices  
Have gone entirely out.  
"Stripes will be worn by boodlers who  
Last year were fond of checks;  
Reformers will be proper, too,  
With somewhat stiffer necks;  
Brides will be trimmed with dollar signs,  
The kind that won't corrode.  
Thus all will fall in graceful lines,"  
Says Madame de la Mode.  
—*Wallace Irwin in Life.*

The Norsk Nightingale.

Ei yu ban wise, and ay s'pose yu ban,  
Yu know 'bout Yeneral Sheridan;  
But maybe yu ant remember the day  
Ven he yump on horse, and den he say,  
"Ay'm jusbt about twenty-six miles away!"  
Some rebel fallers ban start big row  
In Vinchester—ay ant know yust how,  
But ay tenk dey yump on some Yankee guys  
And trying to give dem gude black eyes!  
So Yeneral Sheridan hear dese guns  
And drank some coffee and eat some buns,  
And tal dis bar lanlord "gudeby, Yack!  
Ay skol paying my bill ven ay com back!"  
Den be ride so fast that sune be say,  
"Wal, now ay ban sixteen miles away!"  
Dese cannons ban roaring gude and loud—  
It ban toug game for dis Yankee crowd.  
And Lieut. Olson be tal his pal:  
"Ay tank ve ban due to run lak bal!"  
So dey start to run, or else retreat—  
Dis ban noder name for gude cold feet,  
And dey run so fast sum dey can go,  
Lak Russians luring dese Yaps, yu know.  
"Yee whiz!" say Sheridan, "Yump, old boss!  
Ay tenk my soldiers get double cross!  
Ay s'pose yure hoofs getting purty sore,  
But ve only got bout sax miles more!"  
Val, Yeneral Sheridan meet his men,  
And he say, "It's now yust half-past ten,  
Ay hope ay skol never go to heaven  
Ei dese Rebel Svedes ant licked by eleven!  
Yust turn around, now, in yure track—  
Come on, yu fellers! Ve're going back!"  
And yu bet yure life dey vent back, tu,  
And put gude crimp in dis Rebel crew.  
But soldiers ban careless sons of guns  
And the yeneral never settled for buns!  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

Centemeri  
Gloves  
Special

Colors \$1.10  
and  
Black 1 Per pr.

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First-class, \$40.00; second-class, \$30.00 and upwards,  
according to the line, steamer, and accommodation.

AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.  
New York.....Sept. 24 | Philadelphia.....Oct. 15  
St. Paul.....Oct. 1 | Germanic.....Oct. 15  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....Sept. 24, 10 am | Alerion.....Oct. 8, 10 am  
Noordland.....Oct. 1, 10 am | Westernland.....Oct. 15, 10 am

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnetonka.....Sept. 24, 5 am | Minneapolis.....Oct. 8, 4:30 am  
Minnehaha.....Oct. 1, 9 am | Manitou.....Oct. 15, 9 am

DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....Sept. 24 | Canada.....Oct. 8  
Vancouver.....Oct. 1 | Southwark.....Oct. 15

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a. m.  
Vaderland.....Sept. 24 | Zealand.....Oct. 8  
Kronland.....Oct. 1 | Finland.....Oct. 15

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Arabic.....Sept. 23, 4.30 pm | Baltic.....Oct. 5, 2 pm  
Teutonic.....Sept. 28, 10 am | Majestic.....Oct. 12, 10 am  
Celtic.....Sept. 30, 9 am | Cedric.....Oct. 14, 9 am

NEW SERVICE FROM BOSTON.

Fast Twin-Screw Steamers  
of 11,400 to 15,000 tons.  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric.....Oct. 13, Nov. 17

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.  
TO  
THE  
Mediterranean AZORES.  
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.

From New York.  
Republic.....Oct. 20, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic.....Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18  
From Boston.  
Canopic.....Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
Romanic.....Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28, Mar. 11  
First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1  
S. S. Doric.....Wednesday, November 8  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, November 28  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street,  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Sept. 17, at 11  
A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland,  
and Sydney, Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Oct. 20, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.



SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabelle Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Kendall, of Oakland, to Mr. E. Kenneth Lowden.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence I. Starr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Starr, to Mr. Joseph Notley Thomas.

The wedding of Miss May Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young, to Dr. McNab, of Los Angeles, will take place on Thursday, September 22d, at the residence of the bride's parents, "Rose Crest," Oakland. Miss Bertha Young will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Anne McNab, Miss Anna Oliver, and Miss Marietta Havens. Mr. John McNab will act as best man.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday night in honor of Mrs. Frederick Kohl. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody, Dr. and Mrs. Macmonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Severance, Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Rev. and Mrs. H. O'Rourke, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Sr., Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Kohl, Miss Beaver, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. Harry Bowie, and Dr. Harry Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson gave a breakfast at the Bohemian Club on Saturday morning in honor of Mr. Joseph D. Redding. Covers were laid for twenty.

Mrs. Willard Forsyth Williamson gave a tea on Thursday at her residence, 1154 Eighth Street, Oakland, in honor of Miss May Young.

Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla gave a dinner at Mare Island on Monday evening in honor of Rear-Admiral Charles W. Rae, chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rae.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., gave a luncheon at his quarters at the Presidio on Monday in honor of Mr. Kyrle Bellew.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vanderlynn Stow, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger, Miss Stow, and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding had dinner at the Tavern of Tamalpais on Saturday evening. They returned by moonlight on the gravity car.

San Rafael's Dahlia Show.

An operetta is to be produced in San Rafael on the evening of September 24th in connection with the Dahlia Show, which is to be given for the San Rafael Improvement Club. This operetta, "The Toy Shop," is to be produced on that occasion for the first time on the Coast. Although the name is similar to "The Toyshop," given at the Tivoli Opera House, this operetta is entirely different. Among those interested in the Dahlia Show are Mrs. Vincent Neale, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. W. J. Casey, Mrs. A. S. Lilley, Miss Hoffman, and Mrs. George T. Page.

Several distinguished German scholars from Berlin have just been visiting the University of California, and have departed on a tour for other points of interest in different parts of the State. They are Dr. Alfred Orth, Royal Agricultural College of Prussia; Dr. Robert Ostertag, of the Board of Agriculture of Prussia, commissioner to St. Louis exposition; Dr. Traugott Mueller, Minister of Agriculture, Prussia.

Some walk up Mt. Tamalpais, some go by way of the crooked railway, the most picturesque in the world. But one and all are surprised and charmed by the view that is disclosed to them upon reaching the top of the mountain. Another great attraction is the cheerful Tavern of Tamalpais.

The San Francisco business man can find no better home for his family than in Alameda. Quick and pleasant transportation, only \$1 a month. Write for folder containing map and general information. ALAMEDA ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION, Alameda, Cal.

Fashion in Champagne.

Speaking of champagne, a New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Star at all fashionable functions at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering places, is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet, but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and it is said to agree best with a constitution taxed by the untiringly strenuous society life. *The Caterer*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Francisco Concerts.

At the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday night, Mme. Fannie Franciscus will open her concert tour of the United States and Canada in this city, the city of her birth and the place after which she took her stage name. She has become known as one of the best lyric sopranos California has produced, and her position abroad is of the highest. She has distinguished herself in the operatic and concert worlds of Paris, Berlin, Munich, Monte Carlo, Vienna, and Amsterdam, and at the latter place has been prima donna soprano for the past six seasons, and returns to the Opéra Royal at the conclusion of her American engagements. San Franciscans will have an opportunity to hear her on Wednesday night in the following programme, which begins at eight-fifteen:

Aria, "La Traviata," Verdi; (a) "Elegie," Massenet; (b) "Ontwaken," Mann; (c) "Villanelle," De l'Acqua; piano solo. "Scenes from Louise," Chabrier; variations, Proch; aria, "Le Pardon de Ploermel," Meyerbeer; (a) "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Haydn; (b) "Standchen," Strauss; (c) "The Cuckoo," Liza Lehmann; suite for flute and piano: (a) "Valse Gracieuse," (b) "Souvenir," (c) "Gypsy Dance," Edward German; aria, "Lucia de Lammermoor" (mad scene), Donizetti.

At the Saturday afternoon concert, selections will be given from the works of Massenet, Arditi, Rubenstein, Gounod, Proch, Mandel, Edward German, Delibes, D'Hardelet, Catherine Van Rennes, and Thomas. Melville Ellis and Louis Newbauer will be accompanists at both these concerts.

The Hofmann Concerts.

After an absence of about three years, Josef Hofmann will again visit us and give three concerts at the Alhambra Theatre, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, October 4th and 6th, and Saturday matinee, the 8th. Hofmann, who is now twenty-seven years old, and who is the only one of the child prodigies who has fulfilled all the promises of early youth, has more intellectual power than any pianist before the public to-day; he brings into his music a brain sound to the core, a sweet, youthful fantasy and freshness, and, above all, an intense sincerity. The programmes for these concerts are very interesting, and include a number of compositions by the young artist himself.

At the opening concert he will play a composition of his own, which he calls "Through the Clouds." Other important numbers will be Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, some Scarlatti numbers, a group of Chopin compositions, Liszt's Don Juan Fantasia, and other great works. At the Thursday night concert the programme will include nine preludes of Chopin, Beethoven's Sonata Op. 22, Schumann's "Carnevale," and numbers by Couperin, Rameau, Tchaikowsky, Liszt, and others. At the Saturday matinee the special

feature will be a group of works by modern Russian composers, including Medtner, Rachmaninoff, Sternberg, Scriabine, Liadow, Tchaikowsky, and Rubinstein. Chopin's beautiful B-minor sonata is also on this programme, and by special request he will play the wonderful Liszt transcription of the "Tannhäuser Overture" with which he created such a sensation on his previous tour.

Complete programmes may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of season seats opens Monday, September 26th. The single seats will be on sale Thursday, September 29th. Prices for the recitals will be \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents, and season tickets for the three, \$5.00, \$3.50, \$2.50, and \$1.75. At these low rates pupils and teachers can attend all the concerts at a very moderate cost.

Feathers and Trousers.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The wealth and energy expended over the Knights Templar twenty-ninth triennial convocation would have placed a million families [Steady! Eds. ARGONAUT] on their own land in this beautiful State of sunshine, fruit, and flowers. Of course, the wicked face—"the people are the government"—must be the fact—think what lasting happiness this represents, what stability for the commonwealth.

It was very depressing to-day to see thousands, tens of thousands, of intelligent-looking men lower themselves by wearing loads of costly but tawdry decorations and swords and feathers. Men wearing feathers!—and trousers; the two combined on one image is not masculine—drop one or t'other. Feathers were perhaps in good taste for North American Indians.

It struck the onlooker at the parade that many of the masqueraders felt the degradation in exhibiting themselves as a raree-show before thousands of silly spectators who would also flock to see a troupe of trained monkeys! Alas! Alas! feathers! tinsel! swords! Civilization to-day means brutalization, and it must grow more brutal under our present economic system. Colorado will spread—if the readers do not understand this they are ignorant of Colorado—and Colorado will spread to them! *The gold standard of all values*—bodies and souls, if the bodies happen to have souls—was bound to produce Colorado and Peahody. KINGHORN JONES.

Thomas Hill, the veteran artist, whose long spell of sickness at Raymond last fall and winter was extremely serious for several months, has substantially recovered, and on September 11th he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by a champagne dinner to his intimate friends at Wawona.

The Vienna Bakery's Prosperity.

Success has been attending F. B. Galindo's effort to conduct a first-class restaurant and bakery at 133 O'Farrell Street. Business has increased to such an extent that Mr. Galindo has made Gooch's Oyster Grotto and Grill, 113 Ellis Street, a branch of his Vienna Bakery. At the Ellis Street place a specialty is made of terrapin, oysters, salads, shell-fish, steaks, and chops. Good things to drink are also to be found there in plenty, and the place has been made particularly attractive to after-theatre parties.

# Pears'

My grandmother used Pears' Soap; perhaps yours did, too. We owe them gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

Established in 1789.

## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

## A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

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Bituminous sidewalks.

Water piped to every lot.

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A. Hirschman.

102 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

Apply to **BALDWIN & HOWELL, 25 POST ST., San Francisco**  
or to **F. S. GRUMMON, San Mateo**



MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and party have arrived in New York from Europe, and are expected home within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Miss Abby Parrott, and Miss Emily Parrott, who are in New York, will return in October.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee and family are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler at their country place on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney, have returned to New York.

Dr. Harry Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman will visit St. Louis in October, going in Dr. Tevis's private car.

Mrs. William F. Herrin, Miss Katherine Herrin, and Miss Alice Herrin have returned to Lake County, where they will remain until October.

Mrs. Francis Carolan has been at Lake Tahoe for a few days, and from there goes to St. Louis and later to New York.

Mrs. William I. Kip and Mrs. Guy L. Edie departed on Saturday for Kansas City, where Mrs. Kip will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Edie will go on to Washington, D. C., where her husband, Major Edie, Medical Department, U. S. A., is stationed.

Miss Jennie Crocker departed last week for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the coming winter with her sister, Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison.

Miss Bessie Allen and Miss Ruth Allen have returned from Menlo Park.

Mr. Clarence Follis was among the recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Pearl Landers will sojourn for a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden have returned to town after a six weeks' sojourn at the Hotel Kafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have gone to St. Louis, and from there will proceed to New York, where they will remain a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman were among recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Bessie Cole has returned from Napa Valley, where she was the guest of Miss Frances Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley have returned to Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffin and Miss Natalie Coffin will return from Ross Valley October 1st.

Miss Jessie Fillmore is the guest of Mrs. Charles R. Drake in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall and Miss Marion Newhall have gone to New York.

Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Grace Baldwin, and Miss Bessie Cole have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will remain until October.

Mrs. Garret Livingston Lansing has taken apartments at St. Dunstan's for the winter.

Miss Etelka Williar is back from Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Lynch, of Alameda, were recent visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. J. C. McKinstry was a recent visitor at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Richard William Davis has returned from Europe after a six months' absence. Mrs. Davis is expected home about the middle of October.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy, who is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Rogers, expects to return to Fort Russell at the end of September.

Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, who has been sojourning in the Sierras, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and Mrs. Thomas Magee are the guests during September of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin at their country place, "Arcadia," in Napa County.

Miss Elsa Draper and Miss Dorothy Draper have returned from Oregon, where they have been spending the summer at their country place.

Senator and Mrs. Francis S. Newlands have returned to Reno, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering have returned from the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. J. F. Foulkes and Miss Foulkes have returned from Vancouver Barracks, where they were guests for the summer of Dr. Bruce Foulkes.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Farnum are at the Tavern of Tamalpais on their wedding journey. They will depart shortly for the McCloud River.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger, of Paris, were among last week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. John E. Page has returned from San Rafael, and is occupying her Lyon Street residence.

Mrs. B. Frank Cheatham will spend the winter here with her mother, Mrs. Denman.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott depart on Monday for St. Louis, and from there will go East, where they may remain all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Harnes and Miss Belle Harnes depart next week for a visit to St. Louis, Washington, and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Simpson, of Stockton, have gone to New York to meet their daughter, Mrs. Bertha Simpson Rogers, who is returning from abroad. The party will visit the St. Louis exposition on the way home.

Miss Dorothy Dustan is expected home from Europe within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Fife and Miss Beatrice Fife are sojourning at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Collier, and Miss Lutie Collier will leave for St. Louis on September 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander are spending the month of September at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bruce and Mrs. Clifton Macon were visitors to the Hotel del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Painter have been sojourning for a few days at the Tavern of Tamalpais prior to their departure for their home on the McCloud River.

Miss Bessie Ames leaves Paris on Tuesday, and is expected home early in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plottner (*nee* Hooper) have returned from Mountain View, and will spend the winter here.

Miss Lottie Woods has returned from Europe.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mrs. Joseph Crockett are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion A. Hirschman have returned to the city after spending four months in San Rafael, and are now at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., Miss Leslie Meyerfeld, and Mrs. Sigmund B. Schloss sail from New York on September 22d for Paris, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Agnes Burgin is home from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Miss Bessie Wilson, and Miss Bernice Wilson have returned from San Rafael, and are at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter.

Adjutant-General J. B. Lauck, N. G. C., was a recent guest at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Schoenfeld and Miss L. Schoenfeld, of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. R. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. John McGrath, Mrs. Thérèse Sutro, Miss Sutro, Miss Maren Frolich, Mr. Arthur G. Fiske, Mr. Edward Politz, Dr. Louis Stern, Mr. W. Sternberger, Mr. J. Barth, and Mr. H. S. Schwartz.

Among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Painter, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Torrey, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Mrs. J. F. Siehe, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. H. Schlesinger, Mrs. William Hume, Mrs. Le Roy Schlesinger, Miss Melone, Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Wilson, Miss Aurora Hume, Dr. E. C. Sewall, Mr. H. C. Melone, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. Randal Stoney, and Mr. J. H. Cutter.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. Woodbury and Mr. C. T. Sutton, of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bell, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Roche, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kimball, Mrs. C. B. Martin, Mrs. C. Lovell, Miss Lovell, Miss M. U. Stone, Miss H. Baily, Miss G. Hammond, Miss Hector, Miss R. Kirkpatrick, Miss E. Stone, Mr. W. C. Stone, Mr. A. B. Watson, Mr. H. M. Wright, Mr. B. F. Nourse, Mr. S. Hardy, Mr. C. B. Russell, Mr. G. J. James, Mr. F. D. Sringham, Mr. W. Symmes, Mr. C. F. Griffin, Mr. H. J. Star, Mr. E. L. Snell, Mr. C. C. Dickson, Mr. H. V. S. Huhhard, Mr. R. H. F. Variel, Jr., Mr. R. T. Crawford, and Mr. E. Langworthy.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Potter, and Miss Nina Jones, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Selby and Miss Carson Selby, of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bates, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Claypool, of Pasadena, Mrs. George H. Marston and Miss Elizabeth Marston, of San Diego, Mrs. James Smith, Jr., and Miss Smith, of Newark, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Vesting, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hazleton, Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Pott, Mr. and Mrs. Armshy, Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Mose, Mr. G. A. von Hambach and Dr. Clarence Fahmestock, of New York, Dr. Muller, of Vienna, Mr. M. S. Steinway, and Mr. Louis Rosenthal.

"Letty," Arthur W. Pinero's much-heralded play, was given its first American production at the Hudson Theatre, New York, on Monday evening. William Faversham has a leading part, and the rôle of Letty, an office clerk who nearly ruins her life by attempting to enter the swell circles of Belgravia, is taken by Carlotta Nielson. The play was well received by the audience, and was given good notices by the critics.

E. C. Bellows, the American consul-general at Yokohama, arrived from the Orient Monday on his way to Washington on a sixty days' leave of absence.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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Army and Navy News.

Major-General MacArthur, U. S. A., who has been inspecting the national park in Mariposa County, returned to Wawona on Monday last from the Yosemite, accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur, and proceeded on Tuesday to Fresno, where Mrs. MacArthur will spend a week or more while the general visits the national park and General Grant Park in Kings County.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., and his sisters, the Misses Stephenson, depart on Monday for St. Louis. The Misses Stephenson will remain East for the winter. Captain F. P. Reynolds, Medical Department, U. S. A., will be post-surgeon at the Presidio during Major Stephenson's absence.

Commander T. H. Holmes, U. S. N., arrived from Yokohama on Monday.

Mrs. Niles, wife of Commander N. E. Niles, U. S. N., is the guest of Mrs. Bourne at St. Helena.

Major Edward T. Brown, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been assigned to command the field artillery battalion at the Presidio.

Major Frank F. Eastman, U. S. A., will, upon arrival from the Philippines, relieve Captain George W. Ruthers, U. S. A., as chief commissary of the Department of California.

Captain Frank A. Cook, Commissary Department, U. S. A., will sail for the Philippines on the next transport.

Captain R. H. Rolfe, U. S. A., was a recent guest at the Hotel del Monte.

Sale of Land in San Mateo.

The new addition to San Mateo, the Alvinza Hayward property, known as "The Oaks," situated in the heart of the town, has been divided into lots, and will be sold. Streets connecting with the main thoroughfare of the town have been laid through the tract. The streets have been graded and macadamized, and sewers laid. San Mateo's closeness to San Francisco, its climate and its environments, make it an unusually attractive suburban town. Twenty trains a day go there, and there is a fine electric-car service. When the new Bay Shore cut-off is completed, the time between San Francisco and San Mateo will be shortened to thirty minutes. It is expected that there will be a big rush for these lots, which will be disposed of at private sale by Baldwin & Howell, 25 Post Street. The sale begins Monday morning at ten o'clock.

The United States cruiser *Milwaukee* was launched at the Union Iron Works on Saturday. She was started toward the water by Miss Lilly Jeffrey, and was christened by Miss Janet Mitchell, daughter of the late Senator John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin. The launching was thoroughly successful. The *Milwaukee* is a protected cruiser, with a main battery of fourteen rapid-fire six-inch guns, eighteen rapid-fire three-inch guns, and thirty-eight smaller guns. She is of nine thousand seven hundred tons displacement, and will steam twenty-two knots.

A reception to Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, will be given at the Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, on September 22d, by the Oakland Board of Trade, Merchants' Exchange, and Union League.

The new battle-ship *Ohio* has been formally turned over by the builders to the United States. She will go into commission October 1st. Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Buchanan will be executive officer.

J. D. McGavin won the tennis championship of the Pacific Coast from A. E. Bell at the tournament which ended at the Hotel Rafael courts on Monday.

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Until October 13th the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets to Yosemite Valley from San Francisco for \$48.50. This includes Pullman accommodations both ways, side ride to the Mariposa Grove (the greatest of all the California Big Trees), twelve meals and three nights' lodging at hotels, and carriage drives to Mirror Lake, Vernal Falls, Nevada Falls, and Glacier Point. Tickets good for return until October 18th. Those who desire to stay longer than the schedule time may do so by paying the special hotel rate of \$3.00 a day. Ask about this at Southern Pacific office, 613 Market Street, San Francisco.

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"I consider the separation of Church and State unavoidable." So says Premier Emil Combes, of France, and it is crystal-clear from this unequivocal utterance that there is to be no truce in the war between the French Government and the Pope of Rome. This coming session of the French Chamber will consequently see debate over the abolition of the Concordat—that venerable instrument by which France and the Vatican have for a century been bound together—which the genius of Napoleon devised and forced upon the church that he might use religion as a political lever—which has stood the shock of "Empire and Restoration, Citizen King and Republic," unchanged and unaltered—

but which now the growth of liberty of thought and toleration is rendering a useless agreement merely hampering to the French Government. France is almost ready to shake it off—to throw it from her like a tattered cloak.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the great controversy is the indifference with which it is viewed by the people of the republic, and by the world at large. Time was when a proposal to abolish the Concordat would have profoundly stirred every capital in Europe. Time was when Catholic nations in Europe might have taken up arms against France for such an affront to the Holy See as is now received without emotion. Time was when swords would have leapt from their scabbards in defense of the Pope. Then, as one observer remarks, "Rome was the world's centre of great diplomacy. Treaties were made, alliances were formed, and wars were declared there. Nations were aligned with other nations, or were arrayed against them, according to their relationships with Rome." The apathy with which the present crisis is regarded shows how changed are the conditions. In the long drama of Rome's loss of power and weakened prestige in the world's affairs, the separation of Church and State in France will be the last scene of the last act. Soon the church's influence will be purely spiritual, not at all temporal.

Diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican are at present at end. The precise cause of the rupture is a conflict in authority over the nomination of bishops. According to the Concordat, the French Government nominates the bishops. The Pope gives them "canonical settlement." Has he a right to refuse this indorsement? That is the crucial question. France says no, the Vatican yes. France has named eight bishops, and in each case the Vatican has refused to give its indorsement. Therefore eight bishoprics are vacant. The bishops themselves are between the devil and the deep sea. If they accept the government's nomination, the Pope may excommunicate them. If they perform the duties of bishop without nomination from France, the government may cut off their salaries. Two cases in particular have attracted great attention. The Bishop of Leval was accused of writing love-letters to a Carmelite nun, and of having at his palace "fair cousins who had not reached the age when a woman can lawfully be engaged in the household of a cleric." The Vatican summoned him to Rome. The bishop communicated the letter to M. Combes. The government took the part of the bishop, and refused to sanction removal. In the other case, the Bishop of Dijon was accused of being a Freemason. The Vatican proposed to remove, and the government to support, him. These cases brought about a crisis in the conflict of authority, and diplomatic relations were severed, which situation is not affected by the subsequent fact that both bishops finally made their peace with the Pope.

Apparently the only thing that can prevent formal abolition of the Concordat this autumn or winter is the fall of the ministry of Premier Combes. This will, of course, not indicate popular disapproval of his war against the church. The elections have already shown that France enthusiastically supports him. In the recent balloting, there were 1,500 seats to fill, and 841 went to Ministerial Republicans, 312 to anti-Ministerial Republicans, and 175 to Conservatives. Thus there is no question of the popularity of the ministerial policy. But other legislative projects which are to be indorsed by Premier Combes this autumn are the revenue tax and workmen's pensions. It is conceivable that the opponents of these measures, and of the abolition of the Concordat, may get together and defeat the ministry.

In France, as elsewhere, a vigorous policy in any direction makes enemies which, in the course of time, through combination, may bring about defeat. As the French publicist, M. Cornely, shows, a ministry formed from the elements of opposition to these diverse measures would, however, possess little stability, and the Republicans might soon return to power.

What would be the effect of the Concordat's abolition? In the first place, the French religious budget amounts annually to fr. 42,500,000. Of this amount, the Catholic clergy receive fr. 36,686,800, Protestants fr. 1,531,500, Jews fr. 155,530. If the Concordat were abrogated, salaries to all Catholic priests and higher officers would stop. Would the people then voluntarily support the church? Ah, there's the rub. The peasantry are penurious, and it is doubted if country churches could keep open their doors. Many predict that outside Brittany and Provence the priests will fail to collect a livelihood from their parishioners, and that there will be a reversion to secularism. The artisan class, according to the London *Spectator*, "is notoriously militant in its agnosticism." The upper class is irreligious. If France is indeed materialistic, the abrogation of the Concordat may mean, not the erection of a prosperous independent church, as in America, but the decay in France of the outward observance of the Catholic religion. And even if the people contrive to support the church, the golden stream, known as Peter's Pence, which flows from France toward the Vatican, will inevitably slacken if it is not indeed altogether checked.

It should be clear that the present crisis is one of vast significance. History will take note of it. It will be considered to mark an epoch, perhaps, in the history of the relation of ecclesiastical and secular institutions.

The first thing that Mr. Henry James did on his arrival in this country was to go and buy a three-cent postage-stamp to put on a letter. It was, almost, as if he wished to begin anew, with some perfectly normal and non-moral act, the life which he had gone out of so voluntarily, so hopefully, with such tremendous illusions, the many years ago when America had suddenly, almost quite explosively, ejected him, as it were, an alien body, from the midst of its activities and social crudity and ingenuous table manners. A stamp on a letter struck him as so tremendously the thing; it assured him that he really was sending messages, not to, but from America, and he wondered, as he followed the letter (not yet stamped, however), whether in a way it was not rather a symbol of his return to where he was, if not actually native, at least born, that the letter—which he was still following in his mind—had been addressed before it was stamped and dropped in the receiving-box. He was genuinely delighted that he should renew his youth so frankly, without any tincture of the Britishism he had so falsely, and, he felt, rudely been charged with. Here he was, an ordinary citizen, indistinguishable to the eye of the post-clerk, taking advantage of American progress, a progress which he had helped, which he had watched jealousy, with little pangs of homesickness once in a while, and now, twenty years after, he could take it all up just where he left it in his bright youth, and feel that after all was said he had lived that score of years, spiritually, in America, quite "in touch," as the Americanism went, with the land where he had been born and whence he had traveled in pursuit of what, he knew sub-consciously, even sub-morally, was a stronger Yankeeism. He was so pleased, so heartily warmed by the thought of what the buying of a stamp meant to him, that he was probably terribly provoked when the clerk told him curtly



the United States lowered the rate of postage from three to two cents many years ago!

"Edited temporarily from Bilibid Prison"—this is the announcement printed in large type on the cover of the last number at hand of the *Manila Sunday Sun*. So the editor of the *Manila Freedom* is landed at last, and is occupying, as he blithely remarks, "snug quarters in the Hotel de Bilibid, safe from importunate creditors." This brings the famous *Freedom* libel case to its conclusion. It will be recalled that *Freedom* rested under charges of sedition and of criminal libel. The Supreme Court declared the sedition law unconstitutional. The libel alleged was in a heading placed over libelous charges read in open court against M. Legarda, a member of the Philippine Commission. It was asserted that the heading was malicious. The editors of the other Manila papers printed the same article, but were permitted to apologize, and no action was brought. The editor of *Freedom* was treated with no such leniency. Sentence was passed on Edward O'Brien, editor of *Freedom*, by the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, though two out of the three American justices favored the defense. He carried the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, demanding a jury trial as a constitutional right, but the demand was denied. Mr. O'Brien asserts that there was no malice in the heading of the article; that he was personally unacquainted with Commissioner Legarda; and that he believed the matter to be privileged. He takes his six months' imprisonment philosophically, remarking that he does not "desire to pose as a martyr," and that he "feels he is innocent of crime or wrong intent." Indeed, he drops into verse (with apologies to Voltaire), after this fashion:

"I needs must go; I jog along in style,  
In smart glad-wagon, to the gloomy pile.  
In no such quarters may your lot be cast!  
Into my cell I find my way at last.  
A friend of old with a smiling face  
Exalts the beauties of my new retreat—  
So comfortable, so compact, so neat.  
Says he: "While Phœbus runs his daily race,  
His rays are not too strong within this place.  
Look at these walls some ten feet thick or so,  
You'll find it all the cooler here, you know."  
Then hiding me admire the way they close  
The triple doors and triple locks on those  
With gratings, bolts, and bars on every side,  
"It's all for your security," he cried.  
At stroke of noon some oat-meal is brought in;  
Such fare is not so delicate as thine.  
I am not tempted by the splendid food,  
But what they tell me is "Twill do you good;  
So eat in peace; no one will hurry you."

We believe O'Brien is a former San Franciscan. He is familiarly known in the islands as the "boy editor," being only twenty-eight. The *Sunday Sun*, which he now publishes, is by all odds the cleverest paper published in the Philippines, and claims, with some reason, to have a larger circulation than even the dailies.

The *New York Herald* and the *Argonaut* appear to be about the only journals in this country which remember Russia's friendship for this nation in the dark days of the Civil War, and look with apprehension upon the supremacy of Japan in the Far East. The public, though not so strongly pro-Japanese as the metropolitan newspapers, which are controlled so largely by persons of Jewish race—the Ochs, Pulitzers, etc.—still have rather succumbed to the beguilement of these special pleaders, and to the continual coloring of the news which comes through English channels, and is therefore prejudiced in favor of England's ally, Japan. But there are signs of change. They say at Washington that in official circles, both civil and military, Japanese victories are no longer viewed with satisfaction. The correspondent of the *Herald*, for example, writes:

Army and navy officers who have recently returned from the Philippines and the China station report that at present the Japanese have not a friend in the East among mercantile, military or naval men of white extraction. Their success has made them inausferally overbearing and insolent. They implicitly believe that their army and navy are invincible, and give their views publicly in a manner which is galling. Their total disregard of the truth, their apparent inability to conceive that there is anything sacred about a promise or agreement, and the barbarism which is so clearly apparent through their veneer of politeness and civilization, has irritated and alienated all who have come in contact with them. The disillusion of the pro-Japanese correspondents who flocked to Tokio early in the year is an old story.

Even in England the sentiment is veering around, and the British people are beginning to feel apprehensive at Japan's success. It is becoming evident that if Japan wins without exhausting herself, she will neither desire nor ask anything more of her ally. One reason for sympathy with Japan in this country at the beginning of the war no longer holds good. She is no longer the "under dog," and neither needs nor asks

sympathy because her population does not exceed that of the United States in the year 1880, while Russia's is twice as great. The five thousand miles of Siberian plain and mountain that stretch between Russia proper and the seat of war more than offset the numerical disproportion between the two nations. Another thing that is swinging American sympathies toward Russia is the splendid bravery exhibited by the Russian soldier. At Port Arthur he is fighting, at Liao Yang he fought, with a desperate courage excelled by the soldiers of no Occidental nation. About the Japanese attitude toward death there is something strange and uncanny. They are fanatics. Jack London, we have heard, aptly calls them "dervishes with machine guns." According to the account of Prince Radzivil, who has just escaped from Port Arthur, the Japanese shot down six hundred of their own men who had shown the white flag, as evidence of their disapproval of the act. We do not wonder at the astonishment of every Russian that American people should give their sympathies to the yellow man, whom they do not know or understand, rather than to the white man whom they do.

In his weekly paper, the *Outlook*, Lyman Abbott gives his impressions of San Francisco, derived during his recent visit. In his opinion, the first impression of a tourist is one of disappointment. The reverend doctor considers that San Francisco might have been made the most beautiful city in America, if not in the world, by being built with streets curving about the various hills. He objects to the rectangular plan. Certainly his criticism is interesting, but it seems rather futile in this year of our Lord 1904. The doctor thinks San Francisco the most wooden city he ever saw, and rather suspects it would be a good place for a big fire. As to the climate, he "found the air invigorating, the sunshine pleasant, and the wind not furnished with that serrated edge with which the Boston winds in March are equipped." He praises the Key-Route ferry as the best he ever saw, pays tribute to Mr. Keith, the artist, and calls Paul Elder's book-shop "the most artistic and charming" he has visited in America or Europe. San Francisco "grew" on Dr. Abbott the longer he stayed, and he really found only one thing to criticize harshly, and that was the daily press. He writes:

The daily newspapers in San Francisco seemed to me the least enterprising newspapers of any important American city. I naturally wished, while in San Francisco, to know what was going on in the city and in the State. Neither the *Call* nor the *Chronicle* gave me much information on this subject. The Californians seemed to me to possess a great deal of local pride and public spirit, but local pride and public spirit were conspicuously absent from the columns of these two journals. A great Methodist Missionary Conference was held in San Francisco while I was in the city. It was still in session the day I left. I found a better account of it in a Chicago newspaper on my way East than I found in the San Francisco newspapers. Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Church, gave at this conference an address on the war in the Orient, and the relations of this country to the two contending parties, and the effect of the war on our commercial and industrial interests. He was listened to attentively by an audience which packed one of the largest halls of San Francisco to its utmost capacity. One paper gave, by actual count, five lines about it, and the other not more than ten or fifteen. . . . It is hardly too much to say that I found in one issue of the *Nevada State Journal*, as I came over the mountains, more and better information respecting affairs in the State of Nevada than I found in a week respecting affairs in the State of California in the San Francisco journals which came into my hands.

The Republicans in New York State have nominated for governor Frank W. Higgins. We never heard of him. The Democrats in "EMPIRE STATE," New York State have nominated for governor Daniel C. Herrick. We never heard of him, either. The *Sun*, which is supporting Roosevelt, bolts the Republican nominee. The *Evening Post*, which is supporting Parker, bolts the Democratic nominee. The *Sun* calls Higgins a man utterly unworthy of being elected. The *Post* says Herrick is a local party boss, and that it can not advise anybody to support him. Nice situation, that in New York. The Republicans fight like cats and dogs. The Democrats fight like dogs and cats. That's all—and quite enough.

What is the meaning of Maine? Vermont has indicated by her vote an overwhelming Republican success six weeks from now. Every intelligent Democratic journal admits that the results in Vermont were disappointing. Now Maine has held her State election, and both sides claim a victory. It is true that the Republican plurality of 27,000 is markedly less than the pluralities in the years 1900 and 1896, when they were 34,132 and 48,246. But Maine, it should be noted, was one of the very strongest anti-Bryan States. During the two Bryan campaigns, thousands of Democrats bolted the ticket. Conditions are now vastly different. The anti-Bryan Democrats

have returned to the fold. The true parallel to the present campaign is the campaign of 1892, and when the results of that year and this are compared, all basis for Democratic hopefulness is destroyed. In 1892, the Republican plurality in September was 12,531. In November, it was 14,887. The Republican plurality is therefore seen to be this year not less than 15,000 votes in excess of the plurality in the last campaign, in which the issues were Democratic rather than Bryanistic. The result in Maine is discouraging to those Democrats who sit down and look at the situation through spectacles that do not distort.

After some eight months of advance, fighting, and diplomacy, the "mission" of the British Government to the Thibetans has been accomplished. Missionary Colonel Younghusband has proved himself an able and successful leader; the Grand Lama is reverent before the British throne, and the British merchant has his trade convention and an indemnity of \$2,500,000 for the trouble the English were put to. Incidentally, Russia has been balked, it is thought, of her proposed prey.

There has been nothing so picturesque as this expedition of a handful of uniformed missionaries into a land known only by legend and vision. It has been so full of bravado, of pluck, of gay show, of human incident, and yet withal so little, so miniature, so silent. We have seen the procession at a great distance. We have seen arms waved, puffs of smoke, the glare of a camp-fire, the attitude of war. But we have heard nothing, and now that the gross terms of the treaty are before us, it is almost a joke that Colonel Younghusband and his troopers and his war-correspondents should traverse snows and mountains and wastes, should fight with gigantic centenarians and starve and thirst, and still go on, only to assert a demand for a trade convention and exact a promise of a large sum for indemnity. Within a few weeks the clank of an artillery mule's gear will be heard on the edge of India; some soldiers will drop into British territory, laughing to be home; Colonel Younghusband will take off his helmet a moment, a guide will swing on his heel, and the clump of his feet will go the length of the easy column, halt a second at the divide, and then vanish in the silence of Thibet.

But the shadow of British sovereignty is over the country of the Grand Lama. Lhasa will some day boast a governor's palace, the dwelling of a governor who takes orders from the viceroy of India. Russia has taken it for granted that the "trade convention" with Thibet means "protectorate," and has formally lodged a protest with England and China. China also objects to the cession of a chunk of her territory. It remains to be seen if the protests will be more than verbal. China is not noted for her energy in defending her rights. Russia is rather busy just now. Great Britain chose the time well for Younghusband's "mission."

There never was a better illustration of the fact that the moderns live too fast, are much en-  
RAMSAY: AND HIS THEORIES clouded in trivialities, and calloused by  
OF MATTER. grossness than the reception given the great chemist, Sir William Ramsay, in New York. Sir William has taught us about radium, about argon, and about a dozen other matters which, had we the time to ponder them, might lead us into the ultimate mystery of the world. But Sir William was not known to the erudite mayor of New York, nor to its also learned and curious board of aldermen. When three hundred of the great men of the world sat down with Sir William to do him honor, it was necessary for the toastmaster to explain in humiliation that neither Mayor McClellan nor President Furness had leisure to meet them or tender them the welcome of the city.

Very possibly Sir William and his friends did not give a rap. What the mayor was upon no one has said in excuse, but he missed one thing. Sir William told how his researches seemed to point to the solution of the mystery of matter, and came out with the statement, "It seems to me that we may be on the eve of the discovery of the origin of the ordinary elements, which may be the products of the breaking down of radioactive elements of high atomic weight."

If any man had said such a thing to any other educated man from the time of Ur of the Chaldees to the Declaration of Independence, it would have been as if the world stopped, as if somewhere one had caught a shrill note of the starry silences. Stripped of its technical language, Sir William Ramsay's assertion means that he thinks that in time we shall be creators; that the silver, the gold, and the dross will be proved all to be higher or lower structures of one activity, that we can break down and set up this one substance or force, like children playing with blocks of a size.

Once in a while even the most cynical and hardened



must wonder at the things which go on outside our little field of vision. And after all there's nothing amazing in the fact that the politician and the humdrummer can't see much difference in the way things go. There isn't anything to show for the assertion of a noted chemist that the world is simple and congruous. It doesn't affect, so far as the straws indicate, any elections or bond issues or rates of insurance. Only Sir William Ramsay has other claims upon our consideration: he has saved England's rivers from utter pollution by sewage; he has invented a way of welding steel rails; he has developed certain coal-tar products into valuable commercial articles. No matter what he may think about the mystery of life and the origin of the universe, he has that much to his credit in standard currency.

Is the rich and populous fourth California congressional district—a district including within its borders nearly 200,000 people—a district that includes a great part of the city of San Francisco—to permit itself to be represented in the Congress of the United States for another two years by the ex-reporter of the *Examiner*, Livernash? That is the question that confronts the voters of the fourth. Mr. Livernash has received the Democratic nomination and the indorsement of the labor party, both of which he had in 1902. He won in that year over Julius Kahn by a plurality of less than 200. This year, considering the unpopularity of labor unions with the average man, the influence of Roosevelt sentiment on congressional balloting, and the fact that Mr. Livernash's most distinguished act in Congress was one of petty spite directed at his colleague, Bell, it ought not to be difficult to defeat him roundly. Will the Republican party do it?

Satisfaction with the electric car has not been wholly unalloyed. Speed has been attained over the horse and cable car, operating expenses have been cut down, and better service has been the result of the adoption of electricity as a motive power. But, according to the *Manufacturers' Record*, we are still behind the ideal. The present trolley car has the disadvantage of overhead wires, poles, and intricate feed wires. Therefore it is doomed on busy city streets. A well-known mechanical engineer is quoted as saying: "In the course of a few years there will not be a street-car track in New York. Five years ago there were no automobiles. During the past twelve months our automobile output exceeded in value all the locomotives built in America by twenty millions of dollars, and the industry is hardly out of its infancy. The trolley car and draught horse will go out together; there is no room in the crowded streets of our largest cities for either."

All this is worth thinking about, and the presence of the automobile in San Francisco is certainly indicative of profitable employment. How far it will supersede the plebeian street car, no one would wisely predict at present. We are clamoring for better electric service; we are crying for the abandonment of the cable system. After all, where are we to stop? San Francisco has its own needs, and while the prediction of the engineer in the *Manufacturers' Record* is fully suggestive, we have our own problems. If the automobile can climb the California Street Hill, carry passengers safely down Hyde Street, and traverse Powell Street from Sutter to North Beach, we have reason to suspect the value of cable railway stocks. It is well to remember that the immense sums spent in changing the New York Metropolitan system from cable to electric was not a paying investment. The automobile is more wieldy, requires nothing but a good pavement, can follow any road open to it. Blockades, collisions, and kindred hindrances do not hinder an automobile service. On the other hand, any one can easily picture its inconveniences. Capital itself will resist a change.

Since Mr. Rudolph Spreckels refused to pay a Carlsbad physician what he thought an exorbitant fee for diagnosing a trouble as appendicitis and advising the attendance of a specialist, the doctors of two continents have been discussing the question of fees. Several old questions have been asked, a new one or so interjected, and the outcome is yet in doubt. The unanimous opinion is that the medical and surgical laborers are worthy of their hire: the sticking place is, Which is worthy of the most?

Mr. Spreckels was charged \$2,000 by the Carlsbad physician. The patient protested that \$500 was enough for a diagnosis and a few *pro forma* visits after the eminent and well-paid surgeon from Berlin had departed with his assistants and his nurses. The doctor, and family physicians from London to New York and

from San Francisco to Calcutta, have proclaimed that the surgeon is a mechanic, and that the physician who prescribes a successful operation is as much to be regarded as the one who prescribes an effective drug. Ergo, the diagnostician is your true doctor. The specialists within the same latitudes say that the labor of saving life is wholly in their hands, that they reinforce and correct diagnoses of the family or garden physician, that they know more, do more, and should be paid more.

But this is not the gist of the matter. The question is, Did the Carlsbad physician do right in making his charge proportionate to Mr. Spreckels's wealth? Is the skill required in treating the rich greater than that employed in salving the poor? Is the doctor's office one of infinite gradations to scales of income? Is our prospect under the surgeon's hands directly proportioned to the prospective fee?

There are several answers to this, the most satisfactory of which is that the rich must pay for the poor. Anybody can have a physician, but the expense of calling in a specialist would bankrupt any ordinary workingman. But workingmen's appendices get out of order, their bodies become infirm, and their children fade from disease without regard to the small income. Specialists are needed, and everybody knows they are got. But the specialist demands his wage. So, after the fashion of the tailor, he charges those that can and will for those who can't and won't.

However, it is well to congratulate ourselves that the American physician does not usually collect his fees by police force, and while many quacks destroy health, it is rarely that a prominent or eminent physician disgraces his profession as did a French physician in attendance on Mrs. George Crocker, according to the story in the London *Daily Mail*. This specialist was treating Mrs. Crocker for cancer by the use of a serum. After some seven or eight treatments, he sent word that he would not continue until his little bill was paid. Inquiry disclosed the amount of the bill to be \$20,000, which was reluctantly paid in the hope of saving Mrs. Crocker's life.

**Public Policy**, Allen Ripley Foote's clever Chicago weekly, reproduced in full articles on municipal socialism which recently appeared in the *Argonaut*, and made them the text for several editorials of its own. Some of these Eastern editorials were quoted, in part, approvingly, by the *Merchants' Association Review*, but, singularly enough, all reference to municipal socialism was carefully omitted.

Speaking of the *Argonaut* articles, **Public Policy** said:

The soundness and stability of economic conditions determined by public policy are always the subject of careful investigation by sagacious men of money who locate and operate large business undertakings. This fact is forcing municipalities to take account of the economic effects of the public policies to which they stand committed. They are learning that natural advantages may be largely discounted or wholly neutralized by unsound and unstable public policies. This fact is well shown by two editorials in this issue from the *San Francisco Argonaut*:

1. "Why Capital is Afraid."
2. "How to Encourage Capital."

What is true of San Francisco and Chicago in this respect is equally true of every city. No one wants to locate a business in a city where his property will be liable to partial confiscation through the carrying out of unsound public policies regarding public indebtedness and taxation, the creation of public debt, and the collection of taxes for purposes that are not necessary public purposes, and the wastefulness and extravagance of inefficient State and local governments.

In the competition of municipalities with municipalities and States with States, for business, every factor of advantage, natural and political, is taken into consideration and carefully weighed with its value in the determination of a business location by the sagacious business men who make money. A business that does not make money is not a desirable asset for any city. When business men study public questions as closely as they do the markets and the improvement of machinery, they will take good care that the municipalities in which they have business interests do not adopt public policies that tend to make capital afraid. They will establish the reverse condition, and will see that public policies are adopted, and given stability, that will tend to encourage capital. Conditions that have power to attract business to a city are conditions that will best aid in developing the business already located there.

In competition with other cities to secure the location of desirable business enterprises, that city will be the winner, natural advantages being about equal, which offers a stable public policy most nearly in accord with the requirements of correct economic principles.

But the merchant readers of the *Review* were denied the opportunity of reading the foregoing very sound advice.

It certainly can not be assumed that the *Merchants' Association* is divided on the question of socialism or municipal socialism, or that there can be any doubt as to the attitude of that very admirable body on any question that may affect harmfully the city or government.

From another copy of **Public Policy** we extract an-

other editorial devoted to civic affairs, which also failed of reproduction in the *Review*. It says:

If you want to know the source, from which the demand for municipal ownership is inspired you should read two editorials in this issue from the *San Francisco Argonaut*:

1. "Socialistic Ventures Here and Elsewhere."
2. "Municipal Socialism and Socialism."

You can not afford not to read the instructions contained in the propaganda issued by the International Socialistic Conference, held in Paris, September, 1900, which are quoted in the latter article.

Those who read this article will be in error if they suppose these instructions in the socialistic propaganda are of so recent origin as 1900. We do not know when they were first conceived and promulgated. We do know that we had copies of socialistic publications containing them in 1890, and that we then began our work of attempting to cause the people of this country to understand the real character and meaning of the demand for municipal ownership and operation of public service utilities. We could find no one at that time who thoroughly understood the movement. When an attack was made upon one form of public service utility, those interested in other forms declared the movement did not interest them because they were not attacked at the same time. The general property-owner and business man could see in it nothing but a fight between corrupt corporations and politicians, and was inclined to sympathize with the politicians because they thought if municipal ownership cut prices for public services in two, as was loudly proclaimed, it would be a good thing for them. They scoffed at the idea that the demand for municipal ownership was really a demand for the extinguishment of the private ownership of all kinds of property. When the demand became strong in one city the people of other cities regarded it as a local issue that could not possibly disturb them. In the widespread ignorance of the people upon this subject and their indifference to public questions that do not threaten to hurt them now, the socialists find their opportunity. Evidence that they know how to use their opportunity well is furnished by hundreds of cities that are handicapped by the ownership and operation of one or more public service utilities, vainly attempting to prove the political management of an industry as efficient as private management. Instead of doing this, they are fast furnishing evidence of the truth of the logical conclusion that municipal waste exceeds corporate profit.

The *Argonaut* entertains for the association in question the highest respect imaginable; and while the *Review* published by it disclaims certain responsibilities that are fundamental in the publishing business, and while its tone is conservative and non-partisan, yet it is possible, and it is true, that a character eventually becomes fixed to such a journal. Despite all precautions, the views of the responsible editorial head must trickle out and give character to the publication, which just now looks a trifle socialistic.

The *Argonaut* is somewhat curious to know the exact attitude of the *Review* on the question of municipal socialism. Is the *Review* neutral or otherwise?

The question becomes pertinent and timely because the August number of that publication appears to indorse the proposed charter amendment number one, by heading Supervisor Braunhart's article in large type: "Two Necessary Charter Amendments—Limitation of the Tax Rate and Funding for Public Utilities Should be Adopted." If it should appear on careful examination that both those amendments are, and were designed to be, insidiously socialistic, would the *Review* still consider them "necessary"? A belief is growing that such is their nature, and the time to scrutinize them is at hand.

The last infirmity of the newspaper editor is that

something known as "local color." Just THE "CALL'S" NEW WORD. what the ideal of local color is has never been definitely posited. From the at-

tempts of some newspapers one might make the hypotheses that it was (1) never speaking of carpets without an allusion to tacks, or (2) quotation, or (3) throwing in expressions not familiar to the common herd. A beautiful instance of this sort of local color is on the first page of the *San Francisco Call* of last Wednesday, where an eager public is informed in large type that the visiting Odd Fellows were welcomed by their "fraters." We presume this is the *Call's* plural of the Latin word *frater*, brother. It is scarcely the Latin plural, and as the word is not English, there can hardly be an English plural. All this, however, is local color. Observe: the Odd Fellow calls his brother Odd Fellow "frater." Nobody else ever thought of using such an expression, except certain monastic orders, who gibber Latin, and universities in their diplomas. Therefore the *Call* writer saw his chance, and immediately dubbed the San Francisco members of the order "fraters," making them odd fellows than ever.

The Oakland *Tribune* is reluctant to admit that it made a mistake in stating that the *Argonaut* was of the opinion that Thomas E. Watson would split the Solid South. It notes our denial, but still maintains that we "inferentially, if not directly, set forth that view." Well, let it go at that, since the denial is noted. "Otherwise," says the *Tribune*, "we are pretty well, thank you, and increasing in circulation daily, printing all the news, and getting there first with bells." Good! The *Tribune* is one of the brightest newspapers in the State.

A KING OF A RETRACTION.



## CHILD AND DOG OF BOHEMIA.

"This little one will grow."—*LES MISERABLES.*"

This is not the tale of Marmaduke, pure and simple, for it would be both sad and ironical to mention the word tail in connection with him, as he had suffered from tin cans and what not in his youth, I am sure—one could tell by the way he held his appendage. It was not abjectly, but always firmly and discreetly, held close to his hind legs, as if it might go between at a moment's notice. It reminded one of a hen-pecked man, who strives to sustain a half self-respecting appearance before the world, keeping his chiefest sorrows for a more solitary appreciation.

But it would be to neglect the child to study Marmaduke altogether. In fact, it is of the child that my story is mostly written, as he was not only an interesting child, but he was the benefactor of Marmaduke's existence.

Marmaduke had been but a shadow of a big black dog when the child brought him to the lodging-house one evening. Marmaduke's tail was between his legs, and his desire to live was very low, antipodal to his desire not to suffer.

He lay on a sack near the stove, and drank milk as delicately as a woman, and returned to life reluctantly. The milk had been the child's dinner, so it made a bond between them, the kind of bond that is most valid in bohemia. I hesitate to say that this is the history of the child altogether, either lest you will think that I am mistaken, and that there are no children in bohemia; for I have noticed that children, even more than their four-footed friends of the great half-way world, have been ignored by historians.

The child had been placed in the lodging-house when Providence was in a far-sighted mood. He had the necessary resources. In bohemia it is essential that one has resources. The children of bohemia are not unlike other children, only they are in different ground, and they become like plants which have never been very healthy, so they imagine life is what they are absorbing from some fetid soil, whereas it is the false food without any nourishment. It is true some little ones never survive it; they are sensitive little plants which we must rush into the sun when they appear to be drooping. They must be even watered delicately, also nourished, kept alive delicately, mind you!

Dice was not that sort. His name was not Dice, but it was an inelaborate cognomen that no one resented, so it clung to him like a burr. It is true that the girl in the front room, when she was introduced to him, sat with her gray eyes bent divinely on him. A white hand extended from out a loose pale-gray sleeve to him, and all the rest of her, like mist, saying, "Oh, you should not call him that," but it had not influenced his comrades, and for his part he had not understood her remark at all. He only understood the gray dress, and the girl's eyes and her hands as the man, even in boys of thirteen, learns to understand women.

Dice was the son of the inventor, the child of dreams, born in what skeptics call the hard world of experience, and even optimists call it that also. The inventor was an old man with no trace of youth apparent, so probably, lest he went up and off forever during some one of his experiments, the world had provided itself an extra edition of him, and that edition was Dice.

Dice liked life from the very start, playing splendid chances with Fate as early as when he was in his cradle, so I presume that is where he found his name.

He took kindly to his lot. It may not be exaggerating even to say that he liked it; only the soil of bohemia, as I say, promises no wide development for children. Its formation assists a certain shrewdness, but generally there is a final non-development. For instance, a little exploring root goes out here into the soft responding earth, and lo! the little owner is encouraged to try again. But this time this is a stratum of unyielding rock, which sends the little explorer back on his own small self.

Personally, Dice was both these impressions. His eyes were shrewd and deep set at times as a financier's, while the expression alternating innocently with this was that dumb, humid softness of the very young. He had long, lonely looking little legs, which often produced a motherly sensation toward him, at least so women said. They were evidently inherited features, and ended in thick dusty-looking shoes, which might have been inherited also.

The child and the dog were inseparable companions. They came to look like each other, and they certainly sauntered along in a manner so alike that Hamlet's father's ghost would surely have recognized them as shades that had escaped from the quiet kingdom.

It is not that Marmaduke and his master lacked the proper outlines when there was food around.

In fact, he ate a great deal, did the child. There had probably been times when he had been very hungry, so with admirable carefulness he was continually fortifying himself against recurrences of the condition.

He possessed this trait in common with Marmaduke, also, as Marmaduke ate a good deal, too. He was a long homely brute, that might have been an inventor's last existence, also, so Marmaduke and the child were partners in things of the spirit as well as things of the flesh. The same indifference of gait did they have, the same shrewd mastering of intricate situations, the same deep wells of unpolluted sympathy as to eye.

Marmaduke were near, nothing was too good for

him. Dice may have even given the great hungry dog the larger share of his own plain little supper. If Marmaduke were away from him, or he from Marmaduke at the crucial moment, they let it become subject to something very like the fortunes of war idea; and neither seemed to blame the other. Now some people may think this is lacking in certain stage properties of bohemianism; but to me it was forgiving, trusting, good comradeship perfected.

Nothing was secret from Dice. He ran errands; he stood tradespeople off; he pawned the artist's watch when it was necessary; he told angry creditors that nobody was at home. Those sought often stood not three feet from him while he told it, but his expression was quite angelic at all times. No one would have doubted it unless he discovered it was habitual to the scene.

His development was characteristic of his ex-crescence-like spirituality. It was merely absorptive, formative for many years; then unexpectedly he began to illustrate his advancement.

One day he wanted some money very much. It was only twenty-five cents, it is true, but he did not have it, nor could he get it anywhere. He stood and speculated quite a while. He was very young, but he had often managed smaller sums by method. But when the young lady who lived in the two rooms front (the gray-gowned and gray-eyed young lady), asked him to buy twenty-five cents' worth of postage-stamps for her, there was no way of making it twenty cents' worth undetected, as he often did with his mother's sugar. Besides he had scruples as yet about the girl. He often took such liberties with his mother, but one does with one's mother at times. So he ended by running the risk of the young lady's understanding it, if he asked, delicately, "Twenty or twenty-five cents' worth, did you say?"

She smiled in a little flickering way at herself in the glass before which she was standing. "Twenty cents' worth," she answered. "You keep the other five."

He put it into his ragged vest pocket. His hands were very dirty, but it was dirty also, so he handled it lovingly. He still had twenty cents to raise by ten o'clock. He went into the artist's room, where the artist was sketching.

"Do you want me to go any errands?" he asked.

"No," replied the artist.

"Will you lend me five cents?" he broke out. "I want to go to the hills to hunt and I have to rent a gun."

The artist was busy trying to catch a face which might have been Mr. Dooley's, so he merely put his hand into a rather empty pocket, and pushed something along the table without looking around. After the child went out, the artist felt again, and brought out another nickel; made as if to call the child, then remembered he had no other, so put it back for a five-cent cigar. The child walked into the kitchen.

"I want five cents," he said to his mother.

"I haven't five cents," she replied.

He begged round for a while, but in exalted language he was well versed in divination, and knew she was speaking the truth. He sauntered out after a while with a great slice of bread and butter. Marmaduke got up from somewhere, and followed him, noiselessly. It may have been out of respect to his stomach, but there were days when Marmaduke moved like a shadow, as I have tried to state. The child walked on, eating. He did not notice his black-coated friend at first; but when the dog had sniffed delicately, yet quite unsuggestively, about four times, he reached the remainder to him. It was done in silence, and swallowed whole, after which both continued their wandering journey.

To have ten cents and to need twenty-five. Many of us have been there, that is, as to situation, if not sum. The child deliberated. Presently he headed toward a baker-shop. There was a boy who lived there who might be useful to him. Many of us have been there, too.

He stood outside and whistled; after a while a bushy head, a Teutonic face, and a stocky little body appeared around a corner, and, "What d'yer want?" it all asked.

"Would you like to own Marmaduke?" asked the child. Marmaduke stood by looking at him. It was a pensive, devoted, patient gaze, but awakened no profound emotion; in fact, the fifteen cents was more potent than sentimentalism just then.

"What are you givin' me?" asked the little German.

"I want fifteen cents," said the child, "to go hunting. I have to rent a gun."

"From who?" It was interesting.

"A fellow—Jonesey—two blocks down. If you let me have it, then I will owe you Marmaduke by to-morrow, if I don't pay before."

He thought a long second after that to-morrow, and remained satisfied with it. He was young, and it seemed years off in his thoughts.

"I will lend you five cents," said the little German.

"All right," agreed the child.

It dropped into the ragged pocket, and he started off again. He did not know what to call his speculation, but it succeeded capitally. By twelve o'clock he had mortgaged Marmaduke to four of his companions.

Before the hunting-party was well organized he

had not only raised the sum needed, but five cents extra for buns. If he thought at all of his impending financial crisis, it was in much the same vein as that of the artist under similar circumstances. The artist always imagined his rich uncle would die before his notes fell due. (He never did, but no matter. That is another story, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says.)

The child thought he would kill a deer. He had read of such things, and had vague intentions, if such were the case, to sell it, and revel in luxury for weeks after; but when the little party reached the adjacent hills, he had forgotten all about the subject. He was merely enjoying himself, and Marmaduke, innocent of his being mortgaged, was enjoying himself, too.

They did not get a thing, and all came tramping back, hot, chattering, and tired.

The child ate his supper afterward fearlessly. He laughed and played with the great black beast until the inventor smiled absently as he listened. But when dark came, and he crawled into his little bed, he felt a great sweeping sense of loneliness which made him shiver. He lay enduring it for some time, then he called, chatteringly, to his mother: "Can Marmaduke come in till I go to sleep?"

She went out, wondering. He did not have many pleasures, so she seldom denied him the few she could give, later being glad she had done so. Under the stream of lamp-light from her hand, the child lay sleeping, slightly smiling, while in patient, wakeful guard beside him, his long black nose sunk forward until it touched the dirty little human paw of his master, stood Marmaduke.

The next day was Sunday. The child pondered during breakfast, then went abroad. Unless it were for a certain little swagger and an occasional look about him, he showed not the slightest sign (this was also like the artist) of his critical financial standing. He had sized the situation up at breakfast quite carefully. He was safe until afternoon. It was for the afternoon he had promised. He calculated he might count on no disturbance up to four o'clock. There would be several hours devoted to lunch and Sunday-school, and several on his part to simply evading the crisis, as his parents "not at home" did. So he spent the time before the law's rightful execution in comparative peace.

He resented the baker boy's look of proprietorship toward Marmaduke much as if he had a Vanderbilt account behind him. He even effected a move a little later which prevented two of his other friends from learning that both had claims on Marmaduke. It had been an unforeseen contingency, and he did not care to be present when it was discovered. He did not know quite why, and in fact did not go that deeply into the subject, but did not care to be present, nevertheless.

About three-thirty he went indifferently toward home. He did not look once behind him this time, but once inside the gate, bolted it, as much out of breath as if he had been hard running. He did not know quite what to do, so it was from merely a helpless impulse he asked, as he passed the inventor's shop (the inventor carpentered and jobbed when it was a case of bread and butter): "Did you get paid last night, pa?"

"Naw," the old man answered. The child drifted on.

At about five the artist was leaning his head out of the window and studying a situation. He was still young and full of animal spirits. Presently he called the child.

"See here," he sang out, "all your friends are in a mix-up over something; come look at 'em! What a row!"

The child looked out till the quarrel became familiar. Then he drew back, smiling in a sickly little way. He had seen there were four of them and some faithful retainers. They were learning all about his duping of each other about Marmaduke, and until they found him, they were charging at each other. Presently people began to appear at windows. Mothers called to their sons. Arms, legs, and shocks of hair, all in more or less violent activity, were hopelessly muddled, until one face appeared out of chaos. It had recognized the child. "We want our nickels or our dog," he yelled.

The child did not care about the nickel. It was spent and gone, but a fierce instinct sent hot dogged words to his use: "He aint your dog," he cried. It was a challenge. The babble of voices grew louder. One of them threw something at him. To accentuate the climax, Marmaduke raised his forepaws lightly, planted them on the sill of the window, and looked gravely out. Quite a Roman-roar went up at his appearance. There was a rough lurch forward, and then the siege commenced. All must have worn hobnail shoes, and all were kicking the locked gate. Occasionally the air wafted upward some rather strenuous abuses.

The child stood it all speechlessly. There was nothing favorable that he could say about it. He did not think of asking for assistance, and if he had, there were only two people young and sympathetic enough to vouchsafe it to him. The old lady who had the room to the side, overlooking the disturbance, said "he ought to be whipped," at which he looked resentfully at her as if she were talking of some one else.

The artist for his part took a keen enjoyment in it,



which the girl in the front room characterized as immoral, only she did not quite know why.

The atmosphere of bohemia is that way, and puts reason oftentimes to confusion. "It is a siege, a real siege," the artist explained every time he could get his head back into the room again from the open window. "I feel as if I were up to Mustafabad now. I have wanted to be in a real live siege ever since I read 'The Dilemma.'"

The girl with the gray eyes said to him: "They are throwing something at the door now. I am glad that you are in a siege and that you are enjoying it, but I must confess that I do not approve of wars nor of the necessity of them. Women seldom do, nor do they approve of Sunday fighting, nor stale bread and old eggs for ammunition, especially when Sunday callers may happen along any moment. I wonder if the people of Mustafabad had Sunday callers, too!"

She had gray eyes, such an unintentionally interesting gray (like light clouds growing deep), that the artist passed the hat for Dice, to help him out of his situation.

The little German, one room back, with the love of money, put in five cents for a start. He was like all Germans, and loved peace and order, as well as his hard-earned pennies, because after a brief, just deliberation Germans often yield their pennies if peace and order are in jeopardy.

The artist put in his remaining five and the girl put in ten, just as she would have put it in the plate at church. Women and men are interesting in their motives. Then they lowered it to the rabble with a string, so the child would not be pelted also, and after that the creditors dispersed.

When all this was accomplished, Marmaduke and the child passed them, just as the gray-eyed girl was saying: "It was very funny, but there is something morally not right for all of that."

While the artist just said: "It was funny, funny as Mustafabad was great."

Marmaduke and the child passed by just as the girl and the artist came to this point of their conversation. They were steering like two air-ships, well but not promisingly along.

The child had both little hands in his pockets, while Marmaduke followed, shadow-like. The girl with the gray eyes watched them.

"All the sentiment is forgotten," she exclaimed helplessly to the artist. "He will do it again."

"That is the secret of bohemia," the artist returned. "There is no sentiment in us. We always do things again if they are successful. It is the commercial instinct buried knee deep in sentimentalism, nothing finer at all."

The girl with the gray eyes was looking at him, as if she were unsatisfied.

She stood before her mirror later as she was on her way to bed. She was a pretty girl, and often stood in that position. When she was not before her mirror she was in the habit of moralizing. This night she did both.

"Is it not time?" she asked. "Some day he is to contribute all this adaptive genius, this ability at extrication, this lightning ability toward self-protection (always minus formulated moral reasoning) to the world, to its social problem. In other words, he is to become a bohemian. It almost seems as if it were a case for a new society for the prevention of cruelty to grown people—by the children who have been raised like him."

Then she ceased moralizing, and no one thought any further about the child.

FRANCES CHARLES.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1904.

#### Death of Herbert Bismarck.

Prince Herbert Bismarck, son of the great chancellor, who died on Sunday at the age of fifty-nine, is said to have possessed "all his father's brusqueness without his father's ability." In youth he was kept under the chancellor's own wing to be brought up as a diplomatist. He took part in the Franco-Prussian War, and later studied at Frankfurt, Berlin, and Bonn, and won in dueling at Bonn a conspicuous scar upon his cheek. He proved himself to be the equal of his father in pugnacity of spirit. Soon after entering the foreign office, in 1873, Herbert was enabled to make the round of all the chief missions of the empire in Europe. After the congress at Berlin, Count Herbert spent some time at the German embassy in London. He left England with the avowed determination to "marry none but an Englishwoman." In June, 1892, he married the Countess Margaret-Hoyos, having previously become secretary of state for foreign affairs under his father. Since he ceased to be foreign minister on the retirement of his father, in 1890, Prince Herbert Bismarck had taken part in public affairs only as a member of the Reichstag. An incident that nearly wrecked Prince Herbert's career, and that caused the old chancellor great annoyance, was Prince (then Count) Herbert's elopement with Princess Carolath Beuthen, the wife of Prince Karl, the head of that distinguished Silesian house. The princess was of the Hatzfeldt family, and young Bismarck at that time was his father's private secretary. Count Herbert lived with the princess in southern Italy for a few weeks, and then, at the command of his father, returned to Germany. The princess was divorced, and has since died. The prince left a fortune of about four millions of dollars.

## SOME JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

White Papers from the Tengu, Protector of Warriors—Another Story, but a Foolish One—A Soldier's Superstition—Prayers at the Temples for the Army.

Tiny banners have suddenly sprung up all over Nikko. They are little slips of white Japanese paper, three inches or so long, and one and a half wide, covered with charming idiographs. Inserted in the end of a slender bamboo rod slit to hold them, they stand in little white groves at street corners, at the feet of giant trees, below lanterns, and I even found one sticking like an arrow in the corner of my own fence. I plucked it out and took it straightway over to Nemura-san. It was a soldier's name and address, but the place was far from Nikko, in the province of Mikawa. How it got here was what puzzled us.

"Perhaps the medicine man brings them," says Uchiyama.

"The medicine man?"

"Yes, the man who carries a white and red umbrella and satchel, and sings along the streets, or," says he, gravely, "the Tengu may bring them; they fly very fast—a hundred miles in two hours."

Now you, who do not live in the fairyland of the Nikko Mountains, may not know that the Tengu is a mythological being, half man, half bird, with a very long nose or a curious beak. He lives in the mountains, and is endowed with many wondrous powers.

"I would like to see the Tengu," I say, respectfully, "flying along, his beak full of little bamboos, sticking them in at every corner and cranny. Perhaps there is a prayer on that paper."

Uchiyama scrutinizes it again. He seems to detect an invocation to a god, but his mind has fastened itself upon the Tengu, and will not be dislodged.

"My Mamma-san is well acquainted with the Tengu. Young people are no good, only people over fifty may know them. She talks to them much, and they perch on the beams of her house."

"I thought the Tengu were evil spirits," I observe.

"Oh, no," says Uchiyama, "my Mamma-san leaves everything to them, and it is owing to them that robbers have not entered our house, that the floods have stopped before reaching it, and that fires have passed us by. My Mamma-san never thinks of locking anything up when she goes from home. She shuts the door, bows her head, and says: 'Tengu-sama, I am going away for a while; kindly keep my house.' And nothing is ever touched."

This speaks well for the honesty of the country folk. I fear if the old lady lived in Tokio, for instance, her faith would be rudely shaken.

"She knows many curious things through the Tengu," resumes her son. "Living alone, she thinks constantly of her children, and often burns incense, and asks if all is well with them. If nothing is the matter, the smoke rises in a straight line, never minding. If any of us are ill, the smoke wavers and bends. Then Mamma-san comes closer. 'Is it my eldest son, O Tengu-sama?' Perhaps the smoke does not listen. 'Is it my next son? My eldest daughter?' Then the smoke slowly bends. Mamma-san soon sends a letter, and back comes the answer from my sister—'How could you know? I have been ill.' It is all very wonderful," says Uchiyama. "Sometimes, when Mamma-san has finished her rice, and sits by the *hibachi* drinking tea, a Tengu will lay its hand upon her shoulder."

"What does it look like?" I ask, feeling quite as if I were four or five again, and listening, open-eyed, to fairy-tales.

And Uchiyama, in all seriousness, answers: "No one has ever really seen a Tengu."

Luckily, a dear old O Baa-san was visiting in the neighborhood; from her we heard part of the story of the little banners. Then Nemura-san, in the cool of the late afternoon, went visiting—to kindly find out what he could.

"I can now tell you," says he, with an apologetical laugh, "but it is a so foolish story, and only believed in by those of little knowledge."

Now a countrywoman—her *kimono* tucked up in her *obi*, *warabi* on her sturdy feet—had passed by in the morning. Her hands were full of the bamboo sticks and little white papers. She planted one at our corner, and disappeared. Later an elderly man in the white dress of the pilgrims—travel-stained and weary—put down the same sort of thing at the opposite corner, and I had to know what this "so foolish thing" was. This is the story, as far as we know it:

It seems that in the province of Mikawa, in the town or village of Yamaoku, in the ancient times, when many internal troubles disturbed the land, there appeared in front of a Shinto temple a warrior of fierce and commanding aspect. Taking him for an enemy, the villagers attacked him repeatedly, but the figure never wavered. At last he disappeared into the woods, and in the place where he stood a marvelous *kakemono* (wall picture) was found.

The O Baa-san who told us this much has also vanished into her country, and no one else knows about that *kakemono*, or how the disappearing warrior became a god, but his name is Han-so-bo-dai-gun-gen. He is believed to protect from wounds in battle and save from shipwreck.

About a month ago, in a country not far from Nikko,

a soldier's father dreamed a dream. Han-so-bo-dai-gun-gen appeared to him, and said: "Arise! Write with prayer my name on one thousand pieces of paper. Write also the name of the province wherein my shrine is worshiped—and your son's name. Insert the papers in sticks of bamboo, and start out. In one day place the thousand *fudo* at one thousand corners, from whence one could start in at least three directions. These corners must be three roads apart. Do this and your son shall be safe."

The old man awoke, and at once set about the task. He told his family about the wondrous dream; he told his neighbors, and they told others; from village to village the news has traveled like wildfire, and that is why at every turn one sees the clusters of tiny bamboo banners. The office of placing them at the corners of roads can only be performed by father or mother. If a great wind or rain destroys the little *fudo*, a thousand more must hastily be prepared, and the battered papers renewed.

"What has lent color to the story," said Nemura-san, "is that the son of the man who dreamed the dream has already passed unharmed through many battles."

Another curious superstition is that the soldiers will not go into battle with anything white about them. The little Japanese towels must be blue or otherwise colored; their handkerchiefs must not be white. They do not wish to be prepared in the least way for surrender, and nothing will they take that can by any means be converted into a white flag.

"It is the same here as in Tokio," said my servant, "so they must have said the same all over the land. The soldiers all declared: 'I may die, I probably shall, but I will not surrender.'"

The other day, a *gogai* (extra) came to trouble the peaceful Nikko quiet. Every one was, of course, agog; but faces fell when it was found that ten thousand Japanese had defeated five thousand Russians.

"That was not a fight," said they, "but it would have been a fight if five thousand Japanese had met ten thousand Russians."

My little Honorable Forest's father is an attendant in the temple of Futa-ara-no-jinja, and he brought me as a gift one of the precious charms which are given to all soldiers who ask for them from far and near. If they can, the soldiers make a present to the temple, but if they or their family can not do even that much, it is freely given.

It is a fascinating little thing of scarlet and gold brocade, long and narrow in shape.

I was told that I must not look inside; it was not the custom to examine honorable charms; and that probably the little case contained some Sanscrit characters which only the priests would understand.

I wanted two more, and was willing to make any offering to the temple that was desired. The answer came back that if the charms were wanted for soldiers they would be at once given on receipt of the soldier's name, country, regiment, battalion, and company. But to no one else could they be issued. Now it seems that these soldiers' names are all inscribed and kept in the temple. And every morning, when the prayers are read, the name of every soldier who carries one of these charms, is recited by the officiating priest or priests.

The other day, in a soft mist-rain which always enhances the beauty of temples and woods, I wandered up into that region where, at the foot of a silent mountain path, which leads to some lesser shrines above, stood a lamp-post. The broken glass left bare the framework. This was covered with knots of white paper. I guiltily stole one, and found it was one of the papers by which the superstitious Japanese are always telling their fortunes. For a *sen* they receive a bamboo case full of little sticks; these they prayerfully shake and tip until one of the slender rods appears in the small opening. The rod bears a number which the priest looks up in his book, announcing whether the omen is good or bad. However, good luck or bad, the paper is tied to something belonging to the temple grounds, and in ten days or so the questioner returns and asks again. Now, of course, the temples are besieged with anxious relatives questioning the fates in this way as to the safety of their sons and husbands at the front.

For some years, the war gods have been rather neglected; but since the war broke out, the temples have been deluged with gifts of lanterns, banners, and all manner of offerings; while the shrines of more peaceful deities like Jizo-Sama—the compassionate helper of all in trouble—whose images are numerous along roads and paths and in temple grounds; and wayside shrines of O Fudo-Sama—the god who frightens the evil-doers with the awesome sword he carries and binds them with the rope in his left hand—are all piled high with rocks and stones, each one standing for a wishful prayer of some humble believer.

Every year the sacred Fuji gives a sign to her worshippers. When the snow melts on the slopes of the Peerless Mountain, the drifts still remain in ravines, and depressions are always said to form some character of especial meaning.

This year the war was well under way when, to the joy of the people, the melting snows left on the side of the mountain, in dazzling white for all the world to see, the unmistakable Chinese character "Katchi"—Victory!

HELEN HYATT

NIKKO, JAPAN, August, 1904.



## AUTUMN QUIET OVER FLORENCE.

The City Dull and Shuttered—In the Galleries—The Saint and His Donkey—The Chaste Susannah a Baggage—Pictures that Attract Spinsters—A Botticelli Portrait.

This is the dull season in Florence, and duller even than usual by reason of the fearfully hot summer. The tourists have fled en masse to the Alps, and when they issue therefrom go northward, or steam across Europe to the various seaports, whereby they depart for home. The winter residents, Italian, English, and American, are away at the seaside and the mountains, long lines of shuttered windows marking their empty apartments.

It is a very different Florence to that which we know in its spring or winter guise. A strange quiet broods over it. It appears to be wrapped in an enchanted sleep and overlaid by a white glare of sun. You look down the Long Arno and see a dwindling façade of house fronts, where nearly every window has the shutters closed. They have a blank, dead look, these sightless buildings, their walls beaten on by a relentless blaze of heat. A good many of them are hotels, evidently empty, with a uniformed porter sunk in sleep on his seat by the entrance. Here and there an upper window is open and a chambermaid is cleaning, first preparatory movement of the autumn awakening. Even the beggars are absent, or those who happen to be lounging in edges of shade have not yet roused up to their winter pitch of enthusiasm. The languid brown hand that is stretched out and the sleepy whine for a *soldino* are very pale imitations of the impassioned appeal that meets you in the middle of the season.

It is a very good time to see Florence. After the frightful heat of the past month, the weather is suddenly delightful. There is the first faint hint of autumn in the air—that mysterious, subtle breath of change, so delicate one can not describe it, so potent that it touches everything with the sad, mellow beauty of decay. There is something melancholy and subdued about the Tuscan landscape, to which the ripe, complete moment, when summer languishes into the still, purple richness of autumn, is peculiarly sympathetic. The silvery olive trees, mounting the hills in faint, smoke-like clouds, the darkly pensive cypresses elustering round the lichen walls of villas, the shrunken rivers, silver threads and pools in their unoccupied beds, the shadowed walks and crumbling balustrades of gardens that were planned by the Medici—all are harmonious with the suggestion of something *triste* and mournful in these first autumnal days.

Not that the country is not rich; it has a tranquil and gracious beauty of its own, like that of a woman no longer young but splendid in a ripened maturity. But it has not that sort of lush and jocund luxuriance that one notices in its first vigor of fecundity. The Romans plowed and sowed in its loamy furrows, and back of them the dim Etruscans in the morning of the world. It may have been such as we see it in the days when Florence was in her prime. Driving now along its country roads one sees the same brown girls, with black hair growing low on broad brows, full busts, and smooth, tanned arms, that look at us from the canvases of the great Florentine masters. We see Madonnas with their babies sitting on humble doorsteps. Apple boughs set thick with flushing fruit, and grape vines heavy with purple bunches, tell us where the De la Robbias found the models for the garlands they wove round their gentle Virgins.

It is certainly the most beautiful time to see the Tuscan country, and the most comfortable to see the Florentine galleries. Personally, I am of the kind who find human beings much more interesting than pictures—

"And that's your Venus whence we turn  
To yonder girl that fords the burn"

is just my view of the situation. It is a thousand times more interesting to drive out into the deep-colored, serene, lovely country than to roam or gallop through the galleries, according to one's time and one's habit of locomotion. Most American, I notice, gallop; the English go through them with slow, persistent thoroughness. I am sorry to say that I spend a good deal of my time sitting on divans and looking sleepy, especially when I get among the Primitives. All things considered, I think I prefer conversing with the dull, respectable, deadly New England family who sit beside me at dinner, to studying the Primitives.

An extended acquaintance with the European picture galleries raises in the inquiring mind certain queries. Different natures are struck by different facts. A friend of mine, after a year's study of the great masterpieces of Continental art, wanted to know "why Saint Joseph was always depicted in the company of an ass." She asserted that almost invariably the saint, who was the husband of Mary, was painted in a dim background or middle distance, either leaning against an ass or leaned against by an ass. Both Saint Joseph and the ass were given equal prominence both appeared to be of equal importance, and rarely indeed was the one represented without the other. Hence my attention has been called to this peculiar situation of the saint and the donkey, I have noticed constantly, and marveled greatly over it. But I have found it less annoyingly popular and less conspicuous

than the pictured presentments of the story of the chaste Susannah. There is something peculiarly exasperating about the painting of the chaste Susannah. In the first place, she is so numerous—every gallery has half a dozen Susannahs in it, and the large ones have more. The most celebrated painters, ancient and modern, have depicted her. Everybody who can wield a brush has given the world his idea of the chaste Susannah. I do not think any other story—unless, perhaps, the pagan one of Leda and the swan—has exerted so strong an attraction over the artist mind as this ancient Biblical legend of a woman who, while bathing, was discovered and watched by two old men.

What is so exasperating about it is that Susannah, in spite of her qualifying adjective, is invariably depicted as being coyly cognizant of the elders, and as making but a hollow pretense of annoyance at their espionage. I mind me at this moment of only one Susannah—and I can assure my readers that I've seen dozens of them—who really has the air of a lady who is innocently bathing, quite unconscious of the fact that any one is looking. This is a modern Susannah in the Luxembourg—I can't remember who did it—which represents her as stepping into a sort of Roman bath, with the elders very much in the distance behind trees. The old masters treated the situation with more consideration for it as a good subject, than for the lady's character as a valuable asset to be preserved for the admiration of posterity. If I'd only read about Susannah in the Bible—or is it the Apocrypha?—I would have a very exalted opinion of her; but after being introduced to her by the old masters, I've come to the conclusion she was a good deal of a baggage.

Another question that interests me greatly whenever I come to Florence is, Why do Botticelli's paintings exercise so potent an attraction over Anglo-Saxon spinsters? Why do unmarried women of English or American birth so dote on the saints, cherubs, and Virgins of the gentle Sandro? There are not many spinsters about just now to dote on anything, but such few as there are can always be found rounded up in front of the Botticellis in the Uffizi and the Pitti. The Madonnas attract them most, but they have their moments of still, rapt admiration before the Venus, that thin, drooping lady that Walter Pater admired so, and "Primevera" casts a spell over them that renders them mute and motionless in a trance of adoration. Spinsters of other nations don't seem to feel this way. Frenchwomen are quite unmoved by Botticelli's art. They admire a more fleshy type. Even the Italians, who have such a cultured and enduring appreciation of the work of their great dead, do not cluster exclusively about Sandro's spiritual Virgins and fat, realistic babies.

There is one picture of Botticelli's that exercises a powerful attraction upon others than the unwed female of the Anglo-Saxon race. A great many people stand gazing, still, charmed, and puzzled, before that extraordinary portrait called the "Bella Simonetta." There are always artists copying it—generally, I hear, to order. Botticelli left very few portraits. So far as I know this is his only one of a young woman. She is of that type to which so many youthful beauties of that day belonged—that long, delicate, nervous type so far removed in its sensitive fragility from the opulent splendors of those sumptuous creatures that Titian and Paul Veronese loved to paint. She is like Colleoni's daughter Medea, of whom I wrote from Bergamo—a long, slender girl, with a prodigious length of throat, drooping shoulders, a high round forehead, and a singularly sweet, sensitive mouth, the under lip a little drawn in; the upper resting on it in a sort of tremulous curve. Only a high-strung creature, responding to every gust of feeling, a very harp with every string an emotion, could have such a mouth.

We are told that there is very little known about this girl who has come down to us labeled the "Bella Simonetta." Some say she was a noble lady of the time, who allowed Sandro to paint her in various guises, one being as his Venus. To him she was the perfection of the ethereal style he admired, and certainly a face very like hers appears on many of his canvases. Another story is that she was that young and lovely Simonetta who was the mistress of Giulio de Medici, Lorenzo's brother, who was killed in the Pazzi conspiracy.

Giulio, who was in his early twenties at the time of his murder, was known to have had an affair with a woman called Simonetta, by whom he had a son. Simonetta died shortly after her lover, killed by the shock, and her son, brought up by the Medici, afterward became Pope. I believe the generally accepted idea is that Botticelli's model was this lady, who was considered one of the beauties of her day, and who, being light of conduct, would have had little scruple in posing for him as Venus, clothed only in her long hair. There is a legend that the people carried her through Florence, dead and uncovered on her bier, that the populace might see for the last time so much that was young and lovely before the grave hid it forever.

FLORENCE, August 31, 1904. GERALDINE BONNER.

Long-distance telephone connection has at last been made from Chicago, via Kansas City, Denver, Ogden, and Butte, with Portland, Or., and the only thing now to prevent a man in Boston from talking to a friend on the Pacific Coast is the fact that at present the electric current will carry only about a thousand miles.

## OLD FAVORITES.

MANITOBA CLUB,

WINNIPEG, CANADA, September 11, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: May I ask you to publish in your paper "Ostler Joe"? I have tried my book-seller here, and can't get any book of verses from him with this piece in it. Is there any edition of George R. Sims' verses published? [None obtainable in San Francisco.—EDS. ARGONAUT.] Thanking you in anticipation,  
Yours sincerely, G. S.

'Ostler Joe.

I stood at eve as the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies,  
Who lured men's souls to the shores, of sin with the light of her wanton eyes;  
Who sang the song that the siren sang on the treacherous Lurel height,  
Whose face was fair as a summer day, and whose heart was black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust—  
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose of lust,  
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot  
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,  
Joe, the 'ostler of the Magpie, and fair Annie Smith were wed.  
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a cheek as white as snow;  
He was anything but handsome, was the Magpie's 'Ostler Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,  
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow.  
Spend the months, and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!  
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them then and there  
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the heir.  
It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,  
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe the child was christened, and, like babies, grew apace;  
He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face.  
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky,  
Love was Lord of that small cottage, and the tempest passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam;  
Thrice he came and found her sitting 'by the window with her child,  
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—Little Joe was nearly four;  
He would call the "pretty gemplin'" as he passed the open door;

And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's play pulled him in  
And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story, that for ages bards have sung,  
'Twas a woman weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting tongue;

'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes  
Of the Babylonian wonders, and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted; she was tempted and she fell.  
As the angels fell from heaven to the blackest depths of hell;  
She was promised wealth and splendor, and a life of guilty sloth,

Yellow gold for child and husband, and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the 'Ostler with a cheery cry of "Wife!"

Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life,  
She had left a silly letter—through the cruel scrawl he spelt;  
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she aint to blame," he cried;

"For I ow't 'a' seen her trouble, and 'a' gone away and died.  
Why, a wench like her—God bless her!—'twasn't likely as her'd rest

With her bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and happy time;  
So, for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a crime.

If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me; for you see,  
I can ask all right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman who had flown.  
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left alone.  
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,  
Savouring what he told the horses, saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the woman into fame,  
For her hearty won men's homage, and she prospered in her shame;

Quick from lord to lord she fitted, higher still each prize she won,  
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun.

Next she made the stage her market, and she dragged Art's temple down.

To the level of a show-place for the outcasts of the town,  
And the kisses she had given to poor 'Ostler Joe for naught  
With their gold and costly jewels rich and titled lovers bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at its height;

Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned to night.

Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow;

Of the thousands who had worshiped never one came near, her hour was now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very name,  
'Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame;  
And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an "actress" lay  
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country place,  
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face;  
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long ago,

And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of 'Ostler Joe.

All the past had he forgotten, all the sorrow and the shame;  
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim.

Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk away,

He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her spirit fled;  
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside her dead.  
Never once his love had faltered through her base unhallowed life;

And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust;

Not the languorous lily of soulless sin or the blood-red rose of lust;

But a sweet, white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot  
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.—George R. Sims.



# WESTERN WITS AND SONGSMITHS.

In "Prosit" "Local Bards" Mix With the Great of Earth—Erotic Verses from Rather Unsuspected Sources—Will Irwin's Fine Poem.

San Francisco wits and songsmiths have had and embraced at least one opportunity to rub shoulders with the Truly Great. In the pages of "Prosit: A Book of Toasts," which had its origin, we believe, with the Spinners' Club of San Francisco, the "local bard," as he is affectionately referred to in the pages of some of our contemporaries, finds himself placed between Shakespeare and Milton, and is thereby duly exalted. On the same page with nuggets of thought from the brain of "Des" Cosgrave we find quotations from Tom Moore and Dean Swift. John McNaught, the genius of the *Call's* editorial page, writes naughtily betwixt Byron and Field. Poet Sheffauer is inconsiderately placed between Horace and Mrs. M. L. Woods. Professor Ventura and Riccardo Lucchesi have their verses between those of Béranger and Martin Luther. And as for Gelett Burgess, the gods of chance have seated him between Algernon G. Sullivan and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Curiously, one of the very, very naughty lyrics in the volume is from the pen of a lady—

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Our city,  
Once, oh, so fast,  
Now quite good caste,—  
A pity!

A close second to this in its free and convivial spirit is the following from the pen of "D. C.":

"Drink to the girls, and drink to their mothers,  
Drink to their fathers and drink to their brothers;  
Toast their dear healths as long as you're able,  
And dream of their charms while you're under the table."

Evidently the exigencies of rhyme have led "D. C." into his logical absurdities. Whoever heard of young men "under the table" dreaming of the charms of anybody's fathers or brothers? Here's another in similar spirit:

"Old King Coke  
Was a thirsty old soak  
And a hozy old sot, you het;  
And why he was dry  
Is a problem we'll try  
To attribute to fondness for wet."

The same care-free atmosphere is exhibited in the following by Grace Luce Irwin:

"We'll drink to the friends who wish us well,  
So fill to the brim and toast 'em;  
And if there be those who wish us ill—  
Why, now is the time to toast 'em!"

This from John McNaught was evidently written as a toast for a dinner *à deux*:

"In a world of ceaseless changes,  
Where all things fade and pine,  
Where love, like fancy, ranges,  
There are just two hearts worth knowing:  
Just two, whose constant glowing  
No sign of change is showing—  
Your heart, sweetheart, and mine."

"So, as we stand at parting,  
Each glass ahim with wine,  
And feel, with passion starting,  
Your fingers thrill to mine—  
With a sigh that neither misses,  
Let's flood the wine with blisses,  
And drink, like good-night kisses,  
To thy heart, sweet, and mine!"

That "feel with passion starting" hasn't any very marital sound. Mere poetic license, of course.

It seems that San Francisco literary folk are mainly poets, for the prose quotations are chiefly from the classics. The longest toast in prose is by ex-Mayor Phelan:

TO BOHEMIA.

To a land without a flag, without fleets and armies, whose decrees, emanating from a free forum, are self-executing, and where the best rule; a land of tranquil peace, whose love is triumphant over death; a land limited to no language and bound by no barriers, encompassing all who would enter and equal to all the demands of labor; a land without tariffs, of unrestricted intercourse with the universe, whose raw material is "airy nothing," and yet whose productiveness is proverbial; a land whose population is joined together by affection and common pursuits, and whose progeny is the children of the brain.

Located far from the Empire of Silence and close to the settlement of Utopia, embracing in its suburbs the Republic of Letters, its principal industry is the expression of thought; and the freedom of its people is the condition of their existence; their incentive is fame, their guerdon is glory, and their happiness springs from ennobling employment and consciousness of creative worth; and this land is called Bohemia.

From Jack London we have this:

A health to the man on trail this night; may his grub hold out; may his dogs keep their legs; may his matches never miss fire.

Ambrose Bierce's toast is:

Here's to woman!—and, that we could fall into her arms without falling into her hands!

Anna Strunsky contributes:

To those who passed me on the highway and gave greeting, and whom I shall never meet again, to the possible friends who came my way and whose eyes lingered as they fell on mine, may they ever be eager with youth and strong with fellowship, may they never miss a welcome or want a comrade.

A sound bit of philosophy is embodied in a lyric toast by N. G. Brauhart:

"A toast, if ye will, to a sweetheart true,  
And a wife of faith undaunted;  
And drink in the praise of their fetching ways,  
To charms that have long been vaunted;  
And drink to the eyes and drink to the lips,  
Aye, drink, and since drink ye must,

But when ye've done, drink, every one,  
To the girl the women trust!"

Mabel Craft Deering's contribution strikes a new note—that of sadness and sentiment:

"You may think this the merest lip service, my dear  
(But give me a moment apart);  
Though the hubbles to-night have gone to my head,  
The dregs have sunk deep in my heart."

There are two real poems in the book—a chaste, reserved, and thoughtful one by George Sterling, and Will Irwin's "A Grace After Drink," whose spirit is as far removed as that of some hilarious toasts we have quoted as East is from the West. The two poems are as follows:

"Gentle friends, forbear to laugh  
As I toast the wine I quaff—  
Scarce the wisdom Omar found  
All its houny can expound;  
As its happy lover sips,  
All its fragrance haunts his lips,  
All its warmth along the veins  
Flowing from the cup he drains;  
All its brightness his enhances  
As it sparkles in his glances,  
All its kindness awhile  
Lingering upon his smile.  
Fair companions, what can he  
Truer friend to you and me?  
Love his troth may soon disover,  
Wine gives all, and gives forever."  
—George Sterling.

A GRACE AFTER DRINK.

Oh, hear us, kindly Bacchus,  
Lord of good revelry,  
Whose hright elixir teacheth men  
What the immortals he—

When next thy joyous satyrs  
Make revelry divine,  
And blend in early spring the sap  
That mellows into wine,

Grant that they mix no malice,  
Nor sudden fray, nor strife,  
Nor black despond, nor evil thought,  
Nor dull despair of life,

But only wit and kindness,  
And laughter fair and strong,  
And sweet content and merriment  
That move the heart to song!

So, when the grapes are hursting  
Along thy favored hills,  
And through the frozen veins of men  
Thy golden summer thrills,

Grant, then, that we, thy servants,  
Shall drink in soberness,  
And hold thy godly gift too dear  
For har'rous gross excess.

And aye from every flagon  
The maiden draught he thine—  
A toast to merry Bacchus,  
Lord giver of the vine!—Will Irwin.

The book is neatly bound and handsomely printed with decorative margins.

Published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; \$1.20 net.

A strange discovery was made, the other day, by Parisian workmen. While excavating for buildings on the site of the abandoned foundling cemetery, the diggers unearthed the delicately modeled skull of a woman, which strong circumstantial evidence indicates as that of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, the confidante of Queen Marie Antoinette, who was guillotined in September, 1792. A commission of Vieux Paris archaeologists, including Victorien Sardou, Lucien Lambert, and others, is convinced that the skull is really that of the princess, which, after the guillotining and the abuse of the mob, was put on a pikestaff and shown to the queen. In the prison of the temple the records prove that the head of the princess was buried in the foundling cemetery by Pointel, the valet of the Duc de Penthièvre, her brother-in-law; moreover, that she was the only adult woman ever buried there. The skull is in a perfect state of preservation, the delicate structure and beautiful white teeth showing the marks of having been assiduously cared for.

Automobilism is making rapid strides in India, and next Christmas the first reliability trials, held under the jurisdiction of the Motor Union of Western India, will take place. The trials will be run from Delhi to Bombay, a distance of about eight hundred and eighty miles, over very stiff roads. His Highness the Gaikwar of Baroda has offered a handsome cup for the car which goes through the trials with the least number of involuntary stops, and other maharajahs are offering cups for other tests. One of these cups will be reserved for a special race arranged for motor-bicycles, tricycles, and quadricycles. The native princes are taking a great interest in automobilism generally.

Lava Huilariene, a Finn, who had the reputation of being an exceptionally bad man in the community of Piñisjarvi, in which he lived, before his death recorded a warranty deed to a plot of land he owned to Wintahausu—that is, to Satan—and the courts of Finland have recently decided that the transfer must stand. The land will therefore relapse into a wilderness.

There are five Popes on the face of the globe. They are the Pope of the Latin Church; the schismatic, or Orthodox, Pope; the Father of the Faithful, ruling at Constantinople; the Pope of Thibet, who has five hundred millions of subjects; and the schismatic Pope of the Mahomedan world, who reigns at Morocco.

# INDIVIDUALITIES.

Since the birth of the Republican party every candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket who had a middle name—and used it—has been defeated.

Thomas E. Watson, the Presidential candidate for President on the Populist ticket, according to the *Atlanta Journal*, is to become an editorial writer on the Hearst papers at the close of the national campaign this fall. His salary is to be twenty thousand dollars, according to this report.

M. Combes, the French minister, who has become famous by his war against the religious orders, has a big head, strongly marked features, sloping shoulders, and a bent back. Delcassé is almost a dwarf, Emperor William, the Czar, King Edward, the Mikado, and President Roosevelt are all short men.

The Right Honorable James Bryce, author and member of the English Parliament, is in this country, and plans to stay here until after the Presidential election, of which he means to make a study. It is said he will gather material during the political campaign for a new work, to be written upon his return home.

Italy's king has an heir. A son was born to Queen Hélène at eleven o'clock September 15th, at Racconigi. The third royal accouchement that is expected is that of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. It would be singular if three hitherto sonless queens—the Czarina, Queen Hélène, and Wilhelmina—should each give birth to a male heir within a few weeks of each other.

Louis Deibler, who directed the guillotine of Paris for twenty years, is dead at Auteuil, aged eighty-one years. He came from a family of executioners, succeeding his father, who was chief executioner, and then surrendering the office to his son, M. Anatole Deibler, who is the present executioner. During twenty-nine years of service, Deibler guillotined three hundred and twenty-seven criminals, and he boasted that he never had a mishap.

A directory issued in Honolulu contains what is believed to be the longest name appearing in any such publication. It is that of Miss Annie K. Keohoa-naakalainhueakaweloaikana, which means substantially "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Pauline Nabuchodonozowiszowna, a resident of Milwaukee, is probably champion of America, though Salvatore Schlianodittonariello, of Providence, R. I., and Bernard G. Ahrenhoersterbäumer, of St. Louis, may be regarded as entitled to honorable mention.

Rosalia Montmasson, the companion of Crispi in his early wanderings, has just died in Rome at the age of eighty-one. She had a remarkable career. Her father was a sexton; she was uneducated. When thirty-one years of age, while employed in laundry work in the prison of Palazzo Madama, Turin, she met among the political prisoners the man who was to be several times prime minister of Italy, Francesco Crispi. A strong affection sprang up. When Crispi was released, Rosalia followed him, first to Genoa and then to Malta. In Malta, while struggling with poverty, Crispi resolved to legalize their union. Soon began Crispi's rapid ascent, but his faithful companion, who had bravely faced poverty and danger, proved unequal to the new prosperity. She became strange in her ways, developed a taste for costly, ridiculous dresses, and began to show an inordinate love for animals. One day the crisis came. Returning home after delivering a great speech at the Chamber, Crispi found six new green dresses lying about the rooms, and dragging them about were the numerous pets of Rosalia. He left the house never to return.

According to the Marquise de Fontenoy, fears of a landing in Brittany by the Duke of Orleans are just at present exercising the French Government, and account for the extraordinary precautions which are being adopted all along the north-western coast of France. Morgat, the remote seaside resort in Brittany, is the summer home of the Countess of Paris, with her daughters and her son-in-law, the Duke of Guise. It is pretty generally known that in former years the Duke of Orleans brought his yacht to anchor in a neighboring bay, landed, and spent a considerable time with his relatives on shore. The government is determined to prevent any repetition of this infraction of the stringent laws of exile in existence against the pretender, the more so as Brittany is at the present moment a hot-bed of disaffection and of hostility toward the Combes administration, arising, not alone from the severity of the authorities in dealing with the religious orders, but also from the attempts which have been made to do away with the Breton language by preventing its use in the state-endowed churches, the schools, and in all official communications. "Indeed," says this authority, "the duke's presence on Breton soil, and especially any attempt made by the government to interfere with him when once on land, might possibly lead to a royalist rising which would spread throughout Brittany and even extend to other parts of France, and while victory would ultimately remain with the republic, judging from the recent provincial Diet elections, yet it would not be obtained without much trouble and expenditure of money, and probably of life."



## A VOICE IN THE WEST.

George Sterling as a Poet and Forerunner.

It is inevitable that out of the large-molded West shall some day rise an art of its kind. As the struggle with the wilderness becomes a memory, a haunting, a concentrated comprehension seen through the distance of a second and a third generation, here, as everywhere else, it builds an inspiration that craves expression. The art of the South is picturing the aristocratic simplicity of the days before the war, and the romanticism that those days gave in inheritance. So is the Middle West building its lasting art on the big days of the pioneers, when the Great Spirit breathed over the vast plains. But back of the future art of California, and as inspiration of her present endeavor, stand sun-gilded hills looking upon summer seas—stand the Sierra peaks and the wilderness they protect—the wilderness of valleys and woodlands where breathes a mighty spirit beneath the southland heavens of glorious suns. Indeed, there is a giant lying on his back in the deep solitudes, but who is setting his hands broadly on the bedrocks to rise on powerful arms, to arouse a new culture in the kind of a country where culture always grew big. True, there are heavy chains across his breast, and his limbs are fettered; as George Sterling has expressed it in the dedication of his "Testimony to the Suns and Other Poems":

"A shadow o'er the vision runs:  
I hear a grieving from the lands  
Where Sorrow heavy-sceptered stands,  
And moanings from the mist of suns.

"Lo! men in weariness behold  
No respite from the toils of Time,  
Their children wander in the slime  
Round Mammon's domes of plundered gold."

And yet, the great new art of the West is coming. It has the Sierra avalanches to break its way, and George Sterling is one of its young voices.

It seems almost incomprehensible that these poems of his were, most of them, born to him on his way up crowded Market Street to San Francisco from the Oakland Ferry to his every-day task in an office.

It bespeaks the almighty force of the Western spirit.

What make Sterling's art great are its high-born emotions, its ever-present view into the deeps beyond every-day littleness. His song "To Evening" reaches far beyond the dying hours of a day. He harks beyond them for "the gentler voices that the day made dumb," and his song to the evening becomes an inspired longing for the last hours of life "filled with the plenitude of peace I crave"; and this plenitude of peace that he craves is an ever-present yearning in all of Sterling's poetry. For it he seeks the loneliness of the heavens—

"Remote in solitudes of rest,  
Afar from human change or care."

For it he cries:

"Lift up, ye everlasting gates  
Whence fare her feet to wars unknown,  
To heights august of Reason's throne,  
And heritage of ampler Fates!"

and

"To live, tho' Pain and Sorrow cease;  
To reach the high Eternal Heavens;  
To know infinity, nor part;  
To find the far Ideal, Peace."

But Sterling's peace is not one of lethargy. It is of the mightiest of might—

"Splendor of elemental strife;  
Smile suns that startle back the gloom."

It is "the battle of contending skies."

I have not seen anything as promising of its great future come out of the West as Sterling's "Testimony to the Suns and Other Poems." I say this unhesitatingly, for in these poems there is a magnitude of fundamental power, of comprehension, of music, and, at times, of the tenderest emotion most beautifully sung. His is the "song-sweet lyre," whose strings speak the resonance of the limitless deep whence "the stars of evening tremble forth." Through them vibrates the mysticism of the unknowable, till it haunts with its sorrowing, singing the psalmody of eternal law.

Sterling's muse cares not for utility. To him the stirring of emotions and passions for a cause outside of purely poetical rapture seems a false note. With all his personal sympathy for human struggle he sings not in favor of the man with the hoe nor the woman with a past. I doubt that he would even stand for purpose in prose fiction. To him utility in poetic art is a false means, a borrowed strength of weakness. His walks lead among the suns. His powers are the incomprehensible, fundamental. Even his "To One Loved" is far more than of the earthly. Singing of her eyes, he compares them to

"The golden flowers the south hath sought  
Where things immortal range,"

and,

"They seem as deeps whence Music sighs  
But can not tell her woe."

Yet, this whole poem "To One Loved" is an expression of "far eternal things." It is not the human love-light alone he sees in

her eyes. In them he sees "their kindred to the evening star, the mountains, and the sea," and "the beauty and the sadness seen in far, eternal things." And these far eternal things in Sterling's poetry are a mystery that haunts. Even in "A White Rose" he sees "the brother life," "the silent Power," and "the stars of life in flower and man." He is always looking heavenward. What lonely walks and innumerable must he have taken among "abyssal lamps that flare and sink" on the ways of "systems meeting Time that holds the timelessness of grief." And this grief, what a tremendous grief it is!—the grief that is the intensest joy—the grief that is the most wondrous beauty—the haunting grief that hopes one day to

"... gaze on Sorrow from afar.

As one long dead, who sees sad earth again  
From Paradise, and deems her but a star,"

—the grief that is the *Weltschmerz* of the limitless.

Sterling's imagination is a far-seeing one. With it he gazes from sun to sun. With it he searches the darkness of the abyssal deep with its "lancing stars." With it he hears "upon the troubling of the deep, the bellowing of the Beast drawn down to doom!" With it he follows the "armies of eternal night" "that hold dominion of the Deep."

Truly a large voice is sounding in the West. Not one to sing her laughing fun, or common sorrow, but the voice of one great enough, far-seeing enough, comprehensive enough, and eloquent enough, to take the words of her wilderness, and the wilderness of the heavenly abyss for holy expression of their fundamental *Eintracht* in universal emotion.

JOHANNES REIMERS.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Sir Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, *et al.*
3. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
4. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.
5. "Man and Superman," by George Bernard Shaw.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
2. "Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard.
3. "Woman Errant," Anonymous.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "Mystic Mid-Region," by Arthur J. Burdick.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Rose of Old St. Louis," by Mary Dillon.
2. "The Challoners," by E. E. Benson.
3. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
4. "Woman Errant," Anonymous.
5. "Mystic Mid-Region," by Arthur J. Burdick.

## The Self-Made Merchant Locomotor.

Here are a few specimens of wit and wisdom from George Horace Lorimer's new book just out, "More Letters to a Self-Made Merchant to His Son":

Of course, it's mighty nice to be told that the shine of your shirt front is blinding the floor manager's best girl; but if there's a hole in the seat of your pants you ought to know that, too, because sooner or later you've got to turn your back to the audience.

Some men fail from knowing too little, but more fail from knowing too much, and still more from knowing it all.

The father of lies lives in hell, but he spends a good deal of his time in Chicago.

When the man earns the bread in the sweat of his brow, it's right that the woman should perspire a little baking it.

It's always been my opinion that everybody spoke American while the Tower of Babel was building, and that the Lord let the good people keep right on speaking it.

Man was made a little lower than the angels, the Good Book says, and I reckon that's right; but he was made a good while ago, and he hasn't kept very well.

There are two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success, and there's no cure at all for the second, especially if a woman has it; for she doesn't know what she wants, and so you can't give it to her.

It makes me a little uneasy when I go to New York and see the carryings-on of some of the old merchants' grandchildren. I don't think it's true, as Andy says, that to die rich is to die disgraced, but it's the case pretty often that to die rich is to be disgraced afterward by a lot of lightweight heirs.

Books are all right, but dead men's brains are no good unless you mix a live one's with them.

## The Englishman's Thick Skull.

There are some very hard hits at Englishmen in the book of the Frenchman, Emile Boutmy, recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

M. Boutmy holds that the climate of England has made Englishmen thick-skinned, slow of thought, without an ear or eye for the finer tones and shades of beauty. He ascribes the Englishman's conservatism and bravery to a lack of imagination. Even his sincerity is due to a brutal carelessness for other people's feelings, says the author. Nothing short of a club will make an impression on him. M. Boutmy continues:

Any one who has spent a week in London can not have failed to notice the usual method of advertising, which consists in the senseless and incessant repetition of the same word, the name of a candidate, perhaps, posted up by hundreds over huge spaces. Our livelier minds are wearied and stunned by it, but these thousand repetitions are absolutely necessary in order to penetrate the thick covering which envelops the English organ of perception. Our literary taste is offended by the exaggerated and distracted types, overcolored pictures and venomous coarse irony which are to be found in the works of even their most cultured authors.

## New Publications.

"Vita: A Drama," by Grace Denio Litchfield. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"Abraham Lincoln," by James Baldwin. American Book Company—a brief life of Lincoln for young children.

"Seeking Life and Other Sermons," by Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.20 net.

"Bear Stories Retold from St. Nicholas," Edited by M. H. Carter. Profusely illustrated. The Century Company.

"Jingles from the Far West," by M. A. Bowcher. Illustrated by Mae Smith. The Whitaker & Ray Company; \$1.00 net.

"Shelburne Essays," by Paul Elmer More. First series. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25—literary essays which have appeared in various magazines.

"Josephine," by Ellen Douglas Deland. Illustrated by W. E. Mears. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25—a children's story, amusing and harmless.

"The Masters of English Literature," by Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Company; \$1.10 net—a compact little book, designed as a guide for "young or busy people."

"The Blue Grass Cook Book." Compiled by Minnie C. Fox. With an introduction by John Fox, Jr. Illustrated with photographs by A. L. Coburn. Fox, Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo-Celtic Drama," by F. Hugh O'Donnell. John Long, London; one shilling net—an amusing attack on W. B. Yeats, and others, from which we have already printed extracts.

"Up Through Childhood: A Study of Some Principles of Education in Relation to Faith and Conduct: A Book for Parents and Teachers," by George Allen Hubbell, Ph. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Early Hebrew Story: Its Historical Backgrounds," by John P. Peters, D. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25—a course of lectures delivered at Bangor Theological Seminary, now published in book-form.

"Scientific Aspects of Mormonism; or, Religion in Terms of Life," by Nels L. Nelson. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50—a well-written defense of Mormons by a professor in the Brigham Young University at Provo.

"Over the Hill to the Poor-House," by Will Carleton. Illustrated by W. E. Mears. Harper & Brothers; \$2.00 net—a holiday edition of this famous poem which has many admirers, whatever the literary critics may think of it.

"The South American Republics," by Thomas C. Dawson. In two parts. Part II: Peru, Chile, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama. Illustrations and maps. The Story of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

"The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri," Edited with translation and notes by Aurelia Henry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25 net—this is the only translation in English accessible to the general reader of the Florentine's famous work.

"The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America," by Hamilton Busbey. The American Sportsman's Library. Illustrated from photographs. The Macmillan Company; \$2.00 net—a competent book by an author of thirty-eight years' study of the trotter and pacer.

"The American Constitutional System: An Introduction to the Study of the American State," by Westel Woodbury Willoughby. The American State Series. The Century Company—an able work by a Johns Hopkins professor, designed for the general reader and as a text-book.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The First Batch of Fall Fiction.

Alfred Henry Lewis's "The President" is a primitive sort of a book. The hero has "shoulders wide as a viking's," a "chest arched like the deck of a whale-back," "arms, muscled to the wrists and as long as a Piet's, and a head with yellow hair to match." The villain, a Russian by the name of Stori, has "onyx eyes," "blue-black beard, and moustaches," "hair as raven as his beard"; he eats raw meat and crushes horse-shoes with his hands. The heroine is described thus: "Black hair, white skin, lashes of ink, eyes of blue, rose-leaf lips, teeth white as rice, a spot of red in her cheeks; he had never seen aught so beautiful!"

No subtleties for Mr. Lewis! It is all robust, thrilling—in sports, dime-novels. There is no disputing, however, that Mr. Lewis knows his Washington. He describes political life there from the inside, and it is not difficult to pick out the "crooked" legislator whom Mr. Lewis has in mind in the person of Patrick Henry Hanway, who rises from a pageship to senatorship, and by smooth, crafty, apologetic ways becomes the leader of the party. Nor is it difficult to recognize the original of Governor Obstinat, "a middle-aged individual, eminent for obstinacy, and a kind of bovine integrity that nothing might corrupt or turn aside." The hero, by the way, has not only marvelous shoulders and muscles of steel, but he is worth several hundred millions. He buys a newspaper, and corrupts Congress through the crooked senator, whose niece, Dorothy, is the heroine. It is an ingenious, absorbing detective story, by no means literature, but bound to be popular.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.50.

A curious romance has been written by W. H. Hudson, a noted ornithologist, and the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata." If the jaded novel reader wants something "different" from anything he has read, let him buy and peruse "Green Mansions." It is the story of a revolutionist who has failed in achieving planned-for results in Venezuela. He is self-exiled in the tropical forests, where he meets some savages, and, later, a beautiful girl, Rima—a mysterious, luring creature, whose origin the author makes no attempt to account for. They love, of course, and the book is the story of it—amid trees and great rivers, gay-plumaged birds, and savage natives. The tale is tinged with tragedy: there is no plot to speak of; it is, in fact, a story *sui generis*, unique, without counterpart. As literature, it has no great distinction, nor will it interest many readers; a few will, however, find it piquant.

Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

J. J. Bell, who wrote the famous book, "Wee Macgregor," and also "Ethel" and "Mrs. McLeerie," has published a new dialect story, "Jess & Co.," which differs little from the other books in tone or method. But, if anything, the humor is a little thinner, the wit more fugitive, the interest not so well sustained. Yet the story of the loving, shiftless carpenter and his young wife, with clever portraits of gossiping neighbors, is sufficiently amusing to make an hour pass pleasantly.

Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

Even if it be true, as the publishers assert in a loud, strident voice, that one million copies of Kate Douglas Wiggin's books have been sold, the three other and far less well-known writers who collaborate with her in that charmingly amusing book, "The Affair at the Inn," suffer not at all by comparison. Mary Findlater, in presenting the character of Mrs. MacGill; Miss Jane Findlater, in limning that of Miss Cecilia Eversham; and particularly Allan McAulay, in depicting Sir Archibald Maxwell Mackenzie, of Kindaroch, are fully up to Mrs. Wiggin's level in her sketch of Virginia Pomeroy. The story, of course, is told by these four actors, each in characteristic fashion. The interest mainly lies in the idyllic love-affair between Mackenzie, a nice, big, stupid young Scotchman, a bit of a woman-bater (so he thinks), and Virginia, a coquettish but capable and wholesome American girl. Virginia admits to herself that he is only an ordinary, straight, simple, intelligent, but not intellectual, Anglo-Saxon—but she loves him. The scene of the "affair at the inn" is Dartmoor, where the girl and Mrs. MacGill are traveling, and where they encounter Sir Archibald in his auto. He is a deliciously simple and lovable fellow, reminding one of the Boy in "The Brushwood Boy," and thousands will chuckle over this sparkling, sentimental little comedy.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25.

There is no chariot-race in Irving Bacheller's "Vergilius: A Tale of the Coming of Christ." But the author of "Eben Holden" offers "something just as good." "On the circular terraces [we read] of a great fountain below, and in front of them were rows

of naked maidens. Circle after circle of this living statuary towered with diminishing radii, above the court level, to an apex, where a stream of cool, perfumed water, broken to misty spray, rose aloft, scattering in the sunlight. So cunningly had they contrived to enhance the charm of the spectacle, those many graceful shapes were under a fine, transparent veil of water drops lighted by rainbow gleams and sweet with musky odor. Circles were closely massed around the base of the fountain. They stood in silence, all looking down. The old king surveyed them. Well, we should think so! It is clear to the reader, we trust, that "Vergilius" (note the pedantry of the *e*) is of the familiar "Ben-Hur" type, designed for the million consumers of "religious fiction." The ingredients are always the same—a few Biblical characters and an Apostle or two, a few piquant dashes of licentious description—"round, full, swelling breasts"; "long velvet-smooth brown limbs"; that sort of thing—a pinch or twain of hastily acquired erudition, a persecuted Christian maid and Roman lover—and you have a "Vergilius" or a "Lux Crucis." But it's poor stuff. Mr. Bacheller might better continue his depiction of New England types, about which, at least, he knows something.

Published by Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

"In an angle of the wall, on a black ebony pedestal, stood an extremely beautiful marble statuette of a nude girl holding a fan. Under this on a plaque was written, 'Une danseuse de Tunisie.'"

"Sir Donald went up to it, and stood before it for two or three minutes in silence."

"I see, indeed, you do care for beauty," he said, at length. "But—forgive me—that fan makes that statuette wicked."

"Yes; but a thousand times more charming."

Thus runs a passage in Robert Hichens's "The Woman with a Fan." We are rather late with our review, but the book may be briefly summed up. The statue with its trifling fan is symbolical of Lady Holme, who lives the easy life of the fashionable London world and frankly likes it—likes all of it. Reverses come, love is lost, beauty goes. She is no longer trivial—a woman with a fan—but she is the eternal woman. Her soul asserts its dominancy over the pleasure-loving body. This is the real plot. It is a curious story, told with great frankness, and of absorbing interest.

Published by the Frederick S. Stokes Company; \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

We are now on the eve of the true beginning of the end-of-the-year season. The immediate future will see the publication of Admiral Schley's "Forty-Five Years' Service Under the United States Flag"; of Ernest Renan's posthumous "Letters from the Holy Land"; of Joseph M. Rogers's "The True Henry Clay"; and of several new novels of more than ordinary interest by Will N. Harben, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Wilson Barrett, William D. Howells, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Anthony Hope, Marie Corelli, and Rider Haggard. And Mr. Cleveland will publish "Presidential Problems."

President Jordan is publishing a book with the American Unitarian Association. It is an allegory, intended to show the wide divergence of the paths taken by various seekers after truth. It will be entitled "The Wandering Host," and will be bound as a gift book, with a decorative page border printed in green.

The first important novel to appear from the press of the Macmillan Company this autumn will be Gwendolen Overton's "Captains of the World." As has already been stated, with this story the author of the "Heritage of Unrest" and "Anne Carmel" begins a series of studies of modern American life and customs. The forthcoming book has in its heroine the daughter of a capitalist, who forces her into an engagement with an Italian prince. The hero is presented as a manly and honest labor leader.

One of the original features of the forthcoming romance of the California novelist, Gouverneur Morris, will be a frontispiece painted by an artist in place of the usual mechanically colored picture. "The Pagan's Progress," which is the name of the story, will be presented this month.

Bén Greet and his players, who produced the old morality play, "Everyman," with so much success in this country, will include in their repertoire this year a new-old Nativity play, entitled "The Star of Bethlehem." This drama has been arranged by Professor Charles M. Gayley, of the University of California, from about thirty old plays and liturgical fragments, such as used to be acted by guilds and workmen in the streets of mediæval towns, or in religious houses. The connecting links have been composed by Professor Gayley in the manner of the originals. Among the material on which he has drawn is the old miracle play called "The Second Pastor's Play," in which occurs the first known instance of comedy in the English drama. The comedian, oddly enough, is one

of the shepherds, called Mak, who steals a sheep and puts it into a cradle, pretending it is his own child. The play will be published this autumn by Fox, Duffield & Co.

The rush for Marie Corelli's new book, "God's Good Man," is unprecedented in England. One correspondent writes that Methuen, the publisher, states that the orders received constitute a fresh record, beating even that established by Marie Corelli with her "Temporal Power." All day long on the day of publication the usually peaceful slope of Essex Street, in the Strand, was thronged with messengers hurrying down from the book-sellers with requests for more, and telegrams poured in from all parts of Europe. One harassed book-seller in the far north trebled his original order in three successive hours with three successive telegrams.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who has been the editor of *S. Nicholas* from its first issue, is to bring out a new volume of "Poems and Verses" this autumn.

According to G. B. Street, the English novel is in a dying condition. Writing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. Street asserts that "with Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, the novel, as we have so far know it, has reached its last vital exemplars." Mr. Street thinks that novel writing is to-day far inferior in quality to what it was in the days of Fielding or Thackeray. He does not deny all merit to contemporary English novelists, but thinks that "merely as artists, they are otiose, not vital."

The *Athenæum*, which said that the title of George Moore's new novel was to be "A General Life," admits that was mistaken. The book is to be called "The Lake."

Among the books to be published in December, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great French critic, Saint Beuve, will be one containing the unpublished correspondence between Saint Beuve and Mme. Juste Olivier, the Swiss poet.

George Barr McCutcheon, the author, has given out a statement in which he admits that he is the author of "Brewster's Millions," a book the authorship of which has hitherto been attributed to one Richard Greaves. In explanation of the concealment of the author's identity, Mr. McCutcheon says that it is the result of a wager with a publisher to the effect that a name of the author has nothing to do with the sale of a book. But did he win or lose the wager? That is what the public would like to know.

The New York *American's* account of the arrival of Henry James in New York, after an absence of twenty years, says: "He is not as one sees him in the portraits that are printed of him. He has no beard. He has the air of a bishop. But his head is a marvel to the phrenologists. His forehead is the front of a Greek temple."

An interesting theory is put forward in a little volume called "The Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition," by Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago. He hazards the opinion that the Ainu are "but a little fragment of a once widespread white race, broken and submerged by a great flood of yellow Asiatics, who pressed eastward from their old home, perhaps in Mesopotamia." One white race crushed by Asiatics! Will there be others?

A Poet—and Rich!

Regarding his newly acquired wealth, Joaquin Miller writes:

I have been informed that oil has been found in and around the land that I have held in Texas for so many years, and I am supposed to be worth a great deal of money. At least this is what they tell me from the place where the land is located. There are Texas gushers, I believe, spouting wealth in the shape of the oil of commerce.

But, while I am now on the borders of millionairehood, I find that whatever gratification I may feel is tempered with the regrets of a writer and a Californian—the first that it was made through sources other than my pen, and the second that it was made in the oil of trade from a level plain instead of through the gold of my beloved California hills.

It is not often that a poet steps from the most ordinary of circumstances to wealth, and I am wondering what I will do with so much money. I shall use it for my fellow-men, and for my friends who occasionally come to me at my little place on the tops of the Oakland hills.

Some of the books which will soon be coming to this country from England promise considerable entertainment. There is, for instance, a translation of August Niemann's "Der Weltkrieg Deutsche Träume," under the more startling title of "The Coming Conquest of England." This is a book which has aroused a vast deal of talk in Germany. The author summons England to the bar of the nations of the world, where she is accused by the statesmen of France and Russia of having made herself intolerable by laying her hands on all the desirable portions of the globe.

JOSEPHINE

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Ellen Douglas Deland

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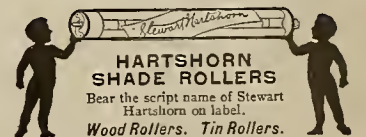
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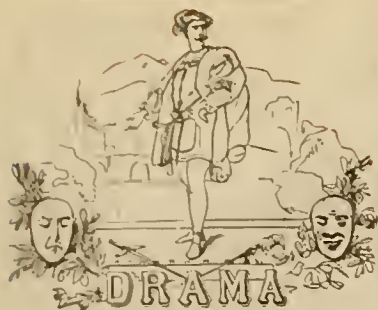
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What's in an ad? Big profit if it is worded enticingly. Now take this little matter of "The Wizard of Oz." In the Sunday papers the advance notices flashed before our vision mention of cyclones, Kansas homesteads following an itinerary through circumambient space, and a poppy-field in full bloom. As a consequence, there was a large and expectant audience at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, even the back rows boasting their contingent. And yet, until after the curtain had risen, and the performance was launched, I am convinced that a majority of the audience was so taken up with the fact that we were to see a cyclone and a poppy-field that they utterly failed to notice the non-appearance on the programme of a single familiar or well-known name.

Well, the curtain rose upon our cyclonic expectations, and disclosed a painted perspective of hay-fields, with a few calico-clad real figures in the foreground, dabbling at a lonely haycock. At least I think it was a haycock. Then there were alarms without, sinister music, the lights were off, and the cyclone was on. It was at this point that people began to feel cheated. Upon a stolidly stationary curtain, whose immovable seams could be detected through the electric light waves of the storm, was thrown magically a sort of moving panorama—very crudely sketched, too—of clouds, umbrellas, segments of houses, and a job-lot of miscellaneous articles, whose nature it was impossible to determine, as everything was supposed to be in full aerial flight. It was very tame, very unexciting, very uncyclonic.

The storm ended at the "land of the Munchkins," a favored region inhabited by a king, a wizard, a witch, an animal or two, a character or two, and a battalion of neat-ankled chorus-girls, who passed their time fatiguingly in agreeing demonstratively with the sentiments of the solo-singers. From here on we found ourselves on familiar ground. Much stress has been laid upon the fact that "The Wizard of Oz" is built upon a modern fairy-tale, but when all's said and done, it is nothing more nor less than a very ordinary extravaganza.

The much-advertised scarecrow has a clever make-up, and made a successful entrance, looking so ragababishly limp and boneless as he was borne upon the stage and attached to his pole, that I thought him merely a dummy preceding the appearance of the live scarecrow. But after this successful entry, he failed further to distinguish himself. The tin woodman was even less amusing. Indeed, the most amusing figure on the stage was that of the cow. Somebody named Wyckoff enacted this perigrinating animal, making a sufficiently grotesque figure of her with such absurdly polite attitudinizing and nimbly antics of the hind-quarters as to bring upon the stage for the moment just the faintest suggestion of a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy. The lion, too, with his solemnly furtive air, rather amused people, and the presence of this pair of quadrupeds, the tin woodman, and the scarecrow almost, but never quite, made us fancy that we heard "the horns of eldland faintly blowing."

The robustly Western accents of the company, however, were enough in themselves to put any faint fancies to flight. There were a number of acute cases of Middle Western speech, the tin woodman and the lady lunatic easily outdistancing the rest by the raw rankness of their r's. They—the r's—were as loud as prize cabbages and overgrown potatoes, and in all the luxuriance of their native hardihood seemed a peculiarly apt climatic accompaniment to a Kansas cyclone.

In fact it seems to me that this new management of Hamlin & Mitchell has not troubled itself much about the quality of anything except the costumes and the scenery. The latter is pretty, but the girls are not. There is one to be sure, a Blanche Powell Todd playing Dorothy Gale, the Kansas girl who is pretty and attractive in a sort of floppily. She is small, winsome and dainty and has a miniature soprano of pleasing quality. But her voice is not enough in itself to outdo a savage and expectant of good vocalism of a quality to match the prices, and, if we except the tin woodman and the scarecrow who sing a few nonsense jingles, none other of the girls can do anything in the vocal line beyond making a rather distressing noise. I would advise any one who wants genuine amusement this week to head straight for the

Tivoli, for at the Columbia the heavenly maid is conspicuous by her absence.

It is only fair to say that the costumes are handsome and various, that from their necks down the chorus-girls are irreproachable, that the incidental orchestral music is well selected, that the scenery is quite pretty, and the dancing is very good.

The effect of the poppy-field is made by arranging a group of appropriately costumed chorus-girls in rows against a poppy-wreathed and painted background. Their bodies are covered with large green silk leaves, which simulate the foliage of the poppy plant, and the blossoms are indicated by orange-colored hats, shaped something like corolla of the poppy. When the girls tilt their orange-petaled heads toward the front, so that the large paper blooms conceal their faces, an active and accommodating imagination might detect some resemblance to ranks of giant poppies.

None of the songs seemed to make any particular impression on the popular taste, the dialogue lacked humor, and several members of the company have a marked tendency to gabble so indistinctly as to veil their utterances in a mystery that was too dull to pique curiosity. Even the song, "Sammy," sung with a redundancy of emphasis, ogings, and gesticulations, all concentrated upon the nearest man in the nearest box, failed to carry its point.

Who Sammy was and what was the matter with him it was impossible to discover. But this I do know: it is an unpardonable liberty for performers on the stage to assail the privacy of occupants of the stage boxes and compel them to contribute to the evening's entertainment. Nor does it seem any less so when practiced in a first-class theatre. It is a fad that is growing, having its origin, I believe, in Anna Held's invitation to some members of the orchestra to "come and play wiz her."

In "The Wizard of Oz" this trick of drawing the attention of the house to one unlucky man, who has presumably paid his price to be amused by other people, instead of contributing his share, is repeated; not, it may be added, with startling success, the supposititious siren who plies her fascinations not being sufficiently seductive to excite the envy of the men, or the wrath of the women. During the run of "The Anheuser Push" at Fischer's, Georgia O'Ramey went even further with her song, "Teasing"; too far, altogether, for good taste.

The performers on the stage should not fail to remember, too, that the pity of the audience for the victim who is thus dragged forth willy-nilly into the limelight may seriously interfere with their appreciation of the joke, if joke that may be called, that is a wanton infringement on the rights of a spectator.

The Tivoli management, with its usual surprising knack for producing singers from up its sleeve, has brought out another new one this week in "The Serenade." This is Andrew Bogart, a young man who only lacks some limbering out of his acting talent through experience to make an unusually attractive appearance as a singer in comic opera. His voice is a high baritone, or a low tenor, whichever you choose to call it, and its agreeable quality is enhanced by a note of feeling of the genuine stamp.

Although its comedy department is rather dull and unspontaneous, musically, Victor Herbert's opera, "The Serenade," runs extremely well. Kate Condon and Dora de Fillippe rank as vocalists of the genuine stamp, the former in particular being the lucky owner of a voice whose every note is as rich as clotted cream. Miss Condon needs, however, to study toning down her costumes in a way to make the best of her looks. As Alan-a-Dale she was pretty in her dark heliotrope; in "The Toreador" she looked over-blown, and so she does in "The Serenade." She should wear rich, sombre costumes, just slightly relieved with the glitter of jewels or jet, or a dash of bright color.

It needs some one more genuinely witching than Dora de Fillippe to adorn the rôle of Yvonne. This little actress has almost an over-abundance of byplay, and the nods, becks, and wreathed smiles of the operabouffe charmer. She has, too, an enchanting little image to contend against. If I remember right, it was in "The Serenade" that

Alice Nielsen first appeared before a San Francisco audience with the Bostonians, fairly dazzling us by her dimpling prettiness, her archness and gayety, and the delicious beauty of her voice. She flashed around the stage at the first entry like a humming-bird, and so ineradicable an image did she leave that I even remember her dress, a curious and effective combination of pink and gleaming jet. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Sir Henry and Two Ladies.

Who is to be Sir Henry Irving's leading lady for two years? Maude Fealely announced some time ago that she had been engaged in that capacity by Sir Henry. The announcement is cabled from London that Sir Henry opened his farewell tour at Cardiff, Monday, in "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Matthison, an English actress, as Portia. Some time ago the news came from London that Miss Matthison was to be his leading lady, and she wrote to the same effect to New York friends. The dispatch announcing the beginning of the farewell tour said that "the report that Sir Henry had engaged Miss Matthison as leading lady in place of Ellen Terry is incorrect, the only basis of the story being that Miss Matthison is to play such parts as Portia." But the dispatch says nothing of Miss Fealely, who recently packed her grip and her make-up box, and sailed for London. She said to a New York reporter before she embarked:

"I have a distinct, specific written contract with Sir Henry Irving, in which it is set forth that I shall be his leading woman, playing Fair Rosamond in 'Beckett,' the one woman rôle in 'Waterloo,' and 'lead' in such other plays as he may produce. I have the manuscript of both plays now, and have studied both parts. I have nothing to say about any other contracts Sir Henry Irving may have made or is reported to have made."

So it looks as though Sir Henry may have a breach of promise case on his hands—and at his age, too!

John W. Grace, of the firm of W. R. Grace & Co., died this week at Leybourne Grange, Kent, England, where he had lived since 1887. He was a brother of W. R. Grace, once mayor of New York, who died about a year ago. Mr. Grace was sixty-eight years of age, and left a widow, two daughters, and seven sons. One of the latter, Frank J. Grace, lives in San Francisco.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Of Revolutionary Time.

"The Altar of Friendship" will be succeeded at the Majestic Theatre on Sunday night by "Captain Barrington," which has been well received in the East. The play is of a romantic order, with several strongly dramatic incidents, and the events and characters are of the time of Washington. Grace Reals, J. H. Gilmour, Richard Thornton, Joseph Callahan, Henry Stockbridge, J. D. O'Hara, Eleanor Gordon, Vera McCord, and others will appear, the rôles being unusually numerous. A large force of auxiliaries will appear in the ensembles.

Frank Daniels Coming.

"The Wizard of Oz" will continue another week at the Columbia Theatre, and on Monday night, October 3d, will give way to Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy," which will run for two weeks. This musical comedy has been well received in the East, and is said to contain good fun, bright music, and pretty stage pictures. It is announced that Mr. Daniels sustains his reputation for surrounding himself with an unusually pretty and talented chorus.

Whittlesey's Farewell Weeks.

White Whittlesey's summer engagement at the Alcazar Theatre continues for another fortnight. For the coming week he will revive "Soldiers of Fortune," dramatized by Augustus Thomas from Richard Harding Davis's novel of the same name. This play is one of the three in which Mr. Whittlesey is to make his first starring tour under the management of Belasco, Mayer & Price. For his farewell week here, "Lord and Lady Algy," H. C. Carter's comedy of fashion, will be presented. The regular stock season at the Alcazar begins October 10th, with a production of H. V. Esmond's "The Wilderness." Lillian Lawrence and John Craig will be the leading people, with Elizabeth Woodson as ingénue.

Ben Greet's "Everyman" Production.

The Ben Greet company of London players which will begin a short season at Lyric Hall on Monday night, October 3d, includes the favorites of last year, and is stronger and better. The part of Everyman at the coming production will again be entrusted to Constance Crawley. The sale of seats opens on Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where pamphlets containing full information regarding the plays and players may be obtained. During the second week of the engagement, "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night" will be given in Elizabethan style, with Ben Greet in the cast.

"Miss Mazuma" at Fischer's.

"Miss Mazuma," the new burlesque at Fischer's Theatre, is described by the management as "farce, musical comedy, burlesque, and spectacle rolled into one." Dorothy Morton has a new song, "Fishing," which draws many encores, and Georgia O'Ramey has a new specialty—playing the violin and singing a catchy song at the same time. Hope and Hickman are the new dancing team, and are received with favor. Rice, Cady, and North do a variation of their regular work, and Edwin Clark has an opportunity as the love-maker to show his ability.

New Rural Play.

Commencing with a matinee to-morrow (Sunday) Fred E. Wright will present at the Grand Opera House his pastoral play, "York State Folks." This play is said to differ from the usual rural variety, and to have no villains, wronged women, or farm-yard menageries. Rather, it tells a simple story of village life, full of homely humor. Elaborate and effective scenery is promised. The original company is retained, and includes Ray L. Royce, James Lackaye, Harry Crosby, Randolph Currie, Oshorn Searle, George C. Westcott, George W. Mahare, Carl Newton, Eleanor Sidman, Lillian Rhodes, Frances Young, Millie Stevens, and Grace Russell. There will be Saturday and Sunday matinees during this engagement.

New People at the Orpheum.

Urbani and son, athletes, will make their first appearance in America at the Orpheum this coming week. They come direct from London and the Continent. John P. Kennedy, late of the "Billionaire" company, and Carrie Reynolds, who was here with "The Rogers Brothers in London," will make their first vaudeville appearance in this city. The medium for their introduction will be a musical comedietta, entitled "Captain Kidd." The incidental music for the skit was written by Melville Ellis. James and Bonnie Farley, acrobatic comedy dancers, will be new to San Francisco. They present a sketch called "The Messenger-Boy." The two Pucks, juvenile singers, dancers, and imitators, were last here two years ago, and return, it is said, greatly improved in their work. Mr. and Mrs.

Howard Truesdell will continue "Aunt Louisa's Advice." Al Lawson and Frances Namon, the comedy cyclist and the lady athlete, will vary their specialty; T. Trovolo, the ventriloquist, for his second and last week, will put new songs and witticisms into the mouths of his wooden figures; the Melrose troupe of acrobats, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the principal sensation of Dreamland, Coney Island, and "Personal," the comedy success, will complete the programme.

Pioneer Days Depicted.

"The Danites," dramatized from Joaquin Miller's story of that name, is to be the hill at the Central Theatre beginning on Monday night. The play deals with the persecution of Gentiles by Mormons, and the heroine is the last of a family whose other members had been slain by a band of Mormons, known as the "Avenge Angels." She joins a party of gold-seekers, who protect her from danger. The play is a realistic picture of pioneer conditions, and is exciting and melodramatic to a degree.

Revival of a Favorite.

"The Serenade" has been revived at the Tivoli Opera House, and the week's run has demonstrated that it remains a favorite. Willard Simms appears as the Duke of Santa Cruz, giving the rôle its full value, and Edward Wehh repeats his success as Colomho. The other parts are well placed. No definite time has been set for its withdrawal, but the management has in preparation "Der Rastelbinder" ("The Mousetrap Peddler"), a new German comic opera that has never yet been presented in America. The right to produce it at the Tivoli was secured by Ferris Hartman when he was in Vienna a year ago.

Poor Performances at Beyreuth.

The demand for seats at the "Parsifal" performances at Beyreuth has been the largest on record, and the profits to the Wagner family have been more than correspondingly great, for most of the singers were beginners at small salaries. The *Sun* says that the new tenors failed completely, and the artistic standard of the festivals was never before so low. It adds that this is in direct contrast to the policy of Richard Wagner, who used to secure the best available artists in Germany. Mme. Wagner, on the other hand, contents herself with any nonentities that will submit without dispute to the suggestions of herself and her daughters as to the proper method of singing, acting, and dressing the rôles. Even the German press is beginning to comment bitterly on the character of the performances and dwell on the departure of Mme. Wagner from the traditions of her husband, who, in his efforts to give his operas ideal representation, engaged the greatest of the world's singers, regardless of what they might demand for their services. Mme. Wagner thinks they should be willing to sing for merely the glory of an appearance at Beyreuth. As artists of reputation refuse to do this, she must content herself with the best she can get. Only this hypothesis would explain the last casts at the festival performances.

The same scenery and costumes used for "Parsifal" at the original performance of the opera are still doing service at Beyreuth, and there has been no new Nibelungen scenery for some years.

The departure of Hans Richter, the last of the older conductors at Beyreuth, will rob the next performances of their chief artistic glory. He has been dismissed by Mme. Wagner, and Siegfried Wagner will have the chief direction of the musical side of the performances.

It was always the intention of Richard Wagner to give away a certain number of free tickets to poor students of music who would not otherwise be able to hear the operas. Very particular directions as to how

this should be done were left by the composer. But there is too great a demand now for seats at increased prices to allow anything to be given away. So the poor students either remain away or borrow the money.

One of the students who enjoyed this privilege was César Franck. Richard Wagner was alive, however, at that time.

D. H. Burnham, the Chicago architect, arrived on Tuesday on his way to the Orient on a governmental mission. He will remain here for a fortnight or more.



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VANITY FAIR.

The *Argonaut's* correspondent, "Cockaigne," writes from London that he doesn't think the Astor engagement has created nearly so great a sensation in London society as was expected. "I have often heard people wonder," he writes, "who Mr. Astor's daughter Pauline would marry, and make guesses as to her dot, and all that. I have heard people say that she could easily get a royal prince. I don't mean a trumpety Italian or German specimen, but a genuine article of the English blood royal—Prince Arthur of Connaught, for example. So that you see when the announcement of her engagement was made, and it was discovered that Captain Spender-Clay—just him—was her choice, why people were a bit dumfounded, that's all. Enthusiasm, all ready to be pumped up, quietly oozed out of the finger tips, and the general question went round: 'Whatever is the old gentleman thinking of? Couldn't he have done better than that with all his millions?' It certainly is rather a come-down from expectations, and society hasn't got over it yet.

"For Captain Spender-Clay is really a very ordinary person indeed, and this is virtually his third appearance in public. He was in the army—that is to say, that portion of it who do not fight, namely, the Household Cavalry, whose existence is justified solely by the fact that the king when he opens Parliament, or holds a levee, must be escorted through the streets by a detachment of horse soldiers in tin armor; and Captain Spender-Clay commanded a company of these warriors. Now, the Household Cavalry, although called Life Guards and Horse Guards, are not 'the guards' as they are known and spoken of in England. It is only the foot guards who are that. However, the Household Cavalry is full of swells and titles among its officers, and it is a smart thing to be in it. But there is this to be said: No man of any position in English society at all would dream of claiming any social status from the fact alone that he was in the Life Guards, or had been. If he were anybody at all, he would want his position to rest on something more tangible than that. Yet that is precisely what I have seen done in Captain Spender-Clay's case. A dozen times I have heard this: 'Who is he?' 'He was in the Life Guards.' 'That all you know of him?' 'Yes.' Grunt from other party. The Duke of Roxburgh knows what I mean. When he went a-marrying of Miss Goellet he did it as a duke, not an officer of the Household Cavalry, which he was, but did not find it necessary to claim. Then there is the name.

"In these days, unless it be an old established one, like Levison, Gower, or Cavendish-Bentick, a compound name is *prima facie* evidence in England that a man is a snob. Of course, there are some new ones that are better than others, but as a rule the craze for double names that has of late years set in throughout England, is a sign of great vulgarity in the people who adopt them. In most cases, it is but the Christian name, or second Christian name, that is unflinchingly turned into a surname. But no one who knows anything is dazzled by it. Much the reverse. To her credit be it spoken, Mrs. Mackay has never tacked on another name to hers; but we have the Bradley-Martins and the Kidegley-Carters to make up for it. I can't begin to tell you where Spender-Clay comes from hitched together. Separately, neither name is in England what is known as a good one. No halo is shed on this side of the water from the lustre of the famous Kentuckian. The name of Clay is unknown in the peerage, in knighthood, or among the landed gentry. There is one solitary baronet of that name. But there are baronets frequently in the workhouse. It is like saying, to establish a man's credentials, 'His father is a clergyman.'

"The name Spender is right enough. But it is no great shakes. The Spenders are very new, but within the last twenty or thirty years they have made a fortune through the publication of what is known in the west of England as the chief newspaper of those parts. I do not know that Captain Spender-Clay is interested in this enterprise. It would be well for him if he were. He is a man of some means, as he would have to be to be in the Household Cavalry, from which, by the by, he has retired. He has a small country place called Ford Manor, near Linsfield, where he now lives, which his father left him, not by entail, some twenty years ago, for he is no chicken.

"As a soldier he has seen no service whatever, and about a year ago had his name mixed up in the case of ragging, wherein a young subaltern's furniture was smashed up, and himself deluged with water. Soon after this, Captain Spender-Clay sent in his resignation. His connection with the Lord William Nevill forgery case was one from which he has always been thought to have emerged unfortunately, to put it no stronger. I don't for an instant uphold Lord William

or his methods. But they would never have been heard of but for Spender-Clay, who was a friend. Hitherto it had not been usual for gentlemen, or those who wished to be thought such, to prosecute each other, especially if they were friends. The friendship could be dropped, and there it would end. But Spender-Clay wasn't going to be done out of his money. He was right, from his point of view, although it was a new one among gentlemen. I don't think he ever quite recovered his prostration of this son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, or the plunging of an old father and his entire family into disgrace. As for his looks, he isn't a bad-looking man, with a sort of loud self-assurance in manner that is more like the gusto of a prospering auctioneer than the quiet reserve power of the well-bred English gentleman. I dare say the young lady loves him very dearly, and they say that her happiness is more, to her father than all the titles going—except, of course, those of either 'Baron Cliveden' or 'Viscount Astor of Maidenhead,' which get nearer every year. I have spoken plainly in this letter, believing the *Argonaut* to be a cut above the toadying papers who call everything lovely because it is—Mr. Astor."

That there are other ways of winning a woman than by the "thirteen lavish ways of displaying wealth," which Charles B. Fox, of Philadelphia, says were employed by George L. Sippis in the alleged alienation of the affections of Mrs. Fox, and for which the husband has begun suit against Sippis for fifty thousand dollars' damages, is maintained by Herbert Kelcey, the New York matinee idol. He says he has thirteen ways of his own for winning women, such, at least, as he knew, and he has published his observations in the newspapers. Here they are: 1. Be considerate of her in small things. Small things make up a woman's life. 2. Remember always that everywhere in the animal kingdom kind and sex makes difference in brains. Show her always that you count on her intelligence. 3. Need her and let her know it. Women understand best that it is more blessed to give than to receive. 4. Let her feel before and particularly after marriage that she is more important than your business. You wouldn't care to be supplanted in her thoughts by constant musing over that three dollars and seventeen cents that slipped through her hands yesterday. 5. Before marriage kiss her as though she were your wife; afterward kiss her as though she were your sweetheart. 6. Never abuse her confidence. Her faith in you is capital which you will have to invest many times. 7. Compel her respect. Respect is the mother and admiration the father of love. 8. Take an interest in her affairs. You would be hurt if she took no interest in yours. 9. Devote at least half the thought to entertaining her during a lifetime that you would devote to entertaining her pretty sister half an hour. 10. Don't 'nag.' Men nag as much as women, and vaccination, the slow scraping away of the skin, pains more than the quick incision of the surgeon's knife. 11. Remember that she is the better half of yourself, and 'to thine own self be true.' 12. Be generous, not lavish. When she is your wife she is your partner. Never compel her to ask for money. A woman feels dependence as much as a man would. 13. I have devoted as much attention to the subject of winning the woman you have won as to winning the woman you haven't. It is more important to keep the love of your wife than to create love in the object of your attentions. Eternal vigilance is the price of eternal affection. Never say to yourself, 'I've caught the car.' You may fall off."

That virtuous periodical, the London *Ladies' Pictorial*, mourns that English girls have learned to smoke cigarettes in public. "It is a regrettable, but certainly undeniable fact," it says, "that smoking among women and especially among young girls, is becoming increasingly common. Though it has been recognized as a practice in private life for some time past, to smoke openly in restaurants and other public places has not been looked upon as quite *comme il faut*, but during the last season or two it has grown more general at restaurants. This year a further stage has been reached, and at Goodwood many quite young girls were to be seen smoking in the luncheon pavilion. At a large East Coast hotel the same sight is to be seen in the lounge after dinner, and one trusts it may not be considered old-fashioned to express the opinion that it does not add to the attractiveness of the English girl to see her thus engaged."

"Bustles are being worn again. There is no doubt of it. Women feared them in the spring, and in the early summer there was a vague prophecy that the curse was about to fall upon the wise and foolish alike. And now this last pleasant week of summer they are an accomplished fact. While the older men and women who remember the former dark age of bustles may earnestly and ineffectually protest, younger girls will accept them reluctantly, and wear them proudly, and

younger men will sniff at them, and walk and dance with the girl who wears them. But all, even young men, will not sniff. One astonishing man has recently had the extreme temerity to venture, pen in hand, into that mysterious bourn of fashion from which no man ever returns complacent and to defend the bustle. His trenchant argument in favor of the bustle wearing is as follows: The bustle is a good thing because it is the death decree of the fashion for slender women: The slender woman is bad for the race, and that she is seeking to change her figure by bustles is an indication that there is a renaissance of appreciation of the more robust type. In other words, large hips stand for a higher ideal of womanhood, and so even a fake hip is a step in the right direction." Such is the argument put forth by a writer in the *Sun*. But it is just as easy to turn the argument inside out and say: While bustles were not being worn, the woman who had abnormally narrow hips was urged by the fact to exercise and try to develop herself. But now if, by the aid of the bustle, she can completely hide the deficiencies of her thighs, she will do it and dismiss from her mind all thought of actual improvement. One argument is just as good as another.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 15th.....	62	54	.00	Clear
" 16th.....	60	54	.00	Cloudy
" 17th.....	60	56	Tr.	Cloudy
" 18th.....	68	58	.00	Clear
" 19th.....	70	58	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 20th.....	66	58	.00	Cloudy
" 21st.....	64	56	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 21, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Associated Oil Co.	5%.....	104,000 @ 70	70	70 3/4
Bay Co. Power 5%.....	10,000 @ 100 1/2	.....	102 1/2	.....
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.	C. T. 5%.....	10,000 @ 81- 81 1/2	81	81 1/2
Contra Costa Water	5%.....	5,000 @ 97-98	97 1/2	100
Edison L. P. 6%.....	1,000 @ 125	121	125	.....
Geary St. Ry. 5%.....	10,000 @ 55- 60	50	65	.....
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	35,000 @ 101- 101 1/2	100 3/4	.....	.....
Honolulu R. T. L. 6%.....	3,000 @ 105 1/2	107	.....	.....
N. R. of Cal. 5%.....	26,000 @ 119	119	.....	.....
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	17,000 @ 105 1/2	105	.....	.....
North Shore Ry 5%.....	1,000 @ 102 1/2	.....	102 1/2	.....
Oakland Transit	5%.....	3,000 @ 110	110	.....
Oceanic S. Co 5%.....	1,000 @ 69	.....	70	.....
Pacific Gas Imp'm't	4%.....	11,000 @ 95	95	96
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	1,000 @ 105 1/2	105 1/2	106	.....
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%.....	2,000 @ 119	118 3/4	.....	.....
S. P. R. of Arizona	6% 1909.....	100,000 @ 108- 108 1/2	108	.....
S. P. R. of Arizona	6% 1910.....	100,000 @ 109	109	.....
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%.....	1905, S. A.....	10,000 @ 104 1/2	103 3/4	104 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%.....	Stpd.....	15,000 @ 109 1/2-109 3/4	109 1/2	.....
S. V. Water 6%.....	10,000 @ 104	104	104 1/2	.....
S. V. Water 4%.....	13,000 @ 100- 100 1/2	100	.....	.....
S. V. Water 4% 3ds	34,000 @ 99- 99 1/2	99	.....	.....

	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Water.			
Spring Valley.....	485 @ 38 1/2- 39	38 3/4	39
Banks.			
Mercantile T. Co.....	50 @ 230	230	240
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	60 @ 64- 64 1/2	62 1/2	64
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.....	315 @ 62 1/2- 64	62 1/2	.....
Honokaa S. Co.....	160 @ 15 1/2- 15 1/2	15 1/2	16
Hutchinson.....	215 @ 10 1/2- 10 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/2
Kilauea Sugar Co.....	500 @ 4 1/2- 4 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	335 @ 28 1/2- 29 1/2	28 1/2	.....
Onomea Sugar Co.....	200 @ 27 1/2- 27 1/2	27	.....
Paauhau Sugar Co.....	320 @ 15 1/2- 16 1/2	15 1/2	16
Gas and Electric.			
Pacific Lighting.....	10 @ 58 1/2	58 1/2	.....
S. F. Gas & Electric	340 @ 62 1/2	61 3/4	62 1/2
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	100 @ 129- 130	127	128
Cal. Fruit Cannerns.....	5 @ 99	99	.....
Cal. Wine Assn.....	90 @ 84- 84 1/2	84 1/2	85
Oceanic S. Co.....	275 @ 1 1/2- 3 1/2	2 1/2	.....
Pacific States Tel.....	50 @ 105	105	.....

The market has been one of general decline. The sugar stocks have been weak, and on sales of 2,045 shares there were bids made of from one-half a point to one point. The Hilo Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar was in demand at 62 1/2 bid. Spring Valley Water was at 38 1/2-39, and sold off one-half a point to 38 3/4. Alaska Packers sold at 127 1/2 points to 125 on sales of 100 shares. San Francisco Gas and Electric has been quiet, with no change in price. California Wine Association was quoted at 84-84 1/2. Giant Powder at 64-64 1/2, and Oceanic Steamship Company at 2 1/2-3 1/2.

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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Hyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Hyde, of Oakland, to Lieutenant Charles Emery Hathaway, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Scott, niece of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, to Mr. Frederick Levin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Cooley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn Cooley, of Oakland, to Mr. Frederick A. Gowing.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Simons, daughter of Medical Director Manly H. Simons, U. S. N., to Ensign Frank O. Branch, U. S. N., retired.

The wedding of Miss Anne Maxwell Miller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller, to Paymaster George Brown, Jr., U. S. N., will take place Wednesday afternoon, October 12th, at three o'clock, at the First Presbyterian Church in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hooper, to Mr. Wiggington Creed, will take place Saturday afternoon, October 15th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1234 Hawthorne Street, Alameda. Mrs. Summer Crosby will be matron of honor, and Miss Pussy Creed will be maid of honor. Mr. Clarence La Vallan Creed will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. William H. Creed, Mr. Victor Henderson, Mr. Duncan McDuffie, and Mr. Arthur Tasheira.

The wedding of Miss Malvina Nathan to Mr. Edgar Peixotto took place in New York, at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Frederick Nathan, on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Peixotto expect to arrive here about October 8th.

The wedding of Miss May Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young, to Dr. McNab, of Los Angeles, took place on Thursday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, "Rose Crest," Oakland. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. F. E. Baker. Miss Bertha Young was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Anne McNab, Miss Anita Oliver, and Miss Marietta Havens. Mr. John McNab acted as best man. The ushers were Dr. Alanson Weeks, Dr. Benjamin Bakewell, and Mr. Russell Taylor, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Joseph Marks gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Captain Andrew Rowan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rowan.

Mrs. Bernard P. Miller gave an "at home" at her residence in Oakland on Wednesday. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Winifred Burdge, Miss Lucretia Burnham, Miss Ethel Crellin, Miss Jane Crellin, Miss Bonnie Downing, Miss Helen Chase, Miss Mary Wilson, and Miss Edith Downing.

Miss Lita Schlessinger gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence, 1207 Filbert Street, Oakland, in honor of the Misses Wright.

Miss Maren Froelich will give a reception this (Saturday) afternoon at her studio, 609 Sacramento Street, in honor of Captain Andrew Rowan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rowan.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, 2040 Broadway, in honor of Miss Eleanor Terry.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave a dinner

at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday, followed by a theatre-party. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hughes gave a card-party on Tuesday evening at their residence in Oakland, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stone gave a dinner dance on Monday evening at their residence in Oakland in honor of Miss May Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Butters gave a dinner on Monday evening at their residence in Oakland, followed by a theatre-party.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry gave a tea on Sunday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, 2111 California Street.

Mrs. George Hammer gave a luncheon yesterday (Friday) at her residence, 1265 Twenty-Seventh Avenue, Oakland.

Miss Marie Wells gave a tea on Monday at her residence, 1004 Geary Street.

Mrs. Edward B. Young will give a musicale on Monday at her residence, 2530 Pine Street, in honor of Mrs. Rowan, wife of Captain Andrew Rowan, U. S. A.

Miss Letitia Barry gave a reception on Tuesday at her residence, 1012 Adeline Street, Oakland, in honor of Miss Isabelle Kendall.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle gave a theatre-party at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Breeden.

Miss Elsa Draper gave a tea on Sunday at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

## Flowers and Music at San Rafael.

The Dahlia Show to be given this (Saturday) afternoon and evening for the benefit of the San Rafael Improvement Club promises to be a success. Both dahlias and chrysanthemums will be exhibited, and a programme that will appeal to children will be presented. In the evening "The Toy Shop," an operetta entirely new here, will be produced. A short musical programme has also been arranged. The entertainment is in the hands of the following committee:

Mrs. Vincent Neal (chairman), Mrs. W. J. Casey, Mrs. A. S. Lilley, Mrs. George I. Page, Miss Kate Towle, Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. A. Du Boise, Mrs. John Keck, Mrs. A. Hoover, Mrs. James W. Cochrane, Mrs. L. Hoffman, Mrs. W. B. Bradford, Mrs. J. E. Alexander, the Misses Hohwrisner, Mrs. Zook, and Mrs. C. Black.

## A Tinned Voice.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer on travel, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen, canned meats, fruits, and vegetables are found. When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska recently, one of his fellow-travelers carried with him a phonograph, and it was exhibited for the especial benefit of the head man of one of the local Indian tribes. The old chief, who had never seen a talking machine before, showed marked interest in the performance, and when the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet of the phonograph, he listened gravely for a time, and then approached and peered into the trumpet. When the cylinder was finished and the voice stopped, the old chief pointed at it, smiled broadly, and remarked: "Huh! Him canned white man."

The Alden Club of the International Sunshine Society will hold its fourth annual entertainment on Saturday afternoon, October 1st, from two to six o'clock, at the rooms of the Sorosis Club, 1616 California Street. A unique tea will be given, and a varied programme will be presented from three to four. Admission will be twenty-five cents. Articles of different kinds are to be offered for sale.

An autumn season of grand opera will be given at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, by a company from the San Carlos Theatre, Naples. Alice Nielsen is to be the chief soprano. She will sing *Mini* in "La Bohème," *Violette* in "Traviata," *Gilda* in "Rigoletto," and *Rosina* in "The Barber of Seville." This will be London's first autumn season of grand opera in ten years.

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The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sears Bates has been brightened by the advent of a son.

## Fiction in Champagne.

Speaking of champagne, our New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering-places, is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet, but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life. — *The Caterer*.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Josef Hofmann Concerts.

The sale of seats for the three concerts by Josef Hofmann at the Alhambra Theatre, Tuesday and Thursday nights, October 4th and 6th, and Saturday matinée, the 8th, opens Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Only season seats will be on sale until Thursday morning, when the sale of single seats will open. As the prices for the season tickets are very moderate, a great many of the piano students will take advantage of the opportunity and hear the artist in all his programmes. The greatest advantage of European music study is the chance to hear fine concerts, and Manager Greenbaum presents the same opportunity here. Season tickets can be had as low as \$1.75 for the three concerts. The price of seats for single concerts range from \$2.00 down to as low as 75 cents. The complete programmes in neat form may be obtained at the box-office. At the Saturday matinée a special feature will be a group of modern Russian works.

## Programme for Francisca Matinee.

At her matinée concert this (Saturday) afternoon at the Alhambra Theatre, Mme. Fannie Francisca will be heard in an unusually strong list of numbers. She will be assisted by Melville Ellis and Louis Newbauer. At her Wednesday evening concert Mme. Francisca demonstrated her ability, and won most enthusiastic applause. She is the best singer that California has produced, and her reception in her home town has been worthy her talent. The programme for this afternoon is as follows:

(a) Aria, "Le Cid," Massenet; (b) "Il Bacio" (valse), Arditi; (a) "Si mes vœux avaient des ailes," Massenet; (b) "Adoration," Rubinstein; (c) valse, "Romeo et Juliette," Gounod; piano solo (a) "Etude," Faure; (b) "Serenade," Schytte; variations. Proch; aria, "Rossignol," Handel; flute solo: (a) "Romance," (b) "Melody," Edward German; (a) "Lakme," Delibes; (b) "Three Green Bonnets," Guy d'Hardelot; (c) "De Geopete Vogeljaar," Catherine van Rennes; aria, "Hamlet" (mad scene), Thomas.

On Tuesday evening, October 14th, the members of the Pianistic Club will give a testimonial concert to their director, Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi. The concert will be given at the United Crafts and Arts Building, on Central Avenue.

## Miss Unger's Success in England.

Miss Gladys Unger, daughter of Frank Unger, has had a comedy, "Mr. Sheridan," produced in England with marked success. The play has as its hero the author of "The School for Scandal," and Miss Unger has succeeded to a pleasing degree in portraying his character, his Irish resourcefulness, his ready wit, and his gay indifference to debts and difficulties. The story of the play turns on Sheridan's chivalrous relations with Esther Ogle, and ends happily. Miss Unger is the youngest successful dramatist, being only twenty years of age.

The commercial organizations of San Francisco gave a banquet at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening in honor of Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Covers were laid for two hundred and fifty people.

The Sequoia Club, which has rooms in the Hotel St. Francis, received on Tuesday night. Its quarters are on the mezzanine floor, on the Geary Street side of the hotel.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helen Irwin arrived on Monday from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee have returned from "The Bend," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler's country place on the McCloud River.

Mrs. Luke Robinson, Mrs. Tallant, and Miss Bernadette Robinson were at Stratford-on-Avon when last heard from, and expected to remain in that vicinity for some weeks.

Mrs. John F. Merrill and Miss Ruth Merrill depart on Monday for New York, and will be absent for several months.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding departed on Thursday for New York.

Mrs. George D. Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry have taken a house on Union Street for the winter.

Bishop and Mrs. W. H. Moreland have departed for a four months' visit to the East.

Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge and Miss Katherine Selfridge were in New York when last heard from. They are expected home early in October.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs will return to the city within a few days.

Governor and Mrs. George C. Pardee arrived from Sacramento early in the week, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. D. Bailey, Miss Florence Bailey, and Mr. Albert Bailey departed on Monday for St. Louis.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, Miss Marian Huntington, and Miss Elizabeth Huntington arrived in New York from Europe on Tuesday. They are expected home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schwerin have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick has gone East for a trip of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. Charles H. Holbrook and her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Hare, departed on Thursday for an extended Eastern tour, which will include the St. Louis exposition.

Mrs. Camilo Martin and her son are at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Miss Marie Voorhies has returned from Eureka, where she was the guest of Mrs. Hiram Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Troy have taken a residence on Bush Street, near Octavia Street, for the winter.

Miss Maud O'Connor and Miss Ella O'Connor were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings leave within a few days for Mexico.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Garceau have taken apartments for the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, of Portland, Or., is the guest of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cassell and family, of Honolulu, are guests at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. E. C. Horst, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, and family, departed on Tuesday for a visit to the St. Louis exposition and the Eastern States.

Mrs. B. F. Dillingham, Mr. Walter F. Dillingham, and Mr. Harold Dillingham have returned to Honolulu.

Mr. James Caldwell, a member of the English Parliament, and Miss Caldwell arrived from England on Tuesday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. L. P. Wiel and her son, Mr. Harry Wiel, departed on Thursday for Boston, New York, and Baltimore. At the latter place, Mr. Wiel will finish his medical course at Johns Hopkins University.

Mr. W. C. Dodge, Jr., Mr. J. H. Sherard, and Mr. E. A. Sterling, of the United States Forestry Bureau, arrived at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schindler, of Cleveland, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Wright, of Pocatello, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coleman, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Paul Steindorff, Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Edwards, Miss Blanche Fitch, Miss Elizabeth Fitch, Mr. L. Breuner, Mr. John Breuner, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. H. B. Langden, and Mr. Hanford T. Fitch.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Dana, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Chittenden, Mr. and Mrs. McLain, Mrs. T. T. Carvell, Mrs. Lou J. Hansen, Mrs. John W. Maguire, Mrs. Crauhut, Mrs. Bortheau, Miss Amelia Bortheau, Miss Florence Fairchild, Miss Helen Chamberlain, Miss M. M. Maguire, Miss Margaret Cassasa, Mr. H. E. Teter, Mr. William Mubals, Mr. T. K. Stetler, Mr. R. Jordan, Jr., Mr. John J. O'Brien, Mr. Edward H. Hart, Dr. C. E. Parent, and Mr. C. E. Fairchild.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rosenthal, of Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Langhoff, of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley E. Johnson, Mr. Bayard Stevens, Mr. George Barclay Moffat, Mr. Harold B. Clark, and Mr. Raymond Babcock, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Belknap, of New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Schuyler, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Gane, of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Thomas F. Gane, of Chicago, Mr. and

Mrs. W. H. Hamilton, of Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. S. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Liebold, Dr. and Mrs. O. Wesphal, Miss Florence Aiken, Miss Christine Fulton, Major Hearn and Mr. A. Clifton Kelway, of London, Mr. Adolph Wallenberg, of Berlin, Mr. K. G. Pulliam, of Lexington, Mr. Victor Jurgens, of Holland, Mr. Herman Williams, of Hamburg, Dr. Frank L. Todd, of Pittsburg, Mr. M. E. Packard, Mr. J. W. Collins, Mr. Charles S. Aiken, Mr. Richard Collins, and Mr. R. Martin.

## Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral C. J. Train, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Roger Wells, U. S. N., arrived on Monday on their way to the Orient, where Rear-Admiral Train has been assigned to the command of the Pacific division of the Philippine squadron.

Brigadier-General G. F. Elliott, U. S. M. C., Colonel F. L. Denny, U. S. M. C., and Captain Henry Leonard, U. S. M. C., arrived from the East on Tuesday, on a tour of inspection.

Major John Bigelow, Jr., Ninth United States Cavalry, U. S. A., now commanding troops at Camp Wood, near Wawona, lately made an application to be retired on account of thirty years' service, which has been favorably acted upon, and the major will leave the army in two or three weeks and proceed to Boston. Mrs. Bigelow is at present in this city with her daughter, who is at school here. Their son is attending the Polytechnic School in Boston. Among the many useful things done by Major Bigelow during the present season has been the proper labeling of many of the trees and bushes in the neighborhood of Camp Wood, so that the wayfarer may now know a yellow from a sugar pine, a Douglas spruce from a fir, a cedar from a juniper, a black from a live oak, an azalea from a lilac, both the Latin and common names being given. He has also made the government lines more conspicuous, improved the roads in the park, built rustic and other seats in the woods between Camp Wood and Wawona, repaired the old bridge across the south fork of the Merced River, and built a new one.

Major Lea Febiger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Febiger have taken a house at Van Ness Avenue and Lombard Street.

Mrs. Goodrich, wife of Rear-Admiral C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., and Miss Goodrich are sojourning at Del Monte.

Colonel Chase Smart, U. S. A., has been ordered from the Presidio to the hospital at Hot Springs, Kan., for treatment.

Lieutenant-Commander J. A. Dougherty, U. S. N., has been detached from the United States steamer *Hancock* to the United States steamer *Alabama* as executive officer.

Lieutenant Clarence Carrigan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Carrigan (née Sperry) have returned from Yosemite Valley, where they went on their wedding trip, and are at Fort Baker.

Lieutenant Frederick Horne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Horne have departed for their new station at Annapolis.

Lieutenant James B. Gilmer, U. S. N., has been ordered to the United States steamer *Kearsarge*, the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron.

The home of Lieutenant Edward H. Campbell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Campbell, in Washington, D. C., was brightened by the advent of a daughter on September 11th.

## Son of a Confederate General Dead.

The death of Hancock M. Johnston in Los Angeles last week removes from that section one of the most noted men of Southern California, who thirty years ago projected East Los Angeles, built a street railway, imported thoroughbreds, and did much else which redounded to his credit as a public-spirited citizen. He was a son of the famous Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed on the afternoon of April 6, 1862, while leading the Southern army against Grant at Shiloh. Mr. Johnston was a most hospitable gentleman, and only a few weeks ago gave a barbecue on the grounds of his residence, and participated in an invalid's chair. He was terribly injured twelve years ago by walking off a railway platform in the dark, and had never been well since. He leaves a widow and three sons, Albert Sidney, Griffin, and John. The last named married Miss Landers about two years ago.

Moonlight on Tamalpais is one of the greatest sights in California. Magnificent as the view is from the top of the mountain in daylight, it seems to be enhanced by a full moon. The trip up the mountain on the crooked railway is most picturesque, and the Tavern of Tamalpais is cozy and hospitable.

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## Public-School Festival at the Chutes.

The San Francisco Teacher's Annuity Association—finding their funds inadequate to support those of their members who, being incapacitated from ill-health or long service, are entitled to the benefits of the association—have resolved to augment their dwindling resources, and add to the permanent fund by means of a children's festival to be given at the Chutes.

The affair will take place on Monday, October 3d, and will last through Friday, each day's programme to begin at 10 A. M. and continue until 6 P. M.

The management of the Chutes has contracted to allow the association all of the gate receipts and half of the theatre receipts, besides having granted some further concessions in the way of booths for the sale of light refreshments, cold drinks, fruit, and miscellaneous merchandise of the kind attractive to children.

The especial feature of the affair, however, will be the daily programme in the Chutes Theatre, which will consist largely of attractions drawn from the ranks of the public-school pupils. These will be of a high order of merit, consisting of military drills by the Columbia Park Boys' Club, calisthenic drills, a class from the turn-verein, tableaux with musical accompaniment, choruses, fancy dances, and miscellaneous numbers.

A large proportion of the teaching force of San Francisco will be on hand each day to assist in the maintenance of order, many of the number having been formed into committees to look after various departments. The order and districting committee and the emergency committee will especially see to the comfort and safety of the children, and the Chutes, being for the time in the hands of the public-school teachers, this five days' festival will be a gala occasion for the thousands of pupils who will distribute their patronage through the week.

The affair is especially worthy of the patronage of the public from the fact that the burden of the teachers' annuities is practically borne by the teachers themselves, no State aid having as yet been secured to assist in supporting those of their number who have been obliged to drop out from the working ranks.

## Recommends Refunding of Taxes.

City Attorney Percy V. Long agrees with Tax Collector E. J. Smith that the taxes raised for schools and hospitals, which levies were afterward found to be illegal, should be repaid without regard to whether they were paid under protest. The total amount of taxes so levied was \$634,851.08, and some of the largest contributors to the fund were the following:

Bank of California, \$30,723.23; San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, \$5,504.61; Spring Valley Water Company, \$25,551.05; United Railroads, \$35,477.28; Hibernia Bank, \$32,865.61; H. M. Wolff, \$8,449.31; L. F. Young, \$9,375.97; Abraham Aronson, \$3,537.85; Clarence C. Burr, \$3,031.67; Bankers' Investment Company, \$3,390.07; A. H. Winn, \$3,037.34; William F. Sawyer, \$4,285.89; James D. Phelan, \$2,563.18; Mutual Savings Bank, \$4,472.73; Sharon Estate Company, \$4,569.90; J. W. Wilson, \$1,894.90.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in session here this week, has brought to San Francisco a very large body of representative people. Much lodge work has been done, and, besides, the visitors have taken advantage of the excellent weather to become acquainted with the city and its environs. The street decorations that were used during the Knights Templar Conclave, have, with slight alterations, done duty for the present occasion. The parade was held on Friday.

## TO VISIT YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Exceptionally Fine Chance Is Now Being Offered at Low Rates.

Until October 13th the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets to Yosemite Valley from San Francisco for \$48.50. This includes Pullman accommodations both ways, side ride to the Mariposa Grove (the greatest of all the California Big Trees), twelve meals and three nights' lodging at hotels, and carriage drives to Mirror Lake, Vernal Falls, Nevada Falls, and Glacier Point. Tickets good for return until October 18th. Those who desire to stay longer than the schedule time may do so by paying the special hotel rate of \$3.00 a day. Ask about this at Southern Pacific office, 613 Market Street, San Francisco.

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# The Argonaut.

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There are at least two small morsels of tabasco in the dish of argument and exposition which Judge Parker presented to the American people on Monday.

One is his jab at the President over the question whether there is or is not "common law" in the United States, and the other is his acceptance of Mr. Roosevelt's challenge in the pension-order affair.

In the first instance, it will be recalled that Judge

Parker, in his speech of acceptance, said that he believed the remedy for trusts lay in the enforcement of the common law. The President's letter of acceptance said: "It is now asserted 'that the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies.' But," continued the President, "there is no common law of the United States." That was the retort courteous, and it made everybody chuckle to see a judge caught in an error. But now comes the Esopian's answer, which is a little stronger than the quip modest, and certainly is not the reply churlish—we think it must be the countercheck quarrelsome: "Whether there is any common law . . . can not be determined by the President, nor by a candidate for the Presidency [note the asperity]. . . . The Supreme Court . . . decided that common law principles could be applied in cases involving interstate commerce. . . ." In plain words, Judge Parker says there is a common law, and the President that there is none. We suppose the lawyers will fight the issue out before election and determine who is right.

In the second instance, the President had defended his famous Pension Order No. 78, and had concluded his argument with: "If our opponents come into power, they can revoke this order. Will they now authoritatively state that they intend to do this?" Judge Parker, in his letter, says: "I accept the challenge, and declare that, if elected, I will revoke that order." Bold it was!—perhaps the most forthright act of Judge Parker's since he was first mentioned for the national Presidency—but it is a question if it was wise.

Judge Parker calls the act of the President "usurpation." If it was usurpation, then Grover Cleveland was a usurper, for he made an order precisely identical in principle with that made by Mr. Roosevelt. Furthermore, he now approves the latter's act. "I have noticed," he said, in an interview which was never repudiated, "that the commissioners have merely construed the law so as to make the change. So far as I can see, the change is in keeping with the law." Not only did Mr. Cleveland make such an order, but also President McKinley. And to clinch the matter, Congress, by making proper appropriation, gave its unqualified approval to the President's act. If the President usurped authority, it was the authority of Congress that he usurped. But Congress, which according to the theory had its prerogatives encroached upon, not only did not resent but formally approved the act of the President. It had, as Mr. Ware points out, three courses open to it. First, it could deny that the authority was granted; second, it could repeal the law; third, it could recognize the order as perfectly valid and vote an appropriation. That is what it did. The money that is being paid out on Pension Order No. 78 is paid out on an appropriation bill passed by each branch of Congress, and signed by the presiding officer of each body. And this is "usurpation"! "I submit the proposition," says Mr. Ware, "to any blacksmith in the United States with perfect confidence." As a matter of fact, the money paid out under the order is an insignificant fraction of the pension budget. Congress appropriated \$1,500,000; \$1,410,000 of it has been turned back into the Treasury. The order has increased the monthly cost of the pension system about \$30,000.

In other parts of his speech, Judge Parker is, we regret to say, not so interesting. He has at last been bully-ragged into declaring "unqualified belief" in the gold standard. He devotes to the subject two lines—two lines to the issue upon which the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 were fought, when Judge Parker voted for silver! Details of his conversion would be interest-

ing, but they are denied to a waiting world, because the Bryanites must not be riled more than can be helped.

The passage relating to the tariff is in fact an attack upon the principle of protection under the guise of demanding "reform." Judge Parker speaks of the burdens of taxation, and intimates what he dares not say—that the people are not prosperous. "Many today are out of work," he affirms, "unable to secure any wages at all."

This comes near to being an out and out untruth. Business is notoriously bad in every Presidential year. But this year is a magnificent exception. So sure are the people that Roosevelt will be triumphantly elected that hope and confidence are crescent. "Trade expands as confidence increases," says Dun's *Weekly Review of Trade*. "Fall trade, both wholesale and retail, shows an increase in volume over a year ago," says *Bradstreet's*. "The consensus of opinion is hopeful, if not sanguine," is the conclusion of the *New York Herald*, after a survey of the conditions throughout the country. Would this be true if business men thought Parker and Davis stood the ghost of a show of being elected?

As to the Philippines, Judge Parker believes that we should do for them what we have done for the Cubans, and favors making the promise of independence "as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it." Comment is superfluous.

As to arid lands, he thinks we need a "broad, capable, and honest administration of the work authorized." Well, if Theodore Roosevelt remains President we shall have one!

A good sample of the whole Democratic attitude is furnished by the passage on American shipping. Judge Parker says that the number of our ships has diminished greatly—which is a fact. He declares he has no remedy to offer. He says the remedy is surely *not* subsidies. But he wants the Democratic party to be permitted to try its hand at the task, though he frankly admits that he hasn't the faintest idea what would be the plan of action!

He calls for "more circumspect" management of our foreign affairs. Why? Did not Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the distinguished French Deputy, who is one of the world's chief champions of international peace by arbitration, speak but yesterday of "the grand decisive services rendered the cause of international arbitration by the United States, and particularly by President Roosevelt?" Are not our relations with foreign nations of unexampled friendliness? Is not President Roosevelt, at this very moment, looking toward another congress at The Hague to promote international peace and good-will? What of the baron's statement that "the court at The Hague stood deserted, abandoned, and ridiculed until the day when President Roosevelt had the courage, generosity, and foresight to save it?" Why "more circumspect," Mr. Parker? Won't this do?

The final issue presented by the Democratic candidate is that of extravagance. That the expenditures of the nation are greater than ever before may not be controverted. But so is the nation greater and richer than at any hour in its history. Where shall the cutting down process begin? Shall the rural free-delivery service, which has brought about such an amelioration of the hardships and loneliness of the farmer's life, be abandoned? Having put our hand to the plow in the construction of the great Panama Canal, shall we turn back? Shall the great work of irrigation of the arid regions of the West—the making of the desert to blossom as a rose—be relinquished? Shall we cease to keep an efficient navy on the seas of the world which



great events impend in the Pacific during the coming decades?

At the polls on November 8th the people will answer with a tremendous NO!

Almost since the beginning of the war there have been rumors that the Baltic fleet was "about to sail." It is now almost winter, and the latest rumor, that it had sailed, is now denied. However, it is believed that the fleet is in condition to sail if Russia should conclude that it is expedient. On paper, at least, the fleet is decidedly superior to that which Admiral Togo has under his command. There are three battle-ships of more than 13,000 tons each, and three of more than 12,000 tons each. There are six cruisers and a fleet of torpedo-boats and torpedo-destroyers. If Russia had coaling stations and dock-yards on the southern coast of Asia, the control of the Yellow Sea might be wrested from Japan. But she has none. These ships can not carry coal sufficient to take them on so long a voyage. Coaling from colliers at sea is a tremendously hazardous task at the best. If, however, either France or Germany, both of which nations have coaling stations favorably situated, should venture to furnish the Russian ships with fuel, they would at once be regarded by Japan as her enemy's allies, and Japan would justly make demand upon Great Britain to come to her assistance. It is therefore extremely improbable that either France or Germany will go so far as to bring about a world-wide war. Not only is the question of fuel for the Russian Baltic fleet almost insoluble, but after a voyage of thirteen or fourteen thousand miles through tropic seas, the Russian ships would be foul of bottom, and in other respects not at all in a favorable condition to meet Admiral Togo's fast fighting ships. If Port Arthur has not already fallen when the Russian fleet reaches the Yellow Sea, it would still be scarcely reasonable to expect that it could afford a refuge for the fleet. The only other port Russia has is Vladivostok. We note that some Eastern journals lay great stress on the fact that Vladivostok will be ice-bound before the Baltic fleet can possibly reach that port. It ought to be remembered, however, that the Russian ice-breakers proved so effective last winter that the Vladivostok fleet, which was supposed to be safely ice-bound, came out and harassed Japanese merchant traffic, and escaped before the Japanese admiral had recovered from his surprise. It is entirely conceivable that the Baltic fleet might succeed in coaling from colliers, in making a wide circle about Japan, and in getting into Vladivostok, without substantial loss. Such a feat would be one of the most remarkable and spectacular in all naval history. But it can not be considered probable of execution, and we doubt if Russia will even attempt it now. Further grounds for this belief are the quite credible statements that Nixon is building torpedo craft for Russia, and that negotiations with Argentina for the purchase of four great cruisers are progressing. If Russia should be enabled to add to the Baltic fleet these torpedo craft and cruisers, a little later on, say toward spring, she might risk taking these desperate chances.

Nothing could be more awful than to get up early in the morning and be terrified by an announcement in the paper that Americans are dying out, the birth-rate is sadly behind the death-rate, and it is only a matter of a few years till the last man, solitary, childless, will close both rates forever and ever. One is apt, on reading this, backed up by statistics showing France's degeneracy, Germany's consumption, and America's hatred of children in flats, to despond and look with new reverence on ancient American patronymics like Jones and Smith and Adams and Green. But a prominent official of the Bureau of Immigration is authority for it: "The trend in that direction [the disappearance of the American] is so certain at present that I have often wondered if some day we would point at some old man or woman in Connecticut or Vermont as the last of the pure American race, just as now we point to a few shriveled Indians out West as the last of the original Americans."

Then the French statisticians declare that France has fallen from twenty-six per cent. to eleven per cent. of the total population of Europe. And in England they are marrying later in life, having fewer children, but living longer.

The meditative man finds in these statistics many melancholy thoughts. If we are to have no more babies, there will be no more use for nurse-maids, and they will die out, become extinct. Without nurse-maids, what will our parks be? Whither will the narrow cop live himself? And if Frenchmen are dying off, it is within the future that there will be no

more French people. Therefore, nobody to act as professors from Paris, and that filmy and evanescent article, known to boarding-schools as the Parisian Accent, will be no more. And if marriages are going to get constantly later in life, we shall undoubtedly come to a season when Arabella will wear a wedding wig and John Algernon get a new set of wedding teeth with which to enunciate the many dental sounds of the service. But no meditation can picture the fading away of the American. No matter what vital statistics may do to us, there will yet, when death and birth rates are no more, be a man pooling the cemeteries of the continent, conducting eternity on a paying basis, issuing gold bonds of the Millennium, payable thirty days after the Resurrection. He will be an American.

There has been no good reason for many years why San Francisco should not have a higher license rate for its numerous saloons.

The present tax of \$21 a quarter, or \$84 a year, is inadequate and ridiculous. That some 3,600 saloons should contribute but \$300,000 to the support of the police department, which these saloons have so largely made necessary, is not business-like. Higher license means better saloons. No reputable liquor dealer can object to a license of \$500. The disreputable one, the low groggery keeper, dependent upon a scant and transient trade, driven to dark methods to keep going, can easily and gracefully be spared. It is possible that a higher license might cut the number of saloons in half. We might have to cross the street for a drink instead of turning to the left. But even this could be stood with fortitude. The dealer in liquors is in a legitimate trade. He should be fully protected in his rights. The best way to protect the law-abiding tradesman is to prevent ruinous competition. Any man with a hundred dollars and a keg of steam beer can now start a saloon with the best of them.

At this coming election the voters will have a voice in what shall be done. It looks now as if the referendum on the matter would be in force by a sufficient number of citizens signing the petition. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and Buffalo charge from \$800 to \$2,000 for saloon licenses a year. Portland charges \$400 a year, and finds little complaint of dryness.

The \$500 a year rate would pay all the police expenses and help out with those of the Park Commission. It would hurt no one, put the burden of keeping peace and order where it belongs, and straighten up the city's accounts.

Our hymenopterous Sacramento contemporary, whose "GENTLEMAN" words are less often honeyed than provided with stings—in plain words, the "PORNOGRAPHIC," *Bee*—objects to a passage which it finds in a recent number of the *Argonaut*. "It is a common saying," wrote the *Argonaut's* London correspondent, "Cockaigne," "that Dickens never could draw a gentleman, and, I might add, a lady." In *re* this the *Bee* says:

The averment that Dickens never drew a gentleman or a lady is one that is not put forth by men and women of intelligence. It is one that emanates from snobs, who imagine a gentleman or a lady is a hot-house plant that never thrives where men and women are natural, but can live only in the heated artificiality of a self-constituted society.

It is a very common error, that into which the *Bee* falls. It is the error of supposing that the word "gentleman" has precisely the same meaning in England that it has in the United States. That is not the case. In the United States, a gentleman is simply a man who behaves in a gentlemanly manner. He may be either a laborer or a millionaire, unlettered, or a man of brilliant attainments; sprung from the humblest parentage or the scion of an "aristocratic" family. The sole essential is that his instincts be chivalrous, his walk and conversation deserving of respect.

But in England the case is quite different. There a "gentleman" is such by act of Parliament—that is, his status is defined when he is born; he may become a convict or a murderer, and still remain a "gentleman." He constitutes a class almost as fixed as regards its boundaries as the nobility itself, or, in Continental countries, as the peasantry. In short, in England, the word "gentleman" has not necessarily the slightest reference to the character of the person to whom it is applied. And when it is said that "Dickens never drew a gentleman," it is no reflection upon Dickens or upon Dickens's characters. It is simply a statement that the people of Dickens's novels do not belong to a certain definite, well recognized class in the British social fabric.

But while we are discussing the meaning of words, why does the *Bee* allude to a "pornographic Amazon?" Why "pornographic?" "Pornographic" means

"pertaining to obscene writing." Surely Amazons have nothing to do with literature that is libidinous, or fiction that is erotic. There are plenty of fascinating combinations that are more correct than "pornographic Amazon." For example, the *Bee* might have spoken of a frail Cyprian or a wanton Jezebel; it might have alluded to the dissolute Messalina or the unchaste Thais; it might learnedly have referred to the concupiscent Aspasia or the voluptuous Phryne. But "pornographic Amazon"—that won't do. The *Bee* ought to consult its Roget—just as we are doing.

The local political campaign progresses without much noise or excitement so far. The nomination of Julius Kahn for Congress by the Republicans of the fourth district completes the list of congressional nominations the State over. The first, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth districts are practically certain to be carried by the Republican candidates. The fifth was in doubt, but the refusal of the Union Labor party to indorse Mr. Wynn, who had been nominated by the Democrats, renders the election of E. A. Hayes tolerably certain. For colossal blunders commend us to the fifth district Democrats. During his two years in Congress, Wynn accomplished nothing. Before his nomination for Congress by the Union Labor party, two years ago, he was a Republican. The Democrats only indorsed him then because he had received the Union Labor party nomination. But this year they had the stupidity to renominate him without first making certain that the Union Labor party would indorse him. When the Union Labor party nominated Charles J. Williams, and turned down Wynn, the district was simply handed over to Mr. Hayes. He is not, however, resting on his oars, but going into the campaign vigorously, making telling speeches and becoming personally known to the voters of the fifth. The *Examiner*, by the way, is in a dilemma. It wouldn't do to bolt Wynn; to fight the Union Labor candidate would be a distressing thing to do. It has therefore chosen the only course available, that of furiously attacking Mr. Hayes.

There seems to be a general feeling that Julius Kahn will win in the fourth. His plurality six years ago was 1,611, and four years ago it was 5,369. The peculiar conditions that existed two years ago, when he lost by a few votes, have passed away, and there is a return to the normal situation of 1900 and 1898. The absurdity of the richest and most populous district in the State sending to Congress not only a member of a minority party, but one so radical, not to say socialistic, that he is out of sympathy even with that party scarcely needs to be pointed out.

In the only other doubtful district, the second, Bell and McKinlay are both making strenuous efforts. McKinlay has had Congressman McLachlan speaking for him up at Sacramento, and affirms that he has not the slightest doubt as to the result.

In the first district, A. Caminetti, after refusing the Democratic nomination, finally agreed to accept it if the party would stand for his campaign expenses. This is an interesting sidelight on his chances of success. He has, however, projected into the campaign a brand new issue: "The Japanese must go." It is significant of the changed feeling toward the island Mongol, but the controversy is purely academic now, and will remain so for a considerable length of time. No United States Congress would even dream of passing a Japanese exclusion act under present conditions.

In general, the outlook is very bright for California's sending to Congress a solid Republican delegation of eight—J. N. Gillett, Duncan McKinlay, J. R. Knowland, Julius Kahn, E. A. Hayes, James McLachlan, J. C. Needham, and S. O. Smith.

Referring to the seemingly well-founded rumor that Charles M. Schwab, who has purchased the Union Iron Works for \$1,700,000 in pursuance of his plan to reorganize

a new ship-yard trust, has a contract for building Japanese war vessels, a correspondent inquires of the *Argonaut* if such construction would not be a gross violation of the neutrality of the United States. This raises a nice question. Generally speaking, it is no violation of neutrality for the citizens of one nation to sell munitions of war to another, and belligerent nation. The President does not prohibit or in any way interfere with such sale. He merely warns American citizens that in shipping contraband of war to a belligerent nation, they do so at their own risk. Nor does any moral obloquy attach to the traffic. As far back as 1793, Jefferson, then Secretary of State, wrote: "Our citizens have always been free to make, vend, and export arms. It is the constant occupation and livelihood of some of them. To suppress their callings the only means, perhaps, of their subsistence, because a war exists in foreign and distant countries . . .

LEADING RACE  
DYING  
OFF?

WILL SCHWAB  
VIOLATE OUR  
NEUTRALITY?



would be hard in principle and impossible in practice." Secretary of State Evarts in 1879 wrote: "A torpedo launch in five sections, ready to be set up, though contraband of war, may be exported from the United States without breach of neutrality." Under this head, fall the torpedo craft which, it is currently believed, Lewis Nixon is building for Russia at his ship-yard at Perth Amboy. Mr. Nixon visited St. Petersburg, and since his return has been working his plant night and day, the steel skeletons of thirteen torpedo-boats having already taken shape. Of course, he refuses to say anything, but the sequence of events convinces most people that the boats are intended for Russia. In the case of Mr. Schwab, however, the rumor has it that the vessels he is to build for Japan are battle-ships and cruisers. These could not be divided into "five sections ready to be set up" and "exported." It would appear that they would fall under the prohibition which applies to the fitting out of armed ships in a neutral port to prey upon an enemy, and that an attempt to send them from this or any other port before the war ends would be, in fact, a violation of our neutrality. Of course, international law is an indefinite thing, and it is seldom possible to make absolute statements as to what may or may not be done. In all probability, too, the war will have ended before cruisers or battle-ships can be completed. If Japan has ordered, as stated, fourteen battle-ships and cruisers, she apparently intends them to strengthen her power in the Pacific when the war shall have ended.

A correspondent sends a clipping from the *Argonaut* which reads:

THE MIDDLE-NAME HOODOO. Since the birth of the Republican party every candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket who had a middle name—and used it—has been defeated.

This correspondent objects. "How about Stephen Grover Cleveland?" he inquires; "he not only had a middle name, but used it, excluding the 'Stephen.'"

We beg the gentleman's pardon. When Mr. Cleveland decided to sign himself Grover Cleveland, and did so sign himself, he had no middle name. Grover couldn't be his middle name and his first name, too. It is his first name in truth and fact. When Grover Cleveland was elected President he had no middle name. This may be a fine point, but it is a sound one.

Public opinion is turning a sharp corner with respect to charter amendment number one. By accident or by cunning design, that amendment is so framed as to deceive eight men out of ten who read it over hurriedly. Once lift the curtain that conceals its real meaning, and its full scope and purpose are perfectly apparent.

To enable every citizen to analyze the subject for himself, there is here presented the existing Section 11 which is to be amended, a copy of the proposed change, and a review of other sections, showing the far-reaching effect of this innocent-looking amendment. Whatever else may be said of the Socialists, it can not be charged that they are sleeping on their opportunities. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a charter amendment that could in so few words, and with so little tinkering of its real purpose, affect such sweeping and radical changes.

Section 11 of the charter which is to be amended reads as follows:

On or before the last Monday of June in each year the supervisors shall levy the amount of taxes for city and county purposes required to be levied upon all property not exempt from taxation. The amount shall be sufficient to provide for the payment during the fiscal year of all demands upon the treasury authorized to be paid out of the same; but such levy, exclusive of the State tax and the tax to pay the interest and maintain the sinking funds of the bonded indebtedness of the city and county, and exclusive of the tax to pay for the maintenance and improvement of the parks, squares, and public grounds of the city and county, shall not exceed the rate of one dollar on each one hundred dollars' valuation of the property assessed. The supervisors in making the levy shall apportion the taxes to the several funds.

In this section is preserved that old, that long, and utterly fought for "dollar limit" which has done yeoman service in the past, and has stood like a sentinel between the taxpayer on one side and official waste and extravagance on the other.

It now appears that our assessment roll has so increased that, with the cutting off or minimizing of the items of new sewers, new streets, and new buildings, and repairs—made possible by the erection of permanent improvements under our bond issue—the "dollar limit" has become too high. It is possible to raise for the general fund on an eighty-five-cent basis, rich, with a possible five cents for sewers and pavements on accepted streets, should make a "ninety-cent limit" practicable.

Our assessment roll this year aggregates \$502,000,000. Cutting off the odd two millions of dollars for the

sake of dealing with round numbers, an eighty-five-cent tax rate would yield \$4,250,000. Add to this the revenue from licenses and other sources, estimated at \$1,750,000, and we have a total of \$6,000,000 for running the municipality, or \$500,000 per month. Parenthetically, it may be said the school, library, park, and firemen's relief fund are the subjects of a special levy.

In the proposed charter amendment number one, the board of supervisors announces to the taxpayer that an eighty-five-cent limit, with a possible five cents added for streets and sewers, will be ample to run the city government. If that charter amendment stopped at this point, its author would have become the most popular man in San Francisco. If it had stopped there, the increase of taxes due to the bond issue would scarcely have been noticeable, even when the entire bond issue was in full operation.

With a "dollar limit" reduced to a "ninety-cent" limit, the increase of five cents which appears in the levy of this year would still leave the taxpayer a saving of five cents on the \$100. But unhappily the amendment does not stop there. Here is the amendment proposed, and we urge every voter to read it carefully, mark well its innocent terms, and then read of the startling results that would follow its adoption:

On or before the last Monday of June in each year, the supervisors shall levy the amount of taxes for city and county purposes required to be levied upon all property not exempt from taxation. The amount shall be sufficient to provide for the payment during the fiscal year of all demands upon the treasury authorized to be paid out of the same; but such levy, exclusive of the State tax and the tax to pay the interest and maintain the sinking funds of the bonded indebtedness of the city and county, and exclusive of the tax to pay for the maintenance and improvement of the parks, squares, and public grounds of the city and county, shall not exceed the rate of eighty-five cents on each one hundred dollars' valuation of the property assessed; *provided, that the supervisors may levy an additional tax for a public improvement fund to meet appropriations for any of the following purposes, to wit: For the acquisition, construction, or completion of any public utility for the laying of new pavements or the construction of new sewers, for the purchase of land, or for the erection of new buildings; but such additional tax shall not, in any one year, exceed the sum of fifteen cents on each one hundred dollars' valuation of the property assessed; and provided, further, that one-third of such levy of fifteen cents may, in the discretion of the board of supervisors, be appropriated for repair to streets, and sewers, and public buildings.* Appropriations made from the public improvement fund shall not be subject to the provisions of the first paragraph of Section 9 of this chapter. Nothing herein contained shall be construed to prohibit the appropriation of any moneys realized from the levy of taxes for general municipal purposes for any of the public improvements herein named. The supervisors in making the levy shall apportion the taxes to the several funds.

You will have marked the declaration that eighty-five cents on the one hundred dollars is sufficient. Then why in heaven's name absorb the balance of the dollar—fifteen cents—in public utilities? The words first italicized conceal the "joker." In connection with these, read the second italicized paragraph. Under the first italicized paragraph, the board may levy a fifteen-cent rate for public utilities alone, or it may include pavements, sewers, and buildings, which our bond issue ought to cover fully. On a \$500,000,000 assessment roll a fifteen-cent levy would yield \$750,000 per annum. But, under the second italicized paragraph, the use of this money for repairs to streets, sewers, and buildings is restricted to one-third of the levy. The primary object of the levy is neither streets, sewers, nor buildings, but municipal socialism!

With this charter amendment in force, any board of supervisors now or hereafter elected may, without further consulting the people, proceed to levy an additional special direct tax of fifteen cents on the one hundred dollars, and apportion the same irrevocably to the purchase or construction of anything that falls under the definition of a "public utility," from a steam power plant to a municipal bakery or slaughter-house.

But this communistic amendment reaches further than that. It mercilessly batters down every safeguard thrown about the taxpayer, and it throws the city wide open to the exploitations of the Socialist and his propaganda. This character of discussion makes dry reading for the ordinary man, but the ordinary man must master the facts. If he refuses to do so, he is unfit to vote upon such a question as that presented by this amendment.

Let us follow the effects of this amendment further. After this money has been wrested from the taxpayer in the name of socialism, after the thin purse of thrift has been squeezed down to the last dollar, and the booty has been locked up in the city treasury, here is what follows:

Section 4 of Article XII of the charter provides that "in case the cost of any public utility sought to be acquired . . . can be paid out of the annual revenues of the city . . . it shall be lawful to acquire the same by a majority vote of the electors voting thereon at a special election."

The money above mentioned, raised by a special, additional tax, would fall under the head of money raised out of the "annual revenues of the city," and so this

very innocent amendment, without the slightest intimation of its ultimate results, without showing its purpose on its face, permits the acquisition of any character of public utility upon a majority vote, instead of upon a two-thirds vote, as has been the rule in the past, and, as is the rule now, in case of issuing bonds for a public utility. The election above-named offers the taxpayer the only opportunity he will have to vote upon this subject. He can vote on the public utility only after they have got his money. He may rally at the special election and defeat the proposed purchase, but his money is gone, and he can not prevent the board from repeating the additional assessment next year, and the year after, and so on, repeating it every year, so long as this law remains in force. With this law in force the taxpayer will have relinquished into ever-changing hands a power which he can not stay, an opportunity for imposition which he can not prevent.

There is something about this whole proceeding that is appallingly hazardous. It is letting down the bars with a vengeance. We as a city have already taken on a character for not being entirely "safe," and it is a shame and a crying pity that the persons who are responsible for this continuing agitation can not give the municipality a season of peace.

Two special elections have already been held over the Geary Street Railway, at what cost to the city has not been stated. In both cases the bond issue was defeated, and now when we are entitled to a season of rest, up springs this mischievous and cunningly contrived socialistic measure, indirectly to do what the people have twice declared should not be done. These continual agitations can have but one effect upon the public mind abroad, and that effect will be harmful in the extreme.

The taxpayer should not deceive himself into believing this amendment will result in lower taxes. It contemplates maintaining the "dollar limit," and only diverts the use of the fifteen cents that might be saved to the purchase of public utilities. That is what it does, and that is all it does.

Of all moral and virtuous newspapers, the New York *Evening Post* is the most chaste. It is also learned. An English savant, writing to the *Argonaut* once to point out an error in our Latin, remarked that the *Post's* editors were the only editors in America who could be trusted to use the language correctly. Considering these two facts, we are exceedingly pained and grieved at the following passage in its foreign correspondence:

The young man [at a watering-place] who had taken a few turns up and down a public walk with the unchaperoned ladies, told the men of the hotel in high privacy that he should not like his sister to do the same! *Omne animal triste—excepto Gallo qui cantat.*

To make it intelligible Latin this quotation would need an addition of two words. But then it would have shocked the *Post's* clerical readers into fits. This throws a great white light on the *Post's* editorial standards. It would rather violate the rules of grammar and sense than the canons of propriety.

#### A Warning to Americans from Over Sea.

HAVRE, September 15, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Yours is the only American journal I have seen which is not Japonophile and Russophile. In short, you seem to be fair toward the Russian side, which can not be said of the American press generally. Has not the American nation yet awakened to the danger to the Western world if this new Oriental power shall defeat an Occidental one? Let me suggest to you a few questions to put, a few parallels to draw.

Japan wants the Philippines—at one time, in fact, made tentative overtures for them.

Suppose that, flushed with victory over Russia, she should renew her overtures and make them arrogant ones.

Suppose the United States should repel and resent them.

Suppose Japan should move as quickly toward forcible measures as she did with Russia.

The capital of the United States is eleven thousand miles away from its Philippine possessions. Could that government conduct a Philippine-Japanese war from Washington more easily than Russia does from St. Petersburg?

Would American citizens hasten to volunteer in defense of their Philippine fatherland against Japan?

If the Japanese showed the mixture of pagan madness, desperate bravery, and Asiatic fatalism which stamp their fighting with Russia, could Americans, of Caucasian blood and Christian lineage, be expected to stand against them except in defense of their homes?

Could the Philippines be considered as the "homes" of soldiers from all over the Union?

If, under the circumstances, Americans should refuse to volunteer, or if, being drafted, they should refuse to fight, could they be called cowards?

To this might be expected the indignant reply: "Of course they would—they would fight the Japanese as stoutly as the Russians do."

To which I may hazard the remark that if they fought with such madmen and in as mad a war as is the present, or as such an American-Japanese war may be, they would rank mentally with the poor Ivan Ivanovitch who are laying down their lives by thousands in a war they do not understand.



## THE WEDDING OF HENRY.

A Much-Surprised Best Man.

Herman Schumacher stood in the doorway of his store and stared open-mouthed at the group of noisy vaqueros who galloped down the street. There were four of them, and as they came near, Herman called to his rosy-cheeked young sister, who sat behind the counter. "Ach, Lena, I see Pete und Bill und Jerry und dot fresh new guy vat all der times speaks mit you uf loove. Dey make much laughing mit demselves; look out before you gives dem noddings more ter drunk; see dot dere money iss mit demselves."

"Yah, Herman—dey have dere Sonnta close—yah?" Lena inquired, but before the storekeeper could answer, the vaqueros were already at the door, and a noisy chorus of, "Hello, Dutchy, how's your health?" greeted the robust Schumacher.

"Hello yourselves," he answered, good-naturedly. "And for vot you dake von holiday to yourselves?"

Without replying to the natural question, the men trooped into the store, their spur-chains making a musical jingle as they walked. They doffed their broad-brimmed sombreros to Lena with deferential politeness, and she blushing bowed in return.

Herman, who had entered at their heels, eyed them with a distrustful look in his mild blue eyes.

"I say," he asked again, "for vot you dake von holiday to yourselves?"

The "fresh new guy," otherwise known as Henry, slapped Herman upon the back in a *bonhomme* fashion. "Why, Dutchy, aint you heard yet that I'm a-goin' to be married to-night? We've come to get you to be best man."

"Pehst man?—pehst man? For vot you vant me for pehst man?" The puzzled storekeeper looked first at one and then at another.

"That's what I said—I want you for best man." Henry winked slyly at Lena, who hung her head with innocent bashfulness.

"You see, it's this way," Bill explained. "Henry's got a pretty fair little ranch a-goin' out at Pine Ridge now, and he's spotted a nice gal who he wants to lasso—savy?—and he don't see no use a-wastin' time."

"You get married—yah?" Herman queried after a pause. "Well, dot iss goot"—here he glanced at Lena—"py und py you coom no more mit yourself und make loove mit Lena. Lena she goot girl, she stay mit her brudder. Yah, Lena—you like stay mit your brudder, hey? Lena she goot girl—she no get married, yah—hey Lena?"

The vaqueros laughed. It was a standing joke about Pine Junction that Herman favored no suitor for Lena's hand—she was far too useful in the store.

"Vot for you laugh?" the storekeeper asked, a little nettled. "It vas no choke, hey Lena, yah?—tell dem crazy chackfools vot I spokes iss der druth."

"Yah, I dink I like always stay mit mine brudder Herman—he goot brudder." Lena nodded her pretty blonde head to emphasize the goodness of Herman.

The men laughed again—a deep, merry laugh that echoed through the store.

"Oh, we agree, little girl, that Herman's all right—but he hasn't told us yet if he's a-goin' to be Henry's best man or not," Jerry drawled, taking a generous handful of dried peaches from the barrel.

"Vot you dink, because I makes mineseelf pehst man, you rob me, hey? Dem peaches vas cost me much money, yah," the storekeeper exclaimed, hastily, placing the cover upon the barrel.

"Well, is it yes or no?" Jerry mumbled through a mouthful of the fruit.

"Vas it chess or not chess—vell tell mineseelf for vot you vant me mit yourselves for pehst man, hey?" The shrewd Herman began to suspect some trickery—perhaps they wanted him to treat or furnish the drinkables.

"Well, if that aint a rann question—what we want you for? Don't you know that you're the most important citizen in Pine Junction? Aint you the owner of the only store—and a beaut at that? Aint you the whole cheese?" It was Bill who spoke; Bill with a face as honest and a voice as sincere as an auctioneer's at a horse sale.

Schumacher was greatly flattered; his face became a rosy red at the thought of his popularity, and he nodded his head at Lena as though to say: "Behold your brother—he is the whole cheese!"

"What do you say now?" Pete said, speaking for the first time, having been busily engaged in helping himself to fancy crackers which were in a box behind him.

"Vot I do say—vell, let me dink for some moment, und den I vill tell you vot I dink," and the storekeeper tapped his brow with his plump hand with an air of great importance.

Presently he spoke. "Chentlemen," he said, in a voice that befitted the occasion, "I vill tell you vot I dink—I vill accept vot you vish from mineseelf. Yah, chentlemen, I vill pring mineseelf und be der pehst man!"

"Three cheers for Schumacher—he's all right!" the vaqueros chorused in great glee at his acceptance.

"Dank you, dank you," bowing low Herman acknowledged their kind but noisy compliment.

After the hilarious vaqueros had subsided, the proud storekeeper asked particulars.

"I'm a-goin' to be married in Salinas at eight to-night," Henry explained, with a broad grin on his face. "That makes a nine-mile drive for you, so you'd better start early. I've got the dance-hall there, and a big crowd's comin', so you want to be on hand pretty pronto—you'd better show up at seven, and you might as well bring your sister, too."

"Ach, Herman, you vill dake me, too," Lena broke in. "Yah, Herman, I would like much to go."

"Dake you? Vell, der buggy vill holt two, so I guess yah."

So it was agreed that Herman and his sister were to be at the dance-hall in Salinas by seven o'clock, and after drinking a bottle of whisky at the storekeeper's expense, the vaqueros rode off.

Their parting injunction was, "Come early, and don't forget Lena!"

Herman Schumacher with Lena at his side stood in the doorway and watched the vaqueros until they were lost to view in the white dust of the road that led to Salinas.

"Ach," Herman sighed, a guttural sigh that was more like a grunt of satisfaction, "Lena, you can dake von long new ribbon vrom der box und vun small, little piece for to put mit your hair—dat iss because you find yourself der sister uf von pig, great, und bopular man."

And then, with a parting glance at the dust in the distance, he entered his store, Lena following at his heels.

The dance-hall at Salinas was as gloriously bright and flower-bedecked as a fairy garden. Bunting was draped about the walls and ceiling to hide the wood-work, and flowers and ferns of every description were intermingled with the cloth. Chinese lanterns hung from every available nail and hook, and long ribbons of tissue paper formed a network overhead. They seemed to come from nowhere and end nowhere, like so many rainbows in the sky.

At the end of the hall was the musicians' platform, where the band—consisting of two banjos, a guitar, an accordion, and two harmonicas—reigned supreme. Close by the platform was a large folding-door which opened into a second hall, naturally as rough and rustic as the dance-hall, but also transformed into a bright and flowery room. Two long tables were there, and both were set ready for the grand supper which was to be at ten o'clock.

Henry was a favorite at Salinas as well as at Pine Junction, and his friends had spared neither trouble nor expense in decorating the hall. Everybody had helped in some little way, and everybody was to be there to wish the young rancher the best of good luck.

Herman Schumacher might well be proud to be best man at such an important wedding, and he was, when, at exactly seven o'clock, he stepped into the hall, Lena holding to his arm. The storekeeper could hardly realize that he was awake, and he gazed about with open mouth and startled eyes.

"Ach, Lena," he gasped when he had recovered his breath, "it iss peyond mine understanding; it iss vunderful—yah?"

Suddenly the men began to cheer, "Hurra for Schumacher—the best man! Rah! Rah! Rah!" and then Herman felt cold drops of perspiration upon his forehead and an icy chillness about his spine.

"Ach, peoples," he yelled, making a dismal failure at an attempt at being calm, "dot vas plenty, plenty, mine friends. I vas so proud alretty, dot vas plenty!"

Bill fortunately came then, and led Herman to a secluded spot where he had a chance to see if his brilliant tie was straight and if his blue and white spotted vest was tightly buttoned over his portly figure.

Henry had taken Lena off in another direction, and they sat in close but merry conversation upon the long bench, where ferns and lanterns almost hid them from view.

Lena's white dress was adorned with the new ribbon that her brother had allowed her to take from his stock in trade, and a smaller ribbon beautified her flaxen hair, which was coiled high upon her head in a fluffy mass. The ribbons were blue—blue as her eyes, but not so bewitching to Henry. Her cheeks were very rosy, and her pretty mouth was set off by a dimple on either side.

It was a very tempting little mouth, and Henry suddenly leaned over and kissed her full upon the lips, circling her waist with his arm as he did so.

Lena laughed, and her cheeks were very pink, but she made no objection to the position of Henry's arm. "Ach, my liebe," she murmured, "vot would Herman speak mit himself?"

"Vot would Herman speak—yah? Dat iss vot you do ven Herman iss not mit yourself, hey, Mees Lena?" It was the storekeeper's voice which startled the lovers, and they both looked up to see his angry face before them. "Vot would dot fresh guy's new wife dot iss soon to be, say, too, Mees Lena?—ach, vas you not shamed mit yourself? Coom mit your brudder und stay no more mit dot chackfool, vot speaks all der times mit you of loove."

Lena dutifully took her brother's arm, and together they crossed the room, Henry staring after them with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

At eight o'clock sharp the minister mounted the musicians' platform, and the band struck up the latest

rag-time selection which was to take the place of a more dignified wedding march.

Jerry, who was floor-manager, hustled about putting the couples in line and overseeing things generally. He placed the storekeeper at the head with Lena by his side, and to Herman's whispered inquiries in reference to the absent bride, Jerry's only answer was: "No time for questions, Herman; just do as you are told."

Herman was puzzled, and his face plainly showed it. "Vot for dey put you here, Lena?" he whispered to his sister as they marched around the hall. "Vot for dey put you mit me at der head? Vas you der pehst lady?"

"Yah, Herman," Lena whispered in return, in much embarrassment.

"Ach, Lena, dot iss because you find yourself der sister uf mineseelf—I am der pehst man, hey?" Herman was very proud at this new show of honor bestowed upon one of his family, and he forgot his nervousness for a time.

When at last they all stood before the minister, the storekeeper anxiously asked Henry if the bride were late, but the happy groom, taking Lena's hand within his own, stepped forward, ignoring Herman's question entirely, and then the minister's deep voice rang through the hall, giving the best man no chance for further questions.

Henry and Lena were man and wife before Herman had fully realized the meaning of it all and the trick that had been played upon him. He upbraided himself in German for being several kinds of a fool and a blockhead, but when the tearful bride begged his forgiveness, his good nature got the better of him, and he kissed her, saying with a rueful smile, "Ach, mine Lena, if you vas happy dot iss goot for Herman—he iss happy, too."

And then, taking Henry's hands within his own, he laughed: "It vas von long time dot von Schumacher play der chackfool, bud nopody speak dot von Schumacher be mad mit his brudder-in-law." Here he shook Henry's hands with genuine good-will. "Yah, Henry, ven I see you und Pete und Bill und Jerry coom py mine store to-day, I call to mine Lena, 'Look oud, Lena.' Such a chackfool vas I—I nod say, 'Look oud, Herman'—yah, dot vas der choke, ha, ha!" And then the storekeeper laughed again—a deep, merry laugh that finally rippled into the sweet old song that the band had begun to play:

"Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen,  
Du, du, liegst mir im Sinn,  
Du, du, machst mir viel Schmerzen,  
Weisst ja, wie gut ich dir bin?  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, weisst ja wie gut ich dir bin?"

FRANCES LA PLACE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1904.

A landlord, who is also a philosopher, has been giving his views on tenants in print. Here is a passage with "meat in it": "It isn't always the tenant who pays his rent on the first of the month who is most desirable. Your prompt tenant is likely to hold you his debtor for that virtue, and feel perfectly free to ask for numerous improvements. My best paying property is leased to a man who is always two or three months behind in his rent. Of course, I lose the interest on my money for that time, but that is all. In the three years in which he has rented of me he has not had the nerve to ask me even to paper a room for him. I haven't done it, either. In one instance he had some plumbing done at his own expense when he should have charged it to me. I am constantly afraid that he will get prosperous some day and want to pay me on time. Just as sure as he does I will have to spend several hundred dollars on the house."

Mr. Labouchère, the veteran editor of London *Truth*—he is seventy-three—takes it all back. He suggested that English-speaking people adopt the Japanese *banzai*, meaning "success" or "good fortune," instead of our "hurrah," which means "kill"! But a correspondent having called Mr. Labouchère's attention to the fact that *banzai* means "long life," or, more accurately, a "hundred thousand years," he takes it back. "I am not a worshiper of Mr. Chamberlain as a politician," he now says, "but as a man I bear him no ill will; and I would not wish him—nor, indeed, to my worst enemy—any fate so horrible as living for a hundred thousand years."

Two marble totems, to mark the graves of Indian chiefs at Haines, Alaska, are almost completed at the Tacoma granite works. The monuments are to supplant the old wooden totems, carved by the Indians themselves. They are made on the same lines as the former totems, and represent the same tribal superstitions and legends. One is a large bear, sitting on its haunches, but having in place of a bear's head, a grotesque head with staring eyes and grinning mouth. The figure is of white marble, and the eyes and mouth are lined with gold leaf. The totem is a shaft of pure white marble, surmounted by a marble fish of the whale-killer type.

Colorado will soon boast of a town by the name of Radium, which is to be located in the heart of the uranium belt, on the Grand River. Work on a large power plant for irrigation purposes will be started at once.



## FAT SAVANTS AS MOUNTAINEERS.

"Van Fletch" and Fellow-Scientists Climb an Italian Peak—A Lake Named for an American Professor—Mosso's New Observatory—Beautiful Unknown Valleys.

Herr Doctor Professor Henry Pickering Bowditch, of Harvard University Medical School, Boston, Massachusetts, United States of America, and I, came to this far-out-of-the-way place on the invitation of Illustrissimo Egregio Signore Professore Dottore Angelo Mosso, University of Turin, Turin, Kingdom of Italy, and Originator and Director of the Regina Margarita Biological Observatory, on one of the summits of Monte Rosa, at nearly 15,000 feet elevation above sea level, and 11,000 feet upstairs from the seat of the last available carriage. We came to assist in the laying of the corner-stone of a new observatory at 10,000 feet elevation above sea level and in plain sight of the "Queen-Mother Observatory" at the summit of the Gni-fetti Peak.

In order to assist in the placing of the corner-stone, we had to be on the spot, and could not avail ourselves of doing the job by telescope in the way Mark Twain ascended Mount Blanc; neither has balloon or air-ship communication been established. To get there means actual climbing, and that means lifting one's weight four inches at a time 33,000 times, and with only two ordinary city legs to do the lifting.

These figures will give our low-country, flat-footed friends some idea of the value of the invitation Professor Mosso sent us, and which reached us in lethargic moments which were being spent on the cushions of a Venetian gondola. And, unfortunately, the intervening time gave no opportunity for preliminary training.

One might think that a plain little light-weight "I," with no academic titles to burden him, might ascend even to the top of Olympus between all the academic titles I have mentioned, with the ease of a feather floating on the wind, or of a single drop of moisture being carried in a cloud. But such was not the case. A landau landed us here in Alagna late in the evening on a Sunday toward the end of July, and my captain-of-the-moment, the stern Harvard professor, cried "Eureka!" at my door at five o'clock the next morning. But the echo of "Eureka!" oft repeated during the day did not help to soften the heaviness of the climb. The air was delightfully fresh and inspiring, but as we passed the tree-line, and the feet of the glaciers reached down to cool our dripping brows, the air itself became so rare that there was not enough of it covering an acre of the mountain-side to fill one lung and furnish oxygen for the furnace raging inside.

Yet the corner-stone had to be laid at a given moment, and that moment had been fixed on the day of our ascent, and at an hour that was not far off. Even the memory of it makes me pant!

Yes! all the time we were toiling up that tedious trail past the Alpe Olen, the Sasso Davolo, and the rest, that infernal corner-stone was waiting to be laid on time, and a whole lot of eminent scientists were standing round about the new biological nest, waiting to cackle their congratulations to Professor Mosso. There was a lake, too—a beautiful mountain lake—waiting to be christened, and named Lago di Bowditch, after my companion. The lake was some hundreds of thousands years old, and had neither been named nor christened. How could we stop to admire the bleak scenery of the pass, and sneak in a few extra breaths of air meantime, when such important events were being held off awaiting our arrival? It is marvelous how being god-father to a lake which is to be named for the god-father, and being the *basso profundo* in a scientific cackle chorus ten thousand feet up in the air, will lift a two-hundred-pound professor up a mountain trail.

The lake, which has been christened Bowditch in honor of our esteemed dean of American physiologists, is semi-lunar in form, about three hundred feet across, and lies in a bed at the foot of an amphitheatrical glacier, which completely surrounds its curved border. It covers a shoulder of the peak which the Germans have christened Gemstein (I have forgotten the Italian name), and drains to the east down a slope which does not stop sloping until it reaches the Adriatic, via the Sesia and the Po. The name was bestowed because our public-spirited countryman, whom it honors by accepting his cognomen, was the first to raise his voice in the assembly of the associated scientific academies in support of Professor Mosso's high-life biological study.

Not alone will the effect of high altitudes on human life and activity be studied, but there will be departments in this new station for the study of rare-air botany, physics, meteorology, zoölogy, and all the sections of science which may be affected by atmospheric conditions. It is expected that there will be a large number of college men and their families attracted here. The custom of giving college professors a Sabbatical year for travel abroad will lend to this result in all probability, and the prices current in these valleys for board and lodging are favorable to collegiate purses. From six to ten francs a day easily covers the expenses of visitors here, and the prices should not advance very much above those figures.

Why it is, anyhow, that the especial charms and ad-

vantages of this yet almost undiscovered section of the footstool have not been located, preëmpted, patented, fenced in, and monopolized for rent or sale by some enterprising speculator in natural charms of all kinds, is difficult to explain.

Yet the fact exists that there are a number of deep valleys, radiating southward into Italy from Monte Rosa, confined between beautifully wooded ridges of from eight to ten thousand feet elevation, and carrying superb torrents from the glaciers to the sea, in any one of which a thousand local paradises may be found.

This particular group of valleys comprise, and lie between, Valtournanche and Valmacugnaga—pronounced Val-mah-coo-na-ga—and the Valsesia, where we have taken a villa for the season, lies middle among them, with Val-Gressoney to the west and Val-Fobello to the east.

If you can imagine the temperature of the south side of a cat lying in the sun at ten o'clock in the morning in the month of March, tempered by breezes blown over a freezer filled with your favorite flavor of ice cream, you can get some idea of what the climate of this beautiful Valsesia is.

It is a valley of hundreds of waterfalls, which are as picturesque as any we ever saw in Japan, and even the torrent of the Sesia itself is one long waterfall, twenty-two and a half miles in length to where it begins to be called a *fiume*—a river—any section of which is a most refreshing picture.

The difficulty of getting here from Switzerland, it is true, is considerable, but coming from America direct, there is nothing easier. By steamer to Genoa; by rail via Novara, in less than four or five hours to Varallo; and then up to the head of this valley by comfortable stage or luxurious landau in four or five hours, lands one at the very altar of this terrestrial Garden of Eden. From Milan or Turin any of these valleys is easily accessible in a few hours.

The hotels are splendid! Yes, that is almost the first question; and the peasants are yet unspoiled by tourist contact. They have the carriage of the freeman in their walk and the brawn of the Alps. Do they grovel and beg for tips? Not more than would the defenders of Thermopylae have done. Even will one find at either end of each of the villages the sign, "*In questa commune i proibita mendicare*," which, in the modified language of Dante, sounds more menacing than our "beggars keep out."

VAN FLETCH.

ALAGNA (SESLIA), PROVINCE OF NOVARA, ITALY, August 26, 1904.

## One Way to End a Strike.

A story is told of a labor war in Jones County, Miss., which was recently fought out to a conclusion by one Moses Adams, who owned a sawmill at that place, and whose long-time amicable relations with his employees were severed by the demands of the latter, which he contended he could not concede without loss of not only his profits but his capital. Having received his answer, his workmen struck, according to the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Undismayed, Moses Adams set about to secure other workmen to take the places which the strikers had abandoned. The strikers went into camp, surrounded the mill, sent out pickets, who threw out, hard and fast, all the strike breakers who came within the lines. Moses Adams fought his fight outside the armed ramparts for a whole month; then he concluded to surrender. His manner of doing so was in strict accord with the most honored rules of war. Instead of yielding his mill to the strikers as so much loot, or of selling or leasing it to some one who would reëntail the strikers in his service, Moses Adams courteously invited them to witness his subjugation and retreat. He did precisely what Kuropatkin did at Liao Yang when Kuroki made that position unattractive; he blew up his works. Having distributed the dynamite with skillful precision, he applied the match, and in less time than it takes to tell it the entire works had disappeared from Jones County, Miss., and the war between him and the strikers had come to an end.

The sides and rear of the animal cages at the New York Zoo have been hung with painted scenes, like those on the stage of a theatre. The animal lies down in the afternoon for a nap. When it goes to sleep it is in the centre of a vast desert. When it wakes the stage-manager has shifted the scenes, and the beast is lying on the bank of a brook with the mountains in the background. When a Manchurian leopard awoke, the other day, the scene had been changed to a hillside with a few trees close by. It rubbed its sleepy eyes for a minute, saw the crowd staring at it through the bars, and turned to one of the painted trees and attempted to spring into the branches. Down it came again, scraping its claws through the length of the canvas, and looking very disappointed. For a few minutes the leopard looked at the tree, and then slunk away into a corner.

The channel of the Rio Grande River has been changed in many places by the recent flood. A short distance below Hidalgo a slice of Mexico, embracing several hundred acres of land and occupied by several thousand sheep and goats, was cut off and conveyed to the United States side of that stream, so the United States is a trifle larger than it was a few weeks ago. If floods keep on, the Democratic charges that we are going to absorb Mexico may measurably be justified.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Herbert W. Bowen, who became famous during the Venezuelan imbroglio, is said to be slated for promotion from the ministryship to Venezuela to the ministryship to Mexico to succeed General Powell Clayton. The Venezuelan climate has affected Mr. Bowen's health.

The "mystery" of Cardinal Satolli's mission from Rome to the United States has been solved. He came to collect Peter's Pence contributions in arrears, and carried back with him two million francs. The resources of the Holy Seat just at present are said to be at rather a low ebb.

Admiral Dewey has been in the navy fifty years. He had forgotten the fact on the anniversary, September 23d, and was only reminded of it by a Washington newspaper. The President, when his attention was called to the fact, sent the admiral a bunch of American Beauty roses. Admiral Dewey is sixty-seven years of age.

Frank Wayland Higgins, Republican nominee for governor of New York, is a grocer on a big scale. He is said to be worth seven millions of dollars; is happily married; has three children; owns large areas of lumber land in Minnesota and Washington; and has been in politics some twenty years, serving as State senator and lieutenant-governor.

Skilled workmen are preparing the magnificent private lawn-tennis court at the White House for the return of the President next week. It cost two thousand dollars to build. New drains are being put in, and the surface made as smooth as a billiard-table. The President intends to play a great deal of tennis this fall, and Secretary Morton is down on his slate as one of his most formidable opponents.

Father Ambrose Agius, of the Order of St. Benedict, of the Cassinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance, has been appointed by the Pope to succeed Mgr. Guidi as Apostolic delegate to the Philippine Islands. The new delegate is a native of Malta; he speaks all the principal European tongues with great fluency, but English is equally his mother tongue. Father Ambrose is a young man—not much over forty—said to be full of zeal and energy.

Queen Hélène of Italy, who has just given birth to a son, is thirty-one years old, having been born on January 8, 1873, the third of seven daughters of Prince Nicholas, Lord of the Black Mountain Kingdom of Montenegro. One writer says: "She came down from the mountains with all her native freshness clinging to her, a striking figure, six feet tall, with dark hair and eyes, but with a complexion of scarlet." Victor Emmanuel was two years wooing her. Upon the birth of their first child, the queen gave a cradle or twenty dollars in money to every babe born that day in Rome and Naples. Essentially a womanly woman, the queen is perhaps the most attractive royal personage of the day, and certainly she is the most beloved and admired woman in the Kingdom of Italy.

Pity the sorrows of a poor plenipotentiary. His name is Tchih Pom Y, and he is in a peck of trouble. He is, or was, as the case may be, minister of Corea at St. Petersburg, but since the Japs and Russians began fighting, his pay failed to reach him, and now the "remnant"—pardon the war word—of the Corean Government recalls him. Tchih Pom Y would be delighted to get a few thousand miles away from St. Petersburg; but he can't raise the price of transportation. For some time past his financial embarrassments have been acute; but with truly aristocratic fortitude he consoles himself with the thought that it is the duty of a gentleman to have debts and duns *noblesse oblige*. He needs just forty-eight thousand rubles to put him square with his creditors. But who will pay the money—the Japs or the Coreans? That is a serious question for the distinguished minister.

Lady Paget, who is a great personal friend of Mrs. Arthur Paget, has been interviewed regarding the latter's accident, and tells details not generally known. It appears that, after her fall down the well of the lift, it took four men and several women servants to extricate the sufferer. The day after, when Sir Frederick Treves had examined the patient, he found it necessary to break all the settings and start afresh. This, as may be imagined, caused terrible pain. Even now it is feared that another operation will be necessary to the kneecap, and there is still the possibility of a stiff knee, though it is hoped that Mrs. Paget will not necessarily be crippled for life. Every day she has to undergo massage and new treatment for the fractures, which causes intense agony, but the doctors, while pursuing the rubbings and massage, gently remark: "It is this or you will never be able to walk again," and the plucky patient does her best to bear it, although she is bathed in perspiration from the suffering she has to undergo. Mrs. Paget was much gratified by the visit of the king and queen and the Princess Victoria last week. The king sent a note in the morning to say he and the queen would call in the afternoon. They did so, about half-past five o'clock, and remained more than an hour and a half. It is doubted if such honor was ever paid a subject before. More than five hundred telegrams of condolence have been received since the accident.



## NEW YORK'S SUBWAY.

The Greatest Underground Railway in the World—Wheels that Screech, Whistles that Wail—Gorgeous Stations—Shopping Beneath the Surface—Some Figures.

There is a fair prospect that by the time the reader's eye hits this, our great underground railway system, the marvelous subway, will be carrying passengers underneath Gotham's roaring traffic, from the City Hall to Harlem.

We who live in New York are deserving of whatever measure of relief this new traffic system affords us. For more than four years that part of the town under which the subway runs has been torn up by the roots. Streets have been excavated, in some instances totally blocked, in others left partially open, but rendered unsafe and arduous for either pedestrians or vehicles. Explosions have rent the air, dust and debris have been scattered through space and deposited upon us. It has been a time of weariness and unrest, and all of us are glad that the trouble is over.

I was fortunate enough to be in company with the two thousand members of the Bankers' Association who took an experimental ride through the subway a few days ago. Certainly, despite its enormous cost, the system is not perfect as regards personal convenience. The subway is a noisy place, where car-wheels screech, where the clang of the bells is loud and reverberant, and where the shrieking of the whistles is like the wail of the doomed—of many doomed, and wholly despairing. Then the pillars that support the roof flash into view with ceaseless rapidity, getting upon one's nerves.

So far as looks go, the subway, as it stretches out in front of one, is not the most cheerful sight. It is simply a long, dimly lit gray corridor, somewhat damp as yet, and distinctly cellar-like. (It is kept darkened so that the signal-lights may be more plainly seen.) The stations are more beautiful than the tunnel itself. In fact, with their tiled and mosaic walls and ceilings, they look like glorified bath-rooms. But they are large, airy, well lighted, provided with lavatories, and are reached by an easy descent from the street. The station at Forty-Second Street, near the Grand Central Station, is three hundred and fifty feet in length. The general effect of its finishing is pink, another is blue, a third green; no two stations are alike. All are flooded with light, and there is one hundred thousand square feet of mosaic work in the Manhattan division alone.

There will, in time, be shops of all kind scattered along the tunnel, so that one may do one's huying without once coming out into the open air, if one lives in some of the big hotels which have stations in their basements. That is possible to some extent now. My lady can go from the hotel basement directly to the tunnel, thence to another station, and leaving it, emerge into the basement of a fashionable store.

There is some grumbling and dissatisfaction over the cars. They were to have been all steel and fire-proof. Some of them are, but others are of sheathed copper. The cars are fifty-one feet two inches long and eight feet seven inches wide, and twelve feet high, with the seats arranged exactly as in the elevated cars—cross seats in the centre and bench seats running to the ends. And the merits of breakfast foods and other staples are set forth upon the walls. There are no advertisements in the stations as yet. There is talk of censoring them if any are put there, and compelling the use of announcements that will be artistic enough in color and arrangement to match the beauty of the surroundings.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing about the subway is the arrangement of signal lights and other safety devices. In the first place, the electric motor of each car is so constructed that the second the motorman's grasp on the controller relaxes, everything stops. If the motorman should die or fall ill in his box, the wheels would instantly cease turning. If it were down grade, the airbrakes would work automatically after passing the danger signal, which is also set automatically by passing trains, no two trains being allowed to run simultaneously on the same block. Any guard throughout the entire length of the train is able to stop the train from his platform, and any switchman or other employee of the subway can, by pressing an electric button close at hand, shut off the current on every track in the entire system. These buttons are in little boxes placed at frequent intervals along the tracks. Another feature is the distribution of electricity. The illuminating lamps, the signal lamps, and the third rail, all receive their electricity from different sources, so that an accident to the cars, or the shutting down of their power, would not bring on darkness. As to fire, it is asserted that such an event is almost impossible, and that the only way a dangerous fire can originate on an electric train is through some accident to the machinery beneath the car. The construction of the floors of the cars seems sufficient safeguard against such a fire spreading. Every car floor is composed of five floors laid on top of each other. The lower one is of asbestos, a quarter of an inch thick. Above this is a layer of wood, replaced over the motors by steel. Next comes a layer of fire-proof felt, above which is a maple floor with an asbestos lining, and above this the wooden floor, seven-eighths of an inch thick, upon which the passengers walk. No one

can cowl at the precautions taken against a conflagration, or for subduing one should it start. Yet it must be remembered how fire-proof buildings go up in flames, and how much draught a tunnel creates. It will be well to wait a few years, and if then there has been no disaster, we may be reasonably assured that the subway is safe. It is easier to tell how a thing has occurred than how it might happen. Man has not yet succeeded in totally defying the elements.

The subway lines planned and in course of construction are forty-five miles in length. That part of the system now completed is twenty-one miles long, fourteen miles of it being underground. Starting at the City Hall, it runs up to One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Street, much of the route being under Broadway, which it first strikes at Forty-Second Street. At One Hundred and Third Street the so-called main, or four-track line ends, the continuations being two-track lines. A branch, leaving at One Hundred and Third Street, runs under a corner of Central Park, and up Lenox Avenue to One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Street, turning there and going under the Harlem River—under the water but not under the bed of the river, the accomplishment of this latter feat being unprecedented in engineering. Where there are four tracks two different kinds of trains are run: on the outer tracks local trains of three motor cars and two trailers each, stopping at every station; on the inner tracks express trains of five motor cars and three trailers each, making infrequent stops. The locals are expected to go from fourteen to eighteen miles an hour, including stops. The express trains will have a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour.

Those who like figures will be interested in learning that the power-house which furnishes the electricity for this system covers a plot of ground two hundred by seven hundred feet in size, and is the greatest in the world. The combined power of the engines will reach 132,000 horse-power. At present, there are nine engines of 8,000 horse-power each. The boilers will consume 1,200 tons of coal daily.

As to the cost of the road, it will total, when completed, over \$65,000,000. The cost up to now is over \$40,000,000. The contract for the tunneling was let to John B. McDonald for \$35,000,000, Andrew Carnegie having bid \$39,000,000. McDonald acted for the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Company, of which August Belmont is president. The system is owned and was built by the city, and is leased for fifty years to the Interurban Rapid Transit Company, of which Belmont is also president. The rental is equal to the interest on the bonds (\$55,000,000) issued by the city for construction, with one per cent. on the bonds added. This is not to be paid during the first five years unless the company's profits are five per cent. The company has the privilege, at the end of the term of fifty years, of leasing the system for twenty-five years more.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 23, 1904.

An Englishman has been testing the efficiency of the British post-office. A message written, with an address, on the back of a postage-stamp, was duly forwarded and delivered. Naturally a letter addressed to St. Nicholas could not have a similar experience, but it came back marked "addressee deceased!" On one occasion he pasted a stamp and an address on the inside of a pocket-book, closed it, and dropped it in a box. The wily postal office found the address, and delivered it the next day. A Russian cigarette was mailed with a stamp at one end and the address on the wrapper. As it broke on the way, the post-office kindly delivered it in an envelope. Once this gentleman sent a letter to a man living near London Bridge, whose name and address he had forgotten. He pasted a picture postal on the envelope, marked on it the house in which the man resided, and wrote: "Deliver the letter to the owner of this house." Again the post-office did as requested.

The total Jewish population of the world is estimated at 10,671,832. The United States has 1,127,268; Austria-Hungary, 2,071,254; Germany, 586,948; Russia, 5,189,401; Turkey, 350,000; the British Empire, 276,614; Morocco, 150,000; Abyssinia, 120,000, and other nations less numbers. France has only 80,000 against Germany's population of nearly 600,000, Norway and Sweden together have only 3,402, and, strange to say, Spain has only 402 Jews within her boundaries.

According to the Hong Kong Press, the Chinese have a peculiar custom with regard to turtles, which they consider as very good joss. Almost any day one can see these creatures, some of them of huge size, being carried on board the river steamers, not to be taken to Canton for culinary purposes, but to be dumped into the sea, and restored to liberty and freedom. Good luck is thought to follow. Certainly it is good luck for the turtles.

The White Star Line steamer *Celtic*, which arrived from Liverpool on September 24th in New York, had on board the largest number of passengers ever brought to that port on a single steamer. Her passenger list consisted of 310 saloon, 239 second-cabin, and 2,388 third-class passengers, a total of 2,937, which, together with her crew of 381, made a grand total of 3,318 persons on board the big liner.

## GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

Anecdotes of the Grand Old Man of Massachusetts—His Little Weaknesses—Thirty-Three Years in a Boarding-House—His Wit and Kindness.

At the hour when this is written, Senator Hoar lies unconscious at his home in Massachusetts, and his death is to be expected at any time.

Senator Hoar is seventy-eight years old. For thirty-five years he has been a member of the United States Congress, and when he entered the Senate, in 1877, only two men who have seats there now were members. Herbert Spencer has been called "a philosopher who lived in a boarding-house." Senator Hoar was another such an one. For thirty-three years he and Mrs. Hoar, who was always in delicate health, lived in boarding-houses at Washington as simply as possible, entertaining scarcely at all. Two years ago, he bought a residence, because, as he explained, if he should die, he didn't want Mrs. Hoar to pass away in a boarding-house among strangers. On Christmas Eve, 1903, one year later, Mrs. Hoar died in the new home.

Senator Hoar had two hobbies—books and autographs. He collected books all his life, and the walls of the big rooms in his modest Washington house are lined with them, while many cabinets are filled with precious albums of autographs. Even in his collecting, however, the Puritan bent for economy showed itself. Once he said: "I grant you, I have spent money, but not nearly as much money as I could get back for the books if I were to sell them now."

He will die a poor man. The little property he has accumulated yielded him an income of a trifle less than eighteen hundred dollars a year. "With that exception," he said, recently, "the house where I live, with its contents, and with about four acres of land, constitute wholly my worldly possessions."

But he never felt the need of more money. Or, at least, only once, when he was offered the ambassadorship to England, and refused it because he couldn't live on the scale required. He was always careless about his dress, and especially when at his home in Massachusetts wore rather ancient and rusty garments. Another curious fact about the senator is that he never took exercise. He used to ride in a street car to the Senate, and often rode out for pleasure in his carriage. He never walked unless he had to. Once, when he was asked what he was going to do during the summer, he replied: "Rest in my library and read Greek." He might have added: "And dime novels," for he found in them amusement and recreation.

As a wit, Senator Hoar had few superiors, though he believed the floor of the Senate not the place to display it, and uniformly endeavored to be serious. One of the occasions when he violated this rule was during the speech by William V. Allen—"Windy" Allen—of Nebraska, who made a record by talking for ten solid hours. Toward the end of a long speech, "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, of South Carolina, interrupted Senator Allen with a correction. He said that Allen pronounced *ad infinitum* as if it were "ad infinnity-tum." Allen contended that that was the proper way, and appealed to Mr. Hoar as an authority, but Hoar, of course, supported Tillman in his contention that the pronunciation was *ad infinitum*.

"But," he said, "I suppose the senator from Nebraska gave the short sound to the *i* in order to save the time of the Senate."

On another occasion, shortly after he entered Congress, Senator Hoar had a tilt with the late Samuel S. ("Sunset") Cox, who was supposed to be invincible. "I regret," said Mr. Cox, "that Massachusetts is not defended in this debate by her senior representative and doughtiest champion, Mr. Dawes. Troy was defended by Hector, yet Troy fell."

Instantly Mr. Hoar was on his feet glaring at Mr. Cox. "Let me say to that gentleman," he said, "that Troy did not need to put forward Hector to defend her against an attack which was led by Thersites."

The most famous act of the great statesman's life was, of course, his disagreement with his party on the Philippine question, though he still remained a Republican. He undoubtedly lost much of his influence, but he was perhaps personally more beloved than ever.

It is said that after the Paris treaty was signed, Mr. Hoar went not at all to the White House for many months. When President McKinley and Mr. Hoar finally did meet, the President said: "Well, senator, how are you feeling?"

"Well, Mr. President, I am feeling a little belligerent," was the response.

This brought a laugh from Senator Frye, who happened to be in the room at the time.

"A little belligerent?" Mr. Frye said. "Well, I should say so!"

Mr. McKinley smiled, too, and then he said, earnestly: "Well, Mr. Hoar, whatever you believe and say, I still believe in you and love you."

This tribute from the President is said to have pleased Mr. Hoar greatly, and he told the story many times to his friends.

Doubtless Mr. Hoar was "touchy" in many things; he once got a conductor dismissed because the latter shouted to Mr. Hoar: "Hurry up, old man; get a move on you." But in the main, he was a kindly, genial, lovable man, with a child-like faith in the essential goodness of mankind.



## SCHLEY'S OWN STORY.

"Forty-Five Years Under the Flag" is Rear-Admiral's Defense and Apologia—Hits at the President—Rescuing Greely—Dramatic Story of First Voyage.

In his book, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley tells the story of his life from 1839 until the present day. In the whole of it, save in the last paragraph, the word *I* does not appear. The admiral speaks of himself uniformly as "the writer," "the author of this book," etc. This modesty contributes somewhat to the book's lack of dramatic qualities. It has, in fact, no literary finish, and the style is dull and plodding.

Like many another sailor, the admiral got his inspiration from Captain Frederick Marryatt's tales of the sea. He writes:

"Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," "Frank Mildmay," and other naval fictions so fascinated his young mind as to determine an almost unconquerable desire for sea life. . . . No thought of its requirements, of its sacrifices, its exposures, or its responsibilities could enter a mind filled with dreams and hopes that the time would come in later life when there might be such opportunities as others had had to do some lasting benefit to their home and country.

Schley was appointed to Annapolis by the congressman from his district, and in June, 1860, he was graduated.

Speaking of his early training, Schley writes:

It would be a novel sensation for the midshipmen of these days to have to undergo the same hardships and experiences as George Dewey, or Thomas O. Selfridge, or John C. Watson, or Silas Casey, or many others who received their early training in this school—the work aloft in bad weather "reefing or furling sails," or on deck at "the wheel" in all kinds of weather, or in the chains "heaving the lead," or in boats; huddled together in quarters badly ventilated and crowded, but worse lighted, with hammocks to sleep in that the youngsters had to "lash and carry" to be stowed; living upon rations which at that day consisted of hardtack, salt junk, pork and beans, weevily rice, wormy cheese, rank butter, the commonest varieties of tea, coffee, and sugar. All that, however, was before the days when canned goods were known and when pies of dried apples were luxuries. . . . During the night quarter watches were kept in the tops, as the custom in those days was to keep such watch aloft when the light sails were set. The recollection of many nights with a wet jacket on the upper yards in "reefing" or in "furling sails" is still vivid, and impressed a lesson in devotion to the work and hardy life of the sailor. It did more; it taught that sympathy with the life and endless work of the sailor which was a distinguishing feature of the camaraderie of the older officers and men, and which bound them together in loyal attachment to country and to each other.

After his graduation from Annapolis, Schley went on a year's cruise in Chinese waters on the cruiser *Niagara*. The story of the return is dramatic:

The *Niagara* left the United States at a time of change, alarm, surprise. The Brooks-Summer assault, the John Brown raid, the Dred Scott decision, the various disturbances, in short, that attended the anti-slavery movement, had made a profound impression upon all the members of the party, young and old. These subjects formed the staple of conversation and controversy on the outward bound and on the homeward journey, the midshipmen usually adopting the attitude of their own States. But no one had been prepared for the news which confronted them when, in May, 1861, they reached Boston Bay, after almost a twelvemonth's absence from home and the newspaper.

When the pilot came aboard men and officers and the captain himself (which was very unusual in those days) crowded toward the gangway.

"Pilot," said the captain, "what's the news?"

For a moment the pilot seemed astonished. Yankee-like he parried question with question.

"Captain, where have you come from?"

"From Hong Kong."

"And you ain't heard anything at all?"

"No," said the captain, "not a word, pilot."

"Why, captain," was the blunt answer, "the country is all bustled to hell!"

It is not easy at this time to describe the emotions of those to whom this portentous news came for the first time. There was hardly a dry eye in that thrilled multitude. Old Glory was flying at the peak, and almost every head was uncovered and bowed in homage to the symbol of our free land and sweet home. Resolves were immediately made by all who had heard Dolliver's thunderbolt. As the ship sped on to Boston, the dreadful news of what had taken place at Fort Pickens, at Fort Sumter, at the Norfolk Navy Yard, the firing on the Sixth Massachusetts in Baltimore, the call for seventy-five thousand men, and other exciting incidents, had been culled from the papers Dolliver brought.

Schley was a native of Maryland, but he cast his lot with the North, and immediately sailed on the *Niagara* to establish the blockade of Charleston. The most interesting adventure of Schley's during the Civil War period was on the occasion when he had forcibly to assume command of the *Winona* and confine his superior officer, who was attacked by a bad case of delirium tremens.

There is an interesting glimpse of Farragut. In the attack on Port Hudson, in 1863, on account of the smoke, the admiral's signals to cease firing had not been seen. After the battery had fallen and Schley went to report to Farragut, he was surprised to be addressed in the following severe words:

"Captain, you begin early in your life to disobey orders. Did you not see the signal flying for near an hour to withdraw from action?"

Schley's stammering explanation only brought forth from Farragut the contemptuous reply that he "wanted none of this Nelson business in his squadron about not seeing signals." Then, inviting Schley into his cabin, Farragut's expression changed as soon as the door was closed, and he turned with a smile, and said:

"I have censured you, sir, on the quarter-deck, for what appeared to be a disregard of my orders. I desire now to commend you and your officers and men for doing what you believed right under the circumstances. Do it again whenever in your judgment it is necessary to carry out your conception of duty. Will you take a glass of wine, sir?"

Another interesting event of Schley's younger years

was the rescue of Greely. He thus writes of the final rescue:

The *Bear*, followed closely by the *Thetis*, arrived off the wreck camp *cache* about 10 p. m., and there found Lieutenant Greely and six of his comrades in a tent, which the violent gale had blown down over the party as they lay in their sleeping-bags. The other eighteen of his party had perished, some while seeking relief toward Cape Isabella; some drowned while sealing, some had starved to death. The graves of a number were on a little ridge hardly two hundred feet away. The condition of the survivors was desperate in the extreme, while the squalor of the camp was found to be heartrending and distressing. One of the whistle blasts blown to recall the searchers was heard in the camp, and Brainard and Long went out to the cliff overlooking Kane Sea to learn what it might mean. To their joy, the promise was real; for not long afterward the heralded ships were in sight.

With the majority of people, the chief interest of the book will perhaps lie in the account of the Battle of Santiago. Of his intentions and aims in writing of this battle, Schley says:

In penning these memoirs there has been no wish to detract from the services of others, no desire to enter unkind, undignified, or rude words of those who may have differed in their views, but to set forth the facts and services of a life that has been clean in its devotion to home and to country and steady in its purpose, from youth to its meridian, in giving the best years to duty conscientiously done for all that is near and dear to man—honor, home, country. . . . Neither the lapse of time nor the change of circumstances has wrought any change of faith in the expression from the heart penned in those first moments of the great battle of July 3, 1898: "I am glad that I had an opportunity to contribute in the least to a victory that seems big enough for all of us."

Something of a reflection is cast upon ex-Secretary of the Navy Long by the remark of Admiral Schley's that, "through the courtesy of Secretary Moody, recourse has been had to official papers which were not available before his accession to office." Referring to one of these papers, Schley says:

From a confidential document under the title, "Executive C. Third Session, Fifty-Fifth Congress," a communication by Mr. Long respecting "advancements in the navy," it is seen that the commander-in-chief's movements in Siphony on that morning were under orders from the department to meet General Shafter. This order, then, furnishes an explanation of the commander-in-chief's signal and subsequent movements eastward on July 3d. It supplies, too, evidence of temporary assignment to new duty, taking him on shore to the headquarters of the army. It fixes incontestably also the status of the commander of the second squadron as senior officer present in command before Santiago after Sampson's withdrawal.

If the battle here related had miscarried, or if through mismanagement Cervera or any of his ships had escaped that day, there would have been no difficulty whatever about who was in command, or who would have had to bear the censure. It is as certain in that event that there would have been no effort to prove that the *New York* was within signal distance, no claim that it was a captains' battle, nor any other of the sophistries that were invented in the aftermath of controversy about this great victory.

No instance is recalled where great success was won in battle where every participant was not anxious to share in the glory, but no instance is remembered where any subordinate ever desired to share with his superior the odium of defeat. Santiago alone would be unique as one of the world's great battles won without anybody being in command. If defeat had occurred the commander of the second squadron would have had to take his medicine just the same.

The reference to "captains' battle" is apparently directly aimed at President Roosevelt, who affirmed that the battle was a "captains' battle" in his review of the findings of the court of inquiry.

In explanation of his personal relations with Admiral Sampson at the time of the battle, the author says:

In that same spirit of generous fairness to share the honors and glories of that great victory with all who helped to achieve it, no matter how little in degree, the telegram which follows was transmitted the afternoon of that day, through Admiral Sampson, to the Secretary of the Navy:

FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN,  
OFF SANTIAGO, CUBA, July 10, 1898.  
Feel some mortification that the newspaper accounts of July 6th have attributed victory on July 3d almost entirely to me. Victory was secured by the force under command commander-in-chief, North Atlantic station, and to him the honor is due. The end of line held by the *Brooklyn* and *Vixen* was heavily assailed, and had the honor, with the *Oregon*, of being in the battle from the beginning to the end. And I do not doubt for a moment full and proper credit will be given to all persons and all ships in the official report of the combat.  
W. S. SCHLEY.

This telegram was handed in person to Admiral Sampson, who, after reading it carefully, said: "Schley, this is kind and generous; I will transmit it at once." The admiral and the commander of the second squadron had been friends for forty years, and during their official association there had been no break or misunderstanding. Surely no expression of disapproval of the military operations or actions of the commander of the second squadron had ever been made by him. Until the communication of Mr. Long on February 6, 1899, to the Senate, seven months after the battle, in which was published for the first time Sampson's letter of July 10th, containing reflections upon the conduct of the commander of the Flying Squadron, there had been no manifested expression of disapproval from the department or Admiral Sampson. It was the first intimation that "reprehensible conduct" had been charged, but how this could be reconciled with a telegram received from Sampson on May 31st, a month or more before the battle, indorsing the work of the Flying Squadron and congratulating its commander for locating and blockading Cervera's ships, would not be easy literary navigation to-day. This telegram explains itself:

Congratulate you on success. Maintain close blockade at all hazards, especially at night; very little to fear from torpedo-boat destroyers; coal in open sea whenever conditions permit; send ship to examine Guantanamo with view to occupying it as base, coaling one heavy ship at a time; appraise captured coal, use it if desired, and afterward send ship in as prize.  
SAMPSON.

The commander of the second squadron, from that time to this, has always felt that the language employed in this communication of July 10, 1898, was unlike Admiral Sampson, and that in the pressure of official correspondence at that time this expression, in the copy prepared by others for his signature, escaped his attention.

Schley, of course, recognizes that the controversy is practically closed at the present time, and that the public do not care to have it reopened. His book rather aims at giving to the historian of the future a detailed statement of his side of the case.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

## LIES.

A Study in the Ethics of Untruth.

You often hear the question discussed, Is lying permissible under any circumstances? Is it immoral, ungentlemanly, to lie? Do men or women lie the most? Is there such a thing as legitimate lying? Is it possible to tell the truth under all circumstances? Is an exaggeration a lie?

We often hear the remark, "To lie like a gentleman." In England, which pretends to be a religious country, the most popular thing the then Prince of Wales ever did was to swear, in a court of law, to a lie. Of course, this was to protect the character of a woman. We do not remember that the pulpit found any fault, and everybody clapped their hands, although the whole country knew he preferred chivalry to truth-telling. If he had told the truth, people would have said he was a cad, a sneak, or a coward. Was this conduct consistent with the laws of God or of society? We think of both.

Several of us were discussing this subject at the club, one evening recently. There were present a doctor, a lawyer, a hanker, a preacher, a politician, and a merchant. They agreed among themselves that for one week they would tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

The first one to pass through the crucible of truth-telling was the poor doctor. The very first patient to come into his office was a fashionable lady, who desired him to advise her husband that it was necessary that she should have change of air and a trip to Carlsbad. The doctor was forced to tell her that there was nothing the matter with her; that he had known it for months; that he had only been prescribing for her to humor her, and that, further, he must decline advising a trip to Europe for her health; that, if she needed springs, there were many in California superior to Carlsbad, and that really the latter was only a fashionable fad, and generally an excuse to go shopping in Paris.

The lawyer, who came next, was compelled to tell the jury that he considered his client had no case, and that his own private opinion was that he ought to be convicted.

The politician had to put himself into clean politics for the time being, and tell the strikers who called on him that he thought them dishonest.

The clergyman told his congregation that the Bible was not an inspired book, but simply a history of the Jews; that it was nonsense, in the light of recent scientific research, to believe that the world was created in seven days; that there was no doubt but that man had evolved through countless ages from lower forms of life; that the Adam and Eve story, while it was very picturesque and one that an ignorant people might accept, was in this age entirely exploded.

The merchant and the others had similar experiences. A great many of the disagreeable people we meet are truth-tellers; people do not want to hear the truth.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Jones, how old and ugly you are looking this morning." "Well, old man, how do you do; why, I declare you are looking ten years older than when I saw you last!" Or you meet a very charming young lady with a pimple on her nose with which she has been struggling half the morning, with powder and camphor ice. The first thing you say, for it is the first thing you notice, is: "Oh, how horrible that pimple looks on your nose." Some very young men and would-be-thought bright young ladies have a habit of saying rude truths and think them smart. So much for truth-telling in every-day intercourse.

But let us look at lying from another point of view. Do we not do a deal of lying to ourselves? How often do we commit some petty meanness—say some unkind thing, and convey the impression that we are doing it for the sake of the community, or to protect the social circle in which we move, when the real reason is that we want to get even for some wrong, real or imaginary.

When one woman says to another that Miss S— or Mrs. B— is a little "gay," and conveys the impression that she is not altogether what she ought to be, is she not saying or inferring the mean thing, because she is jealous of Miss S— or Mrs. B—'s new bonnet, or new house, or her beautiful complexion? She is giving her conscience a reason for doing a mean thing.

We heard a gentleman get up in a meeting, where he was nominated on the opposition ticket, and say that he begged to withdraw his name, as he had not authorized its use, and that he had not joined the association with any idea of honor or profit, but only for the pleasure of associating with a lot of good fellows who composed the society. The real truth was that his sole object in becoming a member was entirely one of profit. But strangest thing of all is that, when he made the remark, he probably thought he was telling the truth. It is so easy to convince ourselves that we are honest and honorable gentlemen. It is positively a fact that we lie to ourselves fully as often as we do to others.

Another remarkable thing about lying is that, when we have told a lie a great many times, we actually believe it ourselves, until we stop to think. We knew the case of a lady, wife of a bishop of the Church of England, who always spoke of "the three beautiful boys" she had lost. She never had a child, and this lady was probably quite truthful about most matters; but she thought she should have had children, and perhaps considered it a disgrace that she had had none. That was before "race suicide" was fashionable.

We have in mind a very prominent business man of this city who is an heroic liar. This kind is very common, particularly to their wives and sweethearts. He is being continually attacked by footpads, knocking them down, drawing his gun (for of course this kind of liar always carries a gun and keeps a private graveyard). It is hardly necessary to notice the hunter and fisherman who exaggerate the number of birds and fish they don't get. Then there are the professional men, doctors and lawyers. The first I tell about the rare cases, and of treating them in the most marvelous way—of aneurisms, where they pack away yards of silver wire, and the patient looks to-day as if he could lick Jeffries! Others tell about the number of patients they see; there is one old physician who used to tell a young doctor without any practice that he saw seventy and eighty patients a day. We pity the patients.

Lawyers run to big fees, for they can not lie about their cases as can the doctor; and we have in mind one legal gentleman who must have received millions of dollars during the last ten years, if one believes what he says. There is another variety of liar who always tells about the number of women who are in love with him, and the almost daily occurrence of anonymous letters received. These are mostly art-men.

Of course, we always have with us the sick, who magnify every little ailment—a sore throat into an attack of diphtheria, a slight cold into pneumonia. We have in mind one lovely woman who has had, to our personal knowledge, three times pneumonia and once typhoid fever during the last year. The psychological study of this form of lying is, to say the least, interesting. Why does a sick person wish you to think him in danger of death? Is it a desire to excite a greater amount of sympathy or care?

So we suppose we may conclude from the foregoing that we are all liars, some telling only pleasant white lies for the sake of being agreeable, but the majority vain lies, mean lies, and useless lies. One of the great French wits remarked that it was better usually to tell the truth; a lie should be kept for great occasions; it is too good a thing to be used every day.

C. T.



## TELEPATHY.

## Noted Men Grapple With a Hard Problem.

Andrew Lang is an historian of note, a distinguished man of letters, and his scientific works are highly regarded.

Goldwin Smith is a renowned publicist; he was the friend of Gladstone, and is about to publish a volume of reminiscences relating to the dead premier.

Stephen Phillips has been called the greatest of the younger school of English poets.

The London *Times* is the greatest English daily newspaper; the *Spectator* is a famous English weekly; the *Sun* stands at the head of American daily newspapers.

It is a remarkable evidence of the general interest in things occult that these men are the chief figures in the present controversy over telepathy, and these newspapers the principal organs through which it is carried on. The whole discussion, of course, revolves about Rider Haggard's dream that his dog Bob was dying—a dream which occurred near the time of the dog's actual death.

Mr. Haggard's letter, together with affidavits and other germane matter, was published, with true catholicity, in the London *Times*, and the essential facts of the story were given in the *Argonaut* at the time. But they may be briefly recalled.

Having gone to bed about 12:30 A. M. on the night of Saturday, July 9th, Mr. Haggard was aroused out of a nightmare by the voice of Mrs. Haggard, whom he had awakened by making "horrible and weird noises." At the moment of waking, Mr. Haggard was conscious of seeing his daughter's black retriever, Bob, "lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water." Further: the dreamer's personality "in some mysterious way seemed to be arising from the body of the dog," which "was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying." Next day, Mr. Haggard told the story at breakfast. The dog Bob did not appear. Several days later the body was found among the rushes in a weir, having been struck, as proved, by a train on Saturday night at 10:30 P. M., death occurring somewhat later.

There are, of course, only two explanations. First, coincidence. Second, the dog communicated in some way with his master.

It is notable that Andrew Lang believes in the latter explanation, not only in this case, but in many. He inclines "to envisage these coincidences as the result of a sort of Marconi wave or rays, or whatever they are, always pervading space, but very seldom finding a hospitable cerebral recipient, very seldom producing a veridical corresponding dream or vision in a person at a distance."

Mr. Lang further says: "I do not deny that my own study and experience has induced me to believe that such a process of occasional inter-communication, of which the method is unknown, does exist in the nature of things."

From such a source—from a man of intellect, accustomed to weigh evidence, and familiar with the exact methods of science—this confession is extremely interesting.

But, on the other hand, so clear a thinker as Goldwin Smith affirms his belief that Mr. Haggard's narrative seems to him "less important as a proof of mysterious agency than as a proof of the extent to which fancy can operate on very slight materials, even in a strong mind!" Professor Goldwin Smith continues:

All the cases of telepathy of which I have read have seemed to me to resolve themselves either into fulfillments of natural expectations, as in the case of warnings that a person known to be sick is dead, or into accidental coincidences, of which in the chapter of accidents there are sure to be many, some of them curious and striking, the occurrence being afterward dressed up by the retroactive imagination of which we are all apt to be the unconscious dupes. . . .

This is the language of a philosopher, but it has left unconvinced a great many people who read Professor Goldwin Smith's letter in the columns of the *Sun*, where it appeared, and who have been detailing their experiences through the same medium. Many who express their opinions in print are quite willing to affirm their disbelief in spiritualism, the planchette table-tipping, etc., but still adhere with great firmness to a faith in telepathy.

Here are two or three of the stories that have been told by people of intelligence during the discussion which has extended over several weeks past.

By William L. Stone who is not a believer in apparitions and has "grave doubts about a life hereafter," yet "can not shut his eyes to a belief in telepathy."

I had an aunt, the wife of my uncle, the late Francis Wayland, president of Brown University, of whom I had not thought for some two years. Not but that she was a kind aunt, only I had not thought of her. One morning, in the summer of 1871, I awoke and told my wife that I had had a strange dream, that I dreamed that there was a family, at which my aunt came over from her seat and, bending over my chair in the room, kissed me. On going down to my office

that morning I found a letter announcing her death!

Dr. S. W. Abbott, the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health (a classmate of Secretary Hay and myself) I had not thought of for months. Three days since I thought of him the entire day, though there was nothing to bring him to mind. The day after I received a letter from him about some questions connected with a classmate—his letter evidently having been written at the same time I had thought of him.

From the memorandum book of "J. H. N.," the memorandum being made at the time of the occurrence:

I have nothing in common with pugilism, and rather regret that the details of this occurrence are connected with a prize-fight (Sharkey vs. McCoy). The night of the fight, eighty miles from New York, I had a very vivid dream of counting the strokes of a bell, and there were ten of them, followed quickly by the announcement, "Sharkey wins the fight." I awoke to feel sure it was true, but wondered about the bell. The matter did not recur to my mind until the next noon, when I got my *Sun* (which was unusually late for me to call for it). As I picked it up the first thing I saw was "Sharkey Victor." Just then I became aware that a church bell was ringing (as it does every noon). It struck three times more, which would make the tenth stroke the first one I counted, then I read the next line: "He knocks out 'Kid' McCoy in the tenth round."

To these stories—which are undeniably interesting whatever may be one's individual belief—let us add a personal experience: In 1898, H— and A— had a discussion regarding Isadora Duncan, who was then just becoming known as a dancer. Three years elapsed, during which neither person has a recollection of speaking of Isadora Duncan, and during most of which period the persons were not together. On a certain Sunday morning, in 1901, H— went out early and purchased a copy of the *Examiner*. He returned to the house, and sat down to read the paper. While so engaged, A—, who was busy in another part of the room, suddenly said: "H—, who is Isadora Duncan?" H— looked up, and replied: "Why, she is the girl who has revived the dance of ancient Greece." Then, as the strangeness of the question struck H—, H— inquired: "Why—why—do you ask?" "Oh," A— replied, "the name was running through my mind, and I couldn't for the life of me remember who she was, or what she had done." Then, noting the amazed look on H—'s face, A— asked: "What is the matter?" to which H— replied: "When you spoke, I was reading an article about Isadora Duncan in this *Examiner*!"

This is a trivial instance, but remarkable because of its very simplicity. And it is not recalled now from memory, for so striking did it appear at the time that the story, during the next half hour, was written out in detail.

Such experiences as these convince some minds absolutely of the possibility of "thought transference." But, as Goldwin Smith points out, the world is so complex that coincidences are sure to happen often, "some of them curious and striking, the occurrence afterward being dressed up by the retroactive imagination of which we are all apt to be the unconscious dupes."

And we are not quite satisfied that even such stories as those given above, assuming that their authors are truthful according to their lights, quite prove that telepathy exists.

A noted editor once told us of some remarkable coincidences, one of which sticks in our mind. It appears that this journalist had been accustomed to see a little weekly devoted to newspapers and newspaper men, but that he invariably read only, say, pages 5 and 6, which faced each other, the other ten or twelve pages being devoted to matter of no interest to him. On this particular occasion, however, the paper accidentally opened at other pages than 5 and 6, and a single line caught his eye, containing the name of a little, obscure newspaper published in Alabama—the Anniston *Hotblast*. The editor remembered that, during a trip to Alabama some years previous, he had noted evidences of iron industry in the little town where the paper was published as his train passed through, and, as he turned the leaf, he said to himself: "What an excellent name for a little newspaper in an iron manufacturing country!" A moment later, he threw the paper aside and picked up the next on a file of exchanges. It was the *Hotblast*! He had never seen it before, had never heard of it before; he never saw it again, never heard of it again. It was a stray copy that had somehow found its way into his file of newspapers. What a remarkable coincidence!

Certainly here there was no "telepathy." We never heard anybody allege any recondite explanation existed for such an occurrence. But suppose that, instead of seeing the name of a newspaper in print, the editor had had brought to his mind some individual's queer name—Alexander Yahoo, suppose. And suppose further that, just as he had thought to himself: "What a queer name," a boy had entered with the announcement: "A gentle-

man to see you, sir," and had handed him the card of Mr. Alexander Yahoo. Would not the believers in telepathy have thought it to be an absolutely conclusive example of the influence of one mind over another? And yet, generally speaking, it is just as probable that Alexander Yahoo would turn up in the hypothetical case as that the *Hotblast* would be the next paper to hand in the actual one cited.

Such remarkable coincidences as the one cited give pause to persons of open mind who would like to base a belief in telepathy upon firm foundations.

As for Tyndall and others of his ilk, no credence whatever is to be given to their experiments. A man who makes his living by so-called occult demonstrations is not to be considered in arriving at the truth. Conjurers' tricks would be quite as mystifying as anything Tyndall did, had they not been profusely explained. The tricks of spiritualists are as mystifying as Tyndall's demonstrations were.

If the world finally comes to believe in telepathy, it will be for other reasons than those presented by public performers.

But that time has not yet arrived.

H. A. L.

## Naked Summer.

(TO M. O. T.)

"Stabat nuda Æstas, et spica sarta gerebat."—OVID MET., ii, 28.

"Come, leave that blinding Greek," you said; "go out!"

So here I lay—and of the dancing heat,  
The mad cicadas shrilling in the wheat,  
The dying creek with its faint song of drought,  
I made an anodyne till noon, about—  
When the unflinching hawks began to rise  
Straight to the sun against the cornflower  
skies.

Then I went nigh to swoon, in a long doubt—  
Where have I sometimes seen this thing before?"

What!—my Euripides—what, evermore  
Am I thy mirror all my days and ways?  
To meet the Cause of Things with equal gaze,  
Thus, from the naked summer of thy page  
The great thoughts rise, their loneliness  
to assuage. AGNES TOBIN.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
3. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
4. "Woman Errant," Anonymous.
5. "Evolution of the Soul," by William Henry Hudson.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
2. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
3. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
4. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, et al.
5. "Imperator Rex," Anonymous.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, et al.
2. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
3. "The Green Diamond," by Arthur Morrison.
4. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
5. "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.

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A NEW NOVEL

By IRVING BACHELLER  
Author of "Eben Holden"

Mr. Bacheller has made a great departure from his former stories of rural life. Among Roman scenes he has laid a love-story tender and entralling in its varying charm. This tale, with its thrilling climax in the depiction of the Nativity, will prove a revelation to the thousands of readers of "Eben Holden."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## "Misrepresentative Men."

Col. D. Streamer, who in real life is Harry Graham, an officer of the Coldstream Guards, and aid-de-camp to the governor-general of Canada, began his career of literary crime with "Ruthless Rhymes," in which was committed this felony:

BABY.

Baby in the caldron fell—  
See the grief on mother's brow;  
Mother loved her darling well—  
Darling's quite hard-boiled by now.

In 1902, he published "Perverted Provverbs," and now comes "Misrepresentative Men," dedicated to Ethel Barrymore, in a delicate little poem which begins:

"My verses in Your path I lay,  
And do not deem me indiscreet  
If I should say that surely they  
Could find no haven half so sweet  
As at Your feet.  
Unworthy little rhymes are these,  
Tread tenderly upon them, please!"

Following the dedication comes the foreword in which the author says:

"All great biographers possess,  
Besides a thirst for information,  
That talent which commands success,  
I mean, of course, Imagination;  
Combining with excessive Tact  
A total disregard for Fact."

The rhyming biographies which follow are of Theodore Roosevelt, Bacon, Adam, Joan of Arc, Paderewski, William Tell, Diogenes, Sir Thomas Lipton, Marat, Ananias, and Nero. Here are those of Adam and Marat:

ADAM.

In History he holds a place  
Unique, unparalleled, sublime;  
"The First of all the Human Race!"  
Yes, that was Adam, all the time.  
It didn't matter if he hurst,  
He simply had to get there first.

A simple Child of Nature he,  
Whose life was primitive and rude;  
His wants were few, his manners free,  
All kinds of clothing he eschewed,—  
He might be seen in any weather,  
In what is called "the Altogether!"

The luxuries that we enjoy  
He never had, so never missed;  
Appliances that we employ  
For saving work did not exist;  
He would have found them useless, too,  
Not having any work to do.

He never wrote a business note;  
He had no creditors to pay;  
He was not pestered by his vote,  
Not having one to give away;  
And, living utterly alone,  
He did not need a telephone.

The joys of indolence he knew,  
In his remote and peaceful clime,  
He did just what he wanted to,  
Nor ever said he "hadn't time!"  
(And this was natural hecos  
He had whatever time there was.)

His pulse was strong, his health was good,  
He had no fads of meat or drink,  
Of tonic waters, Breakfast Food,  
Or Pills for Persons who are Pink;  
No cloud of indigestion lay  
Across the sunshine of his day.

And, when he went to bed each night,  
He made his couch upon the soil;  
The glow-worms gave him all his light,  
(He hadn't heard of Standard Oil);—  
At dawn he woke—then slept again,  
He never had to catch a train!

A happy, solitary life!  
But soon he found it dull, I ween,  
So thought that he would like a wife,—  
When Eve appeared upon the scene.

And we will draw a kindly veil  
Over the sequel to this tale.

MORAL.

Ye Bachelors, contented be  
With what the future holds for you;  
Pity the married man, for he  
Has nothing to look forward to,—  
To hunger for with hated breath!

(Nothing, that is to say, hut Death!)

MARAT.

It is impossible to do  
Three different kinds of things at once;  
A fact that must be patent to  
The brain-pan of the dullest dunce;  
Yet Marat somehow never knew it,  
And died in an attempt to do it.

A Revolutionist was he;  
The People's Friend,—they called him so,—  
And many such there used to be  
In France, a hundred years ago.  
(For further notice see Carlyle,—  
If you can grapple with his style.)

His manners were so debonaire,  
He took a hip-bath ev'ry day;  
Would sit and write his letters there,  
In quite an unconscious way;  
And, if you wished to interview him,  
His housekeeper would take you to him.

But Charlotte Corday came along,  
A Norman noble's nobler daughter,  
Intent to Right her Country's Wrong,  
And put an end to ceaseless slaughter;  
In Marat she desecrated a victim,—  
So hought a knife and promptly pricked him.

Poor Marat, who (as was his wont)

Was planning further Revolutions,  
The while he washed, exclaimed "Oh, don't!  
You're interrupting my ablutions!  
I can't escape; it isn't fair!  
A sponge is all I have to wear!"

But Charlotte firmly answered "Bosh!"  
(How could she so forget good breeding?)  
"While you sit there and calmly wash,  
The noblest hearts in France are bleeding!"  
Then jahlid him in those vital places  
Where ordinary men wear braces!

So perished Marat. In his way  
To prove a lesson, apt and scathing,  
From which young people of to-day  
May learn the dangers of mixed hathing,  
And shun the thankless operation  
Of sponging on a rich relation.

MORAL.

Ye democrats, who plan and plot  
Schemes to decapitate your betters,  
Remember that a bath is not  
The proper place for writing letters;  
Nor one which Providence intends  
For interviews with lady-friends.

There is an amusing series of pictures.  
Published by Fox, Duffield & Co., New  
York; \$1.00.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A series of books is to be published by Paul Elder under the general title, "The Morals of Trade." The volumes are to contain the lectures delivered at various times at the University of California in accordance with the provisions of the Barbara Weinstock lectureship. The first of the volumes, "Commercialism and Morality: Public Relations and Duties of Modern Business Life," by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *American Review of Reviews*, will be ready about October 15th.

Lafcadio Hearn's "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," is announced as "Mr. Hearn's most extensive and profound piece of literary work."

The new novel which Henry Harland has just finished is said to deal with American life, returning to the scenes of his first stories, "The Yoke of the Thorah" and "Mrs. Peixada," written when he was a clerk in the surrogate's office, in the New York County Court-House.

Among the more elaborate and ambitious of the books to appear this fall, "Italian Villas and their Gardens" promises to hold prominent place. The book is the fruit of several months' work by both Edith Wharton and Maxfield Parrish in the most beautiful gardens of Italy, and will be printed in two colors on special plate paper. There will be fifty illustrations, in color and in black and white, by Maxfield Parrish, and, to add to the completeness of the work, reproductions of a number of photographs.

The friends of Edna May, the actress, say that she is impatiently awaiting a divorce from her husband, Fred Titus, and that she intends to marry A. E. W. Mason, a British author and playwright, before the end of this year. Mason wrote "The Four Feathers" and other first-rate hooks.

It was expected that the first volume of the correspondence of the late Queen Victoria, which Lord Esher and A. C. Benson are editing, would be published this autumn, but it is now announced that no portion of that correspondence will be issued this year.

Marie Corelli's new book has not, we believe, yet reached San Francisco, but from the London *Daily Mail* we learn that "forty-three tons of paper, and that of a specially light kind, have been used in the printing of 'God's Good Man.' Moreover, when Miss Corelli's admirers have read all the lines in her latest volume their eyes will have unitedly traveled a distance of close on 125,000 miles, five times round the globe. The hero is a clergyman, tall and muscular, with well-knit limbs, broad shoulders, and a head altogether lacking in the humble or conciliatory "droop" which all worldly wise parsons cultivate for the benefit of their rich patrons. The proud heroine is chastened by misfor-

tune, and the diffident hero at last wins his bride. 'Every one has been happy to-day!' she said, looking up with a smile; 'all the world around us seems to thank God.' 'All the world would thank Him if it could but find what we have found,' answered John, drawing her close to his heart—'all it wants, all it needs, both for itself and others, for this world and the next, is simply—Love!'

After reading the Vicomte Robert d'Humières's vivid and sympathetic volume, "Impressions of London, English Society, and English Rule in India," Rudyard Kipling has written a letter to the author, which the *Figaro* publishes. Mr. Kipling is naturally pleased with the tribute M. d'Humières pays to Anglo-Saxon energy, and says he is glad that another England, which he describes as spoiled by too much ease and which sleeps, and because it snores aloud imagines that it thinks, has escaped the French author's notice.

## New Publications.

"New Poems," by Ronald Campbell Macfie. John Lane.

"Impertinent Poems," by Edmund Vance Cooke. Forbes & Co.

"The Radiant Road," by Ethel Wyn Wetherald. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.25.

"A Book of Little Boys," by Helen Dawes Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00—a clever book for children.

"The Little Kingdom of Home," by Margaret E. Sangster. Page decorations. J. F. Taylor & Co.; \$1.50 net—ethical essays by a veteran writer.

"A Dog's Tale," by Mark Twain. Illustrated in color by W. T. Smedley. Harper & Brothers; \$1.00—this is Twain's painful anti-vivisection story which created a stir when printed in a magazine a year or so ago.

"The Theory of Business Enterprise," by Thorstein Veblen. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net—an inquiry, by a Chicago University professor, "into the nature, causes, utility, and further drift of business enterprise."

"A Short History of Oregon: Early Discoveries, the Lewis and Clark Exploration, Settlement, Government, Indian Wars, Progress," compiled by Sidona V. Johnson. Photographs and maps. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"A Few Remarks," by Simeon Ford. Frontispiece. Fourth and revised edition. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.00 net—Ford's is a dry and genuine humor; if he "keeps up his lick" he will yet rank with Bill Nye as a humorist.

"The Study of Words," by Richard Chenevix Trench. Reprinted from the edition of 1851. The Unit Books. Howard Wilford Bell, New York; 56 cents net—a well-printed and neatly bound little book; cheap at the price.

"Domestic Manners of the Americans," by Frances M. Trollope. The Unit Books. Howard Wilford Bell, New York; 64 cents net—a neat reprint of Mrs. Trollope's book, written in 1836, which contains the reference to "putting pantalettes on the piano's legs."

"Fergy the Guide, and His Moral and Instructive Lies About Beasts, Birds, and Fishes," by H. S. Canfield. Illustrated by Albert D. Blashfield. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50—a collection of amusing hunting stories which first appeared in the *New York Sun*.

"The Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games: With Suggestions for Entertainments," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland. Frontispiece. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net—a "veritable encyclopædia" of games; a work of six hundred pages, and one to be heartily recommended to every mother.

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Even a person of some business sapience might have thought the town already sufficiently provided with low-priced theatrical attractions, but on the two occasions upon which I have attended the performances at the Majestic Theatre there has been a packed auditorium. It is probably safe, however, to assume that some other theatre has been, temporarily at least, drained of its usual attendance, as a consequence of the love for novelty inherent in theatre-goers.

The Majestic is a new theatre, is provided with a new company, and the play, "Captain Barrington," is, I believe, new to San Franciscans. The piece is a Revolutionary drama, and we are treated to the novelty of seeing Washington on the stage. I remember being quite thrilled once in that rattling effervescence of pathos and patriotism called "The Ensign"—a piece in which James Neill used to melt hearts and touch susceptibilities as the brave young hero who was to hang for his rashness—by the appearance of Lincoln as a stage character. But these thrills rarely outlast the bar or so of music which clamorously announces the entrance of the hero. The heroes of the past can not thrill unless they are enacted by great personalities. I recently saw a photograph of Mansfield as Napoleon, and in the pictured representation the likeness was wonderful, and even more so the suggestion of a dominant individuality. But Mansfield is a powerful personality. Intellect is written on his brow, and will and purpose show in his features.

In "Captain Barrington," the man who impersonated Washington was selected principally for his height, and also perhaps because of a weighty manner and a ponderous utterance. Add to these the familiar Continental uniform, a carefully constructed stage nose, with wings thrown out on each side and a cupola over the bridge, the well-known white wig with side puffs, and we had Washington in outline. I can fancy the scene to have been quite impressive other ways than pictorially, with an actor not so rigid in his methods, and less immobile, less blank, in expression, than Mr. Marston. But eminently successful, from a pictorial point of view, it certainly was.

The first act of "Captain Barrington" has a particularly pleasing setting, the tall form of the Father of his Country being thrown in relief against an overhanging grove of maples, while the soles of his Hessian boots start a whispering and a rustling among hundreds of real autumnal leaves which form a carpet of russet and gold beneath his tread.

With General Washington and his friends exchanging the formal courtesies of the period, a group of ladies in summer dress standing the while near the portico of a country mansion on the Hudson, and courtesying deeply in acknowledgment of introductions to the chief of the American army, there was quite a charming old-fashioned atmosphere and abundant opportunity for the imagination to be pleasantly stirred and the eye gratified. The piece is a typical specimen of those light, ephemeral dramas that appeal pleasantly to young tastes, warm up the romantic sensibilities, and act as a gentle balm to the fires of patriotism. There is rather less gush and padding than is usual in pieces of this type, and the misundertstanding between hero and heroine is well sustained. It is often difficult, while observing cases of mistaken identity of this kind in a play to refrain from perceiving how easily the misunderstanding could be cleared away. Lieutenant Fielding might naturally have been impelled to solve the riddle by asking his guard if there was a double of himself among the British officers. But the fact that this thought does not occur during Ruth's ingenuitous repudiation of her lover's claims, shows that the scene carries well. In "Raffles" a genuine detective no doubt, would sniff at the society crackman's self-betraying stage identity, and I darkly suspect that a genuine soldier would find startling incompetence and amazing bungling among the ranks of the British who attempt the capture of Washington. But this is stageland, where the immediate demand is for the sensation of the moment.

What a lot of women there always are near the front in war dramas. The barracks and the battle field, whether during the attack or the retreat are always stuffed with femininity, generally violently in love, much absorbed in its own affairs, and not at all in the way. Different again from life and rarely not nearly so interesting. At a remarkably fine military drill at the Or

phenon, the presence of the woman, army nurse though she was, seemed an intrusion, until she showed her ability to scale—or be hauled up—a wall without yelping, upon which her presence was immediately acceptable.

There is a group of three girls in "Captain Barrington" who all appear at the British camp on various errands. The camp scene was quite effective, with the red-coats carousing in the manner made familiar to us by history, and little Linda Arvidson, who seems more like a pretty, placid, unimaginative child than a grown young woman, made a pleasing little figure of country coyness. Eleanor Gordon was graceful in her riding dress, and, as usual, a little hard. That trait was in one way served her a good turn, as it adapts her to other roles which express unworthiness of character. Grace Reals, as the American heroine, who is bewildered and shaken in her faith by the apparent apparition of her lover in British uniform, has a strenuous bit of emotional work cut out for her, and makes her effect. She has quite a varied, if somewhat stereotyped, play of facial expression. Pity she can not smooth those harsher notes out of her voice.

J. H. Gilmour has an exacting dual rôle, playing the twin brothers of opposite nature. He is better placed as Captain Barrington, the dashing, reckless, unscrupulous daredevil. Lieutenant Fielding, who is rather low-spirited, and by his own account did a good deal of unmasculine moping before he became a soldier, is rather a tepid and sentimental specimen of hero until he begins some strategy in the third act.

Although Mme. Francisca is no Sembrich, she has successfully demonstrated her ability to draw concert audiences which, while not so large as those that assemble to listen to the famous divas, are considerable in size.

Vocally, the lady is well endowed, her voice being a pure, sweet, yet powerful soprano, and her tastes inclining toward the execution of those vocal embroideries which, when skillfully done, start enthusiasts to their favorite exercise of shouting their appreciation. Mme. Francisca gave a number of selections which displayed her marked ability as a coloratura singer. Her method is not irreplicable, but in her most successful numbers—two of which were chosen from the mad scenes in "Lucia" and in "Hamlet"—she acquitted herself most brilliantly. She is rather uneven, however, and, if one may make a guess, permits herself to do some shirking in the practice of her less favored selections.

Any one who had once heard her in "Lucia" would have thought Ardit's "Il Bacio" a particularly suitable selection. But, curiously enough, her runs were much less clean-cut, and in the effort of giving them, her vocal volume was noticeably diminished.

At her matinee concert, the singer gave herself quite a wide range in her selections, several of them demanding much and marked expression. Mme. Francisca meets this demand skillfully, but her temperament lacks in depth. Occasionally her sentiment shows superficiality and a sort of Gallie exaggeration. This was noticeably the case in "Three Green Bonnets," a ballad which has no great claims to a place on a concert programme, and the simplicity of which was distorted by the singer's hyperbolic sentiment.

As far as one may judge from her physiognomy, Mme. Francisca is a woman of placid temperament, whose natural vocal endowment has justified her being trained in a kind of singing that accords with a more impetuous and vivacious type. At the same time she is perhaps temperamentally in sympathy with the highly ornate in music. Dress is often an indication of character, and the lady was rather theatrically costumed in an extremely expensive and handsome gown that displayed much gold embroidery, a good deal of glitter, and a multiplicity of heads.

Mme. Francisca sings very little in English, what she does being given, for some unaccountable reason, in a strong foreign accent. Her German numbers were well rendered, particularly "De gefoppte Vogelaar," the runs of and trills of which were given with a sureness, lightness, and delicacy that was very charming. In the French songs, however, the nasal is far too pronounced.

The placidity of temperament already referred to serves a singer well in a concert, and when she ended, Mme. Francisca was as fresh and seemed as well able to pour forth a powerful sustained note in the climactic passages as when she began. She is evidently well used to acclaim, the applauding shouts that followed her most brilliantly executed numbers having little effect on her smiling serenity.

I noticed, with some surprise, that there was an unaccountable flutter in the dovescotes when the singer first made her appearance, a flutter that seemed to say "man"; and in finally identifying her accompanist as Melville Ellis, the blonde young man who recently sang at the Tivoli Opera House, I located the cause. Besides being a dresser, a singer, an actor, and a composer, Mr. Ellis has another accomplishment. He is a good accompanist. I rather suspect he is an agitator of gentle hearts, too; a sort of walking delegate to Cupid; else why were the pretty girls in the audience so deeply interested in him? They observed that he accompanied "Le Cid" with two rings on his little finger, and "Il Bacio" with only one. They remembered that the vanishing one had a blue stone. They argued the pros and cons—I found myself agreeing with the cons—of the weighty question, was, or was not, the eyebrow act a pose? It looked to me merely a trick of nervousness, for I thought him perfectly unassuming, and an agreeable and sympathetic accompanist as well. His boyish expression of pleasure at the applause of the audience, both for himself and the singer, was pleasant to see.

Mr. Newbauer rendered the familiar flute accompaniment to "Lucia" most beautifully, and each of the gentlemen lent variety to the programme by giving selections in his own specialty.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Pierre Barlow Cornwall, the last surviving member of the first legislature of California, died in this city on Sunday. Mr. Cornwall was eighty-two years old at the time of his death. He came to California from New York in 1848, making the journey across the plains, and settled with five others at Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento. Since that time he had been connected with various large business enterprises.

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Sunday matinee, October 9th—**The Burgomaster**.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Frank Daniels in Musical Comedy.

At the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing on Monday evening, with matinees on Saturdays only, Charles B. Dillingham will present Frank Daniels in his latest musical comedy, "The Office Boy." The coming play tells a whimsical story of an office-boy, whose identity becomes confused with that of a jockey. By musical-comedy methods this hypothesis is worked out into a variety of farcical situations, which reach their height when the office-boy, in order to carry out the deception, is obliged to ride a vicious race horse. The unfolding of the plot is said to be accompanied by a lot of bright music, with many effective songs falling to the lot of Mr. Daniels. The supporting company includes Sallie Fisher, a young soprano, who for two seasons previous to joining Mr. Daniels was with "The Billionaire" company; Clara Belle Jerome, late with Francis Wilson; Violet Halls, Ida Gabrielle, Louise Gallier, Maude Welsh, Alfred Hickman, Sydney Toller, and a great many others. "San Toy," with James T. Powers in his original rôle of Li, will follow.

## Ben Greet's Season at Lyric Hall.

The Ben Greet company of players opens its season at Lyric Hall on Monday night with a performance of the old morality play, "Everyman," with the best company Greet has ever brought to America. Every detail will be given the utmost attention, and a perfect performance is promised. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday, the Wednesday one being at 3:30 P. M. so that pupils and teachers of the schools may attend. The second week of the engagement will be devoted to Shakespearean comedy, produced in the Elizabethan manner, with the original text. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, "Much Ado About Nothing" will be given, with Ben Greet as Benedick. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights and a special matinee on Friday will see a revival of the performance of "Twelfth Night," in which Mr. Greet, as Malvolio, and Constance Crawley, as Viola, made such a success on the previous visit of this organization. Seats for these performances will be ready Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## Local Burlesque.

A new travesty, "Down the Line," written especially for Fischer's Theatre by Howard Jacotte, will be presented at that theatre on Monday night, October 3d. The burlesque is said to be a reflex of San Francisco life, and all its scenes are local. The opening scene is at the Presidio, where the chorus, attired as military cadets, goes through a march written to fit the environment. Dorothy Morton has an opportunity for a picturesque entrance, followed by a burlesque duet with Edwin Clark. Rice, Cady, and North also appear in German entanglement along their usual lines, and Georgia O'Ramey and Ben Dillon in specialties, and Hope and Hickman in dances, bring out the full strength of the company. The second act is laid in an Italian restaurant, where much frolic is indulged in, and the third act is in City Hall Square, where an allegorical ballet is performed. A new singer, Mr. Barrington, will appear, and there will be a chorus of minstrel misses that is announced as a decided novelty. The music for the burlesque has been written by Herman Perlet.

## Musical Comedy to Follow.

"York State Folks," now running at the Grand Opera House, has been successful in drawing large crowds. It is a play of rural village life, different from the usual run of country drama. It will begin its second and last week to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. At the Sunday matinee October 9th, Pixley & Luderer's musical comedy, "The Burgomaster," will begin a week's engagement.

## New York Life Portrayed.

"The Danites," now at the Central Theatre, will be followed on Monday night by Martin Hurley's "Dealers in White Women." The play is founded on some police investigations of the methods of New York men and women who trap unwary girls, and a scene where they are being disposed of to the highest bidder is one of the features of the play. The piece is full of exciting incidents, abductions, battles with the police, and rescues. There is a vein of comedy in the play through the introduction of Jewish and Irish characters.

## "The Serenade" Still Running.

It seems probable that "The Serenade" will have as long a run at the Tivoli Opera House as its predecessor, "The Toreador." Familiar as its strains are, people do not tire of it. The present cast is doing the opera full justice. Simms, as the Duke of Santa Cruz, is amusing, and Edward Webb has a good conception of what is required of him as the broken-down tenor. William

Schuster, as the tailor, is blossoming out into quite a comedian, and Andrew Bogart, as Lopez, is a drawing card. Kate Condon's rôle of Dolores fits her well, and Dora de Fillippe is pleasing as Yvonne. "The Serenade" will be succeeded by "Der Rastelbinder" ("The Mouse-Trap Peddler"), a German comic opera entirely new here.

## "Lord and Lady Algy" Postponed.

It was intended by the Alcazar management that White Whittlesey should present "Lord and Lady Algy" for his farewell week, beginning Monday night, but "Camille" has been substituted, and Mr. Whittlesey will appear as Armand. Eugenia Thais Lawson will be seen as Camille. "Lord and Lady Algy" will be presented on the following week by the new stock company, which includes Lillian Lawrence, John Craig, and Elizabeth Woodson.

## In Stuart Robson's Play.

This (Saturday) evening "Captain Barrington" will receive its final production at the Majestic Theatre. To-morrow night, "The Henrietta," the play which Stuart Robson made familiar, will be put on. This will be its first production by a stock company. The management is making preparations for "The Nightingale," which is to follow the week of "The Henrietta." It is said to be a colossal stage spectacle, and it is promised that its presentation here will be exactly as given by Klaw & Erlanger in New York.

## New Turns at the Orpheum.

George Felix, Lydia Barry, and Emily Barry, a comedy trio, will be new at the Orpheum this coming week, when they will present a skit by Edward R. Burton, entitled "The Boy Next Door." Mme. Avery Strakosch, the prima donna soprano, who was heard at the Orpheum season before last, returns. She is doing what so few successfully accomplish—singing popular songs artistically. Hoey and Lee, original Hebrew humorists, will be new to San Francisco. They come with unique conversational quips and parodies. Ted E. Box, a London eccentric comedian and whistler, will make his first appearance in America. He is a diminutive-sized individual, possessed of a mirth-provoking faculty for making telling points in his songs by a series of remarkable facial expressions. The engagement of T. Trovillo, the ventriloquist, has been prolonged for one more week; John P. Kennedy and Carrie Reynolds will continue "Captain Kidd"; the two Pucks will change their songs and impersonations; and Urbani and son will appear for their last week. The Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## Clyde Fitch Roasted.

It is seldom that a playwright comes in for such unqualified censure as has fallen upon Clyde Fitch, whose new play, "The Coronet of a Duchess," was presented in New York last week. It tells the story of a rich American girl who marries an English duke, is disillusioned, and returns home, the crowning disgrace coming when her husband compels her to pay his mistress what he owes her. The *Evening Post* describes the play as "crude in its extravagance, slovenly in its construction, gross in its travesty of the life which it professes to depict, packed with the clumsiest and stalest tricks of cheap theatricalism. It sins against the light of everyday experience, against good taste and common sense." The *Globe* says that the characters are "false to life, false to theatrical plausibility, false to any sane and wholesome point of view." It wonders where Mr. Fitch ever observed the English and American types he has depicted, and adds: "Backstairs tittle-tattle, dribbling into mendacious and salacious society journals, even the grotesque imaginings of lady novelists, have not gone his lengths." The other critics are equally condemnatory.

## The Teachers' Benefit Next Week.

Preparations for the Teachers' Annuity Benefit at the Chutes, during the five days beginning October 3d and between the hours of 10 A. M. and 6 P. M., are now almost completed. Many thousands of entrance tickets have been sold, and the prospects for a large attendance are encouraging in the extreme.

Besides the refreshment booths and fish ponds, which will be conducted on the grounds by volunteers among the teaching ranks, ample entertainment of another kind will be offered the young folks. A varied programme, consisting of miscellaneous performances by talented pupils from the public schools is offered at the Chutes Theatre for Monday and Tuesday afternoons. On Thursday, "Princess Fan Tan," under the stage management of Professor Bothwell Browne, will be a popular attraction, and on Wednesday and Friday the Columbia Park Boy's Club will occupy the entire programme with a vaudeville entertainment, including gymnastic drills, some turns in negro minstrelsy, and a Dutch farce. Add to this an entertainment at the Chutes pavilion, including performances in fancy drills, dances, marches, and other attractions of a varied nature, to conclude each day with a general dance, and it will be seen that the amusement and enjoyment of the thousands who will attend has been very thoroughly provided for.

## A College Comedy.

George Ade's new comedy, "The College Widow," has been enthusiastically received at the Garden Theatre, New York. Mr. Ade, in a speech, confessed that it was not a problem play, but an attempt to have fun with the American college man. He has taken a Middle-West college as his scene, and introduced about every sort of a character known to such an institution. There is the thinnest plot, the story hinging on the scheme laid by the students of a Presbyterian college to secure for their football team the best player of a Baptist college. They are successful, mainly through the efforts of the college widow, the sweetheart of successive freshmen, who uses her wiles upon him. The play is described as extremely clever—"a living panorama of the 'Fables in Slang.'"

The engagement is announced of Miss Bertha Runkle, the novelist, to Captain Louis N. Bash, U. S. A.

## COOK'S TOURS

### Round the World

#### THIRTY-THIRD SEASON

### Embody the Best in Travel

Programmes and full particulars free for the asking at

621 Market Street, S. F.

### Continental Building and Loan Association

#### OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

#### 301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.  
W. L. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General Manager.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

#### OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

### THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohle, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

### SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presdts.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

### SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK, President.  
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary.  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbot, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

### FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Cargy, President.  
Arthur Legallier, Vice-President.  
Leon Boqueraz, Secretary.  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kanfman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

### CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY

#### OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

### WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

#### SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$13,500,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

### Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

#### ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific Department.  
216 Sansome Street.

### PHENIX ASSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON

Established 1782.

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

### Providence Washington Ins. Co.

OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

### PELICAN ASSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

### GEORGE E. BUTLER,

General Agent,

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 1848)

200 PINE STREET.



VANITY FAIR.

R. G. Ponsonby Carew-Pole, a noted genealogist, has announced that only one hundred and seventy-seven American families are entitled to the title of "exalted rank" at any and all social and semi-state functions within the confines of the British Empire. The names are as follows: Abbott, Aldige, Adams, Amory, Appleton, Anderson, Aspinwall, Alexander, Astor, Ballard, Byrd, Bonaparte, Bell, Bruce, Breckinridge, Blair, Beekman, Biddle, Bland, Bulit, Bienville, Biglow, Burden, Cadwalader, Caton, Capdeville, Cowles, Cabot, Castleman, Codman, Coolidge, Christy, Clay, Castellanos, Cushing, Clark, Churchill, Carter, Crittendon, Carroll, Dana, Dandridge, De Forest, Denegre, Dudley, Delafield, Dravton, De Koven, Dexter, Duke, De Puyster, Drexel, Duer, Dufour, Devereux, Endicott, Erskine, Elliott, Everts, Eddy, Fish, Fairfax, Frelinghuysen, Furness, Fitzhugh, Farrar, Gallatin, Gamble, Garrison, Griswold, Gordon, Griscorn, Goodloe, Gerry, Goelet, Gibson, Harriman, Higginson, Honore, Hunnewell, Harlan, Houghtelling, Harrison, Isham, Jerome, Johnston, Jackson, Jay, Jeyes, Kemper, Lathrop, Le Moync, Letcher, Logan, Longworth, Langhorne, Lloyd, Legendre, Lee, Lippincott, Locoul, Lawrence, Livingstone, Lodge, Lesassier, Lowell, Lathrop, McCormick, McDowell, MacVeagh, McClure, Muir, Minor, Murray, Mills, Marshall, Minot, Mortimer, Motley, Meredith, Mott, McTavish, Nelson, Otis, Page, Palmer, Polk Preston, Peabody, Pendleton, Patterson, Pinckney, Pringle, Quincy, Rhineland, Rumsey, Roosevelt, Revilo, Rutledge, Randolph, Ronalds, Remsen, Rogers, Stuyvesant, Speed, Snowden, Sempie, Schermerhorn, Schuyler, Satterthwaite, Townsend, Throgmorton, Thayer, Tunstall, Tucker, Thurston, Todd, Van Ness, Van Rensselaer, Vanderbilt, Williams, Wilmerding, Wadsworth, Winthrop, Wickliffe, Washington, Warrington, Waring, Wendell, Woolsey, Whittier, Walter, Wolcott, and Winston.

What is a whippet? If you would be "up to snuff" it is incumbent upon you that you know, for we read that whippet races are the latest novelty at Newport. Halliwell says that a whippet is "a kind of dog in breed between a greyhound and a spaniel." John Taylor speaks of "the little cur, whippet, or house-dog," which sounds a bit disrespectful considering the developments at Newport. The races there, we learn, attracted a large crowd of residents, society people, and visitors from out of town, who lined the course of one hundred and fifty yards on the lawn of the Casino. The principal event, it appears, was a match between the Newton Abbot Kennels' championship bitch, Northern Flyer, and Hut Crest Kennels' Hill Crest Flyer. "Both dogs," says one account, "got away well, but Hill Crest Flyer began to forge ahead at once, and half way down the course he had the race won. He crossed the line some ten feet in the lead of the New York dog." Twenty whippets entered for the Casino Handicap. Right of Way, we are pleased to say, won in a close race with Sunshine.

All the jokes that have been written about the heroic struggles of women on bargain days are rendered stale, flat, and unprofitable by being excelled by sober facts. A dispatch from New York tells how an unwise merchant advertised "ten cents' worth of goods for five cents, twenty cents' worth for ten cents" for one day only. "By ten o'clock," the account continues, "one thousand women were gathered in front of the store. They were packed against the doors, covered the sidewalks, and extended half way across the street. The only man in the gathering was a policeman. When the manager of the store appeared and surveyed the gathering he became frightened, and locked the doors. Immediately the front doors were smashed, and glass and pieces of merchandise were strewn on the floor. Nothing could stop the onslaught of the women, who poured into the store. For some time after the first rush was made, women with all sorts of articles in their arms and shopping-bags crammed with merchandise were constantly going along the street taking the plunder home. When the police reserves arrived the storm had ceased. The reserves found the one policeman at the back of the store. His helmet was gone, his coat tails were torn completely off, and his nose was bleeding. He had telephoned to the station, and was hopelessly surveying the ruins around him."

Details about the "finest hotel in the world" continue to arrive. The St. Regis, it appears, is owned by John Jacob Astor. It is for the use of transient guests, although it was first intended to make it an apartment hotel. The eighteen stories are furnished with a splendor quite unprecedented, even in New York. The corridors are all of marble, the walls hung with silks that vary in price from \$7 to \$15 a yard, and the metal fittings of the bath rooms are of solid silver. The linen came from Belfast, the heavily embroidered bed linen from Dresden, the linens from the Royal Worcester and Minton

factories, and the carpets were woven in France from special designs to suit every apartment. On the ground floor, opening on the terrace that faces Fifth Avenue, is the public dining-room, with its two Ls, capable of seating 400 persons. It is done in red brocade and Circassian walnut. On this floor, also, are a ball-room with marble walls and yellow decorations in ornolu and satin, a library of 2,150 volumes for the guests of the house, a sitting-room in white mahogany and a piano decorated with pictures from Wagner's operas. The furniture of the first two floors was made in France, while all the rooms above the parlor are furnished with American work. In these bedrooms, every one of which is supplied with a bath, are many conveniences. There are devices for regulating the heat by which any temperature desired may be attained, and cool air may also be introduced. Clocks on every mantel are run from a magnetic clock in the office, and pantries are on every floor in which breakfasts are prepared. The state suite excels in magnificence any of the other apartments. It consists of a dining-room in Circassian walnut wainscoted to the ceiling and decorated with silver and bronze ornaments, formerly the property of the King of Sicily. Both the reception and sitting-rooms are French in decoration, and follow the periods of Louis the Fourteenth and Louis the Fifteenth. The prices range from \$7 a day for a room and bath to \$125 a day for the state suite. The cheapest suite—of salon, bedroom, and bath—is \$14. The hotel, exclusive of the furniture, cost \$4,000,000. The furniture cost another \$1,500,000. Emil Bailly, who was formerly at the Ritz, in Paris, is to be the chef, and the maître d'hôtel will be a Emil Herhermann, who has been associated with him in Europe.

Golf links are to be found in many out of the way corners of the globe. At Bagdad there has been a golf club for nearly ten years. The eighteen-hole course, which is laid out in the desert some three miles from the city, is said to be of "a decidedly sporting character"—which means, according to some, that one loses an immoderate number of balls there. Golf may be played at Zanzibar, Benin ("the city of blood," it will be remembered), Crete, Bangkok, Honolulu, Perak, and also at Wei-Hai-Wei.

The two-step is doomed. This is the pronouncement of the American Society of Professors of Dancing. "The public has run wild," says a member, "over that ungraceful, boisterous dance, and our convention has unqualifiedly condemned it. That is, we have condemned it as it is danced, for few people dance the two-step." "What do they dance?" he was asked. "They do not dance at all. When a man and a woman get out on the floor and 'do' a collection of bewildering, ungraceful figures, tire themselves out, and make themselves generally ridiculous, I do not call it dancing. One reason why the two-step is not danced correctly is because the popular music is not the proper music. The correct time for the two-step is what is known as '6-8' time, and there is a syncopation about the dance that demands such time and no other—if the two-step is to be danced properly. Now most of the music of to-day is in rag-time or some other form of terpsichorean inspiration music. Any one who understands music will tell you that there is as much difference between syncopation and rag-time as there is between music and rag-time. We can not refuse to teach the two-step, but we can show a preference for other movements. And then we also can cultivate in our pupils a taste for the other dances by introducing more popular forms into these movements. To this end our society has expressed itself as devoted to the waltz. To increase the popularity of the waltz various new dances, in which the waltz or other graceful movement predominates, were introduced, and some of these were adopted by the society: *Bonny Glide*—To-step in form, but varying considerably in execution; includes the waltz movement, and is much slower than the regular two-step. *Trio Waltz*—A 'pleasant' variation of the waltz. *Crescent*—Two-step with variations. *Minuet Figures*—Involving the waltz movement, and calculated to aid ease and grace in quadrille dancing. Another dance which was introduced, but not adopted, was the 'Wimodaghis', a mazurka form, immensely difficult and not likely to become popular."

"The question, 'Do women look their best in white?' has," says the Boston Herald, "been answered in the affirmative by fortunate witnesses of Mrs. Oelrichs' 'white ball,' where the question was settled once and for all. Yes, women do look their best in white, and their second best in black. As most critics of feminine attire adhere to the opinion that women should always wear one or the other, there is no need to discuss the point beyond saying the reason for this preference is a very simple one. Vagaries of taste, the errors of the color blind, are rendered nil by the choice of white or black. It was Mr. Gladstone who used to say that a woman, however old, always looked her best in white

satin, and though the Grand Old Man was the last one to be a judge of the *chic*, he had a great eye for the beautiful, and a decided weakness for the fair sex. Ouida also maintains that women should wear white, and has always gowned her heroines in white and gray velvets without regard to cost, but, then, Ouida is the most extravagant clothes-horse novelist of her day. Court ladies of St. Petersburg are said to buy white satin as other women buy white cotton, by the piece, and rarely appear in any other color or material at the dazzling functions of the Czar's court. As a foundation for rare laces and magnificent jewels, white satin has the *pas*. It is a fabric with royal associations."

"Is my husband's case serious, doctor?" "It is very grave, madam. I have left an opiate." "How often shall I give it to him?" "He needs absolute rest and quiet. Don't give it to him. Take it yourself."—*Collier's Weekly*.

"Old Kirk Whisky." In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 22d....	64	58	.02	Cloudy
" 23d.....	68	58	3.08	Rain
" 24th....	68	60	1.38	Rain
" 25th....	64	56	.30	Rain
" 26th....	64	56	.26	Clear
" 27th....	68	56	.00	Clear
" 28th....	84	58	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, September 28, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Associated Oil Co.	5%.....	40,000 @ 70	70	
Bay Co. Power	5%.....	7,000 @ 101 1/4	101	
Cal. E. Gen. M.	C. T. 5%.....	5,000 @ 102 1/2	102 1/2	
Contra Costa Water	5%.....	5,000 @ 98-99 1/2	98	
Hawaiian C. S.	5 1/2%.....	18,000 @ 101 1/2-101 3/4	101 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5 1/2%	.....	18,000 @ 117 1/4	117	
Los Angeles Pacific	Con. Ry. 5%.....	3,000 @ 104 1/4	104 1/4	
Market St. Ry.	5%.....	4,000 @ 114 1/4-115 1/4	115	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.....	.....	2,000 @ 105 1/4	105	
North Shore Ry	5%.....	12,000 @ 102 1/2	102 1/2	102 3/4
Oakland Transit	Con. 5%.....	15,000 @ 111-111 1/4	111	
Oakland Transit	6%.....	1,000 @ 109 1/4	109 1/4	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	.....	20,000 @ 105 1/4	105	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	.....	2,000 @ 99 1/4	99 1/4	100
Sierra Ry. of Cal.	6%.....	5,000 @ 111 1/2	111 1/2	
S. P. R. of Arizona	6% 1909.....	10,000 @ 108 1/4	108 1/4	
S. P. R. of Cal.	5%.....	8,000 @ 108 3/4	108 3/4	
Stpd	.....	16,000 @ 104 1/4	104	
S. V. Water 6%.....	.....	3,000 @ 100 1/4	100	100 1/2
S. V. Water 4%.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

	Water.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Spring Valley.....	.....	10 @ 35 1/4	35 1/4	39
Banks.				
Anglo-California...	.....	75 @ 85 1/4	85	90
Bank of California.	.....	6 @ 420	.....	425
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	.....	300 @ 62 1/4-62 3/4	62 1/4	
Honokaa S. Co.....	.....	135 @ 15 1/2-15 3/4	15 1/2	15 3/4
Hutchinson.....	.....	250 @ 10-10 1/2	10 1/2	10 3/4
Makaweli S. Co.....	.....	55 @ 28 1/2-28 3/4	28 1/2	28 3/4
Onomea Sugar Co.	.....	50 @ 28-27 1/2	27 1/2	
Pauhan Sugar Co.	.....	250 @ 15 1/2-15 1/4	15 1/2	15 1/4
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.....	.....	50 @ 11	10	12
S. F. Gas & Electric	.....	595 @ 61-62	61 1/2	62
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	.....	35 @ 127 1/4	125	127 1/4
Cal. Wine Assn.....	.....	195 @ 84 1/4-84 1/2	84	85
Oceanic S. Co.....	.....	180 @ 2 1/2-2 3/4	2	
Pacific States Tel.	.....	265 @ 106-116	116 1/4	

San Francisco Gas and Electric, on sales of 595 shares, sold off one and a quarter points to 61, closing in better demand at 61 1/2 bid, 62 asked. The regular quarterly dividend of \$1.25 per share is payable on September 30, 1904.

The sugars have been quiet, with narrow fluctuations. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling at 62 1/4-62 3/4, Honokaa Sugar Company at 15 1/2-15 3/4, Hutchinson at 10-10 1/2, Makaweli Sugar Company at 28 1/2-28 3/4, Onomea Sugar Company at 28, and Pauhan Sugar Company at 15 1/2-15 1/4.

Sales of Alaska Packers Association were made at 127 1/4, California Wine Association at 84 1/4-84 1/2, Oceanic Steamship Company at 2 1/2-2 3/4.

Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone sold up eleven points to 116 on sales of 265 shares, closing at 116 1/4 bid.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Rush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



**BOOTH'S DRY GIN**  
For Cocktails, Commands the highest price in London and is Fizzes and recognized as the Best Rickeys Dry Gin the world over.  
**HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.**  
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SORE AND BLEEDING GUMS

Soft and spongy gums are made healthy by the mildly alkaline and astringent properties of SOZODONT. It is the most fragrant deodorizer and antiseptic dentifrice known to the world.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

the complement of SOZODONT Liquid, has abrasive properties, yet is absolutely free from grit and acid. It will not tarnish gold fillings or scratch the enamel.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.  
Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.

THE LATEST STYLES IN CHOICE WOOLENS  
H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and GOLF Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

**Gluten Grits AND BARLEY CRYSTALS.**  
Perfect Breakfast and Dietetic Health Cereals.  
PANSY FLOUR for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book or sample, write  
**FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.**

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ex-Congressman Life Pence tells a story of an old lady who always knew everything before anybody else. One day her niece saw her passing the house, and ran out to meet her. "Do come in, aunty," she begged, "and help us. We are making charades." "Certainly I will," answered the old lady; "I knew you were making them, because I smelt them as I came along."

Clyde Fitch tells a new story of Whistler. The artist was in Paris at the time of the coronation of King Edward, and at a reception one evening, a duchess said to him: "I believe you know King Edward, Mr. Whistler." "No, madame," replied Whistler. "Why, that's odd," she murmured; "I met the king at a dinner-party last year, and he said that he knew you." "Oh," said the painter, "that was just his brag."

Susan B. Anthony, on her return from Europe, talked in an engaging way about the things she had seen over there. Of a certain slum she said: "The children in this slum are dirty, very dirty. I hardly know how I make clear to you the superlative degree of dirtiness that marks them. I was told, for one thing, that a mother, in this slum, often goes out on the street and washes half a dozen children's faces before she is able to find her own child."

Down in the Old Dominion the people used to set much store by their pedigrees. An anecdote is told of the captain of a steamer plying at a ferry from Maryland to Virginia, who, being asked by a needy Virginian to give him a free passage across, inquired if the applicant belonged to one of the F. F. V. "No," answered the man, "I can't exactly say that; rather to one of the second families." "Jump on board," said the captain; "I never met one of your sort before."

George Foster Peabody, who is spending the summer at Lake George, is a very distinguished looking man, and attracts newcomers. A youth, taken with his wit and learning, ventured to ask advice on political matters. "I'm in a quandary," said he to Mr. Peabody; "I don't know which ticket to vote, Democratic or Republican. Tell me, do you think much of Judge Parker?" "About forty-eight hours a day," was the curt reply; "I'm the treasurer of his campaign."

A new story about J. M. Barrie is being told. When the leading man in a certain theatrical company was obliged, through illness, to give up, for a night or two, the part he was playing in one of the successful comedies of the season, his understudy was so delighted at his opportunity to distinguish himself, and so sure that his friends would want to witness his triumph, that he telegraphed to authors and managers all over London, saying: "I shall play A's part to-night." No one took any notice of the dispatch save Mr. Barrie, who telegraphed back: "Thanks for the warning."

The late Senator Quay, whose secretiveness made his comings and goings seem very mysterious to newspapermen, arrived at Philadelphia from Washington very early one morning. A reporter, who knew him intimately, said: "Senator, is there any significance attached to your visit here to-day?" "Yes," said the senator, lowering his voice and looking shrewd, "there is deep significance and importance." The reporter's interest was aroused at once. "May I ask what the business is?" "Certainly," replied the senator; "I am about to go down to the bank to try and have a note renewed, and I don't know whether I'll succeed or not."

William Winter, the dramatic critic, who is said to write the worst hand of any man living, was traveling in Scotland some years ago, and wrote an amusing account of his experiences to R. H. Stoddard, the actor. Mr. Stoddard received the letter at breakfast, and, combining familiarity with the intuition of the poet, managed to make it out, and enjoyed several good laughs. He glanced up at Mrs. Stoddard, and said: "It's from William Winter. Very funny. Want to read it?" "You know I can never read a word of his writing," answered Mrs. Stoddard. "Oh, that doesn't matter," replied Mr. Stoddard, tossing the letter over; "it's just as funny to look at."

An Englishman who holds a colonial governorship, or similar office, loses the prestige that attaches to that office as soon as he arrives in England. In this connection a story is told of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lord Crewe, then lieutenant-governor of Ireland. They were on the same boat going from Ireland to England, and on the voyage she showed him all the deference due his rank. But she loved a joke too dearly to miss the opportunity the landing offered.

As they were descending the gang-plank, she suddenly exclaimed in a peremptory tone, as though addressing a boy of no importance: "Now, Bobbie, just take hold of this bag, and run on ahead, like a good boy, and see that I have a compartment reserved for me." And "Bobbie" did.

The latest London anecdote concerning William Waldorf Astor dates from a certain dinner-party given by the eccentric expatriate at which Joseph Chamberlain and his wife were guests. The two started in ample time, but, owing to a street blockade, were delayed, and arrived one minute late. Ushered into the reception-room, they found it vacant. The guests had been seated promptly on the stroke of the hour. Mr. Chamberlain wasn't worried. "Tell Mr. Astor to come and conduct Mrs. Chamberlain to the table," he said in his blandest tone to the flunky. "Y-y-yes, sir," said the servant, with one glance at the awe-inspiring monocle. He must have delivered the message, for Mr. Astor came.

The late Rear-Admiral Henry C. Taylor often cited as an example of ghastly humor an incident that befell a young woman who was doing missionary work in the hospitals during the Civil War. One day, during her rounds, a young soldier, immediately after she had passed him, set up a loud laugh. She turned and looked at him in surprise. He seemed a pitiful case. Nothing of him but his face was visible on the little white bed, and this young face was sadly thin and pale. Nevertheless, he laughed like one possessed. His mirth resounded through the gressome room. The visitor returned to him. "Will you tell me what amuses you?" she said. "Why, ma'am," said he, "here you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I've got both legs shot off."

The following plaint and confession is from the Dillon (Wyo.) *Doublejack*: "Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we do go we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did. It's from the Wyoming *Derrick*."

## Vacation at a Seaside Resort.

On the beach; monsieur and madame, just arrived from the city, looking at the sea: MADAME—How beautiful! MONSIEUR—Superb! MADAME—And how it rests you after Paris. MONSIEUR—Ah, yes; how far it is from dinners and town! MADAME—And visits and the theatre! MONSIEUR—And from the club! MADAME—And from the shops and dress-makers! MONSIEUR—How beautiful! MADAME—Superb! MONSIEUR—What time is it? MADAME (looking at her watch)—What! Already five o'clock. I must fly. MONSIEUR—Where are you going? MADAME—To try on. I have ordered a little dress at the English tailor's on Grand Street, you know; the same one who made for me last year this cloak which you like so much. I must hurry; some one will get my turn. And you, what are you going to do?

MONSIEUR—I like to loaf around the club to see if there is any bridge going on there. MADAME—Don't come in too late to dress; you know that we dine with the G's at the Casino. MONSIEUR—That's a fact. The A's will be there, and they don't like to dine late. MADAME—You ought to get a box at the theatre; it will be polite to take them there. MONSIEUR—What do they give to-night? MADAME—Oh, I don't know; but they say it is very well done. MONSIEUR—That's the essential; all right. MADAME (giving a last look at the sea)—Isn't this beautiful, eh? MONSIEUR—Superb!—Figaro.

"What do you want to see the Czar for?" "I'm the agent for a bomb-proof baby-carriage."—Life.

## The Use of Borden's

Eagle Brand Condensed Milk insures strong, healthy children, as reputable physicians testify. Those who use it for their babies are spared the dangerous disorders of infantile digestion; their children mature as they should in weight, size, and health. Beware of unknown brands.

Tesla Briquettes are Excellent domestic fuel Since recently improved, Let us send you A ton—and please you. TESLA COAL CO., phone South 95.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## At the County Fair.

By Heck  
I'm right on deck  
To see this here State fair—  
I do declare  
Them cattle's fine—  
Wish they wuz mine!  
Them horses—say,  
That thar big bay  
'Pears like the best I ever see;  
I'd like to hitch her up with Mah!  
By Grah!  
By Hen!  
Us country men  
Appreciates these fairs,  
Them pumpkins, apples, pears,  
Fine horses, hang up rigs,  
And Poland China pigs.  
That's more wuth lookin' for  
Than news about the war,  
The army or the navy,  
By Gravy!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## The Fate of the Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb  
With fleece as white as snow;  
The rest of all the tragedy  
Perhaps you may not know.  
It followed her to school one day,  
According to the hook;  
Alas! the school where Mary went  
They taught her how to cook!  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

## An Educated Fish.

Remarked the trout—"I never fall  
A prey to fell designs;  
I don't get caught, for I was taught  
To read between the lines."—Ex.

## Foolish Sex.

The girl that blistered on the beach  
To add a tan to Nature's charms,  
Now suffers in her toil to bleach  
The self-same tan from neck and arms.  
—Wex Jones in Oregonian.

## Just a Boy's Dog.

No siree, that dog won't hite,  
Not a bit o' danger!  
What's his breed? Shore I don't know;  
Jest a "boy's dog," stranger.  
No St. Bernard—yet last year,  
Time the snow was deepest,  
Dragged a little shaver home  
Where the hill was steepest.  
Aint a bulldog, hut you bet  
'Twouldn't do to scoff him.  
Fastened on a tramp one time—  
Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,  
When it is all over,  
Aint a better critter round  
Startin' up the plover.  
Sell him? Say, there aint his price,  
Not in all the Nation!  
Jest a "boy's dog"; that's his breed—  
Finest in creation.  
—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

## Ballade of Red Socks.

[London Truth says the gilded youth of the continent of Europe, and many who are not gilded, have rushed into red ties and socks because the King of England wears these colors at Marienbad.]

All Europe now is getting gay  
And every dude and rakish blade  
Is burgeoning in brave array,  
For red is now the only shade.  
The reddest red that will not fade.  
A red that gives the optics knocks,  
They wear it and are unafraid,  
The King of England wears red socks.  
King Edward's neckties, too, they say,  
Of crimson tints of silk are made.  
Around his neck the colors play  
A riot-breeding cavalcade.  
The gorgeous tinted cannonade  
Gives all who view it mighty shocks,  
Yet all join in the masquerade,  
The King of England wears red socks.  
O dudes, O sapheads, don't delay,  
The fashion you dare not evade.  
Go, on your feet and neck display  
The gaudy colors of the jade,  
The hues that like a bonfire laid  
On royal ankles—blow your rocks  
That you in hues of fire may wade,  
The King of England wears red socks.

## L'ENVOI.

Vermillion, oh, you saucy maid,  
To you the world of fashion floes,  
The royal mandate is obeyed,  
The King of England wears red socks.  
—Chicago Chronicle.

Teacher—"Willie, what's the masculine of 'laundress'?" Willie Wiseguy—"China-man!"—Town and Country.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

Centemeri  
Gloves  
Special

Colors and Black \$1.10 Per pr.

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## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
Philadelphia.....Oct. 8 | New York.....Oct. 22  
St. Louis.....Oct. 15 | St. Paul.....Oct. 29  
Philadelphia—Queens town—Liverpool.  
Merion.....Oct. 8, 10 am | Haverford.....Oct. 22, 10 am  
Western'd.....Oct. 15, 10 am | Friesland.....Oct. 29, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis.....Oct. 8, 4:30 am | Minnetonka.....Oct. 22, 4 pm  
Marquette.....Oct. 15, 9 am | Mesaba.....Oct. 29, 9 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada.....Oct. 8 | Kensington.....Oct. 22  
Southwark.....Oct. 15 | Dominion.....Oct. 29

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.  
Zeeland.....Oct. 8 | Vaderland.....Oct. 22  
Finland.....Oct. 15 | Kroonland.....Oct. 29

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic.....Oct. 12, 10 am | Arabic.....Oct. 21, 3 pm  
Cedric.....Oct. 14, 9 am | Teutonic.....Oct. 26, 10 am  
Oceanic.....Oct. 19, 2 pm | Celtic.....Oct. 28, 7 am

## NEW SERVICE FROM BOSTON.

Fast Twin-Screw Steamers  
of 11,400 to 15,000 tons.  
Boston—Queens town—Liverpool.  
Cymric.....Oct. 13, Nov. 17

## NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA AZORES.  
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.  
From New York.

Republic.....Oct. 20, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic.....Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18  
From Boston.  
Caucopic.....Oct. 8, Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
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First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.

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## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner Fins and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Gaelic.....Saturday, October 1  
S. S. Doric.....Wednesday, November 9  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, November 26  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

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and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904  
America Maru.....Wednesday, October 19  
Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Oct. 8, at 11  
A. M.  
S. S. Haripora, for Tahiti, Oct. 20, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 20, at 2 P. M.  
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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have closed their country place at Burlingame, and are again occupying their town residence on Webster Street.

Mr. Richard Hotaling, who has been at St. Louis for several weeks, returned on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will depart shortly for the St. Louis exposition, and, after a short stay there, will go to Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Addison Mizner, who has been spending some months in Central America, expects to leave Guatemala for New York on November 4th. After a short stay in New York, he will join his mother and brother in St. Louis, and return home just before the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Peter Collier, who has been residing in Providence, R. I., is now at 45 West Thirty-Ninth Street, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant have returned from San Rafael, and are occupying their residence at 2321 Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter. They will return to town about November 1st.

Mrs. Henry Sonntag and Miss Ethel Sonntag departed on Monday for St. Louis, and from there will go to New York, where they will remain the greater part of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have closed their country place at Burlingame, and are guests for the winter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin at 2040 Broadway.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, and Miss Marian Huntington arrived on Sunday from their trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis have returned from Napa County, where they were guests of Mrs. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mrs. Abbie B. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will occupy their residence on Van Ness Avenue this winter.

Miss Elsie Sperry has been the guest of Mrs. William Crocker at Burlingame.

Dr. Harry S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lilly depart today (Saturday) for St. Louis. They will go in Dr. Tevis's private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale are in Washington, D. C., where they may remain for the winter.

Miss Mollie Dutton and Miss Azalea Keyes, who have been in Paris, sailed on Friday for New York. They are expected home by the end of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow have returned from the country, and are again occupying their residence at 1945 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. James King Steel, of Sacramento, was the guest here of her mother, Mrs. Shorb, during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas R. McNab (née Young) have returned to Oakland from Del Monte, where they went on their wedding journey.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy departs to-day (Saturday) for Fort Russell.

Mrs. Alfred H. Voorhies, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Strother, Mrs. William B. Collier, Miss Lattie Collier, Miss McDonald, and Baron von Horst made up a party that departed for St. Louis on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Virginia Joliffe have returned from Europe.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy and Miss Christine Pomeroy are expected home from the East about October 15th.

Mr. Stanford Gwin departed on Monday for New York, where he has been attending school.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Lilly Spreckels were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Palmer and Miss Bessie Palmer, of Oakland, expect to depart next week for New York. Late in October they will sail from there for Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Cora Smedberg is expected home from the East in about a fortnight.

Mrs. A. A. Moore, of Oakland, is sojourning for a few weeks at her country place in Ventura County.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gray expect to depart for the East in a fortnight. They will visit New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Denver, where Mrs. Gray will remain until Christmas.

Mrs. John F. Merrill, Miss Ruth Merrill, and Miss Grace Hammond departed on Tuesday for a trip to St. Louis and the East.

Rev. and Mrs. Burr M. Weeden have returned from Shasta.

Mrs. Montgomery S. Currey and Miss Julia Currey, who have been in Nice, France, for five years, have returned, and are at present guests of Major Alexander, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols, the Misses Nichols, and Mrs. George W. Gibbs departed on Thursday for a trip East.

Miss Mary Shepard Cheney, of Berkeley, departs to-day (Saturday) for St. Louis as a

delegate to the convention of the California Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Crist (née Currey) are in London for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins have gone to Southern California to remain permanently.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden was a recent guest at Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Sessions and Miss Maud Sessions, of Oakland, were among the recent visitors to Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. Edward Houghton departed this week for New York, where she will meet her aunt, Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, who has been abroad. They will visit the St. Louis exposition before returning home.

Miss Gwin and Mrs. Ynez Shorb White departed on Thursday for St. Louis. Miss Gwin will go on to New York, where she will spend the winter.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Neal and Mr. T. K. Burkett, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson and Mr. Henry Johansen, of Astoria, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Heyneman, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tuska, Mr. and Mrs. Barre, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Willis G. Dodd, Mrs. M. Haaf, Mrs. L. Nolte, Mrs. M. V. Maguire, Mrs. H. J. Merritt, Mrs. A. Scott, Miss Heyneman, Miss E. M. Warren, Miss McLean, Miss Alexander, Mr. W. S. Heger, Mr. James Spanton, Mr. J. W. Phillips, Rev. P. R. Lynch, Rev. P. R. Casey, Mr. C. D. Laing, Mr. H. S. Collins, Mr. A. J. Jarvie, Mr. F. R. Parker, Mr. F. M. Chittenden, Mr. L. N. Breed, Mr. George J. Whelan, and Mr. A. J. MacDonell.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Dr. and Mrs. P. G. Becker, Mr. Charles S. Morris, and Mr. S. J. Freedman, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Morel, Mr. and Mrs. Francotti, and Mme. Carlier, of Brussels, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Jump and Miss Clark, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Clark, of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lowe and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wyam, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dickie, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. McNab, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rice, of Redlands, Mr. and Mrs. W. Metcalf, Mrs. R. A. Perry, Mrs. J. M. Taylor, Miss Alexander, Baron Keller, of Vienna, Mr. Gustav Ackerman, of Hamburg, Mr. H. W. Dana, of Cambridge, and Mr. R. S. Sperry, of Waterbury.

## Army and Navy News.

Major John Bigelow, U. S. A., retired, has returned from Camp Wood, near Wawona, where he was in command for several months. The troops at Camp Wood, which are now under command of Captain Loyd S. McCormick, will go to Monterey on October 15th.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended twenty days.

Major Thomas R. Adams, U. S. A., was struck by a Powell Street car at Post Street on Saturday evening, and received injuries from which he died on Tuesday.

Major John P. Wiser, U. S. A., Captain George P. White, U. S. A., and Captain S. R. Burgess, U. S. A., who were detailed to investigate and recommend a site for a new artillery barracks at the Presidio, have chosen a site on the hills back of the present barracks. The cost of the barracks will be \$960,000, and the plans will be submitted to Congress at its next session.

Lieutenant Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., has been detached from the *New York* and ordered to the *Ohio*.

Miss Eleanor Terry, daughter of Rear-Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Terry, departed on Thursday for Honolulu. After an extended trip in the Orient, she will join her parents in Washington, D. C. Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller are having a residence erected in Berkeley.

Colonel John B. Kerr, U. S. A., has been transferred from the United States army hospital at the Presidio to Governor's Island, New York, for duty as chief of staff of that division.

Mrs. Milton and Miss Mattie Milton sail to-day (Saturday) for the Philippines, where they will join Commander John B. Milton, U. S. N., of the United States steamer *Monterey*.

Captain Wallace Bryan Scales, U. S. A., has departed for his new station, Fort Apache, Ariz.

Lieutenant William J. Lyster, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## Menlo Park.

I am directed by the owner to turn twelve blocks of land into cash. To do this, the blocks will be offered at a uniform price of \$1,000 each. This is less than one-third of 1891 prices, and the best value for \$1,000 I have ever had a chance to offer. The blocks face an avenue 66 feet wide, through which runs a six-inch water-main from Bear Gulch Reservoir. They contain from 2 1/4 to 3 1/4 acres each, and on some blocks are a number of fine white oaks. Address Edgar C. Humphrey, Call Building, or Palo Alto, Cal.

## "Business is Business."

When Octave Mirabeau's "Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires" ("Business is Business") was presented in Paris in June, 1903, "St. Martin," the *Argonaut's* correspondent in that city, predicted that the play would be "gobbled up by enterprising New York, London, and Berlin managers immediately." His prediction has been justified so far as New York is concerned. At the Criterion Theatre, in that city, on September 19th, "Business is Business" was given its first production in English (translated by Robert Hichens), with William Crane in the rôle of Isidore Lechat—a rôle as far removed from his former work as could be imagined.

Lechat is a Paris money-grubber, rich, striving after more, and totally without moral scruples. His life is spent in trying to circumvent business men almost as shrewd as himself, and his country house near Paris is the resort of promoters and shady financiers. Lechat is drawn as a money vulture, absorbed in acquiring wealth, and with no affection for any one but his son, a worthless rake, whom he keeps plentifully supplied with funds. His wife and his daughter, Germaine, are nonentities in his estimation. The latter, knowing his greed and villainy, heartily despises him—so much so that she takes a chemist employed by her father as a lover, and plans to elope with him.

The play is absorbing as a character study, despite its lack of plot, and preaches a strong lesson against greed. There are two extremely dramatic scenes in it. Lechat has planned to marry his daughter to the son of a marquis who is in his power, and is defied by the girl, who scores him to his face. In the last act, Lechat receives word that his son has been killed in an automobile accident. In the midst of his wild grief over it, and while the body is being brought to the house, two promoters enter and try to trick him into a scheme that will be to their advantage. He sees through their plot, sends word that he will see the body of his son later, and, going over the paper he was to sign, points out the promoters' trick, and denounces them for trying to cheat him. The play ends with a thorough demonstration that, to Lechat, business is business under all circumstances.

The New York papers are about unanimous in declaring the play one of the most powerful and moving ever presented there. They nearly all agree that Crane does the best work of his life as Lechat, barring a little weakness in the very strongest scenes. The *Herald* says that it "served to show Crane in a new light and reveal acting possibilities that had never been suggested before." The *Mail* says that in the play's lighter moods he "may be said to have done nothing stronger in his career," but "that there are certain iron characteristics of the money master which may be said to be outside Mr. Crane's dramatic power." The *Globe* says that the play is the climax of Crane's career. The *Evening Sun*, however, says that he ruined the play, asserting that he "fussed about, looking very much the same and acting almost identically as he has when he has been playing the open-hearted old father, or some gay old dog, in any one of the score of modern comedies in which he has won the applause and affection of the American public. A wholesome and luscious pumpkin pie might just as well have tried to masquerade as a wicked after-dinner *demi-tasse* of black coffee."

The *Sun's* comments are, all through, extremely harsh, but the balance of critical opinion seems to be against it.

## TO VISIT YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Exceptionally Fine Chance Is Now Being Offered at Low Rates.

Until October 13th the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets to Yosemite Valley from San Francisco for \$4.50. This includes Pullman accommodations both ways, side ride to the Mariposa Grove (the greatest of all the California Big Trees), twelve meals and three nights' lodging at hotels, and carriage drives to Mirror Lake, Vernal Falls, Nevada Falls, and Glacier Point. Tickets good for return until October 18th. Those who desire to stay longer than the schedule time may do so by paying the special hotel rate of \$3.00 a day. Ask about this at Southern Pacific office, 613 Market Street, San Francisco.

## MISS A. K. WILSON

Graduate of Dresden Royal Conservatory. Piano Instruction. SUPERIOR METHOD. Classes in the Wagnerian drama. Studio, Hotel Sutherland, Sutter Street, corner Jones.

## NAME THE BABY

2000 names to select from for 10c in silver. PACIFIC SOUVENIR CARD CO. 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## THE COLONIAL

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The Select Hotel of San Francisco

All apartments steam heated

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at

# SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM JULY 15, 1904

FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street)

MAIN LINE.		ARRIVE
7:00 A	Vacaville, Winters, Ramsey,.....	7:50 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Elmira and Sacramento.....	7:20 P
7:30 A	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon,.....	8:20 P
7:30 A	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton,.....	7:20 P
8:00 A	Alhambra, Express—(Via San Jose).....	7:20 P
8:00 A	Willits (for Berkeley Springs).....	
	Willits (Frisco, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle).....	7:50 P
8:00 A	Davis, Woodland, Klamath Landing, Marysville, Chico, Oroville,.....	7:50 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Arroyo, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville,.....	4:20 P
8:30 A	Port Costa, Modesto, Merced, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield,.....	4:50 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Milton), Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff,.....	4:20 P
8:30 A	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Vallejo, and Angels,.....	4:20 P
8:00 A	Atlantic Express—Ogden and East,.....	5:20 P
8:30 A	Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations,.....	8:50 P
10:00 A	Vallejo,.....	12:20 P
10:00 A	Los Angeles, Pasadena, Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Merced, Raymond, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	7:20 P
12:00 M	Bayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	3:20 P
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers,.....	11:00 P
3:30 P	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Willow, Klamath Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and way stations,.....	10:50 A
3:30 P	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations,.....	7:50 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa,.....	9:20 A
4:00 P	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, Lodi,.....	4:20 P
4:30 P	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore,.....	11:50 A
5:00 P	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Bakersfield, Los Angeles,.....	9:50 A
5:30 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	9:50 A
5:00 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose,.....	9:50 A
6:00 P	Eastern Express—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, via Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, and Way Stations,.....	12:50 P
8:00 P	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday,.....	7:50 P
7:00 P	Richmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations,.....	11:20 A
7:00 P	Heno Passenger—Port Costa, Suisun, Elmira, Davis, Sacramento, Truckee, Lake Tahoe, Reno, Tonopah, Sparks,.....	7:50 A
8:05 P	Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Modesto, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa and Sacramento,.....	12:20 P
8:05 P	Yosemite Valley, via Berkeley and Way Stations,.....	8:50 A
8:05 P	Martinez, Tracy, Stockton,.....	10:20 A
8:05 P	Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Portland, Puget Sound and East,.....	8:50 A
8:10 P	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).....	11:50 A

## COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

7:45 A	Santa Cruz Express (Sunday only).....	8:10 P
8:15 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz and Way Stations,.....	5:55 P
10:15 A	Alvarado, Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Greenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Basin, Santa Cruz,.....	8:10 P
12:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations,.....	10:55 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos,.....	10:55 A
4:15 P	Wright, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz, Saturday and Sunday only,.....	10:55 A

## COAST LINE (Broad Gauge).

(Foot of Market Street.)

8:10 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:30 P
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	5:40 P
7:15 A	Monterey, and Santa Cruz Express—(Daily only).....	10:30 P
8:0 A	New Almaden, (Frid. only),.....	4:10 P
8:00 A	San Jose, Salinas, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Santa Rosa, San Bernardino, Santa Ana, Los Angeles,.....	10:45 P
8:00 A	Groby, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc,.....	10:45 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tree Pines, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations,.....	4:10 P
10:30 A	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	12:00 P
11:30 A	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Way Stations,.....	7:50 P
13:00 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:38 A
13:00 P	Del Monte Express (except Sunday)—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove,.....	11:25 P
8:30 P	Hollister, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tree Pines, Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Salinas, Pacific Grove,.....	10:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	10:00 A
15:00 P	Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, Wright and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday),.....	19:00 A
15:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations,.....	18:40 A
6:45 P	San Jose Express—(Daily only).....	
	San Jose, Gilroy, Salinas, Pajaro, Hollister, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Hemet, Ft. Paso, New Orleans, New York,.....	7:10 A
6:45 P	Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove,.....	11:00 A
16:15 P	San Jose, Del Monte, Pacific Grove,.....	11:00 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	16:48 A
8:00 P	San Jose and Way Stations,.....	8:38 A
11:30 P	San Francisco, Millbrae, Redwood, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, and Palo Alto,.....	10:15 A
11:30 P	Mayfield, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara and San Jose,.....	9:45 P

A for Morning. P for Afternoon.  
18:00 A and 18:40 A only.  
Saturday only. Sunday only.  
(Stop at all stations on Sunday.)

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is your wife economical?" "Very. She can fix over a ten-dollar hat for fifteen dollars so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit Free Press.

Tourist—"I say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate?" "Guide—" "I put it there. It was upon that spot a tourist once gave me five francs."—Tit-Bits.

Uncle Josh—"Most every official that amounts to anything has to file an annual report." "Uncle Hiram—" "Yes; and I guess that's about all some of 'em do."—Puck.

Meekly—"Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst." "Doctor—" "But the climate there may disagree with your wife." "Meekly—" "It wouldn't dare!"—Philadelphia Press.

Lady—"Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death-rate is here?" "Caretaker—" "Well, mum, I can't exactly say; but it's about one apiece all round."—Punch.

Ne'll—"Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture." "Bell—" "Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake." "What is it?" "Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

First passenger (promenading on the deck of a liner in midocean, to second passenger, leaning disconsolately against the rail)—"Have you dined?" Second passenger (dejectedly)—"On the contrary."—Harper's Weekly.

Edith—"Is it true, Dolly, that Larkin kissed you before he picked you up in that runaway?" "Dolly—" "Yes, dear; you know he is studying to be a doctor, and that was first aid to the injured."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Well," said the commander of the Japanese force, "I can see your finish." "Wrong!" gleefully cried the simple-minded Russian commander; "not one of us is Finnish. We're all Siberian Cossacks."—Philadelphia Press.

Photographer—"I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression." Mrs. Vick-Senn—"I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me."—Chicago Tribune.

"What," asked the female-suffrage advocate with the square chin, "has become of our manly men?" "Some of them," replied the meek and lowly citizen, "have married womanly women, and are now engaged in raising childish children."—Chicago News.

"That hoy of yours looks like a genius." "Well, I reckon he must be—he's got a most amazing appetite; would rather sleep in the garret than on the first floor; walks in his sleep; tries to play football with the stars; and climbs a tree whenever he sees a hailfall comin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

On the back of the business card of a Zermatt shoemaker is the following notice: "Pay attention to this Visitors are kindly invited to brought your boots self to the shoemaker, then they are frequently nagged by the Portier and that is very damnable for boots and kists the same price."—Punch.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once." "Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?" "I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Fond mother—"You will be five years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else." "Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—"Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em."—Youth.

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

Mrs. Waters (sternly)—"Is there a bar attached to this hotel, young man?" Bell-boy—"No'm; but we kin send out an' git any kind o' booze yer want."—Philadelphia Press.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 5:50, 6:30 and 11:30 p. m.

Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS—7:30, 8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 2:30, 3:40, 5:10, 6:30, 11:30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 6:50, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 2:00, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:45 p. m.

Sundays—6:50, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 1:45, 3:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:20, 6:25, 7:50 p. m. Except Saturdays.

Leave San Francisco.		In Effect May 1, 1904	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sun-days.	Destination.	Sun-days.	Week Days.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Lgnacio.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		10:20 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		6:00 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		6:20 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
			7:25 p. m.	8:45 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Novato Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Fulton.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Windsor, Healdsburg, Lyton, Geyserville, Cloverdale.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Sherwood.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Guerneville and Camp Vacation.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	
7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Sebastopol.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.		8:40 a. m.	8:40 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	9:30 a. m.		6:20 p. m.	6:20 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.		7:25 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
	5:10 p. m.		8:45 p. m.	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs; at Fulton for Altruria and Mark West Springs; at Lyton for Lyton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Buckhorn, Sanhedrin, Heights, Hualville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptche, Camp Stevens, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Westport, Sherwood, Cahto, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Olsen's, Dyer, Garberville, Pepperwood, Scotia and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.

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## FOR SAN RAFAEL

DEPART, MILL VALLEY, Etc.

Via Sausalito Ferry.

DEPART WEEK DAYS at 6:30, 7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11 A. M.; (11:40 A. M., Sausalito only); 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 9, 10, 12, 11:35 P. M.

DEPART SUNDAYS AND LEGAL HOLIDAYS—7:10, 7:45, 8:30, 9:15, 10, 11, 11:40 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:25, 7:15, 8:15, 9, 10, 11:35 P. M.

DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, week days at 7:45 A. M., 3:15 P. M.; on Sundays and legal holidays at 7:45, 9:15, 10, 11 A. M.; 12:20, 1, 1:45 P. M.

## THROUGH TRAINS.

7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc. 9:15 A. M., Sundays only, for Point Reyes, etc. 3:15 P. M., daily except Sunday, for Cazadero, etc. 8:15 P. M., Sundays only, for Cazadero, etc. Ticket Offices, 626 Market St.; Ferry, foot Market St. JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent. G. W. HEINTZ, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.

## MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY

Leave San Francisco		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days.	Sun-days.	Sun-days.	Week Days.
8:30 A.	10:00 A.	12:45 P.	8:45 A.
10:00 A.	11:00 A.	2:05 P.	11:05 A.
10:00 A.	11:00 A.	3:35 P.	3:35 P.
1:45 P.	12:20 P.	6:40 P.	6:15 P.
5:15 P.	1:45 P.	8:15 P.	10:00 P.
4:35 P.	4:35 P.	8:50 P.	

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# Santa Fe

ALL THE WAY

## CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30** A M.—\*BAKERSFIELD LOCAL: Due Stockton 10:40 a. m., Fresno 2:40 p. m., Bakersfield 7:05 p. m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8:55 a. m.

**9.30** A M.—?THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED: Due Stockton 12:01 p. m., Fresno 3:10 p. m., Bakersfield 5:50 p. m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a. m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p. m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p. m.

**9.30** A M.—"VALLEY LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:0



# The Argonaut.

VOL. LV. No. 1439.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 10, 1904.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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In the twelfth chapter of the Book of Judges, it is told how the Gileadites slew forty and two thousand Ephraimites at the passages of Jordan, because they pronounced "shibboleth" "sibboleth." That was a race issue. By their faulty speech the forty and two thousand proved themselves to be of another race, and they were slain. Read ancient history and learn that in the dark backward and abysm of time the hand of every man of one race was against the hand of every man of all

other races. Stranger meant enemy, alien meant foe. Then the race issue was at its strongest.

Centuries have passed. Almost universal tolerance has come about. While races still preserve their national identity, ingress and egress is for the most part free and open. The sons of one race mate freely with the daughters of another. Without loss of caste or taint of dishonor, a French girl may marry a Neapolitan, a Swiss maiden a Prussian youth, a Norwegian Olsen a German Gretchen, a Russian an Austrian, a Spaniard a Portuguese, an Englishman a Scot. The population of the United States is an amazing composite of all these and other races.

But there is still a race issue. Men of the white race still regard with intolerance the union of a white man or woman with a woman or man of the brown or yellow races. Nor do these races live together in harmony. While the issue of race between the various white Occidentals in the United States is now almost negligible, and certainly offers no great problem for solution, it is clear, after forty years' trial, that a black race and a white race can not occupy the same land in harmony. In burnings and lynchings, in wholesale murders, in rapes and outrages, this mutual hate expresses itself. The race problem in the southern half of the United States seems almost beyond solution.

An attempt by a yellow race peacefully to invade the country of a white race resulted, in California, in a bitter conflict between the races, which finally ended in forcible exclusion of the yellow by the white, and in a patient tolerance of those who remained, in view of the probability of their ultimate disappearance through natural causes. The race issue is still an issue in the continent of Australia, from which white men exclude the two great yellow races, the Japanese and Chinese, and all brown races. Race is still an issue in New Zealand, where similar laws are in effect. Race is an issue in South Africa, where it has become necessary to the self-preservation of the white race to pass restraining laws against Hindoos and other East Indians, as well as against native blacks. Race is an issue in India.

So far, in the world's history, that movement which has broken down all barriers to intermarriage between the nations of the Occident, has had slight effect in breaking down the barriers to lawful or unlawful union between brown, yellow, and white races. But there is some tendency in that direction. The number of persons in the United States in whose veins runs the blood of the white man and the negro woman is large. Occasionally we hear of the marriage of white girls to Chinese or Japanese men. Doubtless half-castes, the fruit of unlawful unions between Chinese women and white men, number many hundreds in this country. The union of Spanish and Aztec and Indian blood has produced a mixed race of no inconsiderable numbers. The number of Eurasians in India constantly grows. In the Philippines, the number of persons born of Spanish or American fathers and Filipino mothers is not small. Mixture of white and brown races is occurring in South America, in the South Seas, and in South Africa. But, as yet, the lines of demarcation between, on the one hand, the brown and yellow, and, on the other, the white, are fairly clear.

Now it is an interesting speculation whether the white race as a whole will maintain itself during the coming centuries unpolluted by the blood of black men and yellow, or whether there will be a gradual mixing. If any one thinks this question idle, let us ask him if, 125 years ago, any one believed that a huge composite race of 80,000,000 would take its rise in America. Many changes will occur in 100 years, but the race issue—the issue between brown and yellow, on the one hand,

and white on the other—the world will steadily have with it. When fair white women may be heard to say: "Oh, I hope the dear little Japs will beat those burly old Russians," and when we may see, in many of our State universities, white girls choosing as companions for walks and talks Japanese young men, one may well begin to wonder if the race barrier is so high as one might suppose. Another thing: the Japanese is one of the most prolific of races; the Chinese is also a prolific race; brown races are notoriously rapid breeders. On the other hand, the white race, particularly in France, England, and the United States, has shown a lack of fertility. The statement of the mere facts ought to stir seriously minded persons to grave reflection.

Is it too much to say that as we, members of a white race, look upon the conflict now raging in the Orient between the yellow and white, we ought to consider, not only the small and insignificant question of the control of a certain piece of territory which is the avowed cause and reason for the conflict, but some of these larger matters of race supremacy and domination here vaguely hinted at whose decision will so largely shape the future history of the world?

Not in years have so many great or noted men died in so short a space of time as within the last ten days. Between September 24th and October 4th, seven men have died, of whose passing the world takes note—an Icelandic scientist, a Greek-Irish man of letters, an English statesman, an American Cabinet member and an American senator, a French sculptor, and a Jewish philanthropist.

Of the seven, perhaps Sir William Harcourt's is the greatest name. For many years, the "Old Reservist," as he was called, was one of the most striking figures and keenest controversialists in Parliament. A wit, a man of stately manners, the master of a Johnsonian style, personally well-beloved, and a profound classical and historical scholar, he was almost a match for the giants of the late Victorian era, Gladstone and Disraeli. At the time of his retirement, last February, the Argonaut printed from its correspondent an interesting account of Harcourt's career.

In some respects, the careers of Harcourt and Hoar run parallel. Both were contemporaries of great statesmen who are gone, and both died full of years and honors. To the sketch of Senator Hoar's career which we printed last week in anticipation of his death, little need be added. He was a man of great nobility of character, often mistaken, but always sincere—an idealist, a lover of justice and of right. No man in American life can fill the place that he leaves vacant.

A rather different type of man was Henry C. Payne, who was appointed Postmaster-General by President Roosevelt in December, 1901, and who has been much in the public eye in connection with the postal scandals. He was rather a politician than a statesman, and was at his best in party organization and as a political manager. Indeed, his appointment by President Roosevelt has frequently been said to have been made in order that the Cabinet might have among its members one who could be depended on to give sound advice, based on minute knowledge, regarding local and State politics.

Three men of less note who have died within ten days are Frederick Auguste Bartholdi, who conceived and carried into effect the grandiose idea of placing the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" in New York harbor; Niels Finsen, whose discovery of the light cure for the horrible malignant disease of the skin, called "lupus," entitles him to a small but secure niche in the temple of fame as a benefactor of



kind; and Louis Fleischmann, a Jewish baker, of New York, whose charity is perhaps the most famous in the world. He conceived the idea of giving to every midnight applicant to his bakery a loaf of bread, and the "bread line" has been for years one of the sights of New York.

But perhaps the most romantic and enticing figure of all was that of Lafcadio Hearn, who is dead in his beloved Japan. In him, literature has lost a man who, though his sympathies were not with the ideals of English-speaking races, yet was a master of their language, as a great musician is master of the instrument whereon he plays. The son of an Irish officer and a Greek mother, educated in Wales, a journalist in America before he had reached his majority, and a wanderer among the islands of the Carribean, about which he wrote with singular power, Lafcadio Hearn reached at length the haven of his heart in Japan. In appearance he was small, sallow, and slender, and for this reason, when he adopted Japanese dress, and learned the language, he was able to go about in the interior of Japan as a Japanese. As time passed, he grew positively to dislike all Occidentals, and would have nothing to do with foreigners in Japan. He took to himself a Japanese wife, and he became an adherent of Buddhism. The great value of his many books on Japan lies not alone in their marvelous interpretation of some phases of Japanese character to the Occidental world, but in his interpretation of Buddhism in terms entirely intelligible to Western philosophers. In some of his essays, Mr. Hearn also endeavored to harmonize the Buddhist scheme of theology with the teachings of modern science—with evolution and with the theory of astronomical cycles. Mr. Hearn was too fine a thinker to have a vogue with the so-called theosophists and other occultists, but his studies in the philosophy of religions may very likely receive greater attention in the future than in the past.

We happen to be aware that it was Mr. Hearn's intention, about a year ago, to spend a considerable length of time in California. His eyes, we believe, were in need of treatment, and he thought California would furnish a climate not dissimilar to that of Japan, and that here he could also find specialists to treat his malady. However, the plan fell through, and Mr. Hearn has passed away among the people who, however alien in race, were singularly in accord with his strange genius.

In the Chinese-Japanese war, a Japanese force landed at Pitzewo, on the Liao Tung Peninsula, on November 1, 1894; five days later it captured Kinchow; fifteen days after that Port Arthur fell. In the present war, the Japanese landed at Pitzewo the second week in May; Kinchow was captured May 25th; Port Arthur was invested a few days later, but here the parallel ends. Port Arthur still holds out after five months' siege.

General Stoessel's heroic defense of Port Arthur will rank among the most famous military exploits in all history. Practically every military expert in the world expected that the fortress would fall before October. The Japanese not only had a minute knowledge of the nature of the defenses, but many Japanese spies worked as coolies in their construction before the war began. The London Times tells us, indeed, that their presence was a regular subject of jest among the Russian officers who, when they were leaving the works, used to say to strangers: "Allons à l'État Major Japonais!"

For five months the city has been cut off by land and sea. It has been bombarded since February 8th at intervals by the greatest guns known to modern warfare. Its defenders, for the better part of the year, have had every moment to be on the alert, never knowing when bombardment might begin. The attacks by land on the fortress have been fanatically furious and daring. The Japanese commanders seem to regard the lives of thousands of their soldiers a small price to pay for the capture of important defenses. While the Russian soldiers can expect nothing better than certain death in the end—while the attackers are constantly relieved and are far superior in numbers—we must believe that the bearing of the Russian is cheerful and heroic. Disease, scarcity of food, frightful stench from heaps of decaying dead, seem not to cause the brave Russian soldier to despair. Though food and guns and men can not last forever, the experts have left off predicting when the fortress will fall.

Many sieges have been longer than this, but none more desperate. High explosives and great guns have added new horror to sieges. Compared with Port Arthur, most of the sieges of olden times seem comparatively mild affairs. Sebastopol, however, parallels the present siege in horror. That siege began just six years ago this month. The armies of France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey besieged 30,000 Rus-

sians, and for eleven months a terrible and bloody series of encounters, by night and day, took place. In that war, however, the Crimean stronghold was not entirely surrounded, and Russia was able to send reinforcements. The Russians lost 84,000 men and the Allies 60,000 before Sebastopol fell. General Stoessel will not be able to make his death-roll as long as that at Sebastopol. But 30,000 men he has, all ready to die as a soldier should.

By far the ablest and most influential newspaper opponent of President Roosevelt says of his announced determination to ask, at an early date, the nations to join in a second peace congress at The Hague: "We believe that it is sincere." Following the lead of the *World*, the *Evening Post* calls it "a step worthy of all praise," and the *Times* an act which will "command the approval of intelligent opinion." In the face of President Roosevelt's commendation as one who has made greatly for the world's peace, not only by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, but by leading members of the Inter-Parliamentary Union (M. Bartholdt and M. Gabot) and by these the most influential of his newspaper opponents, who will now have the hardihood to talk of the danger of Roosevelt's imagined "military ambitions"—to revive the bogey of the "Man on Horseback"? Even that old Kentucky war horse, Henry Watterson, must rub his eyes and begin to wonder if he was not in the wrong when he talked so wildly of Roosevelt's "Mexicanization of the Republic."

Colonel Harvey replies in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* to an inquiry as to Hearst's support of Parker, with: "Only between meals. Old Dr. Watson is his steady diet." That is the conclusion which all impartial observers had reached, but within the last few days a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream. On Monday, the *Examiner* printed a signed editorial in the support of Parker—the first in which were not concealed numerous "jokers," designed to nullify the effect of the argument. On Tuesday, Hearst was renominated for Congress from the eighth New York district, and the wise see a connection between the two events. According to the story, Murphy, angered at Hearst's attacks on McClellan after his election, had decided that Hearst should not have a renomination. But Parker decided that he wanted the support of the Hearst chain of newspapers, so he went to Murphy and interceded in Hearst's behalf. Result: Hearst is renominated, and he and Parker dine together and talk over the campaign. It will be interesting to watch the *Examiner's* course from now on. On Thursday, it printed a fierce editorial, attacking Roosevelt, but not mentioning Parker at all. On the news pages appeared three-quarters of a column of extracts from a speech delivered by Thomas E. Watson. If this is the best Hearst is going to do, Parker might just as well have saved himself his trouble.

San Francisco bonds in the sum of \$4,673,000 having been offered for sale, bids were made for precisely \$277,010 of the amount. That is the sad fact. Five explanations for it have been offered: 1. By P. N. Lilienthal: "A three and a half per cent. serial bond is a not very attractive investment." 2. By Thomas Archer: "The low interest, together with the stipulation to sell at par, did not make the bond an attractive one." 3. By the *Bulletin*: "Eastern capital was affected by the evil report of the Schmitz administration." 4. By Supervisor Payot: "Financial leaders afraid of the present board of works." 5. By the *Post*: "History of the Montgomery Avenue bonds and the Dupont Street bonds may have been a factor." Very likely many, perhaps all, of these reasons have a bearing on the matter. Certainly the failure of the bonds to sell is an extremely regrettable circumstance.

A good part of the political influence that the *Chronicle* might otherwise exert is lost to it because, in politics, the *Chronicle* is a blind and blundering bigot. If one of God's holy angels of light and glory were to come down to earth and vote the Democratic ticket, the *Chronicle* would abuse him. The latest exhibition of its spleen is in a reference to Theodore A. Bell. "In the second district," says our hide-bound, partisan contemporary, "Mr. Bell, the present Democratic incumbent, is making a campaign of open theft. He would probably not estimate the majority for Roosevelt and Fairbanks in his district at less than five thousand, and yet he talks as if he expected to 'overcome it' by a brazen plunder of Republican votes." Now what sort of wild talk is this? Theodore A. Bell is an honorable man, though

a Democrat. The *Argonaut* hopes that he will be roundly defeated by his Republican opponent, Duncan E. McKinlay. But it hopes also that Mr. Bell and Mr. McKinlay will both make vigorous campaigns, and that Mr. McKinlay will be elected only after a thorough thrashing out of the issues. If Mr. Bell didn't try by every honorable means to get every Republican vote he could, he would be unworthy of respect. To speak of his endeavor to get Roosevelt men to vote for him for Congress as "open theft" or "brazen plunder" is simply silly. Come, come, J. P., play fair!

The nominations for the superior bench have now been made. The Republicans have nominated Judges Trout and Kerrigan, incumbents, and Daniel Webster Burchard and James L. Gallagher. The Democrats have nominated Judges Murasky and Seawell, incumbents, and William T. White and Charles T. Conlan. The latter is now a police-court judge. The Union Labor party has endorsed Judge Murasky and Burchard and Gallagher. The *Examiner*, the *Post*, the *Bulletin*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Call* denounce Conlan as a "push" politician: a man with neither the brains nor of a character to make a capable judge. Gavin McNab has said over his signature that Conlan was nominated against his desire, and that he told Conlan in advance that he could not support him. Conlan, at least, ought to be defeated. The *Post* and *Bulletin* will support the incumbents—Trout, Seawell, Kerrigan, and Murasky. The *Examiner* will support Seawell, Kerrigan, Murasky, and William T. White.

The dictionaries define "deceit" in about these words:

THAT DECEITFUL DECEIT—Concealment or perversion of the truth for the purpose of misleading; CHARTER fraud; cheating; action or speech designed to mislead or beguile; in law any trick, device, craft, collusion, false representation, or underhand practice used to defraud another, now more commonly called fraud or misrepresentation.

Deceit is here charged in respect to charter amendment number one. This is not a pleasant accusation to make, but following the progress of that amendment through from the beginning until now, the conclusion is irresistible. There is such a manifest attempt to conceal from the public its true meaning, and such a studied effort to distort its real purpose and make it appear to effect a "tax reduction," when in point of fact it will maintain and contribute to higher taxes, that one is forced to suspect a premeditated conspiracy by municipal socialists to carry that particular amendment at all hazards. It probably will be adopted by a large majority, merely because the voters will never have an opportunity to know the truth concerning it. When this amendment is in full swing, as it will be for two years before it can be repealed, the taxpayer will be treated to some expensive luxuries in the way of "public utilities," and we will, as a city, in the money markets of the world, be rated as "socialistic," "dangerous," and a "good place for investors to keep away from."

Last week we explained the far-reaching effects of this amendment. With the rest of the city we were at first misled by the concealment practiced, but having uncovered its iniquities, we propose in turn to inform every voter, so far as we may be able, as to its real purpose.

Every step so far taken with respect to the amendment spells out "DECEIT"—every leaf in its short history bears the earmarks of sly cunning, and all the evidences of political trickery and juggling with words. Let the record itself tell the story. The amendment originated, we are told, from an eminently respectable source without the socialistic features, and was intended to reduce taxes. Had it remained in its original form it would have constituted a most commendable piece of legislation. But the temptation was too great.

As originally introduced it was burdened with the following italicized socialistic "rider"—the board was authorized to levy an amount of taxes, but it was provided, said levy should

not exceed the rate of eighty-five cents on each one hundred dollars valuation of the property assessed, provided, that the supervisors may levy an additional tax for a public improvement fund to meet appropriations for the following specific purposes, or any of them, to wit: For the ACQUISITION, CONSTRUCTION, OR EXTENSION OF ANY OF THE WORKS DESCRIBED IN ARTICLE 12 OF THIS CHARTER, or for the laying of new pavements, or the construction of new sewers in accepted streets, or for the erection of public buildings; but such additional taxes shall not in any one year exceed the sum of fifteen cents on each one hundred dollars valuation of property assessed.

Few citizens are lucky enough to own a copy of the city charter, yet, without one, what citizen with this amendment spread out before him could have enumerated "the works described in Article 12 of the charter!" The "works" described in that article are "water-



works, gas-works, electric-light works, steam, water, or electric-power works, telephone lines, street railways, and such other public utilities as the people by petition or the board may designate."

Then why does not the amendment say so? The people are entitled to know what they are voting for.

This deliberate concealment was apparently too obvious for the majority of the board. The objectionable words were stricken out, and the following substituted:

For the acquisition, construction, or completion of any public utility.

Even this language is not full and complete. It does not instruct the busy man, it misleads him. It is already blind enough and obscure enough to have deceived nine men out of ten, but it is now proposed further to befog the voter by the following questionable procedure.

The charter amendments can not be printed in full on the ballots. So it is proposed to abridge them, stating on the ballot the nature of the proposed amendments. These abridgments are to be printed on the ballot to instruct the voters and not to mislead them as to the full meaning and purpose of the amendments. Here is the abridgment proposed for charter amendment number one:

A proposal to amend Section 11 of Chapter 1 of Article III of the charter of the City and County of San Francisco, providing for a tax levy of eighty-five cents on each one hundred dollars for general municipal purposes, and fifteen cents on each one hundred dollars for permanent public improvements, one-third of which (five cents) may be expended for repairs.

Clearly there are deceit and false pretenses here. There is not a line, not a word about municipal ownership, or public utilities.

If in framing this abridgment there was no desire to deceive the electors, it should read:

A proposal to amend Section 11 of Chapter 1 of Article III of the charter of the City and County of San Francisco, providing for a tax levy of eighty-five cents on each one hundred dollars for general municipal purposes, and fifteen cents on each one hundred dollars for the acquisition, construction, or completion of water-works, gas-works, steam, water, or electric-power works, telephone lines, street railways, and such other public utilities as the supervisors may designate, or for other permanent public improvements, one-third of which (five cents) may be expended for repairs to streets, sewers, and public buildings.

We submit that this abridgment should notify the electors that they are to vote upon the important question of municipal ownership of public utilities. Upon this question there is great diversity of opinion. Upon the naked question of permanent improvements there is scarcely any diversity of opinion. The electors are entitled to know exactly upon what they are requested to vote.

In the public mind the words "public utilities" are entirely distinct from the words "public improvements." The latter phrase, "public improvements," does not suggest to the voter "public utilities," and very few would understand from this abridgment that the object of this amendment was to raise money to enable the board of supervisors to construct and operate a street railway on Geary Street.

The purpose of this amendment in its present shape is to accomplish by a majority vote that which the Socialists have been unable at two elections to accomplish by a two-thirds vote, to wit, the raising of money to experiment in municipal ownership.

The law requires that a public utility may be paid for out of the current revenue of the city, or, if that is not sufficient, by the issue of bonds, and that these bonds can only be issued by the vote of two-thirds of the electors voting at a special election called for that purpose. Two elections have been called for the purpose of constructing a municipal railway on Geary Street, and at both municipal socialism failed to acquire the requisite two-thirds vote. Unable to accomplish this object under the law as it stands, this "rider" to charter amendment number one has been slipped through to accomplish this socialistic purpose by means of a majority vote. Charter amendments require simply a majority vote for their adoption. That this is a correct construction of this amendment is apparent from its language. It provides for a tax levy of eighty-five cents on each one hundred dollars for general municipal purposes, and fifteen cents for "the acquisition, construction, or completion of any public utility, for the laying of new pavements, or the construction of new sewers, or for the erection of new buildings, provided that one-third of such levy of fifteen cents may be appropriated for repairs to streets, sewers, and public buildings."

There is no necessity for any levy for the laying of new pavements, or the construction of new sewers, or the purchase of new lands for the erection of new buildings. The people have recently voted nearly eighteen millions of dollars for these purposes. The fifteen-cent levy will therefore be devoted to public utilities and to no other purpose.

## FROM HAMBURG TO PETERSBURG.

By Jerome Hart.

The trip from Hamburg to St. Petersburg can be made in thirty hours if you go by rail. So we took two weeks to make it, and went by water. Longer, but more agreeable.

Hamburg, although a commercial city, is none the less a picturesque one. There are still old parts of the city left, and the many canals, basins, and water-ways give it an aquatic air. And the trip down the Elbe from Hamburg to Cuxhaven, with its long line of villas and summer resorts for some twenty miles, is extremely interesting. But we must get to sea.

We selected for our means of transportation a *Vergnügungsdampfer*—a "pleasure-cruiser," or "cruising yacht," under the German flag. Her cruise included the Norway coast, Christiania, Gotenburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Wisby on the Island of Gotland, Dantzic, Königsberg, Helsingfors, Cronstadt, and St. Petersburg.

When one of the German lines, some twelve or fourteen years ago, began running steamers from New York to Mediterranean ports, it was soon found that people were using the boats for "cruising." They would board a boat at New York and stay by her till she returned there. The steamship managers took the hint, and began extending their trips as far as Cairo. Then they made genuine cruises of them, making the round of the Mediterranean. These cruises became so popular that another German line invaded the Mediterranean; then an English line, with a New England name, sailing from Boston. Tourist agencies also chartered steamers, and "cruising" in Mediterranean waters became an ordinary affair.

One German line extended its cruises to Norway, and finally advertised "round-the-world" cruises. The directors at last concluded to build vessels specially for this class of business. They now have four ships designed for this kind of travel, one of them a vessel of twelve thousand tons. She is a marvel of comfort, compared with the "crack boats" of the transatlantic lines. Those liners are too crowded for comfort. Their decks are so jammed with chairs that it is difficult to move around them. On the Cunard flyers, the *Lucania* and *Campania*, there are three berths in most of the staterooms, and a sofa capable of being turned into a berth. For sleeping in one of these berths, in three tiers, one above the other, and occupying a little cubby-hole with two and perhaps three strangers, a man pays in the season one hundred and fifty dollars! Yet he is a first-class passenger. The rate charged is certainly first-class, whether the accommodations are or not. Fancy "bunking in" so closely as that! If that is "first-class," what must the steerage be?

On these cruising vessels, matters are very different. The staterooms are large; in the double rooms there are no upper berths, but two lowers instead; there are also plenty of single rooms with one berth for those who do not like "bunking in" with strangers. There are also many other comforts and luxuries.

When we saw one of these cruises advertised for "The Land of the Midnight Sun," Norway, Sweden, and the Baltic, we determined to take it. The vessel is one of the smaller ones of the cruising type, and is called by the company a "cruising yacht," which title she fully deserves. She is about 6,500 tons, and 450 feet long. The lines of her hull are those of a graceful yacht; she is painted white, has numerous steam and gasoline launches, and all the paraphernalia of a modern steam cruising yacht. In more than one port she lay alongside the yachts of kings and princes, and, so far as I could see, we were about as comfortable as they were, and had less to worry us in the way of having Asiatic wars, eloping daughters, reichstags, folkthings, and congresses on our hands. True, our itinerary was fixed, and a king makes his own, but it is sometimes convenient to have your itinerary marked out for you.

At Christiania, was the steam-yacht *Alberta*, with her skipper, the King of the Belgians; at Stockholm, the *Dorit*, the steam yacht belonging to King Oscar of Sweden; off Peterhof, the *Tsarerna*, the Tsar's palatial yacht; at Cronstadt and at Petersburg, several yachts belonging to various grand dukes of the imperial family of Russia; while at Hamburg we left lying at the *Herrhafen* the *Hohenzollern*, the Kaiser's big steam yacht, aboard which were the Kaiser and Kaiserin.

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I was told by one of the officials of the Hamburg-American Company that the German Kaiser had encouraged the company in constructing one of these yachts, taking it under his especial patronage, and allowed the company to name it after his daughter. Thus he hoped to encourage the German people in sea-travel. But it was found that the vessel was so luxuriously constructed that her rates of passage were necessarily high; the German people are not rich, and they could not afford to pay these high rates. So the Kaiser suggested the construction of another cruising yacht, to be thoroughly modern, swift, and comfortable, but to

be furnished with Spartan simplicity, and with an entire absence of luxurious fittings. In this way he hoped that the company could cut down the rates of passage. This boat was built and put in commission as late as July, 1904, and at once began a series of cruises. The Kaiser has accomplished a part of his object, for her passenger lists, I was told, are almost entirely made up of Germans. In fact, other patronage is apparently not desired, for the bills of fare and the notices on the ship's bulletin-board are printed only in German, and few or none of the stewards speak any language but German. The vessel has already made three or four cruises, and has seven or eight more advertised, with the itinerary fixed. The plans of all these cruises have been brought under the direct personal observation of the Kaiser, and the official with whom I talked hinted that the Kaiser had graciously deigned to draw up the itineraries; these include not only the stock cities, such as Naples, Genoa, Venice, etc., but military and naval stations, docks, arsenals, fortified places, and points having strategic importance, among them Gibraltar, Malta, Cronstadt, Helsingfors, Sheerness, Plymouth, Chatham, Jersey, Guernsey, Algiers, Tunis, Villafranca, Ajaccio, Barcelona, Trieste, Heligoland, and, of course, the seaport cities of Germany. My informant frankly admitted that it was the Kaiser's desire to educate his subjects up to the need of a great navy for Germany, and of the importance of sea power. When I added the Kaiser could choose no better way than by showing his subjects Britain's mighty fortresses, like Gibraltar and Malta, and those of lesser nations around the Mediterranean, he agreed with me; he added that the effect upon intelligent Germans returning from the Mediterranean cruises was most marked. He further told me that the Kaiser was kept informed by telegraph of the whereabouts of his vessel; and that he himself personally inspected the passenger lists; furthermore, that the Kaiser had graciously consented to invite a number of persons for the cruises who should be called the imperial guests, and whom the company would be delighted to transport and entertain, without money and without price.

All of this is extremely interesting and instructive. What an excellent example for our country to follow! When we have got our ship-subsidy business all straightened out, why not appropriate a few more millions for the construction of some cruising yachts, like those in which the Kaiser is interested? We could have two kinds—luxurious yachts for the trust millionaires, and plainer yachts for the common people. Millions of our people live inland and never have seen the sea. When they boarded the Columbus ship at the Chicago fair, a frequent remark was: "Why, the gilded thing is hollow!" After first sending these cruising yachts around full of congressmen (with their hats chalked), we might send the second set of cruisers full of clergymen and other molders of thought, at half fare. When this was done, the common or ordinary citizens of the United States could be shipped abroad at low rates. I run no risk of contradiction when I say that the result would be far-reaching. When the hitherto untutored citizens of the West see what Great Britain has done with her big navy, and when they think what we might do if we had a bigger one, can there be any doubt in the mind of the patriotic American but that they would get a bigger one and try and do it?

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From the prices, our boat was evidently not the one designed by the benevolent Kaiser for people with flaccid purses. Our passenger list was very rich in titles. Most of them ended in "Rat." I was told that all of the Kaiser's guests had these handles to their names, although not all the titled gentry were imperial guests.

In other countries I had noticed the excessive ceremony which the men of Continental Europe display when saluting one another. But aboard this German pleasure-cruiser it was carried to an extreme, which was as surprising as it was ludicrous. The first day out it was at its height. There were continual meetings and salutations—formal or affectionate, or both. For example, the Herr Geheim Rat suddenly sees his friend the Herr Königlich Bau Inspektor. The Herr Geheim Rat pauses at a distance of ten yards, begins bending his body, and raising his cap. Having lowered his cap to the level of his midriff, he raises it high in air, restoring his cap to his skull when immediately in front of the Herr Kglch. Inspk., and holding his right hand stiffly extended in front of the Herr Kglch. Inspk.'s nose. The latter gentleman, who does not see the Herr Geheim Rat at exactly the same moment, begins his cap-sweeping ten seconds later. The Herr Geheim Rat then finishes his cap-sweep ten seconds earlier, and remains standing, curved like a bent bow, with his hand still stiffly extended. The Herr Kglch. Inspk. finally finishes his cap-sweep, brings his hand up to the same level, and the two friends shake.

I had been told that the "high hand-shake," so-called, which broke out in Western America some ten years ago, was an importation from England. But I am now convinced that it came from Germany, and that the high hand-shake is a Geheim Rat hand-shake.

But the formal salutation just described is as nothing compared to the affectionate ones. The Herr Land Rat appears; from afar off he sees the Herr Regierungs Rat. With a mutual cry of "Ach, du!" they rush toward one another. Now, the Herr Land Rat is bald, and bald, as we see when he raises his cap; he is

THE KISSES OF  
BALD AND  
BEARDED BELLES



from his eyebrows to the nape of his neck; yet all over neck, ears, and face, up to his cheek-bones, is a luxuriant growth of coarse red hair. The Herr Regierungs Rat is not so bald, but he is bald enough—when he lifts his cap the occipital display which follows is almost an indecent exposure. If not so bald, he is fatter than his friend—a triple chin ornaments his face, his jowls are pendulous, while great rolls of fat hang over his collar from the back of his neck.

Like ardent lovers do these two adipose persons rush into one another's arms, and imprint fond kisses on such portions of each other's mugs as they can find destitute of hair.

And while this goes on the Frau Land Ratin and the Frau Regierungs Ratin stand unheeded by. To my taste they are not beautiful, but even so, why should their husbands prefer, for their kissing-bees, middle-aged gentlemen, beery, bearded, and bottle-nosed?

These curious spectacles so surprised me—these continuous masculine osculations—that unconsciously "Coming Thro' the Rye" began to run through my head, and to keep time, with its kissing refrain, to the kissing Geheim Rats. I took down my lyre—somewhat out of tune, alas!—and plucked at its rusty strings. I offered up an invocation to the Muse, but she paid no attention whatever. Nevertheless, without her assistance, I doggedly ground out the following doggerel:

If a Geheim Rat meet a Geheim Rat  
(Eye-glass stuck in eye)  
Gin a Geheim Rat hug a Geheim Rat  
Need a Geheim Ratin cry?  
Every Geheim Rat has his Geheim Ratin  
But he passes her coldly by  
And hastens to hug some other bald-headed, thick-necked, near-sighted, pop-eyed Geheim Rat  
While his Geheim Ratin wipes her eye.

Among the train there is a swain  
Who dearly loves himself,  
For what's his name or where's his name  
No one can fail to tell:  
He is the Herr Geheim Rat Staats Secretaire des Reichshorden Von Vogelstein,  
He hails from Mittelcutendorferrrei  
Which facts you may gather from seeing them set forth on his steamer rug, his guide-books, his tobacco pouch, and his seat at table  
As you are passing by.

This titled swell is quite a belle  
Among the smaller fry,  
(Where'er he goes Geheim Rats flock,  
For his kisses all men vie),  
Along his path Geheim Ratin weep,  
For their husbands pass them by  
While this heavy swell, this hearded belle  
Comes kissing on the fly.

Gin a Geheim Rat meet a Geheim Rat  
(Eye-glass stuck in eye)  
If a Geheim Rat kiss a Geheim Rat  
Need a Geheim Ratin cry?  
Every Geheim Ratin has her Geheim Rat  
But she must heave a sigh  
When he hastens to kiss some beery, bearded, Hochwohlgeborn Herr Staatsanwaltschafts Rat  
And passes her coldly by.

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Ap[ro]pos of the hairy and hairless attributes of the Geheim Rats, every morning one sees wandering to and from the bath-rooms German gentlemen, many middle aged, some old, nearly all bald and fat, but all wearing "moustache-formers." These contrivances give the upward and war-like twirl to the moustachios as worn by William the War Lord; they were designed by the Imperial Barber to his Imperial Majesty. At first, the device was considered sacred to the War Lord, and its use by any other as *lèse-majesté*. But it was pointed out to his Imperial Majesty that a nation of sixty millions—or at least the male half of them—wearing up-twirled moustachios all twirled at the Imperial angle, would be the most colossal compliment ever paid to mortal man. William was graciously pleased to yield, and now all male Germany turns up its moustachios in little kerly-kews over night.

One sometimes sees, with a smile, a slatternly girl with her hair in curl-papers of a morning. Much may be forgiven to the weaker sex in its desire to seem beautiful. But for these German Geheim Rats to emulate the curl-paper girl, bald, fat, and old as they are, is as extraordinary as it is comical.

I copied some of the typical titles from the passenger list. This by no means includes all of the odd ones, but merely those ending in "Rat":

The Herr Geheimerat Sanitäts Rat Dr. —;  
The Herr Seminardirector Schul Rat —;  
The Herr Geheimerat Medizinal Rat Dr. —;  
The Herr Regierungs Rat —;  
The Herr Kommerzien Rat —;  
The Herr Sanitäts Rat Dr. Med. —;  
The Herr Ober-Regierungs Rat —;  
The Herr Kammerlich Rechnungs Rat —;  
The Herr Land Rat —;  
And joblots of Herr Geheim Rats.

Shakespeare said: "There be land rats and water rats." I never knew what he meant. But one of his commentators said that Shakespeare's mind grasped everything—law, medicine, science, philology—and that he wrote, as if prophetically, of many things in our modern life. Now I understand his allusion—by "land rats and water rats" he meant these Geheim Rats and Land Rat when ashore and when at sea. The day the cruise began the Land Rats enjoyed the gentle gliding motion over the placid waters of the Elbe. Many meetings between Land Rats and Geheim Rats were held in flowing beer. Innumerable cigars—dreadful Hamburg cigars—were smoked. This was the Land Rat while not yet at sea.

At evening we left the Elbe and were out in the German ocean. Still the sea was smooth. But when, the day after, we got into the Skager-Rack, over all this there came a change—a rich sea change. When we awoke we found the ship wallowing about like a sea monster whose name is Leviathan. She rolled and pitched, and tried to dip her funnel into the towering lee wave that rode so menacingly on our port hand; then she shuddered and shivered, and with a long groan, vibrating through all her bones, she slowly righted, only to roll again. When I went on deck before the breakfast hour, to get a breath of air, I found it covered with seasick Geheim Rats. A triple row of chairs was on the lee side, for the weather side was very wet. Where, only yester eve, deck stewards hurried hither and yon, bearing the foaming beer—where erstwhile rang deep basso laughter and the guttural toast of "Prosit"—now naught was heard but groans. Occasionally some bolder Geheim Rat would order a cup of coffee and a pretzel, and tackle a cigar, but the results were not such as to encourage imitation on the part of his brother Geheim Rats.

I gazed on this spectacle with surprise. Hitherto I had observed with admiration and envy the Geheim Rats' gastronomic feats. I had seen them eat—at all hours—cucumbers, salted, pickled, or green. I had seen them eat every kind of cheese at every time of day—it seemed to be a favorite tit-bit before breakfast. I had often seen them eat liver-sausage, headcheese, blood-pudding, or frankfurt sausage and sauerkraut for a slight snack. To see a Geheim Rat an hour before dinner take two or three cups of coffee, half a yard of coffee-cake, and five or six zwieback had ceased to surprise me. I no longer wondered when at luncheon (all the regular courses being served) I would note still hungry Geheim Rats looking over the supplemental bill-of-fare "Auf wunsch," and ordering raw ham and smoked eels to fill up on.

Therefore when this morning the bugler blew his merry breakfast call, and the usual quick march for the "Speise-zimmer" did not take place—when on the contrary the bugle's call was echoed by a dismal groan from the laboring Geheim Rats—then my surprise was at its climax. I began to wonder whether my envy of the Geheim Rat stomach was entirely justified.

Josh Billings used to say: "It's better not to know so many things than it is to know so many things that aint so." Another poet, Alfred de Musset, wrote: "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre." Correspondingly, the possessor of a tank of only moderate capacity may cease to envy the Geheim Rat tank when he reflects how proportionately great is the disturbance engendered by even a little choppy sea in such a mammoth tank.

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Christiania, Norway's capital, is not a particularly interesting city. It has a population of 230,000, a parliament house, a national picture gallery, a university, a museum, and a royal palace. Then it has Henrik Ibsen.

We were driving past the house of the great man, when our guide casually remarked, as if it had just occurred to him: "Sometimes people see Ibsen at that window." We looked up quick as a flash. "Ghosts!" There he was—his wan countenance, pinched features, and white whiskers looking like a ghost-face against the window-pane.

The most conspicuous monument in Christiania\* is the statue of "Charles XIV John," which stands in front of the Royal Palace (called the "Slot") on an eminence overlooking the city. This pseudo-Swedish sovereign was once Marshal Bernadotte, who was made crown prince of Sweden by the influence of the allies and as a reward for his treachery to Napoleon. Inside the palace before which his statue stands one sees a series of frescoes illustrating the military career of Bernadotte. This statue in Norway's capital is instructive as showing the ups and downs of life and how merit must win—military merit, that is. For this Bernadotte was of the most humble extraction, the son of a French peasant—some say a saddler, some a tavern-keeper. The saddler's son became a soldier and made his way. At the outbreak of the French Revolution he was disloyal to his king; at the military revolution of the Eighteenth Brumaire he was disloyal to his brother-officers; and toward the end of the Napoleonic epoch he was disloyal to his emperor. As a result of these successive disloyalties he was made heir to the Swedish throne, and became progenitor of a line of kings.

There is a moral in this somewhere, but I don't know what it is. Probably, be crooked, and you will be lucky.

Göteborg, Norway's second city, is rather more interesting than Christiania. It has 135,000 inhabitants and an excellent harbor. The magnitude of the shipping which crowds its quays and docks is indeed surprising. It is more imposing than that in the harbor of San Francisco, a much larger city. Göteborg itself owns over two hundred steamers.

There are pretty suburbs around Göteborg, and an interesting trip is to Trollhatten, where there are wild gorges, rapids, and falls furnishing motive power amounting to over 200,000 horse-power. This is carried by electricity for many miles. A very interesting sight here are the new locks on the Gotha Canal. In two or three groups of locks vessels ascend a height of 145 feet, passing one another in the double basins. Some 7,000 vessels every year go across the country by means of this canal between Göteborg and Stockholm.

It is cut for most of the way through the primeval granite. The time, the money, and the energy consumed in its construction must have been stupendous. In our country we talk a good deal about digging even irrigating canals (which are vitally necessary) through soft alluvial soil, and then don't dig them. In these rugged northern countries they construct ship canals (which are not vitally necessary), blasting out of the solid rock, and then say nothing much about it.

I found that Copenhagen is not on the mainland of Denmark, as I had supposed; it lies on the east coast of the Island of Zealand, and there is still another island, Fyen, between it and the Danish peninsula. The fortifications, arsenals, and docks of the city as seen from the sea make a very imposing spectacle. There are several palaces, an art museum, a Thorwaldsen museum, a university, a zoological garden, and a museum of Danish antiquities in Copenhagen. Then there are pretty drives around the city, and it has the usual attractions of minor capitals. (It has a population of 480,000.)

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It is only the unexpected that happens, says the French proverb. I had often heard of the St. Lawrence's Thousand Islands—never of the Baltic's Myriad Isles. Yet when I first sailed on the St. Lawrence I was disappointed in the number of islands, numerous as they are. When I mentioned this to a Canadian acquaintance, the reproachful reply came from the Kanuck: "Well, anyway, there are nearly three hundred of them."

I never heard any particular pother made over the number of the Scandinavian islands. I had often heard of the Fjords, never of the islands. Therefore I was surprised when we sailed through endless isles of granite piercing through steel-colored swirls of sea. For the islands around the coasts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, and thence across the Gulf of Bothnia and the Gulf of Finland, are literally endless, and they are all of primitive granite. There are great islands, small islands, little islands, islets, rocks, pinnacles, and needles. Thousands of them are nameless, although all seem to be charted. Coming from the North Cape, down the coast of Norway through the Skager-Rack, the Kattegat, past Copenhagen, and up into the strait between Gotland and Sweden, I believe the ship must pass through scores of thousands of islands. In one group alone, lying off Stockholm, the Alands Islands, there are over three hundred on the chart.

One of the most beautiful groups of islands is that through which the vessel passes from the open Baltic Sea to the harbor of Stockholm. I can not even guess how many there are in the group. For a couple of hours you steam through these inland water-ways, island after island—to starboard, to port, ahead, and astern—islands moving rhythmically around you as far as eye can see—in apparent parallelograms, then lengthening into rhombs, then diamond-wise, like the trees in a vast California orchard. I say "California orchard," for I know no others as large. The comparison is not a forced one, for each island is wooded so that it looks like a large bunchy tree. Masses of granite as the islands are, the birches and firs find a footing on them in little patches of soil in the rocky crevices, and cling there desperately till they attain growth and strength.

These islands are so rocky that the people have constructed steps of wood or iron in every direction over them, as the foothold is insecure on the smooth and slippery rock.

Leaving the open Baltic Sea, on our way to Stockholm harbor, for two hours we threaded our way through these islands. A constant succession of pseudo-châteaux, of chalets, of villas, of yacht club-houses, and of boat-houses fell under our eyes. No matter how small a villa might be, it would have a little boat-landing. Everywhere the Swedish flag floated—a handsome banner of yellow and blue, with a dash of the Norwegian red in the field. Every now and again there would be a larger boat-landing with a float, and perhaps a steam yacht moored off the float. There were hundreds of sailing yachts, schooners, and sloops. Most of the small yachts were of the yawl-rig; the ordinary sloop-rig was unusual; and the cat-rig I did not see at all. There passed us, every now and again, steam and motor launches, each bearing its little yacht-club pennant. These are indeed ideal waters for yachting. It is not surprising that the Scandinavians should make good sailor-men.

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Ap[ro]pos, the best yacht's crews in America are almost invariably Scandinavians. Patriotic Americans may resent this, but it is unfortunately true. The sailing-masters are Americans, but the foremost hands are not. This is so well known to Atlantic yachtsmen that they generally speak humorously of each yachting hand as "Ole Olesen" as the British soldier is dubbed "Tommy Atkins."

I was once aboard the flagship of an Atlantic yacht-club which was on a cruise, when a signal came from another yacht that the fleet surgeon was wanted. He went over the side at once, and boarded her in a launch. During his absence our ship's company began speculating as to what manner of man had come to grief. Finally a blind pool, or sweepstake, was made, and each man wrote down his guess and sealed it, putting up the amount necessary for a substantial jackpot. When the doctor returned, he was asked what

SCANDINAVIAN  
YACHT  
CREWS.



was the nationality of the injured man. He replied: "I don't know, but his name is Ole Olesen." There was a unanimous shout, "I win!" and each man hastened to tear open his envelope. Each had written "Ole Olesen." They had all won.

The yacht taste of Stockholm's villa-owners was shown when we passed an island not far from the city. On it was a handsome villa, near which lay what seemed to be a sloop yacht, either hoisted up on ways, or else just finished, preparatory to launching. But it was so high up in the air that it looked extremely odd. As we approached, it turned out to be an imitation sloop. The deck-house was a glassed-in pavilion, or summer-house. Forward and aft of this ran a platform for the deck, stepped in which was a mast with topmast, gaff, stays, shrouds, and everything, except a boom, which would have been in the way. There was, of course, a bowsprit. I have seen many oddities in the yachting-line, including the celebrated "rocking-chair fleet" of an Eastern yacht-club, but I never before saw such a very odd yacht summer-house as this.

Contrasted with this imitation sloop up in the air, we next saw the wreck of a fine steamer down under the sea. She lay in a shoal place in one of the inter-island channels, where she had evidently knocked a hole in her bottom on a sunken rock. Her topmasts and the top of her funnel showed above the water. The paint on the funnel was bright, and her spars were white and new. She was no old wreck. She probably had gone down only a few hours before. It is a sad sight—a recent wreck at sea. Even an old one appeals to your pity with its bleaching bones.

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Stockholm has sometimes been called "The Venice of the North"—the obvious reason being that she is situated on islands, as is the Adriatic City. But so is Hamburg; so is St. Petersburg; so are many northern cities. By the way, one of the marked differences between American and European seaports is that in America we run piers or wharves out into the water. In Europe they cut out docks or basins from the land. The European practice probably began because many great maritime cities were situated, like Stockholm and Venice, on islands. Therefore other cities, considering the islands necessary to maritime greatness, cut artificial channels in order to make artificial islands. This sounds like a joke, but it is not. London is the greatest seaport in the world, and most of London's ocean-carriers lie in enormous basins, dugged with colossal labor out of the earth. These basins, or docks, of London cover over fourteen hundred acres—three hundred acres more than Golden Gate Park.

Stockholm is a very handsomely built modern city, with a population of over 300,000.

To our surprise we found there the best hotel we encountered in northern Europe—the Grand Hotel. It is far superior to most of the provincial hotels in Great Britain. The rooms are handsomely furnished—and completely—including a waste-basket, something not always found even in good hotels. In the rooms there are also commodious writing-desks, as large as the average office-desk in the United States. Each desk is furnished with a desk-telephone, connecting not only with the hotel office, but also with the central telephone system, rendering it possible to order anything without waiting for the waiter. There are many "first-class" American hotels, so-called, not yet possessing room-telephones, and not so well equipped otherwise as this Stockholm hotel. It also has fixed wash-basins with running water, hot and cold—something unusual in Continental Europe, not found in all London hotels, and not found in any provincial hotels in Great Britain with which I am familiar. The restaurant is an excellent one, combining the best of both the English and French systems. The joint, for example, is wheeled around the room in a carriage and kept hot, while each guest can have his particular cut served to him at his table. This hotel is admirably situated on the busy quay immediately opposite the royal palace. King Oscar's palace is ugly—very ugly—almost as ugly as King Alfonso's palace in Madrid. If I were King Oscar I would not live there much, for the steamers for Salzbadaden begin whistling at 4 A. M. at the quay, right under the royal nose. No, I would not like to live there, but King Oscar has other palaces, and a much quieter one is that in the Djurgarden. This is a beautiful park, and like all of Stockholm, and all of Sweden for that matter, seems to be cut up with water-ways. Every now and then you see the masts of a schooner or the funnel of a steamer apparently going through a chicken-yard; on investigation you discover that there is a canal running under the hen-house.

Around Stockholm there are many suburban resorts where sea-bathing is indulged in, when the weather is warm enough. Salzbadaden is one of the most popular bathing-places, as is Vaxholm, another resort rather more distant. At the latter place I observed a large sign-board at a gateway, reading "DAM BAD HAUS." This gave me quite a shock; it was not only profane, but the d—n was not correctly spelled. Although I do not read Swedish, it was apparent to the meanest intelligence what kind of a house was meant. After I had recovered from my agitation, however, I discovered, by close reasoning and analysis, that it did not mean what I at first thought it meant, but only "Ladies' Bath House."

There seemed to be plenty of evening amusements in Stockholm, as well as outdoor ones for the daytime. Several theatres were running, as well as the opera and the circus. Not being fluent in Swedish, we confined our visits to the last two. The circus was only mediocre. The opera was fair. The opera-house is a large and comfortable structure, its auditorium modeled on the Paris Grand Opéra. Stringent rules forbid entrance to the auditorium while the performance is going on. One night we arrived a few minutes late, and were shown by the attendant into an empty proscenium box to avoid waiting in the lobby half an hour to get to our orchestra seats. The performance was "Carmen." A few moments after we were seated, a gentleman and two ladies were also shown in. They seemed amused at the performance, which was odd, for there is nothing intrinsically comical in the first act of "Carmen." But when the curtain fell and we all rose to take our proper places, I discovered, by their conversation, that they were Spanish. I did not wonder at their amusement. A Swedish Carmen, a Swedish Don José, a Swedish Michaela, two Swedish contrabandistas, and a Swedish Toreador, made a not unamusing ensemble. For Carmen had china-blue eyes, and wore a black wig. Her feet were by no means Andalusian; the Scandinavian women have good hearts, but large feet. Both Don José and his captain wore single glasses screwed into their eyes, while instead of the lean and austere Spanish type—as typified in the Toreador with his shaven jaws—all on the stage, soldiers, cigarette-girls, bull-fighters, smugglers, gypsies, and ballet-girls, were fat.

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Our voyage had now lasted long enough for us to learn the traveling usages of our fellow-passengers. The German deck-chair customs strike us as being rather singular. The German Atlantic liners follow the deck-chair customs of the English and American lines—you hire and pay for a chair, and a place is allotted you by the deck-steward. This place you retain for the voyage—it is yours. Cases of infringing this unwritten rule are infrequent—generally by people who have traveled little and are ignorant of travel law. But the German ships in European waters follow another fashion: Deck-chairs are not the property of the passenger, but of the steamship company; no one is entitled to any particular place on deck; each deck-chair belongs to the first-comer; he may hold it for a limited period, while absent, by leaving a rug, wrap, or other object to indicate possession. Theoretically, his possession is then respected; practically, it is not. Under this rule on German ships there is a perpetual shifting of wraps, rugs, and chairs—all hands round, balance to corners, swing your neighbor, and take his chair. No man knoweth where his place is: it is here to-day, it is somewhere else to-morrow.

All of this is bewildering and annoying to American travelers. They are used to hiring or purchasing their deck-chairs, then being allotted a place for them, and retaining them to the end of the voyage. The German plan does not please the American traveler.

I was not displeased to note that the Germans themselves did not seem to relish greatly the workings of their own plan. For example, we had aboard the "Tallest Man in the German Army." Nobody could doubt his title to tallness. He was about six feet nine. The Tallest Man and his Elsa were evidently just married, and this was their honeymoon trip. No one could doubt that, either. The way Elsa used to look fondly up—away up—into the somewhat mild and vacant eyes of the Tallest Man was proof positive. Yet the Tallest Man's deck-chair was no more respected than those of us lesser mortals. Grim and scowling Germans, sleek and smiling Germans, spectacled or monocled Germans—anybody used to take the Tallest Man's deck-chair.

At first I looked on this spectacle with awe and affright. I verily expected to see a duel—a duel with *Schlagers*—or perhaps a duel to the death. But nothing took place. The Tallest Man and Elsa used to get up late, and appear on deck when the best deck-chairs were all gone. We would see them thus daily—the Tallest Man with his blonde and fond Elsa hanging on one arm and their rugs hanging on the other; they would wander meekly around, looking for their chairs—some chair—a vacant chair—any old chair.

Another bridal couple—let us call them Fritz and Frederica—made a bold innovation. Fritz brought aboard two spick-and-span new deck-chairs of his own. Then he placed them in a nice little corner on the lee side of the ship, with a deck-house projecting on one side and an iron air-shaft on the other. It was a dear little nook—just the nest for a pair of honeymooners. Fritz had evidently been to sea before, for he picked out the best place on the ship, and then tacked his cards on the chairs. Several scores of people discovered this nook after he did, promptly located it with their rugs, suddenly saw the cards, paused, scowled, and slowly withdrew. Some reluctantly withdrew only after protesting to the deck-steward against any man owning a chair on a German ship.

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But I must hasten over our progress. We stopped at the Island of Gotland in mid-Baltic to visit the ancient town of Wisby, once a great commercial city, and a member of the Hanseatic league. We touched at Dantzic, a

quaint old East Prussian town on the shallow Gulf of Dantzic, which brought to my mind the ancient legend of the "False Wheat of the Fravensand," so delightfully told in Donald G. Mitchell's "Fresh Gleanings." We went up to the city of Königsberg by means of a ship-canal dredged out from Pillau through the shoals of the Dantzic gulf. Ours was the first large steamer to go up the canal, and we were invaded by a hysterical mob of thousands, headed by their burgomaster, who made us a speech of reception at the head of the companion-way, and invited us all to the "wild-beast gardens at four o'clock."

Across the Gulf of Finland we made our way with tunnels of light piercing the darkness from the Russian warships' searchlights at Libau, showing that we had reached the imaginary line on the water, indicating the Russian frontier. And soon we dropped anchor at Helsingfors, which, although a Finnish city, meant our first entrance into Russian waters. Here we lay for some hours, until we had gone through the forms required by Russian law, among others turning over our passports.

In the meantime we amused ourselves by watching a fine square-rigged three-master which was anchored not far away. She had two funnels, so she evidently had steam as well as sail power. All her sails were on the yards drying after a rain storm. She had enormous top-sails, not with double top-sail yards like merchant vessels. The young seamen were furling the main top-sail when we came to anchor. It gave one an idea of the large number of men required to reef or furl such top-sails in a storm when we saw these scores of men working in a calm. In these days of economical ship management, fore and aft rigs, four-master schooners, small crews, and donkey engines to hoist the sails, it looks very odd to see a square-rigged three-master with a crew of hundreds of men to handle her sails. Evidently she was a training ship of the Russian navy.

When we went ashore the young jackies were hard at work laying out on the yards furling the sails, going up the shrouds, doing the rope-walkers' act out on the boat-booms, and "shinning" down the rope-ladders to their boats. They soon had a dozen boats in line, each with a cockswain, and started out on a race of at least five miles around an island in the harbor and back to the ship. They pulled the regular man-of-war stroke, and they made the heavy boats leap in the water every time they bent to the oars.

When we returned to our ship in the afternoon the young jackies were still hard at work. This time all of the boats were rigged with sails, some as schooners, some as sloops, some with a yawl-rig, and one with a big sprit-sail yard, something like a lateen rig. From the ship there fluttered continually changing signals, to which the various boats responded, and went through evolutions of the most intricate nature, like couples in a quadrille. The boats were white, and the young jackies were all in their white summer uniforms. It was a beautiful sight, and everything was spotless and ship-shape, in the old-fashioned man-of-war style. It showed that Russia was teaching her sea cadets to "hand, reef, and steer," and thus making able seamen of them. But what use will they have for seamanship on board the iron kettles which constitute modern ships of war? The jack tar of to-day seems to be a combination of machinist and dissecting-room assistant.

There are some pretty drives on the outskirts of Helsingfors, and the city is well built and handsome—not, however, particularly interesting. The fortifications around the harbor are numerous and formidable. An odd linguistic combination is that the first boat we saw in the harbor bore the un-Russian name, *Mary Ann*, and the first sign that we saw when we came ashore, "lailuokani luke," looked Hawaiian.

Talking of languages, I never expected to hail with joy an opportunity to air my German. But when in a Helsingfors shop I asked if they spoke English, and they brought me an attendant who spoke only Finnish, then one who could speak Swedish, then one who could speak Russian, and finally, with triumph, one who could speak German, I nearly fell on his bosom. My German is not good. It is not High Dutch, nor yet is it Platt Dutch. I don't know what it is, but I know it is not good. I never heard anybody use exactly the same kind as I do. As Touchstone says of Audrey, "It is a poor thing, but mine own." But poor as it is, I was overjoyed at meeting my Finnish friend who spoke a little German. I soon detected the fact that his German was so bad that he did not know how bad my German was. After that we got along famously.

But all things have an end, and we ended as we began—with a river. At Hamburg we began our cruise by going down the Elbe; at Petersburg we ended our cruise by going up the Neva. But of our cruise along the Gulf of Finland; of our sight of the famous Baltic fleet manœuvring off Riga; of our first view of the fortress of Cronstadt; of our progress up the Neva, saluting and being saluted by the gunboats, torpedo-boats, and destroyers moored along the river; of the submarine boat which suddenly came to the surface under our port quarter; of the glittering domes and towers of Petersburg, as seen from the river; of the gorgeous palaces, and the priceless crown jewels they contain; of the famous pictures in the galleries of our visit to Moscow, the "Holy City" of Russia—all these are things which will have to wait for another telling.



## ELIZA'S LUCK.

How the Columbia River Made a Match.

Twice a year the Columbia River rises above its banks in the valley below the mouth of the Willamette, and changes the property rights of a tribe of scow-dwellers who skirt its shores. These arbitrary transpositions by the resistless stream of the river lead to many complications; sometimes to bloodshed. In one case to a solution of a problem that had vexed the tender hearts of two young people.

On Wild Man's Island, which lies below Kalama, and is tucked under the high shores of the Washington side, there lived in comparative state a rancher named Walker, with his dog and his son. He was a proud man, and his house, originally a scow, was surrounded by a fence painted yellow. He also possessed a chicken-yard, and raised potatoes in a patch of ground elevated slightly above the water-mark. The dog drowsed most of the time in the muddy foreyard, and the son fished on the swelling river and cut cord-wood for the steamers.

Six miles above, a gayly painted house-boat had come ashore during an unusually high flood, and the master of it, a lonely Missourian, had slid skids under it, put out a gang-plank, and accepted the adjoining land as a perquisite of discovery. His daughter had grown up till she was an efficient aid to her father in handling his act, and the two of them called the slimy strip of bar home. Their one grievance was that the water was not low enough to justify a fence. They were simply squatters; no more.

It was the difference in the social standing of these two men, Walker and Stowler, that caused much anguish to the children, Hennery and Eliza. Hennery tried to blind himself to the fact that his father was a proper rancher, while Eliza was simply the daughter of a scow-dweller. But Eliza knew very well that old man Walker would never forget. And as she was proud, she assumed disdain of Hennery's clumsy efforts to obliterate the dividing line between respectability and shiftless poverty.

Walker, like most men signally favored of Fortune, attributed his own position of affluence to personal energy, and as authority must have a subject, he was fond of slyly meeting Stowler to nag him into the rage of an inferior, and these encounters he retailed with gusto to Hennery and the dog, knowing that the boy resented keenly every slighting reference to the father of the girl he loved. Hennery many times attempted to retaliate, but somehow it never entered his head that his father's place in society was due solely to a lucky eddy in a swift current some ten years before. So his words fell empty and fruitlessly, except in so far as they gave the old man opportunity for shrewd sarcasm.

In the spring of a new year, when the alders on the bank were thickening with foliage and the clouds on the hills were worn thin and rifted with summer, Hennery met Eliza by the Elk Rock, and told her many things that had little reference to anybody but themselves. Eliza responded slowly and with tears. Womanlike, she was unable to see how she was to be made happier by Hennery's love unless the entire world acquiesced. But she kissed him passionately, and saw the towering peaks of the Cascade Range as in a dream.

Driven beyond himself by Eliza's kisses, Hennery went, late in the spring, and told his father that he was going to marry the scow-dweller's daughter. Walker stroked his scrawny beard, and called the dog for an executive session. When he had introduced his measure and carried it by two to one, he turned his back on Hennery, drew down his flat-bottomed skiff into the water, and went up stream, rowing with regularity and slow strength.

He found Stowler sitting bootless on the back platform of his little scow, drying his feet in the weak sunshine. The listless pose of the man filled Walker with rage, and he was of two minds about speaking. But he had toiled six miles, and he saw no use in letting anger defeat his purpose.

"How do, Stowler?" he said gruffly, as he tied the painter to a stake in the mud.

"Purty well," was the answer. "How's the fish by you?"

"Hennery's ketching purty fair. I aint fishin' this season 'till early."

There was silence while Walker lifted himself up by his hands to a place on Stowler's back yard. Then the rancher opened fire. "I aint hintin' at trouble, Stowler, but I reckon you know your girl aint got enough confid' in her to make it worth my boy's while to marry her."

Stowler reached for his boots, paused with one in each hand as if trying to decide which one to throw first, and then weakly subsided. "Gol dern it!" he muttered. "I aint a bin a-teasin' your son to marry Eliza."

"You dasn't," returned Walker, loftily. "But I jest thought as how I'd drift up and let ye know that I aint stuck on my marryin' the daughter of a man that lives in a ornery old scow like this. Hennery 'ull hev a ranch and he's a place to raise truck, and he aint no c'd to be sparkin' Eliza, nohow you put it."

"I guess you Hennery's doin' all the teasin' that's done, Walker," said Stowler, hotly, "and it's up to you to clear out. Sabe?"

Within five minutes Mr. Walker was rowing down

stream and Stowler was returning his rifle to the rack just above the rear door. He was unsteadily cursing everybody "thet sot themsel's up to he somebody." His daughter was crying vociferously and looking down the river.

This ended all open communication between the lovers for several weeks. During this time the spring rains descended vigorously, and the river rose almost by jumps. When the rain stopped and the sun was out once more, Stowler looked across the Columbia, and counted the trees whirling down in the grasp of the current. After scratching his head he spent the afternoon in tying ropes of various stages of decay to the scow and stakes driven in the muddy bank. He explained to Eliza that it looked as if there might be water so high that the scow would float.

Two days later the skids washed away from under the house of Stowler, and his six years' residence was changed. Eliza and he ate their hacon unconcernedly, and went to bed, to wake up with the sound of running water in their ears. After a few moments of inspection, Stowler summed up the situation in one remark: "The eddy's gone; place's gone; we're goin'."

"Where?" cried Eliza.

"Dunno," was the response.

All through the night they sat on the careening deck of their house, and wondered when things would end. At daylight Stowler's eyes told him that they were twenty miles below their old home, and still going. "Lucky I corked her seams last winter," he said to his daughter. "She sails along in good style. Wonder where we'll fetch up?"

"I hope we won't go out to sea," said Eliza, fearfully.

"Gosh!" cried her father. "I aint thought o' that." So he devoted his energies to rigging up a sweep, and with this he tried to steer the scow into a shore eddy. But the Columbia took things into its own hands, and at midnight Stowler's house was landed with a jar on an unknown point of land. After an hour's scraping about, it settled firmly on the new foundation, and father and daughter waited for the morning to take possession of their newly acquired property.

Daylight showed that the scow had been cast up on a tongue of land that sloped up into virgin forest. There was no house in sight, and Stowler swaggered proudly out to skid up the boat. This was a toilsome operation, for in the afternoon the river began to rise again, and as fast as he got everything solid the rising water undid his work. But finally by a crude arrangement of ropes and anchors, he moored the house-boat between some protecting trees out of the current, and rested from his labors to eat a supper cooked by Eliza, who wept secretly.

Two days later Stowler had "beachcombed" sufficient lumber to make everything secure, and in a fit of pride he went so far as to build a fence cutting the point off from the tree-grown mainland.

There was one trouble with the fence. It couldn't be painted. It was made of small branches and saplings bent basketwise. But the general effect was pretty good, and Eliza and her father rejoiced exceedingly. Her father because he was now a householder; Eliza because she was equal in station to her Hennery.

The day after the fence was complete the clouds that had been lying in billowy masses over the hills spread out and covered the sky. Then it rained, and the water that fell was so plentiful that none could see a rod's length in any direction. Within three days the Comelmed, and trees and brush again began to drift by the melted and trees and brush again began to drift by the new place of Mr. Stowler. But his house was fast, and the trees along the bank protected it against rude shocks, and he daily grew more triumphant as he pondered the blessings of a benign Providence.

At the end of a week provisions began to run short in the Stowler household, and the man determined to go across the river to a little town to get some bacon and flour. He hauled out his skiff, put in the oars and a big chest and a tarpaulin. Then he called Eliza. "Look here, sis, I don't 'xactly know the bearings of this place. I'm doubting whether I can find my way back unless you show a light of some sort."

"All right," said his daughter. "I'll keep a lantern going all night, and in the morning, if it clears off, I'll fly the flag. So long, dad."

Late that night, just as Stowler was tying up at the landing-place and telling Eliza he was hungry as a bear, a huge mass of shadow loomed up in the mist, and proceeded calmly to nose into the Stowler scow.

With beachcomber's instinct, Stowler dived inside for some rope, snaked the bulky new-comer into an eddy, and tied it up good and fast by the side of his own scow. "It'll be a good thing to use for a woodshed. Reckon we'll make a little money by sellin' to the steamers now."

But Eliza did not hear. She was staring at the house-boat with wide-open eyes, and her father's attention was quickly awakened to her attitude. "For the land sakes," he commenced, "what's got inter yer head? Ye look as though ye'd seen a ghaost."

"It's Walker's!" she cried.

The words had hardly left her lips before a head was thrust out of the window, and Stowler shouted: "Hello, Walker, how did yer get here?"

Walker surveyed the scene in silence. Then he withdrew his head for a moment, and called, "Hennery!"

Hennery appeared at the door, and his face, when he saw the situation, drove Eliza into convulsions of un-

willing laughter. Old man Walker got out, and poked around with a stick a while in speechless amazement. Stowler followed him without a word. Finally Walker stopped and climbed back on to his own boat. "Pretty little place, Stowler."

"Yes. All fenced in."

"So-o-o-o."

There was a longer silence, and the two enemies watched each other narrowly. Suddenly Stowler looked around in anger, and yelled, "Eliza! Where are you? Ye aint with that ornery lummo of a Walker? Ye aint consortin' and holdin' conversation with a scow-dweller? I want to know!"

As he turned to rush into the house, Walker followed him at his shoulder. In front of the stove, now burning cheerily to the tune of a boiling kettle, stood Eliza, and a little to one side sat Hennery, toasting some bread. The two old men gazed in bewilderment for a moment, and then turned on each other dumbly.

"Bring Mr. Walker in, dad," said Eliza, without turning around, "and we'll give them some supper."

There was a long pause, during which Eliza kept her eyes steadily on the stove. The silence was broken by Stowler, who held out his hand hospitably, and said: "Yes. Come in, Walker, and hev some chuck."

"I believe I will," answered Walker, humbly, "if Miss Eliza will allow me."

Half an hour later Hennery kissed Eliza in the presence of the elders, and Stowler said to Walker: "I reckon we kin make out to let you have a quarter of our place here." And Walker thankfully accepted the offer.

MAX MCNEILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Attorney-General Moody is generally regarded as a probable successor to the late George F. Hoar as senator from Massachusetts.

Marquis Oyama is a trifle over six feet in height, and weighs three hundred pounds. His size, which would be unusual anywhere, has gained him the title, in his own country, of "the giant of the army."

Dr. Carl M. Lee, a full-blooded Chinese, is now the only licensed Chinese chauffeur on the Pacific Coast. The chauffeur examiner says that, in the short space of two weeks, he achieved a greater skill than most white chauffeurs possess.

The girl who in all probability will be Germany's next empress—the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is engaged to Crown Prince Frederick William—is said to have a positively childish appearance, and only a few months ago to have taken a decided interest in dolls.

"The Lord hates a liar." These words, in very big and very black letters, now decorate the main reception-room of the pension bureau, over which Eugene F. Ware, poet and humorist, presides. It is all because of the penchant of the applicants there to magnify the glory of their services to the Union and to ask, as if it were their indisputable right, great remuneration therefor. Mr. Ware is maintaining his reputation.

Dr. Benjamin Coleman Blodgett, whose temporary appointment as organist to the Memorial Church at Stanford is announced, was, until a few months ago, professor of music at Smith College. Dr. Blodgett is a native of Boston, and secured his musical education in America and Europe. He graduated from Leipsic University and Conservatory of Music in 1861, and is an honorary fellow of the London Society of Letters and Arts. Of his church music, his two most notable works are the cantatas, "Job" and "Proposal."

Mrs. McKinley, who is in better physical condition than for many years, habitually refers to the assassination of her husband as "that dreadful deed." She seldom meets any of her friends without speaking of the Buffalo tragedy that desolated her life. She refuses to be beguiled into cheerfulness by the interests which have comforted so many other mourners, and appears to take a melancholy satisfaction in living in the past and in dwelling on the cause of her great grief. It is very unusual for her to omit her daily ride to Westlawn, where her husband was buried.

Francis Burton Harrison, who married Mary Crocker, and who is now Democratic nominee for lieutenant-governor of New York, has had a meteoric career. He is thirty-one years old. He is a worker, although he controls millions of dollars. He has always been a young man of action. He went to the front in the Spanish war as a private in Troop A. He came out as a captain, promoted for gallantry at Santiago. When he graduated from the New York Law School, it was at the head of his class, and he is its president. When he took the nomination for Congress, two years ago, he sent for the man who was to assist him in his canvass, and said: "We are going in not to have the fun of running. We are going in to win." It was estimated that he had seven thousand adverse majority to overcome. He won. In Congress his record was creditable, and he had no opposition in his contest for the lieutenant-governorship nomination. His wife is the daughter of the late Frederick Crocker, of San Francisco, and a niece of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, George Crocker, and William Crocker, and a granddaughter of Charles Crocker.



## THE FAIR'S RAGGED EDGES.

High Prices for Shabby Rooms—The Dirty Shuttle Cars—Lost on the Grounds—Crazy Mohs—The Inside Inn and Hell.

Coming direct from the cleanest and best-kept parts of Europe to St. Louis to attend the World's Fair, the ragged edges of things about it are a great shock.

It was a luxurious *train de luxe* which brought us from the next pier to the American Line landing in New York to the fair city, and the country en route was as lovely as splendid weather and the harvest season could make it; but when the spires and towers of St. Louis should have been visible to us, we saw only a bank of thick soft-coal smoke, and to reach the union station we were compelled to dig a tunnel for ourselves through this mountain of soot.

Not having informed ourselves of what was to be done in order to see the fair to the best advantage, we put up at the Terminal Hotel, which is a part of the union station. When the union station was new, we had lodged in the Terminal Hotel, and had found it neat and fairly cheap in price, but both of these admirable qualities had disappeared, and never have we been so poorly served at so high a price. Two little holes in the wall, without either artificial or natural light sufficient for reading; a tumble-down bathroom, sticky with neglect; and furniture which would have called for protest from a prison-inspection board, were what was assigned to us for ten dollars per day.

We would have been fairly clean after the ride from the sea to the Mississippi on the limited, but we had been begrimed in entering the city of St. Louis, and needed a wash.

It may be that we were cleaner when we left our hotel and entered the "Shuttle Cars" of the Wabash Road than when we plunged into the grimy gloom of the station, but we did not feel that way. Otherwise we would not have been able to abide the shuttle cars. The fourth-class cars of Europe are superior in comfort to the shuttle affairs of the Wabash.

Instead of a park-way approach and a monumental entrance to the fair grounds, we found a muddy outside leading up to unsightly turn-stile gates, and, inside, the backside of a horror of irreverent imitation of the Tyrolean Alps we had so recently left behind us in Europe.

We had come to the fair to attend some of the sections of the Arts and Science Congress, and one of the papers we most wanted to hear, that of Professor Chittenden, of Yale University, on a subject of our especial interest, was down on the programme for the very hour we entered the gates. Where was the section we were interested in situated; and how could we get to it? We were on the spot, but still many intricate miles distant from our quest.

In order that the Arts and Science Congress might be the "largest ever," which is the significant description given to most things in connection with the exposition, some dozens of departments and some hundreds of sections had been called to participate without any adequate arrangement for their accommodation. Lofts and wood-sheds, connected with the different buildings and scattered from Dan to Beersheba, were assigned to the scientists for their deliberations: proximity to disturbance was seemingly no objection to the choice. We were first directed to a building half a mile away from the main entrance, which bore the name of Conference and Congress Hall. It was a mere shed, with no light that one could see, and the two halls were only separated by a thin board partition, through which the voices of the speakers on one side blended confusedly with the voices of the speakers on the other side, and mixed anthropology with entomology so completely that aborigines, savants of civilization, and bugs, could not tell which or the other they were. "Guess again!" said our next informant; "I'm not big enough to be a directory for this colossal affair." But there was one of the Jefferson Guards in sight. He gave us very clear directions. The section we wanted was in the Agricultural Building; but that was a mile away "cross lots" by feet, and three miles by the tortuosities of the Intramural. "Yes; walking fast is quicker but hotter than the Intramural; there is no other alternative."

Arrived in sight of the huge Agricultural Building, we were still at the bottom of a long climb, and the great floral clock made a wide detour necessary before we reached the portal of the Agricultural Hall. When we had finally gained the portal we were reeking with visible perspiration and trembling with impatience. "The other end of this building" was the next link in the chain of our information. We were twenty-four acres distant. When we came to the end, more information was necessary, and that was further disappointing. Our "hall" was up on the gallery at the far south-east corner, another five minutes of hurrying to reach. It was a box of a room, when we finally reached it, and might have been a polling booth in a slum section of a city. Underneath it whirled and burred the machinery which runs the mo-

tive power of the mammoth building devoted to a representation of the entire surface of the earth, and, close at hand, outside, waged a mimic representation of the great Boer War. They were attempting to cram into an hour's performance all the action and noise of a two-year campaign, and we had it all as an accompaniment to the reading of the paper we had come all the way from Europe to hear.

We were compelled to suffer the night at the Terminal Hotel, but we could not again abide the shuttle cars of the Wabash Railway in order to reach it. The electric cars were the only alternative, and we sought their service. The cars are palatial, commodious, and superior in every way; but again bigness came in to make them almost impossible. The bigness of the crowd which wanted to get home then and there made the jam at the station worse than the Johnstown flood. We had joined a party of friends, of whom one was a delicate woman not equal to the crush of a crazy crowd. We were of the first to arrive at the station, and had we been served in turn, we would have been able to take the third car in the line. As it was, we took the two hundred and third car, or thereabouts, and only then after the last pusher had done his darndest to get ahead of us in our weakness. Did our delicate lady companion serve as a protection to herself and to us as she would have done in Dahomey? Not a bit of it! Might is right in a St. Louis crowd, and the name of "Southern chivalry" which the city vaunts by reason of her proximity to the chivalrous South, is but an empty assumption; unless, perchance, the crowd encountered was made up of visitors.

We are now quartered at the Inside Inn, and we have so little reason to complain that we will not include it among the "ragged edges" of the fair. It is the "biggest ever"; but is an enormous convenience, while the service is efficient, courteous, and intelligent. The charges are moderate, and the construction is admirable for a temporary affair. It is four hundred and thirty-five steps from our rooms to the office by whatever route we may go. I think we are in the same county as the office, but the distance is such that the atmospheric conditions may be quite different in the extreme parts of the hotel. There are only some six thousand rooms, but they are spread out over the ground and do not amount to any great height in stories. We have two outside rooms, twelve by fifteen feet, with two hot and cold water shower-baths, and a modern bath-room between them, for the sum of eight dollars a day, without fodder. We have carpets in the middle of our floors, fair furniture, and sufficient electric light. On the wall of each room near the door is pasted the direction: "Ring once for chambermaid and twice for bell-boy"; but in the hurry of construction the electric bells to fit the printed directions have been forgotten. Instead, there is a bell-boy stationed near at hand outside, and there are plenty of chambermaids within easy call. One significant feature is the frequency of fire-watchmen in uniform. They are stationed not more than a hundred feet apart, and they have coils of hose handy for use, as well as chemical extinguishers. There is a dining-room served on the American plan, where a fair breakfast or lunch is given for fifty cents and a very good dinner for seventy-five cents. My companion, an old traveler, but who has never been in America before, says it impresses him as being good and not expensive.

Being a temporary affair, and of hasty construction, one may not expect much, and the babel of language and the vulgarity of a toothpick mob must be met in such a caravansary. In Italy this summer, at a resort for the bargain-counter aristocracy of the large cities, we encountered a well-drilled toothpick brigade, and become somewhat accustomed. These Italian exquisites used their picks freely and openly, but they did not mouth them and suck them for hours after the meal to show that they had eaten something, as many of the Inside Innners do after their dinners.

These are some of the ragged edges. Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, whom hundreds of readers of the *Argonaut* will remember as a stickler for exactness of description, has put the stamp of his estimate upon the Inside Inn part of the fair as follows: "Professor Hale, the Latinist, fresh from his Dante, proclaimed it 'a glimpse of the Inferno!' 'No! No!!' corrected Professor Lounsbury, 'you give an exaggerated impression of the Inferno!'"

But inside the rugged shuck which stains one's apparel and is hard to penetrate, is a kernel of educational excellence which is really the "largest ever." We came for a week, and we are wishing we might remain for six months or more.

The fakes of the "Pike" are the "raggedest ever." They have shut the park-like fair grounds on Sunday by Act of Congress, but they permit the nastiest shows that ever appealed to the morbid senses of country idiosyncrasy. The one we refer to is called the "Streets of Rome," but "Streets of Putridity" would suit the place and the show better.

VAN FLETCH.

St. Louis, September 26, 1904.

## CRIME AND THE WEATHER.

All of Us More Pugnacious on Hot Days—Women Particularly Quarrelsome—"Murder Weather" in Denver—When People Go Insane.

There are some fascinating chapters in Edwin Grant Dexter's "Weather Influences" on the relation of good or bad climatic conditions to crime and sickness. Does a man feel more like committing assault and battery on a hot day, a wet day, or a cold day? Mr. Dexter gives a conclusive answer. When is the weather propitious for murder? Mr. Dexter expresses his conviction and backs it by facts and figures. On what sort of days is one most likely to fall ill or die? Mr. Dexter has an answer ready.

In considering the matter of assault and battery, Mr. Dexter studied 40,000 cases (36,627 males and 3,373 females) being the total number of arrests on this charge during the years 1891-1897, inclusive, in the city of New York. The results show that, for males, the smallest number of assaults occur in the coldest month, January. During February and March the number increases gradually. In April, the curve showing the number takes a sudden shoot upward, and, during May and until the middle of June, the number of assaults increases at an alarming rate. Then, from the middle of June to the middle of July, the increase is gradual. July 15th it begins to decline, and the number of assaults diminishes again until January. With women, the results are similar, but by no means identical. During January, February, March, and April, there are almost no assaults by women in New York. But suddenly, late in April, the sweet female New Yorker grows quarrelsome and, from a point twenty per cent. below the average, the number jumps to forty per cent. above by the middle of June. Then there is a lull. The number of female assaults scarcely increases at all during July, when male assaults are at their maximum, but, in August, when the male rate has begun to fall, the female of our species is a very vixen, the number of assaults being sixty per cent. above the average! From that point, the number falls as rapidly as it rose, and by the first of October the number of female assaults is again below the average. Comparison of the results for the two sexes shows that women are far more susceptible to the influence of hot weather than men. The author adds:

The unusual excess for the month of August, so much greater than the preceding month, which is really the hotter of the two, would seem to imply that there is a point in the endurance of heat at which "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and after the months of June and July had been borne with some equanimity, the heat of August proved too much, and its effects were noted in the police court.

Mr. Dexter quotes S. A. Hill's figures on murder and suicide in India as corroborating his conclusions that hot weather and tendency to violence go hand in hand. Hill found that the average number of suicides in January was 105; February, 109; March, 196; April, 268; May, 246; June, 248; July, 246; August, 242; September, 269; October, 250; November, 151; December, 100.

In India, of course, the hot season of summer is followed by heavy rains. Both these periods are favorable to suicide. Continuing his study of assault and battery cases, Mr. Dexter arranges them with reference to hot days without regard to months, and finds that the largest number occur when the thermometer is about eighty to eighty-five degrees, women again showing a greater susceptibility to heat than the men.

All these figures singularly accord with what Shakespeare had noticed. He wrote:

"I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire: The day is hot, the Capulets abroad, And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl, For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring."

It is singular to find, however, that above eighty or eighty-five degrees of heat, there is a sudden falling off in crimes of violence. Mr. Dexter explains it thus:

It seems without doubt to be due to the deactivating effect of the intense heat of eighty-five degrees and above. For fighting purposes, one must have not only the inclination, but also the energy to support his position *vi et armis*. Heat of any considerable intensity seems productive of emotional states, furnishing the former (i. e., inclination), but at a certain point the latter is depleted by extra demands made upon it by the processes of life under such conditions, and without it, consciousness of sufficient strength to down an antagonist is wanting. If our data showed simple instability of temper—or even profanity—the results might be different; but an inclination to fight, without the energy to back it up, gets nobody into court.

Periods of low barometer are proved by Mr. Dexter's figures to be a harvest season for blue-coats; low humidity also brings many assaults in its train; on windy days, there are few fights, and cloudy and rainy days are most peaceful.

Mr. Dexter studied 184 murders occurring in Denver between the years 1884-1896, inclusive, and found the general result to agree with his assault statistics from New York.

Great heat seems to have a homicidal tendency, as in New York, but one striking difference was noted:

Whereas, from New York City, low humidities are shown to be slightly provocative of brawls (an excess of twenty per cent. or so), the crackling, dry Colorado day, which one who has ever experienced can never forget, with a mean humidity of from ten to fifteen degrees, sends the crime up to an excess of four hundred, which means that for the thirteen years covered by the study, murders were four times as prevalent as under ordinary conditions. In fact, one might almost fear to go upon the streets on such a day.

A third series of statistics studied by Mr. Dexter was the record of punishments at the New York City penitentiary, where he again found an extraordinary amount of serious misbehavior when the weather rose to above eighty degrees.

Regarding insanity, the author reaches these conclusions:

Arrests for insanity are below the normal in prevalence during the colder months of the year, and above the normal for the warmer, though, curiously enough, not the hottest, months: are affected but slightly by different degrees of temperature, except by the very hottest, which produce a marked increase.

From a chapter on "Clerical Errors" we quote a paragraph:

During the London fogs and on days when the weather is particularly depressing, in the Bank of England certain sets of books, an error in which would be cumulative and produce disastrous results further on, are locked up, and the clerks set to tasks less intricate and important in character. Experience has taught those in charge that the percentage of error increases manifold during such climatic conditions, and that it is money in pocket to yield to them.

Other chapters of this interesting volume treat of climate in its relation to health, drunkenness, suicide, etc.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York: \$2.00.

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## SHAKESPEARE IN THE GREEK THEATRE

## The "Literary Production" of "Hamlet."

In many respects, the production of "Hamlet" by Ben Greet's company of players in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley last Saturday afternoon was a fine success. "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?" quoth Hamlet, and pointed, not at the tawdry, be-cupided ceiling of a gaudy-gilded playhouse, but into the blue sky itself where a cloud "almost in the shape of a camel" might well have floated. The shining sun, the green waving trees behind, the vari-colored, motley crowd—three thousand, at least—beyond which rose the gray empty tiers of seats: the pure breezes which blew in, albeit a bit too seldom, made the production, as a whole, one to be long remembered.

It was astonishing how easily and naturally one took to the passage from scene to scene and act to act without pause or break. At the left passed out, perchance, Ophelia; at the right entered Hamlet, and instantly the imagination changed place and time, and all eyes were on the figure of the wrought Dane. When what was once a throne became a grave; when castle walls were transformed into a queen's bed-chamber; when a mimic theatre became a vacant hall—all in the play—the imagination did not fail at the emergency. It lilted swiftly; it destroyed in a trice the fabric of its vision. Ben Greet's production of "Hamlet" again finely demonstrated that the coarse materialism of painted canvas and wooden trees, of tawdry hangings and shifting lights, is quite unnecessary—even with an audience whose tastes have somewhat been debauched by the tinsel of the "comic opera" and the fatuity of the "costume play." Imagination is yet a master; and with its help there need be only a seat or two, perchance a table, a spade, a mattock, and a hoe—and actors—to thrill us with all the passions which cry or murmur in Shakespeare's play of the "Prince of Denmark."

"And actors." Ah, there's the rub. When a Shakespearean play is produced that asks a hearing, not because of its scenery, or costumes, or other futile magnificence, but because of the ideas that shall throw over us once again a spell, certainly actors who shall at least know their lines are a prime requisite.

Especially is this true when a play is produced under the auspices of a great university; and, furthermore, produced for the first time in Western America in its entirety. From half-past eleven until after one; from two-thirty until about five, three thousand people sat in the sun that they might, for the first time, see performed upon a stage, Hamlet, in full stature, as Shakespeare created him. The appeal of the performance—the whole appeal of the performance—was to the intellect, not to the eye or to the ear. If it failed to make such an appeal, it failed of all. And certainly, in large part, it did fail.

We believe that not a single player knew his lines even tolerably well. There may possibly have been one or two. Not more. It was fatal. Having forgotten a fine passage, all but its general trend, you can not make it up out of your head—especially such thick-skulled heads as some of those that wagged on fine broad shoulders in last Saturday's play. You can not change "O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven" into "my offence smells to the sky"; you can not change "he keeps them as an ape doth nuts in the corner of his jaw" into "he holds them as a monkey does apples in his mouth"; you can not change "now fare thee well" into "good-by now" without changing high poetry into cheap prose; great and stirring passages into a mere lifeless kneading of idle words.

The advertisement of the performance declares that "the ordinary acting version of 'Hamlet' by its excessive abridgment of all speeches but the hero's, its omission of entire scenes, and its elimination of important characters gives a decided misconception of Shakespeare's drama." The purpose of this performance was therefore to correct that misconception. Much pains according to the advertisement were taken with the text. Though practically all modern versions of the play "Hamlet" are collations based on the 1609 folio and the 1616 Quarto, Professor Arnes, untroubled with the collated texts of the most noted Shakespearean scholars of our time prepared a new collation especially for use on this occasion. Now what the plain man wants to know is: Why all this spurious care with the text even to the correction of a number of obvious typographical errors? If unskilled players are to be permitted to make mere verbal mistakes in every ten lines than Professor Arnes could possibly have corrected in as many pages? Necessary negatives were omitted, making nonsense of fine passages. Scores of "thous" are the players uttered "you" for "thous," "yes" for "yeas," "whos" for "thats," "yous" for "thos" just as if no rules of grammar were in existence. Dozens of "certainly," a player stumbled through a passage, having only the faintest recol-

lection of its general trend. He "made it up as he went along."

Happy was the auditor at the Greek Theatre on Saturday who neither knew his Shakespeare well nor had the book by him. Placidly he sat and heard, and understood not, and knew not that he understood not. But, unfortunately for their peace of mind, many who came to have "misconceptions" cleared away brought their books along; some of them doubtless thought that the discrepancies between what they heard with their ears and what they saw with their eyes were all due to the differences in texts, but the majority, of course, were not so deceived.

In a play like this, the presentation of the text with at least a decent degree of correctness and understanding is essential. If that is not achieved, nothing is achieved. It is therefore quite idle to consider at length who among the players of the Ben Greet company were tolerable and who were, well, bad. There were perhaps, as in lying, seven degrees of badness, but the number is not sacred or holy in this instance. Suffice it to say that Ben Greet as Hamlet was physically too heavy, not at all a romantic figure, but rather forceful at times; Miss Crawley, as Ophelia, was beautiful in her madness, and quite fetching; Laertes was the fine figure of a man, and knew his lines better than most; the king was pretty awful; the queen very fair, and Polonius almost good also. The acoustics of the place are so perfect that not a syllable escaped the audience. Many of the actors had good voices. But so, forsooth, have plow-boys and rags-and-hotle men. It was little satisfaction to bear perfectly when what you hear is not Shakespeare or even an approximation.

H. A. L.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, *et al.*
2. "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam.
3. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
4. "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by Senator George F. Hoar.
5. "Martyrdom of an Empress," Anonymous.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
3. "The Seeker," by Harry Leon Wilson.
4. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
5. "The Evolution of the Soul," by William Henry Hudson.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Nancy Stair," by Elinor McCartney Lane.
2. "By-Ways of Braith," by Frances Powell.
3. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
4. "The President," by Alfred Henry Lewis.
5. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.

## New Publications.

"The Theological Aspect of Reformed Judaism," by Max L. Margolis. The Friedewald Company. Pamphlet.

"The Flower Princess," by Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00 net—a children's book.

"The Still-Room," by Mrs. Charles Roudell and Harry Roberts. Illustrated. The Country Handbooks—IV. John Lane; \$1.00 net.

"Money: A Study of the Theory of the Medium of Change," by David Kinley, Ph. D. The Citizen's Library. The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

"The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield," by Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25—a fine boys' story by a veteran.

"Boys of St. Timothy's," by Arthur Stanwood Pier. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net—a vigorous story of school life reprinted from the *Youth's Companion*.

"In Search of the Okapi: A Story of Adventure in Central Africa," by Ernest Glanville. Illustrated by William Rainey, R. I. A. C. McClurg & Co.—a good story for boys.

"Prince Henry's Sailor Boy," by Otto von Brincke. Translated and adapted by Mary J. Safford. Illustrated by George Alfred Williams. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50—a tale of life in the German navy.

"Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks: Japanese Feats of Attack and Defense in Personal Encounter," by H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated with thirty-two photographs taken from life by A. B. Phelan and others. G. P. Putnam's

Sons; \$1.35 net—isn't Hancock overdoing the jiu-jitsu business?—this is the fourth book on the theme.

"The Sorceress: A Romantic Story Based upon Victorian Sardou's Famous Play of the Same Name," by George Morehead. Illustrated. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company; 25 cents. Paper.

"Nathalie's Sister: The Last of the McAlister Records," by Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a further addition to Miss Ray's popular series of girls' books.

## THE ETERNAL WANDERLUST.

## Let's Go Back to Borneo.

Let's go down to Sulu Sea—  
I am tired of old Canton,  
Shanghai's had enough of me,  
Nothing good in French Saigon,  
Macao of the Portuguese.  
All this China side's too slow—  
Let's go sail the Sulu Sea—  
Let's go back to Borneo!

On the bund at Singapore  
Chinks and Sikhs stroll up and down—  
Yellow rajahs from Lahore,  
Half-baked kings to see the town.  
By this crowd I set no store,  
All this feeble Malay show—  
Say, let's sail from Singapore—  
Let's go back to Borneo!

No place duller than Penang—  
Twice I had the fever there.  
Gad! the sleepy isle can hang,  
White and brown, for what I care.  
Dyak and orang-outang,  
Where they are I want to go—  
Sink or swim, leave dull Penang—  
Let's go back to Borneo!

I can see the place in dreams  
When the moon shines on the bay—  
Liquid fire the water gleams,  
Phosphorescent flames at play.  
Why, but yesterday it seems  
That we watched the turtles glow  
Like gold patches—in my dreams—  
Let's go back to Borneo!  
—Edward Barron in *Century*.

## Ogo (I Hear).

The Outer World is calling, calling, calling soft  
and low,  
Whispering seductively of places that I know.  
Along the Southern mainland, where the sea's  
alive with light,  
The splendid, vibrant Tropics are calling  
through the night.

Although the muck around me—drabby sky and  
dirty rain—  
Shrieks aloud, incessantly, of soul-destroying  
pain,  
Far down the sounding halls of Space the  
Voice, above the din,  
Calls: "Come away, my Brother; come wander  
with your kin."

Within my heart are ringing, ringing, ringing  
night and day,  
Melodies of color; symphonies in gold and  
gray—  
Green brilliance in the water, purple shadows  
on the sand,  
Pearly skyline blending orange clouds and  
crimson land.

From overseas are calling, calling, calling down  
the wind,  
Voices of the Wilderness (known only to their  
kind):  
"Where green and purple shoreline dips into the  
opal foam,  
We await you, Little Brother, knowing you  
will come."  
—Edwin Warren Guyot in *Leslie's Magazine*.

## Wander-Thirst.

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West  
the sea,  
And East and West the wander-thirst that will  
not let me be;  
It works in me like madness, dear, to hid me  
say good-by;  
For the seas call and the stars call, and, oh! the  
call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what  
the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the Sun for friend, and for  
his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the  
voice is heard,  
For the river calls and the road calls, and,  
oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night  
and day  
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships  
sail away;

And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask  
you why,  
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun  
and the white road and the sky!  
—Gerald Gould in the *Spectator*.

Punch says: "It is stated that Hall Caine's play, 'The Prodigal Son,' will not follow closely the parable in the Bible, but will be an improvement on it."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Best of the Autumn Flood of Fiction.

Before we proceed to a consideration of autumn fiction, whose tide is now upon us, let us pause to express appreciation of an exquisite volume which has its origin, not in the East, but in San Francisco. It is a book whose outward appearance is subtly harmonized to its inward meaning. From the cover of pale-green leather and cloth, a poet might almost surmise that what was written therein dealt with green fields and blue skies, birds and hees, fresh winds and springtime showers. Each copy of this volume of essays, fitly named "Upland Pastures" (Paul Elder; \$3.00) is signed by the author, Adeline Knapp, and only twelve hundred copies have been printed "on Ruisdael hand-made paper, from type afterward distributed." One of William Keith's fine paintings, in a masterly reproduction on Japanese vellum, forms the book's frontispiece, and the typography, in two colors, with a decorative border on each page, is deserving of all praise. These nature-essays, by Miss Knapp, were, we believe, printed elsewhere some years ago, but now for the first time in worthy form. This volume should make a very dainty gift from one nature-loving friend to another.

What is likely to be the most popular of the works of fiction published so far this fall is "Old Gorgon Graham" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50), by George Horace Lorimer, author of "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." Like George Ade and F. Peter Dunne, Lorimer's humor is truly American. These three men have much in common. They draw their similes, not from the dead past, but from the common life of every day, and they are all men of a tremendous amount of common sense. *Ergo*, they are popular in the United States. We predict for "Old Gorgon Graham" a success not inferior to that of Mr. Lorimer's first book. Already it is being published, we understand, in many foreign countries, including Japan.

Merriman was a master of mystery. In his many books, "The Vultures," "The Sowers," etc., the basis of the story was always some dark complex mystery. It is so with his last book—which, curiously and touchingly, bears the title, "The Last Hope" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50)—a book which deals with the mystery which enveloped the death or disappearance of the little Dauphin of France, whose father, Louis the Sixteenth, died on the scaffold. The descriptions of nature in this volume seem to us to surpass anything Merriman had previously done, the plot is well sustained, and the book, as a consequence, promises to be very popular. Unlike many books, it is least good in the opening chapters, and improves steadily to the end. Merriman's delicate grace of style is here particularly marked—we can not resist quoting one brief passage: "He looked slowly from end to end of the ill-kept burial ground, crowded with the bones of the nameless and insignificant dead, who, after a life passed in the daily struggle to wrest a sufficiency of food from a barren soil, or the greater struggle to hold their own against a greedy sea, had faded from the memory of the living, leaving naught behind them but a little mound where the hatcher put his sheep to graze."

Another historical novel of which not so much in praise can be said is Gilbert Parker's "A Ladder of Swords" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50), a tale of the Isle of Jersey and the court of Queen Elizabeth. The story is slight of plot; it is as sentimental as any written by the lady authors; it is marred by the use of curious, pseudo-antique English; and there are improbabilities galore. Sir Gilbert is far more at home among the inhabitants of Canadian woods than with gentlemen in doublet and hose, and ladies in ruffs and other curious toggery. "Back to the woods!" is good advice.

Far more interesting is Arthur Morrison's "The Green Diamond" (L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50), the ever-thrilling story of a fabulous stolen jewel. This tale, however, has a modern setting—the Delhi Durbar of 1902—and the great green diamond, after being stolen, is conveyed to England in one of a number of magnums of Tokay, eighty years old, which, through a blunder, are sold at auction, to the infinite amazement and disgust of the diamond-stealer, who begins the almost hopeless task of finding the particular bottle which contains the diamond. It is an exciting, amusing, and thoroughly well-told work of fiction.

Sixty editions of "Letters Which Never Reached Him" (anonymous on the title-page, but said by the *Mexican Herald* to have been written by the Baroness von Heyking, wife of a former minister to Mexico), have appeared in Germany, and now the work is published simultaneously in England and the United States (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The letters are addressed by a woman to a friend in Pekin. They are pervaded with a gray brooding melancholy, and yet their

comments upon international affairs are strikingly keen, and evidently based upon long experience with things whereof she writes. Often the writer drops into philosophical soliloquies, these passages being written with great delicacy and charm. One may infer that the "letters which never reached him" were addressed to a beloved one, from whom the woman writer was separated by her own will. In one place she says: "He of whom I never spoke is dead"; it is to be inferred from the context that he died insane and was the writer's husband. It is a very odd and fascinating book, and it would not be surprising if it should repeat in English the success it has had in German.

Harry Leon Wilson, author of "The Spenders" and the "Lions of the Lord," and once editor of *Puck*, runs amuck against some phases of modern theology in his new book, entitled "The Seeker" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50). It is the story of the development of a boy's character. He is born into a religious family, and during his boyish idealistic years is transformed from a dreamy poetic youth into an utter disbeliever in the whole system of Christianity. Mr. Wilson is not a mincer of matters, and he "goes for" what he considers the absurdities of modern religious teaching in regular hammer-and-tongs fashion. In fact, the book is rather shocking even to those who may have no particular religious affiliation, and it tends to be a polemic rather than a story of human character. It is, however, in many parts forcibly written, and seems likely to have not a little popularity with followers of the late R. G. Ingersoll and other persons similarly minded.

What reader of the "Love Affairs of an Old Maid" ever suspected that Lilian Bell would retrograde into sheer vulgarity? Positively, some chapters in this last book of hers, "At Home with the Jardines" (L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50), part of which is reprinted and part of which is new, are simply coarse. Much of the book, it is true, is witty, bright, breezy, and humorous, but when it comes to such passages as: "Mary thus delivered herself down the dumb waiter: 'Well, damn you for a groceryman. When we are paying one dollar a look at eggs, what do you mean by sending me two cracked ones out of twelve? To be sure, somebody has been sitting on those eggs, but I will swear it wasn't a hen.'" it is about time to begin to exclude Lilian Bell from the hands of young people. The Jardines are, of course, a Chicago family, and the book merely an account of adventures in their first year of married life.

Will N. Harhen's success with "Abner Daniel," in which the title character was a homely, quaint, philosophic, rough-hewn Southerner, has led him to write another story in the same vein, which is entitled "The Georgians" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50). It contains essentially the same material which goes to construct the "rural dramas" on the stage; "Abner Daniel" appears again, discourses in dialect, and tells interminable stories, from which he draws humorous morals. Moonshiners, ancient hard drinkers, shrewd lawyers, itinerant preachers, and other odd North Georgia characters are the actors in the melodrama, which will keep amused many lovers of the David Harum type of story.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The publication of Mrs. Voynich's new novel, "Olive Latham," seems to have created a renewed interest in her previous work. Her publishers announce that they have just had to send "The Gaddy," her story of the Italian uprising against the Austrians, to press for the twenty-fourth time.

A "rumor," emanating from official sources, says that "Tillie," a Mennonite maid, by Helen Reimsnyder Martin, is to be dramatized for Maude Adams, who has lately been visiting among and studying the Mennonite people of Pennsylvania, with a view to absorbing local color and the personal characteristics of these interestingly alien natives for her impersonation of the gentle Tillie.

"The Associative Processes of the Guinea Pig: A Study of the Psychological Development of an Animal with a Nervous System Well Medullated at Birth," by Jessie Allen. (Contribution from the departments of psychology and neurology of the University of Chicago). Such is the curious description of a work just issued by the Chicago University Press.

"Few people realize," says the *Book Monthly*, "how short the life of an average book is, and how much shorter it is getting. Fifteen years ago you could count on its existence for two or three years. Now three books out of four are almost dead as mutton in three months. This is almost as noticeable in general literature as in fiction."

Every one who saw that most amusing book of cartoons and comments published some two years ago under the title, "A Dog's Day," will be pleased to learn that the

author, Walter Emanuel, who is a regular contributor to *Punch*, has got out, in collaboration with Cecil Oldin, another dog hook, called "The Snob." It is only to be had of the English publishers so far.

George Barr McCutcheon, the author of "Graustark" and of its sequel, just published, "Beverly of Graustark," was married in Chicago last week to Mrs. Marie Van Antwerp Fay, of Highland Park, Ill. Only immediate relatives of both were present. Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon have gone for a trip to Europe.

Tom Keenan, who has been driving engines on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western for nearly half a century, has written his autobiography, which, with the title, "Tom Keenan, Locomotive Engineer," is being issued by the Revells.

D. Appleton & Co. have arranged to bring out a limited autograph edition of Admiral Schley's "Forty-Five Years Under the Flag." Only one hundred copies will be sold, and of these a large number have already been subscribed for in advance of publication.

## A Remarkable Kipling Letter.

The interesting and characteristic letter from Rudyard Kipling, which was referred to in these columns last week, appeared on September 12th in the *Paris Figaro*. It was originally sent to M. Robert d'Humières, a French author, in acknowledgment of his book, "The Island and Empire of Great Britain." The following is the text of the letter:

DEAR M. D'HUMIERES: I have read your book on "The Island and the Empire." It has given me real pleasure, and I thank you very much for it. There are few things more interesting than to see one's own country from the outside, and with eyes as penetrating (and as indulgent) as yours, the liveliest pleasure is added to this interest.

From the point of view of an inhabitant, I am specially delighted with the homage you pay to the energy of the race. Some of us to-day are troubled with doubts on this point. There exists—and I congratulate myself that you have not discovered it—an England which, ruined by excess of prosperity, sleeps, and because it snores loudly, imagines it is thinking.

Your remarks on the army strike me as perfectly just. You put your finger on the vital point of our system when you speak of soldiers who "understand that they must not understand." I believe you touch there the secret of many of our successes, and also many of our reverses. It is the first thing that we teach our boys.

Your studies of India are a sheer delight for me, particularly those on Rajputana, where I wandered when I was young, through Chittore, Jeypore, and other places. I know little of the Southern India which has so fascinated you, although a great part of the poetry of dead India lies there.

I wish you had seen something of new India—the India of factories and railways, where the imperturbable native of the East moves among modern machinery and workshops his gods in the shadow of engine sheds and hoilers. This India is not pretty, but it is significant.

Believe me, I am with you heart and soul in what you say of the value which should be attached to a good understanding between our two countries, not only because of its present utility, but for the sake of to-morrow. Our two peoples, it seems to me, are the complement of one another in temperament and destiny, logically and in reality.

Even were this not the case, one must remember that there is not so much liberty left in Eastern Europe that the two standard-bearers of human freedom can afford to dispute between themselves. Both have to do with enslaved peoples, with the inhabitants of blinded or throttled lands where the word of the monarch is absolute law. If we were to quarrel, who would be the gainer? The Middle Ages furnished with modern weapons. Can any one doubt this?

If I could manage to see you I could discuss with more leisure the thousand interesting points of your book, notably what you say about the coldness of our national temperament. Believe me, our "chastity" is not all cant.

It is an administrative necessity imposed by the density of the population. Imagine a country with a population of four hundred to the square mile, imbued with a sensuality at once refined and aggressive. It would be an orgy, and business would suffer from it.

Besides, ours is a meat-fed people, six millions of whom (more than a seventh of the whole) live in a city which, for five months of the year, is enveloped in semi-darkness, alternating with profound obscurity. We realize that here is a cause of irritation for certain nervous centres, therefore we—this people—take exercise in order to counteract this abnormal stimulus.

"We understand that we must not understand." To understand everything is no doubt to pardon everything. But it also means to commit everything.

I have only one grievance against you, but it is a serious one. You say that I adore Offenbach. Now even I who am no musician can claim some knowledge of agreeable sounds, and I fear that you have misunderstood me. No, never Offenbach, unless on the barrel-organ, to bring back to my memory the songs of the music-halls—my own perhaps.

Really, I would rather be the "aggressive imperialist" of the legend than a worshiper of Offenbach. Very sincerely yours,  
RUDYARD KIPLING.



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A SERIES OF HISTORICAL ARTICLES now running in the *CALIFORNIA REVIEW* are particularly interesting. A recent number (September) tells the history of "Telegraph Hill," by Mrs. Eugenia Kellogg, also the first chapters of the powerful serial on American life entitled "The Substitute," by Will N. Harhen, author of "Abner Daniel." Price to cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

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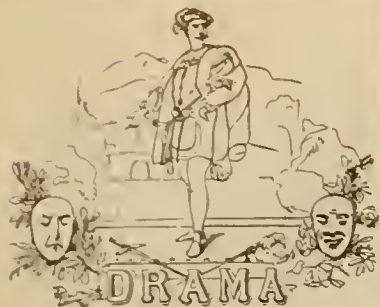
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"The Office Boy" would read—if any one out of the ranks of professionals could be induced to read it—like the merest twaddle. The same might be said, of course, of the majority of musical-comedy librettos. Authors of this class of theatrical literature are obliged to depend to a considerable extent upon the naive humor of the comedians who present their works to the notice of the public.

As a comedian, Frank Daniels is partly a natural, partly an artificial product. He is funnier than he used to be, because his natural gifts are not remarkable, and his long experience has enabled him to equip himself pretty thoroughly with the comedian's panoply of humorous art. It is difficult to divine how much of Noah Little's lines in "The Office Boy" are Harry Smith's, and how much Mr. Daniels's own improvisation; but the total is an involved mixture of straight talk, interruptions, soliloquies, and successful gags. Many of the star's musings in *demi-vie* have a Daniel-esque sound, but when he utters a witticism that has the Smith ear-marks, like "Drink, and the world drinks with you; swear off, and you drink alone," he assumes a pretentious oratorical air, which tickles his admirers inexpressibly; something, indeed, of the aspect of owlish conviction with which he pours out, with numerous winks and self-gratulatory glances at the wings, volumes of high-sounding, meaningless verbiage during his travesty of a speech before the curtain.

Mr. Daniels's specialty seems to be the ability to infuse a burlesque exaggeration of feeling into numerous situations that are evidently written up to meet this special talent: as in the dictating of the love-letter, which forms a sufficiently amusing incident. The song, "For I'm on the Water Wagon Now," gives him a chance to exercise this same talent in vocalization—an art, by the way, viewed from the standpoint of the purely comic, of which Mr. Daniels is no mean exponent. The point is to make the repetition of the refrain funnier and more apt every time. This Mr. Daniels does to a turn, even wooing his listeners during the intervening verses to a sense of temporary forgetfulness, and winning them to fresh mirth when he returns to his seat on the water wagon.

This seems a good deal to say about Frank Daniels, but the fact is that, except for the chorus-girls, the little comedian with the invisible feet and the rotatory eyebrows is almost the "whole show"; a fact, by the way, which forms both its strength and its weakness.

Unless the spectator is a particular admirer of the leading comedian, he is apt to desire more variety; to require that his interest be stimulated by the presence of two or three other leading figures. The leading female singer in the troupe, Sallie Fisher by name, is a refined-looking, attractive, daintily gowned girl, with a light, sweet, reliable, and very pretty soprano that shows cultivation. But she is merely a gracefully antidiagonalizing accompaniment to Mr. Daniels, to whose grotesqueness of appearance she forms a charming foil. She has so little a part that she seems to be merely a secondary principal. Clara Belle Jerome is hard, brisk, light-footed, and uninteresting. The men, among whom is included the migratory Alfred Hickman, have the air of belonging to the better class of musical comedy players, but they also have unimportant parts. Mr. Daniels fully realizes the necessity of bringing a big supply of pretty chorus girls, and while he has no star beauties, they are all attractive, the choruses, too, are particularly well sung.

"The Office Boy" can not boast of any special novelty, nor has Frank Daniels created anything new or striking upon his well-rehearsed methods. As of yore he makes numerous allusions to his "pants," and shows great persistency in working up the obligatory act for which he always chooses very fetching girls as favored subjects.

At the time that "Mr. Simplicity" failed here, it was said that Mr. Daniels had banked upon the familiar motive of the unappreciated player, and denounced San Francisco as a "dry town." But if fancy we must be high in favor now. He had an excellent house on Tuesday evening, a good test of success, as Tuesday night audiences, except during especially successful seasons, generally afford a reaction after the opening night. He evidently is in for a long term of comedy, now that the Eastern sea-

sons have begun. This is always a time of meditation and prayer for the lovers of real drama, who stand apart and, with varying degrees of hope and discouragement, look for the dawn of better things. They may, however, be gratified during the presence of Ben Greet's company of players, which is at present repeating at Lyric Hall its notable performance of "Everyman." How curiously impressive it is, this medieval miracle play, with its blending of religion and drama. There are times when it almost ceases to be an allegory of human life, and becomes a religious ceremonial. And again it forges a sudden link of kinship between the materialistic modern and the devout dweller in the Middle Ages. Nor do the players in Mr. Greet's company, of which Constance Crawley, the Everyman during the former visit, still is a most talented member, fail in any degree to enhance the sombre and striking impression made by the curious old monk-made miracle play.

There are two kinds of imitation, one abject and the other clever. "York State Folks" belongs to the former class. It is modeled openly upon James Herne's dramas of rural life, and is absolutely devoid of one spark of originality. It is therefore a pot-boiler, pure and simple. Plays of the pot-boiler school do not tend to inspire a receptive emotion in the spectator. They merely fill in time. That, however, is getting to be the avowed purpose of drama, the original idea of which was to thrill the emotions and awaken high ideals. But how can a dramatist who writes in purely business mood and feels no emotion himself arouse it in others? The author of "York State Folks" had no special story, or purpose, or message to retail. He merely said to himself: "There's money in this rural-drama scheme. Let's have a try at it." He doubtless proceeded forthwith to purchase copies of Herne's well-known plays, and "York State Folks" is the result.

Theoretically, one should come away from a play of this kind feeling rested and refreshed from the fever of modern living after a contemplation of the simpler life. Actually, one is apt to find these literal reproductions of Herne's familiar characters wearisome in their rigidly careful adherence to the original type, which has been over-much imitated. Mr. Sidman has added to these village characters a strong element of commonplaceness and subtracted the vigor that always accompanies an original conception.

The story of "York State Folks" is of the mildest and milkiest description; the characters such as you would find sipping the excitement of a Thursday evening's prayer-meeting. The worst and wickedest one merely suffers from constitutional bad temper, the best is so saintly as to be almost irritating. When old man Cooper says to young man Martin—who is growing restive under home despotism, and threatens, to the relief of the spectator, to break away, to leave home, to strike out for himself, and to marry against the paternal edict—"Remember, boy, he's your father. Always do as your father says," his counsel awakens a sense of revolt. Common sense promptly contradicts him, crying hotly: "You're right, young man; get out. Leave this old curmudgeon whose tyranny is paralyzing to energy and resolve. Learn to be a man, equally independent in purse and in spirit." The play, however, is virtually on the side of curmudgeons. The author treacherously holds out hopes that he is going to kill off this particular specimen by causing him to have several attacks of heart weakness, but in the end allows every one to welcome his return to good humor and reason with a cordiality and a multiplicity of conciliatory pats that are positively obsequious.

James Lackaye acts the part satisfactorily, but with a villainously indistinct enunciation. A very colorless young actress, with a set of curls that have the suspicious regularity of false teeth, impersonates Jennie, the village beauty. It is quite obvious that this young lady, Miss Rhoades by name, thinks it "perfectly lovely to be on the stage." She is of the soft sentimental type, and chews her words with lingering satisfaction as an urchin chews sugar-cane. Eleanor Sidman is very apt as the fresh and breezy country belle, and Harry Crosby is amusing and realistic as the long-legged country gawk, Lem Dunbar. Ray Royce fills the rôle of the leading character,

that of the good old pourer of oil on troubled waters, in the prescribed manner, and with a physiognomy particularly suitable to the rôle: saintly, silver-haired, mild, and with a gentle drawl that is so familiar from frequent repetition in the rural drama, that one asks: "Where have I heard this actor before?"

In fact, except for the supersensational heroine, all the parts are acceptably filled and carefully acted. How much more satisfactory it would be to see this careful work put on a good, vigorous, fairly original play instead of an anæmic imitation!

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mrs. Campbell and Her Daughter and Her Dog.

In Washington, D. C., on Monday night, Mrs. Patrick Campbell presented, for the first time in English on any stage, Sardou's drama, "The Sorceress." She was given a warm welcome. Mrs. Campbell was less pleasantly the centre of attraction in New York a few days ago, appearing in daylight on Broadway in a combination of walking-suit and evening gown. According to accounts, "the bodice was cut out both in front and back in the shape of the letter V, and not even a feather boa hid the expanse of white shoulder. The skirt was elaborately flounced, and was short." Mrs. Campbell was accompanied by her daughter and her dog, Pinkey Pankey Poo, who had donned for the occasion a fur mantle. The Campbells and the dog visited a Broadway shop, where Mrs. Campbell's costume attracted much attention. They next went to a candy store, where the dog was fed walnut creams. A crowd had followed them, and when they emerged they were surrounded by a curious mob, mostly women. In desperation, Mrs. Campbell summoned a carriage, in which she and her daughter and her dog escaped.

Shaw Satirizes Himself.

In New York, Arnold Daly is presenting as a double bill two of Bernard Shaw's plays—"A Man of Destiny" and "How She Lied to Her Husband." This last is entirely new, and is in the nature of "Candida" reversed. The wife in it is humdrum, and is besieged by a Eugene-like poet, who dedicates his Swinburnian verses to her. Not understanding either poets or poetry, they alarm her. So she, fearful of her husband's wrath, beseeches the poet to tell the husband that they were not dedicated to her, but to another of her name. On being told this, the husband becomes angry because his wife is not considered by the poet sufficient inspiration for his muse, and tells him that she is charming enough to captivate any man. Then the poet confesses the truth, and the husband apologizes. The wife remains totally bewildered. The *Sun* says that "nothing except a visit to the theatre can give any idea of the delicious humor, the exquisite satire, the profound contempt for weak human nature, and the telling lines which Mr. Shaw has poured into his character study. Those who know 'Candida' will see at once where the author has made fun of his own former admirable creation."

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## German Opera at the Tivoli.

Monday night will witness the first production in America of Victor Leon and Franz Lehar's German comic opera, "Der Rastelbinder" ("The Mouse-Trap Peddler"). The scene of the prologue of the piece is in an Hungarian village, and the two succeeding acts are laid in Vienna. The story of the opera is said to be a very quaint and pretty one, and unusually melodious music is announced. Thomas H. Persse, the tenor, will sing Yanku. Edith Mason will have a leading rôle as Suza, and Kate Condon will appear as Corporal Milosch. Ferris Hartman will make his reappearance in the character of Wolff Baer Pfeifferkorn, a Jewish dealer in onions. Willard Simms will be seen as Gloeopher, a wealthy tinsmith, and Dora de Fillippe will be Mizzi, his daughter. Edward Webb will be Sergeant Gumplowicz; William Schuster, Voitech; Bessie Tannehill, Babuschka. The management promises thoroughly adequate costumes and settings.

## Ben Greet Players at Lyric Hall.

The second week of the season at Lyric Hall by the Ben Greet players will be devoted to Shakespearean comedy, produced in the Elizabethan manner. The costuming will be elaborate. Mr. Greet having had all the wardrobe made in London especially for this tour. The plays will be given with the original text. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons "Much Ado About Nothing" will be heard, with Constance Crawley, whose performance in "Everyman" has given her high rank, as Beatrice, and Ben Greet as Benedick. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights and at a special matinee to be held on Friday "Twelfth Night" will be the bill, with Miss Crawley as Viola and Ben Greet as Malvolio. The matinees on Wednesday and Friday will be given at three-thirty in order that pupils and teachers of the schools may attend without inconvenience. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the prices are \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75 cents. Special terms are given to clubs and schools in large parties on application to Will Greenbaum at Lyric Hall.

## "San Toy" at the Columbia.

There will be one week more at the Columbia Theatre of Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy." To-morrow will be the only Sunday night performance, the engagement closing on Saturday night, October 15th. Commencing Monday night, October 17th, the musical comedy, "San Toy," will begin an engagement. "San Toy" is sent out by John P. Fisher, and it is said that the lavishness in scenery and costumes that marked his production of "Florodora," "The Silver Slipper," "The Medal and the Maid," and "Glittering Gloria," are even eclipsed in this Chinese piece. The cast includes James T. Powers, George K. Fortescue, Margaret McKinney, Josephine Neuman, and ninety-six others. The sale of seats begins Thursday.

## Miss Lawton's Farewell Week.

Eugenie Thais Lawton will leave shortly for a starring tour of the East, and for her farewell week in San Francisco will appear at the Central Theatre, beginning Monday night, in H. Rider Haggard's spectacular "She." The management has taken great pains in giving this play the setting it demands, and promises to reproduce with fidelity the original sets of scenery used when "She" had its run of four hundred nights in New York. The imperial city of Kor by moonlight, the destruction of the village in a fearful volcanic explosion, the revolving pillar of fire, and the ghastly death of She, form some of the startling stage pictures. Miss Lawton will be supported by Herschel Mayall and the Central Theatre stock company.

## The New Burlesque at Fischer's.

"Down the Line," by Howard Jacott, is drawing large crowds to Fischer's Theatre this week. Chief interest is centred in the original "Minstrel Maids," in which eight bright girls, assisted by Georgia O'Ramey, present a minstrel olio of the "old-time" minstrels; Dorothy Morton's song, "Here Comes Pansy," and her new verses of "Fishing," which the prima donna repeats by request; the melodramatic duo by Miss Morton and Mr. Clark; "City Types," by Miss O'Ramey and Mr. Dillon; Bobby North's funny specialty, entitled "I Have Found a Way"; and a new specialty by the comedians, Rice and Cady. Hope and Hickman do some clever dancing. One of the best numbers is the Presidio Cadets March, and the Pantomime Ballet in the third act, where a picture of the City Hall is shown at night, with the dome brilliantly lighted. "Dilly Dally" is to be the next piece.

## The Alcazar's New Season.

The four hundred and twenty-fourth consecutive week of the Alcazar stock company will be inaugurated on Monday night by a production of "Lord and Lady Algy," S. C. Carton's comedy drama. The new leading lady, Lillian Lawrence, was for six years at

the Castle Square Theatre in Boston, and for the greater part of that time the new leading man, John Craig, played opposite her. Elizabeth Woodson, the new ingénue, was with Miss Lawrence and Mr. Craig last season at Keith's, in Providence. Among those of the Alcazar company familiar to its patrons are John B. Maher, Harry S. Hilliard, Luke Connors, George Osbourne, Walter Belasco, Juliet Crosby, Adele Belgarde, and Marie Hówe. "Lord and Lady Algy" will be followed on October 17th by the first local production of "The Way of the World," one of Clyde Fitch's society plays.

## Spectacular Show at the Majestic.

There are several people of more than ordinary merit in the stock company at the Majestic Theatre, and a creditable performance has been given this week of "The Henrietta." It will have its last presentation this (Saturday) evening, and to-morrow night the spectacular play, "A Japanese Nightingale," dramatized from Onoto Watanna's novel of that name, will be presented. It is promised that the production at the Majestic will be a facsimile of the Klaw & Erlanger presentation in New York, where it attracted attention by the magnificence of its stage mounting and costuming. The cast is unusually large, and there are over one hundred people in the ensembles. The story is of an American college man who falls in love with and purchases a pretty Japanese singing-girl, who afterward refuses to marry him for fear that he will eventually cast her off. The plot is further complicated by the return from America of the girl's brother, who is discovered to be a former college chum of the American. However, all ends happily.

## Musical Comedy at the Grand.

Pixley & Luders's musical comedy, "The Burgomaster," will be put on for a week at the Grand Opera House, starting with a matinee to-morrow (Sunday). "The Burgomaster" has been played 315 times in Chicago, 240 in Boston, 114 in New York, and 164 in Philadelphia, besides having long runs in St. Louis, Denver, and other principal cities. There are twenty-four song hits in the piece and many choruses. The story of the opera is that Peter Stuyvesant, burgomaster of New Amsterdam, and his secretary, Doodle von Kull, drink too freely of liquor that they had drugged for the Indians, and fall into a sleep, from which they awake in modern New York, and meet with varied and amusing adventures. Besides Oscar L. Figman, who plays the burgomaster, the company includes Charles Sharp, Oscar B. Ragland, Fred Bailey, R. J. Moye, George McKissock, Olga von Hatzfeldt, Louise Brackett, Harriett Sheldon, Dorothy Rae, the Sisters Lockhart, and Mae Franklin. Seats are now on sale—15 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00.

## Imitators, Singers, and Comedians.

Hickey and Nelson, who made their last visit to this city two years ago, will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting their absurdity, entitled "Twisted and Tangled." The male member of the firm is an eccentric comedian, and Miss Nelson makes a good foil to intensify the antics of her partner. Lewis McCord and his company of comedians will make their first appearance in San Francisco, presenting Willard Holcomb's amusing sketch, "Her Last Rehearsal." It tells of a girl who has the notion that she can act, and the efforts of a pair of stranded actors to coach her in the part of Juliet. "A Night in Venice" is the title of an act to be given by S. Sciarretti, E. Cibelli, and A. Cibelli, an Italian trio of vocalists and instrumentalists. They play the mandolin, guitar, and cello. J. A. Murphy and Eloise Willard will also be new, and they promise a lot of fun in their unique sketch, "Conversational Oddities." Mr. Murphy is described as a comedian of quiet, droll methods, while Miss Willard has a well-cultivated voice. Julius M. Tannen, imitator

of well-known actors, will be remembered for his former visit here. For their second and last week, Hoey and Lee, the Hebrew humorists, will change their parodies and stories; and Mme. Avery Strakosch, the prima donna soprano, will be heard in new selections. George Felix, Lydia Barry, and Emily Barry will vary their specialty; and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will conclude the programme.

Hofmann, the pianist, will give a farewell concert on Sunday afternoon, October 16th, on his way through from Los Angeles, where he appears during the coming week.

## COOK'S TOURS

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### OCTOBER "SUNSET"

## YOU'LL WANT TO

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And you'll get your money's worth if you do—and much more. It's an Army and Navy number, with a beautiful three-page colored insert by Edward Cucuel, to say nothing of the fine cover by the same noted artist. Governor Pardee, General MacArthur, and others contribute to this number; while the half-tone illustrations are simply great. Two hundred and twenty-four pages—articles, stories, sketches, bright poems—it will interest you to the last page. 10 cents a copy. Sold everywhere.

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### THAT YOU WANT

## OCTOBER "SUNSET"

### Continental Building and Loan Association

#### OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

#### 301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.

W. L. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General Manager.

## Banks and Insurance.

### THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

#### 526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
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### SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

#### 532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY,  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presidents.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH,  
Cashier, Asst. Cashier.  
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### SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

### FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallat.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

### CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY

#### OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

### WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

#### SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

Branches—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

### Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

### PHENIX ASSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON

Established 1875.

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

### Providence Washington Ins. Co.

OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

### PELICAN ASSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

### GEORGE E. BUTLER,

General Agent,

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 18

200 PINE STREET.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

#### OFFICES

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Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

THE SOLDIER'S WOOLING

[General Corbin opposes army marriages, except with the permission of the Secretary of War. —*Alleged News.*]

(I wondrous maid with eyes of brown  
And silken hair a-curl,  
You are my heart's fair idol, and  
A highly proper girl.  
To think of you my brain's afire—  
I feel I'm going daft;  
But wait a minute, dearest, till  
I've had a talk with Taft!

The rippling music of your voice  
Through all my being thrills;  
At sight or scent or sound of you  
My heart with rapture fills.  
Dan Cupid's sure transfixed me with  
His dinky little shaft,  
But wait a minute, honey, till  
I state the case to Taft!

At night time when I fain would sleep  
I lie awake and toss;  
To give you up, I feel would be  
Irreparable loss;  
But I'm not stationed where I have  
A chance at army graft;  
So, ere I pop the question, dear,  
I'll have to talk to Taft.

Come, sweetheart, come and fly with me!  
Come share my name and fame!  
Without your love the fiercest fight  
Were commonplace and tame.  
A maiden may not volunteer,  
But heed, O heed my draft—  
Yet hold! In my excitement I  
Had plumb forgotten Taft!

—*New York Sun.*

"It places the second-lieutenant in an ambiguous position. If he marries, Corbin gives him fits, and if he has twins, the President congratulates him." This is the comment of a blunt officer on the much-discussed recommendation of General Corbin that army officers should not marry unless they have means of support outside their pay. In general, army comment appears to be adverse to General Corbin's views, which, by the way, have no practical effect, since General Chaffee does not agree with him, and, indeed, it is contended that an Act of Congress will be required to put the recommendation into effect. Those who disagree with General Corbin take this line of argument: The pay of a second-lieutenant, the lowest in the list of commissioned officers, is \$1,400 a year. If he is mounted, he will get \$1,500 a year. He has his house-rent free, which may be estimated as an addition to his salary of some \$400. His total income, then, is approximately \$1,800, and when he has been in the service as second-lieutenant for five years, he gets an increase of \$140. A first-lieutenant, unmounted, gets \$1,500 a year; a captain, \$1,800; a major, \$2,500; a lieutenant-colonel, \$3,000; a colonel, \$3,500; a brigadier-general, \$5,500; a major-general, \$7,500; a lieutenant-general, \$11,000. Now Corbin's proposition is that a second-lieutenant can not profitably marry on a salary of \$1,800 a year. Why? According to Corbin, because "the pay of a subaltern officer is hardly enough for his proper support and the expenses of his equipment and uniform." In other words, Corbin alleges that a second-lieutenant ought to spend his entire salary on his own personal adornment. Now this is not necessary unless it be admitted that it is necessary for a second-lieutenant, or a first-lieutenant, for that matter, to maintain a social position—to "go into society." But why should he "go into society"? The business of a soldier is to fight. He needs a knowledge of men—men under fire—not of the vagaries of young girls in conservatories, behind ornamental palm trees. He needs a knowledge of the evolutions of troops, not necessarily of intricate dance steps. He needs to know how a soldier should bear himself on the battle field, not necessarily how he should behave or misbehave at a dinner in a French restaurant. We see not a single reason why a second-lieutenant should spend his total income on clothes, cards, wine, and other selfish pleasures, if not gross sensualities. Of course, he will have to deny himself pleasures, if he marries. So has to do any man of moderate income, if he marries. It is the price money men pay for the pleasure of the companionship and love of a good woman. Why should not army officers follow their example, and cut out selfish bachelor delight? It is interesting to note that of thirty-two commissioned officers who have been tried by court martial since January, 1902, twenty-five were unmarried.

Those hysteric newspapers which have been saying how blue and romantic was the elopement of the Princess Louise of Belgium with "Count" Mettatchich may yet have to revise what they have said. So far as we can see there is nothing that ought to make matrons' hearts go pitapat or yellow newspaper editors rave in big head lines in the fifth column of a mentally deranged woman as a confessed forger. It seems rather a lie for alienists than a theme for diatribes of modern romance. That the Princess Louise is deranged there can be no doubt according to the Marquise de Poutenoy, in which last a commission of the leading

specialists for diseases of the mind, comprising Dr. Jolly, of Berlin, Dr. Mellis, of Brussels, Professor Wagner von Jauregg, of Vienna, and Dr. Weber, who is at the head of the great asylum of Sonnenstein in Saxony, after a careful and prolonged examination of the princess, made a report to the Emperor of Austria, declaring that "the condition of morbid mental weakness found in her royal highness, Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, at the time when she was placed under tutelage (restraint) remains unchanged, and renders the exalted patient incapable of managing her own affairs. Hence, the continued residence of the princess in a sanatorium is, in view of this condition of health, and in the interests of the exalted patient, imperatively necessary." This report was made public in the name of Emperor Francis Joseph by the grand marshal of his court, General Prince Rudolf Liechtenstein, with the object of putting an end to the stories that the princess had recovered her sanity. It is therefore beyond dispute that the Princess Louise is demented.

With regard to ex-Captain Mattatchich, it is well to bear in mind that in the first place he is not a nobleman, and that he has no right to call himself "Count Keglevitch." The latter, an honored name of the Croatian aristocracy, belongs to his stepfather, who declined to permit him to use it after he had disgraced it. He never, of course, had any right to use his stepfather's title of "count." He admits that he negotiated the promissory notes, to which he was aware that the princess had affixed without authority the signature of her sister, the Crown Princess Stephanie, and describes how he obtained, on the strength of this paper, which he knew to be forged, a couple of million francs from the Vienna money-lenders, Spitzer and Reicher, thus practically acknowledging that he was guilty of the offenses which led to his dismissal from the Austrian army, and to his sentence by court-martial to a term of six years' penal servitude. It may be added that the woman Stoeger, who took part in the abduction, was the former wife of one of the jailers of the penitentiary where Mattatchich had undergone his term of penal servitude, and was divorced by her husband shortly after the ex-captain's liberation, Mattatchich being named as the co-respondent. The truth of the whole matter seems to be, as the Marquis de Fontenoy further points out, that the whole affair has been engineered by creditors of Mattatchich. By holding over the head of Princess Louise's husband, Prince Philip, the threat of a lawsuit with all sorts of preposterous and scandalous charges against himself and other royal personages, these usurers and professional money-lenders, who surround the princess and are able to gain their will of her through her paramour, hope to force Prince Philip into a settlement in full of all the debts incurred by Mattatchich in the princess's name. She is at the mercy of these vultures, and they are determined to exploit her for all she is worth. Altogether it is a very sordid affair.

A new profession is apparently about to be opened in England, as witness the following advertisement in a recent issue of the *London Times*: "Expert advice on dress given to clubmen about town, etc. The latest styles notified week by week, and also what to wear for special occasions. Individuality studied. Preliminary interview absolutely necessary. Address—"

The *Southwestern Reporter* gives a case in which it was held that a kiss is not to be considered an assault, and be punished with a fine of one thousand dollars and two years in jail, if the man who attempts the kiss "reasonably believes" that the woman will allow it, and if he does not intend to use force to obtain the kiss. To constitute an assault, it was held, there must be an intent to injure, and where, as in the case of a kiss, the injury is solely to the feelings, the intent can not be presumed. It is also held that even had a conviction been warranted, the punishment proposed was excessive, as the only possible injury which the prosecutrix could have suffered would have been to her feelings.

"It was an easy development from champagne-colored shoes to livid, vivid green hosiery," thinks Editor Paul Thicman. "Whenever one *outré* color flashes into stark and sudden popularity," he avers, "it is a positive forerunner of other *outré* shades. And, when I saw many women high stepping in champagne-colored slippers and half shoes, I recognized the symptom. I did not know, of course, if the new fall hosiery would be grass green, or burnt onion, or ringed in black and yellow—but I knew it would be *outré*. I take it that the term '*outré*' goes a trifle farther than the adjective '*bizarre*.' And that's what I mean. Anyway, the color of the stockings turned out to be a sort of out-and-out and downright green, and a recommendation along the dazzling battle lines of Mme. Fashion revealed green hats, with what I would say were bull-fight yellow trimmings. Also thousands of yards upon thou-

sands of yards of deep bronze fabric—the human shade which the artists say is the most beautiful in the altogether. They assert that a bronze-backed savage warrior, or a bronze-bosomed barbaric queen, is much more beautiful than any specimen of Caucasian pink and white. But the question I must answer is this: Will disharmony rule in the fall girl's clothes? I think that I can answer positively. I observed that at least four of every five ladies, wearing champagne-colored shoes, teetered like park gaited horses, and I challenge denial of the assertion that teetering is innocent evidence of squeezed toes as surely as a wicked wink from a lady in a cerise-hued bolero jacket is—well, anyway, the same ladies who teetered in champagne-colored slippers will startle us with the out-and-out, downright green stockings and make us bat our eyes at livid, vivid green hats, and cause all men to shy at bull-fight yellow trimmings. But not the women who learn the color of the automobile before they accept an invitation to ride."

Some one has just figured out that New Yorkers spent approximately \$47,780,000 on their vacations this summer.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
September 30th.....	86	70	.00	Clear
"    31st.....	74	64	.00	Pt. Cloudy
October 1st.....	72	50	.00	Clear
"    2d.....	78	56	.00	Clear
"    3d.....	78	56	.00	Clear
"    4th.....	78	54	.00	Clear
"    5th.....	64	60	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 5, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.		Closed Bid. Asked	
Shares.			
Associated Oil Co.	10,000 @ 71	71 1/4	
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.			
C. T. 5% .....	34,000 @ 81 1/4	81 1/4	81 1/2
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	2,000 @ 98 3/4	98 3/4	98 3/4
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	10,000 @ 115	114 3/4	
Los Angeles Pa-			
cific Con. Ry. 5%	10,000 @ 102 1/2	102	
N. R. of Cal. 5% .....	1,000 @ 117 1/2	117	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5% .....	4,000 @ 105 1/2-105 1/2	105 1/2	
North Shore Ry 5%	1,000 @ 102 1/2		103
Oakland Transit			
6% .....	14,000 @ 120	120 1/2	
Oakland Transit			
Con. 5% .....	5,000 @ 101-102	101 3/4	103
Pacific Gas Imp'm't			
4% .....	2,000 @ 95	95	96
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% .....	4,000 @ 105 1/2		105 1/2
Park C. H. Ry. 6% .....	1,000 @ 114 1/2	114 1/2	115
S. F. & S. J. Valley			
Ry. 5% .....	5,000 @ 117	116 3/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1909 .....	17,000 @ 108 1/4	108 1/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1910 .....	30,000 @ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%			
1905 .....	10,000 @ 104	103 1/2	104 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%			
Stpd .....	12,000 @ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
S. V. Water 6% .....	1,000 @ 104 1/2	104 1/2	
S. V. Water 4% .....	7,000 @ 100 1/2	100 1/2	100 3/4
STOCKS.		Closed Bid. Asked	
Shares.			
Water.			
Spring Valley.....	266 @ 38-38 1/2	38 1/2	38 1/2
Banks.			
Bank of California.	33 @ 420-422 1/2	420	
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	20 @ 63 1/2-64 1/2	64	64 1/2
Sugars.			
Hawaiian C. S.....	285 @ 62-63	63 1/2	64
Honokaa S. Co.....	445 @ 15-15 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2
Hutchinson.....	265 @ 10	9 1/2	10 1/2
Makaweli S. Co.....	230 @ 28-28 1/2	28 1/2	28 3/4
Onomea Sugar Co.....	50 @ 28-27 1/2	27 1/2	29
Pauahau Sugar Co.	405 @ 15 1/2-15 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2
Gas and Electric.			
S. F. Gas & Electric	115 @ 60 1/2-62	60 3/4	61
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers.....	50 @ 127	126	
Cal. Wine Assn.....	25 @ 2 1/2		84
Oceanic S. Co.....	305 @ 84-85	2 1/2	3
Pac. Coast Borax.....	20 @ 156	156	157 1/2
Pacific States Tel..	270 @ 112-117 1/2	112	117

Spring Valley Water sold off one-half a point to 38 on sales of 266 shares.

Giant Powder was in better demand, selling up three-quarters of a point, to 64 1/2, on small sales.

The sugars have been fairly active and in good demand at fractional advance. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar closing at 63 1/2 bid, Hutchinson at 9 1/2 bid, Honokaa at 15 1/2 bid, Makaweli Sugar Company at 28 1/2 bid, Pauahau Sugar Company at 15 1/2 bid.

Sales of 50 shares of Alaska Packers were made at 127, a decline of a half point.

Oceanic Steamship Company was quoted at 2 1/2-2 1/2 on sales of 305 shares.

Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone sold off four points to 112 on sales of 270 shares, closing at 112 bid, 116 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric has been inactive, without change in quotations.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



Hunter Whiskey

Stands alone, singled out for superiority.

Only one can be best and it is this superb product of the still.

It is

Unique, Uniform, Inimitable

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.  
136-144 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Private 313.

The Reason Why

So many San Francisco houses advertise in the *Oakland Tribune* is because it reaches thousands of families who depend entirely upon the *Tribune* for all the news of the day.

THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Dean Hole was fond of sports of all kinds, but when a report came to his ears that his groom had been engaging in a pugilistic set-to, the dean felt it his duty to administer a suitable rebuke, winding up with: "I hope you were separated" (severely). "Beg pardon, sir; when I'd finished he didn't want no separating," said the groom.

Dr. Garth, a witty physician of the court of Queen Anne, had prescribed a nauseous dose for the great warrior, Duke of Marlborough. When the duke objected to following the directions, the sharp-tongued Duchess Sarah broke in by saying, "I'll be hanged if it does not cure you." "There, my lord," interposed Garth, "you had better swallow it; you will gain either way."

Josiah Quincy, of Boston, tells of how he was once identified by a laborer who was enlightening a friend. "That is Josiah Quincy," said the first laborer. "An' who is Josiah Quincy?" demanded the other. "Don't ye know who Josiah Quincy is?" demanded the first man; "I never saw such ignorance. Why, he's the grandson of the statue out there in the yard."

George Zimmerman, the publisher, recently made a trip through Kansas and Oklahoma, a region that he had not visited for more than thirty years. "I suppose that you noticed many changes out there," remarked a friend. "Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Zimmerman; "when I first visited that country there were many red men there without a white. On my recent trip I saw many white men without a red."

In the great Boston Public Library there stands on a pedestal in a corner of Bates Hall, the main reading-room, a bust in very dark bronze of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the patron saint of Boston. The other day, two old ladies were wandering about the building. Both the good dames critically examined the likeness. "Why, I never knew," remarked one to the other, drawing back a little, "that Dr. Holmes was a negro."

One of Simeon Ford's latest stories is about a Pennsylvania Sunday-school. A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or two little ones in the mining district. "Now, where did I tell you the Saviour was born?" she asked one morning. "Allentown!" shrieked a grimy twelve-year-old. "Why, what do you mean, Johnnie? I told you He was born at Bethlehem." "Well," replied Johnnie, "I knowed 'twuz some place on de Lehigh Valley Railway."

Down in a Virginia town the aged pastor of one of the churches fell ill not long ago. He was beloved by all the neighborhood, and a constant stream of anxious friends rang the bell to make inquiries. The nurse in charge was an intelligent negro woman, and she decided to issue bulletins at frequent intervals. She wrote them herself, and pinned them to the front door, and this is the way they read as they appeared successively: "Rev. Blank are very sick." "Later—Rev. Blank are worse." "Night—Rev. Blank are sinking." "Morning—Rev. Blank have sunk."

Dr. George F. Shady asked another medical man at a recent meeting of a number of the fraternity if he had ever heard of a three-months-old baby talking. "Oh!" said the other, "of course it is very unusual, but I was called once to attend a sick infant of that age. The case was desperate and past all hope of relief. I was sitting watching for its last gasp when the mother said: 'Doctor, is there nothing that can be done to save my baby?' And I replied: 'Nothing, absolutely nothing.' Just then the baby opened its eyes and said nothing, absolutely nothing, and died."

Professor Simon Newcomb tells of the following incident having occurred during a recent visit paid by several young Western women to the Washington Observatory. "I had done my best," said the eminent astronomer, "to answer with credit to the government and to myself the running fire of questions which my fair callers propounded. I think I had named even the remotest constellations for them, and was congratulating myself upon the outcome, when one of the younger members of the party interjected: 'But, as it has never been proved that the stars are inhabited, how do the astronomers ever find out their names?'"

A New York young man who has the same name and initials as H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil man, frequently receives through the mail letters which are intended for the latter. One day he received a bill for a new flag furnished to Mr. Rogers's yacht, which he mailed to him with the following note: "DEAR SIR: I received the inclosed bill intended for you, as I am not fortunate

enough to own a yacht. However, I will pay your bill if you will tell me the best time to buy Standard Oil." He received the following reply: "DEAR SIR: Your note at hand. I will be glad to pay my own bill. The best time to buy Standard Oil is between ten and three."

Some physicians recently were playfully discussing the diplomacy to be employed with young mothers. "When I am called to a house where there is a baby whose sex I do not know," said one, "I am always embarrassed as to how to speak of it. A mother likes you if you ask her 'How is the little girl?' or 'How is the little boy?' as the case may be, as she usually takes a pride in the sex of the child, whichever it is." One of the most famous physicians in the world remarked: "I never have any trouble in that respect. I make it a rule to call all babies whose sex is unknown to me 'Francis.' The mother doesn't know whether I spell it with an i or an e, and all she thinks is that I have forgotten the small darling's real name, and that is deemed excusable."

The following is given by Kobu Tendzui as a typical Japanese humorous story: The term "Yabu" is applied to doctors who prescribe wrong medicines. Now, it happened once that a quack having been the means of killing the only son of a certain house, the parents determined to have their revenge on him. So they sued him at a court of law. The affair was eventually patched up by the worthy quack giving the bereaved parents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this event, the said quack heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that one of his neighbor's wives was dangerously ill, and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. There is no knowing but that it may end in their taking you from me."

## The Return.

"Oh, Clarence, darling, so you are home at last?"

"Yes, my precious wife. And how deliciously sweet it is to be here!"

"What ages it has been!"

"Yes, dearest, hasn't it? I thought the time would never pass!"

"And what did you do with yourself all the long, long, cruel hours?"

"I hardly know. Just hoped they would go as quickly as possible so that I might get to my little wife. And you?"

"Sat and thought about you the entire time. Clarence, I don't believe you've changed a mite since you went away. It is marvelous!"

"And you, dear one, look quite as familiar as ever. I declare I should have recognized you anywhere."

"And the house—does it look familiar, too?"

"I declare it does, though it seems a long, long dream since I saw it last."

"Clarence!"

"Ethel!"

Cataclysm.

Then this young pair spent the rest of the evening renewing acquaintance with everything, for it was the first day he had gone back to the office after the wedding trip.—Virginia Niles Leeds in Life.

## What Should Solomon Do?

The New York World recently proposed to its readers a singular and fascinating problem, for the best answers to which it offered prizes. The contest is now closed, but here is the problem:

Solomon, with his bride, is taking a honeymoon trip in an automobile. As they start down a steep hill the chain snaps and the emergency brake will not work. Solomon can steer the automobile, but can not stop it. Rounding a sharp curve, where there is a wall on one side and a precipice on the other, he meets a two-horse carriage, in which is an elderly couple. Between the carriage and the wall, where he might otherwise pass, is a nurse, with a child in a baby-carriage. Solomon has ten seconds in which to decide.

What should Solomon do?

1. Should he steer the automobile over the precipice, killing the bride he promised to protect and himself?

2. Should he run down the nurse and child?

3. Should he dash into the carriage in which are the elderly couple and thus save his bride, himself, and the nurse and child?

What should Solomon do, and why?

Inquirer—"And how is the motion arrested?" Automobilist—"By the cop."—New York Sun.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; its reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## The Summer Sight.

Your skirt is rainy-day  
Your waist is peek-a-hoo;  
No wonder people say,  
"We see too much of you!"

—Town Topics.

## An Important Discovery.

Mary had a little lamb,  
She named the cute thing Lil;  
But one day Mary got a jolt  
And since she's called it Bill.

—Kansas City Times.

## The Think-So System.

[A magazine devoted to mental science advises its readers to repeat frequently to themselves: "I will be cheerful all the day" and "I am filled with happiness." This formula is claimed to be a specific against troubles.]

"I will be cheerful all the day—

Where has my collar-button gone?

Beats all how it can get away—

Ouch! That was it I stepped upon!

Confound the—what's that other phrase

That keeps a fellow from distress

And brings glad visions to his gaze?

Ah—I am filled with happiness.

"I will be cheerful all the day—

The coffee's cold; the chops are burned;

You know I don't like eggs that way!

I always ask that they be turned.

Well, bring along the cantaloupe.

It's green! Of course, it's all a guess;

We'll find one good, some day, I hope.

Wait—I am filled with happiness.

"I will be cheerful all the day—

What has wheat done? How's that? O, well!

Looks like they do me, anyway,

No matter if I buy or sell.

I lose on oats? I'd like to swear

With all the vigor I possess—

I'll keep my mind in good repair

With 'I am filled with happiness.'

"I will be cheerful all the day—

There goes my hat! Dagnum the wind;

I'll glue that hat and make it stay

Or else I'll have to keep it pinned."

He chased his hat; an auto came;

It bumped; and in an hour or less

The surgeons asked him for his name.

He sighed: "I'm filled with happiness!"

—Chicago Tribune.

## The Poet's Provender.

My heart is joyous in the dining-hall,  
Where'er, at noon, the smiling hoarding-ma'am  
Displays beside the dulcet frittered clam  
The still, calm beauty of the cod-fish ball.  
And then the chicken of the spring is all  
My fancy paints—e'en to the juicy ham  
Embroidered with helated eggs I am  
Quite partial, for it holds the muse in thrall.  
Welsh rabbit makes me mad as a March hare,  
For oft when I affect it some one dies  
And I'm disposed to pen the threne—or  
monody.  
But, ah! Night brings along her dreadful mare,  
Then poetry incontinentally flies,  
The muse won't work—she simply has  
strephonody.—Eugene Geary in Judge.

Maud—"So that's a photograph of you and your handsome cousin Clarence, is it? You seem to be sitting pretty close together. Where's his left arm?" Mabel (blushing furiously)—"He hasn't any left arm. He lost it in the war with Spain. I told him everybody would misunderstand that picture!"—Chicago Tribune.

## High Authority.

Dr. Robert Hutchison, Hospital for Sick Children, London, says: "Condensed milk is more easily digested than that of ordinary cow's milk." For this reason the demand for Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, for infant feeding, is constantly increasing. Use it also for tea, coffee, and cocoa.



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3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

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PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.

From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

Germanic ..... Oct. 15 | St. Paul ..... Oct. 29

New York ..... Oct. 22 | Philadelphia ..... Nov. 5

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Westernland ..... Oct. 15, 10 am | Friesland ..... Nov. 5, 10 am

Haverford ..... Oct. 22, 10 am | Merion ..... Nov. 19, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Manitou ..... Oct. 15, 9 am | Mesaba ..... Oct. 29, 9 am

Minnetonka ..... Oct. 22, 4 pm | Mimichaha ..... Nov. 5, 3:30 pm

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Southwark ..... Oct. 15 | Dominion ..... Oct. 29

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## RED STAR LINE.

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Vaderland ..... Oct. 22 | Zeeland ..... Nov. 5

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Oceanic ..... Oct. 19, 2 pm | Celtic ..... Oct. 28, 7 am

Arabic ..... Oct. 21, 3 pm | Baltic ..... Nov. 2, noon

Teutonic ..... Oct. 26, 10 am | Majestic ..... Nov. 9, 10 am

NEW SERVICE FROM BOSTON.

Fast Twin-Screw Steamers

of 11,400 to 15,000 tons.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric ..... Nov. 17

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GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.

From New York.

Republic ..... Oct. 29, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25

Cretic ..... Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18

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Romanic ..... Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28, March 11

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First-class \$55 upward, depending on date.

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Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,

and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Doric ..... Wednesday, November 9

S. S. Coptic ..... Saturday, November 26

S. S. Gaelic ..... Tuesday, December 13

S. S. Doric ..... Thursday, February 2, 1905

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

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Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

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W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

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A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Oct. 20, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland

and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 20, at 2 P. M.

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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Kolina Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Captain Haldimand Putnam Young, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Paula Wolf, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wolf, to Mr. William Penn Humphrey.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel S. Chandon, daughter of Mrs. J. J. Chandon, of Marysville, to Mr. John Page Hopkins. The wedding is to take place soon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Elizabeth Miles, daughter of the late Captain Elbridge Miles, U. S. A., to Mr. C. Eugene Curry.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adah Howell, daughter of Major Howell, U. S. A., to Mr. Charles Williams, of Mississippi.

The engagement is announced of Miss Madeline Davis, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Davis of Boston, to Dr. George Hermann Powers, Jr.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Marie Griffith of Burlingame, to Major Samuel Dunning, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Ione Fore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fore, of Oakland, to Mr. Eugene Albert Hewlett, will take place on the evening of October 20th at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland. The ceremony will be performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Charles Wakeley. Miss Pauline Fore will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Edith Gaskill, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Christie Taft, Miss Gertrude Allen, and Miss Natalie Fore. Dr. Walter Hewlett will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Allen Chickering, Mr. Thomas Porter Bishop, Mr. Albion Whitney, and Mr. Howard Huntington. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1414 Franklin Street, will follow the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Romilda Sbarboro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrea Sbarboro, to Mr. Guido Joseph Musto, will take place on Wednesday evening, October 10th, at St. Mary's Cathedral. Mrs. Sartori will be her sister's matron of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Bates will act as maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Marguerite de Vecchi, Miss Elizabeth Duffey, Miss Marian Godfrey, and Miss Leonora Musto, of Stockton. Mr. Romola Sbarboro will be the best man, and the ushers will be Dr. Gianini, Mr. William Wilson, Mr. George Pennoyer, and Mr. Remo Sbarboro. A reception at the Sbarboro residence will follow the church ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Anne Maxwell Miller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller, to Paymaster George Brown, Jr., U. S. N., will take place at the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, on Wednesday.

The wedding of Miss Emily Brice Adams, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. George C. Adams, to Mr. Henry Cheever Bowman, will take place at the First Congregational Church on the morning of October 18th. The ceremony will be performed at ten o'clock by the bride's father. A reception will follow at the residence of the bride's parents, 3002 Pierce Street.

The wedding of Miss Laura Lee McDonald, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Mc-

Donald, to Mr. James C. Sims, took place on Wednesday evening at 912 Union Street. Miss Blythe McDonald was maid of honor. Mr. Frank Powers acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harry D. Hawks, Mr. Charles J. Deering, Mr. Richard Rountree, and Dr. James T. Pressley. Mr. and Mrs. Sims have gone East on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at 912 Union Street.

Miss Etta Schilling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Schilling, will make her formal debut on Thursday afternoon at a reception to be given at the residence of her parents, 1403 Jackson Street, Oakland.

Miss Carrie Nicholson and Miss Belle Nicholson gave a card-party on Tuesday afternoon at their residence, 626 Eighth Street, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. William H. Richardson.

Mr. Harry Holbrook gave a dinner recently at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mr. William Carrigan, of New York. Others at table were Mr. W. R. Wheeler, Mr. John S. Merrill, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Lawrence Harris, Mr. W. A. Landry, Mr. Paul Cowles, Mr. Frank L. Bosqui, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton, Mr. Allan St. John Bowie, Mr. Ralph D. Merrill, and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard gave a luncheon on Saturday at her residence, 1206 Alice Street, Oakland, in honor of Secretary and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf. Others at table were Mrs. John Dean, Mrs. J. H. Nicholson, Mrs. Samuel Taylor, Mrs. Maude Eherts, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Samuel Chaney, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Eleanor Davenport, Mr. Albert Brayton, Miss Carolyn Little, Miss Beans, and Miss Marie Rose Dean.

Miss Etelka Williar gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence in Sausalito.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence, 1117 Hyde Street. Others at table were Mrs. Samuel Buckhee, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. John Rodgers Clark, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson, Mrs. James Bishop, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Miss Ardella Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ertz entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening at the Hotel Colonial in honor of their son's birthday. Those present were Bessie Fillmore, Mary R. Lacount, Blossom Ertz, Susan Ertz, Ralph Curtiss, Stuart Chisholm, Robert Van Sant, and Charles C. Ertz.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Josef Hofmann's Last Appearance.

Josef Hofmann, the brilliant young pianist, will give the third of his concerts at the Alhambra Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon. No music-lover in town should miss hearing this talented artist, for his playing is remarkable in many ways, and—above all—he is absolutely free from all posings or mannerisms. Hofmann's technique is nearly perfect; he has mastered practically all the intricate difficulties of the piano. His touch is the embodiment of grace and daintiness, his runs are clear-cut, and his theme is always heard, no matter what embellishments may be added. He also displays great strength and force, preserving at the same time a depth and purity of tone, which artists often lose in the enthusiasm of their forte passages.

This (Saturday) afternoon his programme will be as follows:

Prelude and fugue, G-minor, Bach-Liszt; "Andante favori," F. Beethoven; rondo, G ("Die Wuth über den verlorenen Groschen"), Beethoven; "Vecchio Minuetto," Sciamatti; sonata, B-minor (allegro maestoso, scherzo, largo, presto non tanto), Chopin; "Sonata quasi una Fantasia," Medtner; prelude, C-sharp minor, Rachmaninoff; "En Bohème," Sternberg; études, D-sharp minor and D-flat major, Scriabine; berceuse, G-flat, Ladow; valse, in A. Tschaiowsky; caprice, in A-flat, Rubinstein; intermezzo, mazurka, Josef Hofmann; "La Jouglesse," Moszkowski; "Tannhäuser Overture," Wagner-Liszt.

## Sousa Coming.

Sousa and his famous band will be heard here, commencing Sunday, October 16th, for twelve concerts at the Alhambra, which will mark the first appearance here of Sousa for many months. His third successful tour of Europe, during which he played in no less than thirteen different countries, occupied the greater part of last year, since when the popular conductor has been enjoying his first real vacation for eight years. There will be no positive change in the character of the Sousa concerts, but Mr. Sousa will have much that is novel and of immediate interest to present to his audiences. Estelle Lieblich, soprano, Jessie Straus, violinist, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist, are his chief soloists. Seats for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s commencing Wednesday, October 12th.

## An Accomplished Child Pianist.

The concert to be given by Gertrude Fleming at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, October 18th, is attracting attention in musical circles. The little artist, who is but

eleven years of age, is an accomplished pianist, and she is also possessed of a soprano voice that ranges to high E. She will be assisted by Mrs. Jeanette Cofer, lyric soprano, and Charles Foley, violinist and tenor. Rudolph Forster will be the piano accompanist. The sale of seats will commence at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning, October 16th.

## The Personnel of the Conried Company.

Heinrich Conried has finally completed arrangements with all the singers who are to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this winter. San Franciscans will be vastly interested in the personnel of the company, since it is to visit us in the spring. The roster is as follows:

*Soprani*—Mmes. Aino Ackté, Bella Alten, Mathilde Bauermeister, Katharina Senger-Bettaque, Emma Eames, Marguerite Lemon, Maria de Macchi, Nellie Melba, Lillian Nordica, Paula Ralph, Marcella Sembrich, Marion Weed, and Alma W. Powell.

*Mezzo-soprani and contralti*—Mmes. Olive Fremstad, Louise Homer, Josephine Jacoby, Florence Mulford, and Edyth Walker.

*Tenori*—Jacques Bars, Alois Burgstaller, Enrico Caruso, Andreas Dippel, Enrico Giordani, Heinrich Knotte, Francisco Nuiho, Frank V. Pollock, Albert Reiss, and Albert Saleza.

*Baritoni*—Bernard Begue, Eugene Dufrie, Eugenio Giraldoni, Otto Goritz, Adolph Mühlmann, Taurino Parvis, Antonio Scotti, and Anton Van Rooy.

*Bassi*—Robert Blass, Marcel Journet, Pol Plançon, and Arcangelo Rossi.

## Schumann-Heink in Comic Opera.

Mme. Schumann-Heink appeared in New York on Monday evening in "Love's Lottery," a comic opera by Julian Edwards and Stanislaus Stange. Her rôle was that of a German washer-woman, whose sweetheart was a sergeant of dragoons. A prize lottery ticket that was lost and then found helped to make the plot. The dispatches say that Schumann-Heink "reveled in her part. She frolicked and coquetted, strutted and swaggered, laughed and geyed, and the sparkle of mirth was in her eyes. Her whole performance was rather remarkable for the mother of nine little Schumann-Heinks. Musically, she was not affected by the frivolous surroundings, for she sang with a purity of tone and mastery of technique." She said in response to a recall: "I thank you mit all my heart. Ees my Eenglesch not goot, no?"

## The Loring Club's First Concert.

The first concert of the twenty-eighth season of the Loring Club will be given in Native Sons' Hall on Tuesday evening, October 12th. The committee of management of the club has arranged for four concerts to be given during the present season, and, in two, the club will have the assistance of a full orchestra, so that a number of compositions of much importance and of great interest to music-lovers will be produced during the season. On Tuesday evening the programme will include solos by A. A. Macurda, E. C. Boysen, and W. R. Kneiss. David W. Loring will act as director, and Miss Ruth Loring will be the pianist.

Robert Grau will introduce a new singer this season—Mme. Nina David, who is said to have a voice of phenomenal range. It begins at the second ledger line below the treble clef, and goes up to the fourth above. On a pinch it can pluck at notes up to the seventh ledger line above. Music written for this voice looks like a four-track railway, and other colorature prima donnas gaze upon it with awe.

Mrs. W. P. Buckingham will make her debut as a professional reader in costume recitals of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth," at Lyric Hall on Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, October 25th and 29th.

Alameda: best place in which to raise a family; schools and free library second to none; 5,000 beautiful homes; room for more. Write for folder containing general information and map. ALAMEDA ADVANCEMENT ASSOCIATION, Alameda, Cal.

The Polygot Club will give its first entertainment late in October at the United Crafts and Arts Building.

## Fashion in Champagne.

Speaking of champagne, our New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering-places, is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon-vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet, but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life.—*The Caterer*.

SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS, wedding invitations, announcements, discs, and crests. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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Matchless for the complexion.

## REST A FEW DAYS

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## A PERFECT COCKTAIL

is a drink in which all the ingredients are so carefully blended that whilst no particular one is in evidence yet the delicate flavor of each is apparent.

This result is difficult to arrive at, as a few drops more or less will destroy the balance. The only safe way is to buy

## Club Cocktails

which are the original and best, scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and properly aged before being bottled.

The most popular varieties of the Club Cocktails are the Martini and Manhattan, the former having a gin and the latter a whisky base.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. John H. Boalt has returned from Europe, and is now in the East. She will spend the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Virginia Joliffe, and Mr. James D. Phelan have returned from their trip abroad.

Mrs. Joseph Austin has returned from Nome, Alaska, and is the guest of Mrs. William T. Session.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has gone to Portland and, after a short stay there, will go, in company with her son, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, to St. Louis. They will be absent a month.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will make Portland, Or., their future home.

Mrs. Frederick Kohl has taken the Buckley residence, 2614 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher, after having spent some time at Hoopa Reservation, is expected home this week.

Mrs. Ives and Miss Florence Ives have returned from San José, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fife, Miss Beatrice Fife, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Foster (née Fife) have returned from Southern California.

Mrs. C. F. Runyon departed this week for St. Louis and the East. She will be absent until the Christmas holidays.

Miss Katherine Selfridge has returned from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto (née Nathan) are expected to arrive from New York within a few days.

Judge and Mrs. George B. Rodney, after spending some time in Yellowstone Park, have gone to New York. They will visit St. Louis on their way home.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. de Golia, of Oakland, have gone on an Eastern trip which will include the St. Louis exposition.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman and Mr. and Mrs. Fennell have gone to St. Louis.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg and her son, Mr. Albert Lowenberg, have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Crane have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter.

Judge and Mrs. G. F. Lich, of San José, have gone to the St. Louis exposition.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler has returned from a three weeks' trip to St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, D. C., and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten and Mrs. William F. Perkins have returned from Del Monte, where they spent a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gump were recent visitors at the Hotel Rafael.

Hon. Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, has departed for Washington. Mrs. Metcalf will remain in Oakland for a few weeks.

Miss Mabury, of San José, has departed for South Africa, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Bradford Bellow.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Taft and Miss Chrissie Taft, of Oakland, are expected home soon from their Eastern trip.

Miss Sara Drum has returned from the East.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton arrived in New York on Wednesday, and leaves soon for California, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. John Jacks and her three daughters, of Monterey, are making a short stay at the Hotel Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Gunn have departed for Canada, where they will spend the winter. Later they will reside permanently in Portland, Or.

Miss Laura Prather, of Oakland, is the guest of Mrs. Henshaw Ward at her country place in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. Charles Fee is visiting Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann returned on Wednesday from a visit to Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Reed McNah (née Young) departed on Wednesday for Los Angeles, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Jones have closed their country place in Ross Valley, and are at the Hotel Colonial, where they will again spend the fall and winter months.

Miss Mabel Wheaton sailed on Saturday for Manila, where she is to be married, upon her arrival, to Mr. Conrad P. Hathaway.

Mr. A. D. Shepard has departed for St. Louis, where he will spend a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Clay have taken a residence on Steiner Street for the winter.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, have departed for the St. Louis exposition as the guests of Judge and Mrs. S. N. Taylor.

Mr. C. H. Markham has returned from Chicago.

Dr. W. A. Meierdierks departed on Saturday for Europe, where he will visit the leading hospitals.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., were in London when last heard from.

Mrs. C. B. Stone and Miss Emily Stone left for the East on Thursday evening. They will visit St. Louis, and expect to be absent about three months.

Miss Ethel Beaver and Miss Virginia Fitch have departed for St. Louis. Miss Fitch will return within a few weeks, but Miss Beaver will be absent for several months.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Mora Moss, who have spent

the summer in Marin County, have returned to their residence at 930 Green Street.

Mrs. Edward Selfridge departed on Saturday for a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. David Cohn and Miss Edith Cohn arrived in New York this week after a year's absence in Europe. They will return to San Francisco about October 20th.

Mrs. Harry E. Sherwick is a guest for the winter of Mrs. H. E. Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Wilkins are occupying their new residence in San Rafael.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. W. Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, the Misses Hartnett, of St. Louis, Miss H. Blackwell, Mr. A. L. Barton, and Mr. A. Russell, of Chicago, Mr. H. R. Baker, Mr. P. H. Lombard, Mr. H. L. Comyn, Mr. P. Rehfsch, Mr. W. C. Estep, and Mr. H. H. Velleno.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Glidden, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Richardson, and Mr. and Mrs. B. Armhold, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Johnson, Mrs. James Jorgensen, Mrs. J. Moreland, Miss M. N. Maguire, the Misses Brigham, Mr. H. G. Hinckley, Mr. John C. Lynch, Mr. Edward I. Wolfe, Mr. Benjamin Armhold, Mr. T. J. Young, Mr. Simeon E. Davis, Mr. Charles Coleman, Mr. Frederick H. Stanle, Mr. T. G. Baker, and Mr. S. A. Johnson.

## Army and Navy News.

Major-General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A., is here, en route to Manila, where he will assume command of the Division of the Philippines.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., assigned to the command of the Department of California, is expected to arrive within a day or so.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, retired, U. S. A., and Miss Cornelia Kempff came up from Menlo last week, and departed on Monday for Texas.

Rear-Admiral John C. Watson, U. S. N., is in Paris on special duty for the naval department.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille, U. S. N., and Mrs. Trille have returned from Pacific Grove, and are occupying their residence on Fillmore Street.

Captain Manly B. Curry, paymaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Department of California, and will proceed, about December 1st, for Manila, where he will report for duty, relieving Major Herbert Lord, paymaster, U. S. A., who will report at San Francisco.

Mrs. Booth sailed on Saturday for the Philippines, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Booth, U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Godwin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Godwin were recent guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Logan, wife of Captain Leavitt C. Logan, U. S. N., in command of the battleship *Ohio*, which was placed in commission on Tuesday, sailed for Japan on Friday. She expects to return to San Francisco about the middle of December, when she will resume her residence at the Hotel Colonial.

Lieutenant Samuel L. Graham, U. S. N., and Mrs. Graham have gone on an extended Eastern trip.

Lieutenant R. W. Briggs, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Miley and reported for duty at the Presidio with the First Battery, Field Artillery, relieving Lieutenant J. G. Langdon, U. S. A., who goes to Fort Miley.

A departmental military tournament will be held at the Presidio on November 17th, 18th, and 19th. Major R. C. Van Vliet, U. S. A., will have charge of the contests.

The new United States training-ship *Intrepid* is to be launched at the Mare Island Navy Yard at noon to-day (Saturday).

The California Review for October has, among its special features, "Telegraph Hill in History," by Eugenia Kellogg, and "Dividing the Great Ranchos," by Hamilton Wright. Among its fiction contributors are Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joseph Nevil Doyle, Will N. Harben, and other well-known writers.

Miss Elsie Clifford, who will be one of this winter's debutantes, is the granddaughter of Mr. Charles F. Jobson, one of California's well-known pioneers, who established the *Morning Call* in this city.

— BEFORE YOU START BUY A TRUNK. This advertisement at the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St., will get you 10% discount.

## Menlo Park.

I am directed by the owner to turn twelve blocks of land into cash. To do this, the blocks will be offered at a uniform price of \$1,000 each. This is less than one-third of 1891 prices, and the best value for \$1,000 I have ever had a chance to offer. The blocks face an avenue 66 feet wide, through which runs a six-inch water-main from Bear Gulch Reservoir. They contain from 2 1/4 to 3 1/4 acres each, and on some blocks are a number of fine white oaks, trees. Address Edgar C. Humphrey, Call Building, or Palo Alto, Cal.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## A Distinguished Italian Visitor.

Signor Attilio Brunialti, a member of Italy's Council of State, and Grand Officer of the Crown, lectured here on Friday and Saturday of last week on the natural beauties of Italy. His first lecture was in Italian, and his second in English. He delivered lectures on Italian subjects at the University of California on Monday and at Stanford University on Tuesday. He expects to visit this country next year, lecturing upon modern Italy, and to embrace the Pacific Coast cities in his tour. Signor Brunialti is a noted linguist, and an indefatigable Alpinist. He is professor of jurisprudence at the University of Bonn, a member of the International Congress, and of the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia. Upon his return to Italy he will lecture at the Quirinal, in Rome, by the king's invitation, upon America.

Frederick B. Signor has resigned the managership of the Empire to take charge of The Buckingham, the handsome new apartment-hotel on Sutter Street, between Mason and Taylor, which is to be opened on October 15th. Mr. Signor has had a varied experience in the hotel business in the East, having for some years been connected with Sherry's establishment in New York. Under his direction, every apartment in the Empire has been leased, and the café has become popular, not only with the guests, but with the public as well, the cuisine and service being excellent. During his comparatively brief residence here, Mr. Signor has made many friends in the business and social world, who wish him success in his new undertaking.

The board of directors of the San Francisco Maternity are delighted with the large number of acceptances which have been received for the card-party to be given at the Century Club rooms, 1213 Sutter Street, on Thursday afternoon. At two o'clock the guests will begin playing, bridge and euchre being the games chosen for the afternoon's entertainment. The prizes are said to be valuable and beautiful, and well worth playing for. The affair promises to be one of the smartest social functions of the early autumn season.

The Sequoia Club has arranged to give an informal "at home" at its club-rooms at the Hotel St. Francis every Wednesday evening. The members are beginning to feel at home in their new quarters, and many drop in of an afternoon and enjoy a cup of tea, which is served daily between four and six. The middle of this month, L. Maynard Dixon, the well-known artist, whose trip to Mexico has been delayed, will exhibit a collection of his studies of Western life in the club-rooms.

Work has practically been suspended on the Fairmont Hotel, pending the arrival of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. When she reaches here within a few weeks, work will be resumed, and will be pushed to completion. Contracts for furnishing have already been let. It is expected that the hotel will be ready for occupancy by Christmas, 1905. A lessee has not yet been secured.

The first fall rains have done wonders to beautify Mill Valley and the Marin County hills. A trip to Mt. Tamalpais through this pretty little valley is especially enjoyable at this time of the year. The view from the top of the mountain is unsurpassed, and the hospitality of the Tavern of Tamalpais is famous.

Attention is called to the notice, in another column, of the change in the time-table of the Mt. Tamalpais Railway.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN correct form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## Celebrated "Knox" Hats

just received by Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

MISS A. K. WILSON  
Graduate of Dresden Royal Conservatory.  
Piano Instruction. SUPERIOR METHOD.  
Classes in the Wagnerian drama. Studio, Hotel Sutherland, Sutter Street, corner Jones.

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## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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S. E. cor. Pine and Jones Sts.  
The Select Hotel of San Francisco

All apartments steam-heated

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Having renewed our lease and thoroughly renovated this hotel, we will continue making this the best and leading family hotel on this Coast.

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Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Trains leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10.00 A. M., and 6.00 and 8.05 P. M. Dining car on the 6.00 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.







# The Argonaut.

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It is less than a month to election, but still we are in the political doldrums, and there appears not a single sign that the Democrats will be able to get up a breeze of enthusiasm to transform what is now a drifting match into a real race. In many respects, the situation is very like that in 1900. Then, as now, the first week in October arrived without change in the political indifference that had been pronounced throughout the campaign. Then, as now, the betting odds on the Republican candidate were large. On the sixteenth of October, Bryan had his great Tammany demonstration in New York City, which gave the Republicans a few uncomfortable moments. But from that point on to

election day, the campaign proceeded without notable display of enthusiasm. Mr. McKinley got 292 electoral votes against Bryan's 155. Such a result, following similar conditions, may reasonably be expected this year.

Apathy, it is clear, is tremendously discouraging to the Democrats; not at all so to the Republicans. The Republican party is now in power; when the last ballot was taken, the majority of voters were Republicans. It is therefore necessary for the Democrats to effect a complete revolution of sentiment. Apathy is not a sign that a revolution is taking place. Such revolutions are accompanied by violent argument, enthusiasm, and energy. They can not be effected otherwise. The only construction that can possibly be placed on the present political indifference is that the people are satisfied with Theodore Roosevelt.

But if it lacks energy, the campaign has some humorous features. What, for example, could be more provocative of laughter than the sight of William Randolph Hearst and Mr. Parker shooting smiling glances at each other across the festal board, while Sheehan and Taggart, both of whom Hearst has abused, sit at right and left? What could be more amusing than to read the political editorials in the *Examiner* denouncing Roosevelt and Republicanism in wild and lurid language, but religiously refraining from a single solitary mention of the name of Parker? What could be more stimulant to smiles than to read in these same editorials denunciation of the Republican party's "servitude to the trusts," while August Belmont, whom the Hearst papers have cartooned a hundred times as the agent of Wall Street, is running the financial end of the Parker campaign? Really, McEwen and Brisbane must have hard work to keep their faces straight while they pen these political lyrics.

The case of Bryan is also highly amusing. He is supposed to be "firing the popular heart" for Parker. In his speech at South Omaha, he sent his auditors into a glow of enthusiasm with these stirring words: "I shall not tell you that I was delighted with the nomination at St. Louis. I opposed the nomination of Parker because he did not stand for what we have been fighting for in Nebraska for eight years. A Roosevelt victory in Nebraska is certain this fall. Parker is too much like Roosevelt. I have not recanted. I stand to-day for every doctrine I have advocated." What sort of a reed is this upon which the "safe and sane" candidate leans so heavily? Yet the Democratic campaign managers are reported to be depending upon Bryan to corral the radical vote! The country will watch with considerable interest Mr. Bryan's masterly efforts to catch flies with a bait of vinegar.

Meanwhile, Thomas E. Watson, Bryan's running mate in 1896 (and Bryan says he "stands to-day for every doctrine he has advocated"), is making such a campaign as only a hot-blooded Southerner, of combative temperament and with red hair, could make—lambasting the Democracy for the thousand and one absurdities and inconsistencies of its position. Watson says he has not changed his principles; Bryan says he stands by all those for which he has ever contended; yet Bryan is on one side in this contest and Watson on the other. "Never shake thy gory locks at me and Hearst," Bryan must feel like whispering across the field of battle to his one-time running mate; "we are not really recreant; wait till after November 8th, and we three will be the star figures in the reorganized, thoroughly radical Democracy, shouting for national ownership of the railways, an income tax, and all the rest."

Another candidate for President—no less a person than Eugene V. Debs—is adding to the Democratic

campaign managers' general discomfort. It will be recalled that the elections of 1902 showed a tremendous increase in the socialist vote. The various socialist parties received altogether more than 300,000 votes. In Massachusetts, the vote increased three hundred per cent. In the city of Chicago, it increased four hundred per cent. The vote in Milwaukee was 11,731 out of a total of 58,611. In this State, it more than doubled. Doubtless the socialistic wave in 1902 was made formidable by the coal strike, which had then just ended, but it is an interesting question how many votes the party will get this year. Socialistic sentiment is very strong in Chicago, and it is believed that the number of votes Debs will draw from Parker clinches beyond shadow of doubt the question of Roosevelt's success in that State. When Debs visited San Francisco, a few weeks ago, his meeting was little advertised in the daily press, and his very presence was unknown to the vast majority of the people. Yet Woodward's Pavilion was packed with a crowd estimated to number 6,000, while the Democratic campaign-opening scarcely drew enough people to the Alhambra to fill that small theatre. If the socialistic sentiment has grown during the two years past, the fact may also have a considerable bearing on the local congressional campaign, for it is reasonable to suppose that the socialist ranks will be recruited most largely from the Democracy.

It is significant that none of the great Democratic papers are risking the prediction that Parker will defeat Roosevelt. The Democrats appear to hope that some miracle will be performed in their favor during the coming month. Otherwise, they already admit defeat.

In the face of such a situation, California Republicans ought to turn their energies to making certain the sending of a solid Republican delegation to Congress. Mr. Livernash, in the fourth district, is making an aggressive campaign, and without doubt he has influence with a certain class of voters. Mr. Bell, in the second, is also making a hard fight. There are other districts in the State that are sufficiently doubtful so that Republicans ought not to rest on their oars. To permit Mr. Livernash's return to Congress would be a slap in the face of the President. Livernash is a violent socialist, and an insincere demagogue. Such a man ought not to be permitted to misrepresent San Francisco in the Congress of the United States. Nor should other districts be lost. Failure of California to elect Republican congressmen in every district will indicate that her loyalty to the administration of Theodore Roosevelt is only lukewarm and half-hearted.

The plans of the work to be done in the Canal Zone are being rapidly brought to completion. The sanitary engineers have made their surveys, taken their observations, and formulated a scheme to stamp out malaria by destroying the swamps that breed mosquitoes; to prevent yellow fever by stringent quarantine and the changing of the city levels in Panama with the extinction of cesspools and the laying of a full system of sewerage. The sewer pipe has been ordered, and also under way is a modern water-works.

Close on the heels of the sanitary pioneers went four parties of engineers to find out whether the canal plans could not be changed enough to lower the highest level reached from eighty-five to sixty feet above tide-water. The result is the announcement that for \$16,000,000 the waters of the Chagres River can be diverted to the Pacific, and thereby \$20,000,000 of the \$36,000,000 appropriated for locks saved. With this new fund the engineers propose to make the locks forty feet deep instead of thirty-five.

The civil procedure of the new territory has been



initiated. On September 12th, Judge Kyle opened the first American court in the Canal Zone, with Prosecuting Attorney Keedy and Marshal and Captain of Police G. R. Danton at their posts. This commencing of United States government of the Zone has, however, a unique feature: so far as shipping laws go it is regarded as foreign territory, and its ports are practically free-trade ports.

In the actual work of digging the canal some thousand laborers are now at work in the great Culebra cut. In this cut the plans of the French engineers are being followed and the workmen they employed have been continued. But the principal portion of the American work will be done by machinery. Steam shovels, dredgers, and dynamite have been ordered, together with the lumber for the necessary construction tracks and buildings. Of the \$29,000,000 worth of machinery bought by the French company at various times, but \$3,000,000 worth can ever be used again. With modern engines, it is estimated that, instead of the thousands on thousands of laborers once thought needful for a task of this size, only some dozen thousand will be used, and these will be gathered slowly, only in the course of several years to reach the maximum force.

Of what race these laborers will be has not been determined. Jamaicans are favored by most, but Chinese and other Asiatics are being discussed. The number of whites that can find employment in the Canal Zone will be very limited. Warnings have already had to be published against emigration thence in hopes of much and remunerative work. Rents in Panama have already trebled, and the prices of necessities doubled. And there is no work now, except for the experts or the commonest laborer, nor will there be till next July.

Certainly the American public is interested in finance as applied to the manipulation of the stocks and bonds market where rich and mean put their money. If any one doubted it, the way in which Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" has increased the circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* would convince him. So great has been the increase of this magazine's circulation that it is strongly hinted in some quarters that Mr. Lawson must be part owner of it. Others vicariously tremble for the publishers of articles so open to the libel law. But the great thing now is to decide just how far Mr. Lawson is going in his exposures. Will he tell all?

There seems to be an impression in the East that "Frenzied Finance" may not get down to the bottom facts where the small investor and the common sufferer may figure in his note-book and avoid ruin. The *Chicago Tribune* surmises that the rest of the series will answer its description of the first portion: "mostly prospectus and capitalization." The *Tribune* desires to know, Where is the mine?

"Holland," the famous stock letter-writer, asserts that Mr. Lawson's exposition of modern finance "makes it clear that he is either ignorant himself of the details of true financing, or that he hopes that his readers are ignorant thereof." The *New York Evening Post* is dubious whether Mr. Lawson is not immodest in exposing himself too much, and asks whether he will indeed strip his former associates as well. The *New York Times* characterizes the articles that have already appeared as mere vocabulary. *Puck* is taking Mr. Lawson's style off in "Frigid Finance."

All this, however, is no proof that Mr. Lawson may not yet drop his generalities and blow things skyward with explosive facts. As even the *New York Post* admits, as "an *ex-parte* statement, it deals with facts of common notoriety, and can not be far from the truth in matters essential to a public understanding of how the great deal was worked to the undoing of credulous investors." Others see in Mr. Lawson's florid and ingenious introduction a fitting, if pretentious, entrance to the financial arena, which after all we are to see in its full glory and shame through articles written by the most picturesque of modern financiers. But the mere tickling of the ear will not satisfy Mr. Lawson's prospectus: are we to get genuine facts, incontrovertible and fitted to the hand of the small capitalist? The first thing a reformer should do with his gun is to load it. Those who assume that Mr. Lawson is a reformer are anxiously inquiring about his armament.

The medical profession in three countries is engaged in discussing the ethics of the Doyen-Crocker controversy. It will be recalled that Dr. Doyen, who was treating Mrs. George Crocker for cancer, intimated to Mr. Crocker that his endeavors would cease if he were not paid in advance \$20,000. Mr. Crocker, under the distressing circumstances, paid the fee, but Mrs. Crocker died. Mr. Crocker now sues Doyen for the return of the

\$20,000, alleging that the fee was exacted by "moral violence." The many physicians—French, British, and American—who have been interviewed, are, in many respects, in agreement. They agree, for example, that Dr. Doyen's keeping secret his alleged cure for cancer is morally indefensible. In America, they say, a physician who kept secret the composition of a valuable remedy, or who should take out a patent on a surgical invention, would be ostracized and expelled from the medical societies. He would be considered a charlatan. The theory is that the physician is laboring, not for personal profit, but for the benefit of mankind. The better the remedy the more quickly should he spread knowledge of it broadcast among the members of his profession. Physicians also agree that it is highly unprofessional to exact a fee in advance. They say it is never done by reputable doctors. However, they agree that patients in moderate circumstances often inquire what the cost of an operation will be in order that they may be able to determine if they can afford it, so that the fee is, in fact, often fixed beforehand. Most of the physicians interviewed deny that "the rich ought to pay for the poor." All physicians, they think, ought to expect to do charity work without pay. The rich should be charged somewhat larger fees than people in moderate circumstances, but there is no justification for charging a man worth \$10,000,000 any more than a man worth \$1,000,000. Almost all think \$20,000 an excessive fee, especially as there was no operation. Physicians also are pretty well agreed that the living or dying of the patient should make no difference in the amount of the fee. A physician is supposed to have done his best. A touch of the spectacular is given to the controversy by Dr. Doyen's threat to challenge to a duel the physician who, he says, egged on Mr. Crocker to bring the suit.

Zulu is a language not very much heard on the streets of San Francisco; yet the *Examiner* tried to palm off a spurious Zulu quotation on its readers, the other day, and got caught at it. The *Examiner* had recorded that when Zulu ladies rubbed themselves from head to toe with sheep fat, their delighted husbands exclaimed: "Bonomakash, anaga!" Whereat the *Pacific-Posten* remarks that it has been forced to the painful conclusion that the *Examiner* doesn't know what it is talking about; "in other words, *u kuluma njenj' isi-pukupuku*, which is classical Zulu for 'talking through your hat.'" The *Pacific-Posten's* editor continues, remarking that, when he sojourned in Zululand, native ladies did not smear themselves with sheep fat; that the Zulus do not keep sheep; that Zulu gentlemen do not exclaim with delight at the appearance of their wives; and that the *Examiner's* Zulu phrase is not to be found in his well-stocked memory, or in Robertson's Zulu dictionary. The *Pacific-Posten* suggests that instead of "anaga," the *Examiner* meant "amanga," which means a lie. But that was really unkind.

To beat a woman has always been held unnecessary. There are so many other ways of punishing her for her faults and correcting the vices inherent in her sex. One can wound her feelings by personal slights. One can break her heart, and without any publicity. Therefore in this age when we prefer to expose another's household secrets than our own, the man is thought inconsiderate and impulsive who scandalizes a whole neighborhood by thumping his wife soundly with his fists instead of concealing his annoyance and attaining the same end by absent treatment.

The law was not made so much for the benefit of criminals as for the protection and guidance of fools. The wife-beater does not go to jail in order to become eured of his desire for publicity, but in order that the fool may take the hint and not strangle his wife on the front porch. The end of the law, however, punishment and penalty, have gradually attained a sort of moral significance reactive on the one punished. The natural inconvenience resulting from confinement in a jail, while in the act of warning the fool, has by a strange transition become transferred to the wife-beater himself, and looked upon as a reward for his deed.

With this change of mental association, the thoughtful have tried to adjust the punishment of the evildoer, not to the prospective infirmity of some fool, but to his own delinquency. The question arises (and gets up earlier each day), Does the wife-beater get his deserts?

It is universally conceded, except by those rash and impulsive spirits themselves, that he does not. To hit a woman is vulgar, crude, and not good form. It may be looked upon as a gross form of impoliteness. It deserves rebuke. People must be taught their manners.

We must elevate the masses from physical relaxation to mental. If thy second wife offend thee, double thy alimony to the first. If the coffee is cold in the morning, or her affections at even, do not use a poker. No gentlemen will use physical exertion when the mind is above matter. This is the world's view.

But what to do to the man whose exuberant vitality overrides the law of Manners. We have spoken to him, and he has returned to his rude habit. We have put him in jail, and his wife has worked out to support the children during his enforced idleness. We have fined him heavily, and his wife has taken in washing to pay it. So what shall we do?

The *Argonaut*, after long pondering on this delicate question, is of the opinion that the man who beats his wife should be beaten in return by a strong-armed, deep-chested, unemotional son of a gun with a cat-o'-nine tails, each tail of which is thirty-six inches long, tipped with wire, laid on firmly, snappily, and six to the minute. Delaware, the New York police commissioners, and Chief Wittman believe the same thing.

Perusal of a little paper called the *New Empire*, published in the interests of Stilwell's railway in course of construction from Kansas City to Topolobampo, Mexico, is calculated to make a San Franciscan sit down and think real hard. Topolobampo, we are told, is to rival this city; it has the largest harbor, except ours, on this side of Cape Horn—one where all the navies of the Pacific can ride safely at anchor. Stilwell's railway is more than half graded, and he is said already to have entered into a contract with the Hamburg-American Company to run a steamship line across the Pacific when the railway is completed. All of which ought to make us thoughtful. There was a time when San Francisco was the only city on the Pacific Coast. This city still grows with marvelous rapidity, ranking second last year among the cities of the United States in the number of new buildings erected. But what with Topolobampo, the completion of the Salt Lake-Los Angeles road, the construction of huge steamships by J. J. Hill, and the construction of a new Canadian railway, San Francisco needs to look to her laurels. During the decade, 1890-1900, Seattle's rate of increase in population was eighty-eight per cent., Portland's ninety-five, Los Angeles's one hundred and four, and San Francisco's fourteen. San Francisco merchants ought to remember that San Francisco does not hold in fee simple the trade of the Orient.

It makes all the difference in the world whether General Kuropatkin's spectacular advance upon the Japanese army is made upon his own initiative, or whether the movement is forced upon him by the authorities at St. Petersburg. If the former, believing as we do—however pro-Japanese American commentators may differ—that, in the retreat from Liao Yang, General Kuropatkin showed (as the London *Spectator* remarks) "the highest and rarest order of military genius," we are convinced that he will achieve the ends he has in view. We believe that he would have gauged the strength of the Japanese army and the strategical ability of the Japanese generals, and that he would not, on his own initiative, risk his men in fruitless endeavors. But if the movement has been made necessary by disturbed conditions in Russia—by political rather than military considerations—then it is useless to predict the outcome of the forward movement. At this writing, conflicting reports leave us only certain that a battle rivaling Liao Yang is being desperately waged.

Judge Hebbard rendered a decision in a curious case. The other day, May Amy E. Grace had sued Joseph H. Grace for divorce, and had secured an interlocutory decree when Grace died. Being rid of Grace by death, the widow was willing to profit by the incompleteness of the divorce proceedings and accept her legal share of the property Grace left. But Grace's relatives prayed the court to issue a final decree and cut off Mrs. Grace. This the court refused to do, for, Judge Hebbard held, divorce proceedings interest only parties to the action, and the interference of other persons can not be tolerated. No final decree will therefore be issued, and Mrs. Grace, a cheerful widow, will receive some of the property Grace left.

The petition to have the charter amended, fixing the license to sell liquor in this city at \$500 a year, has been rejected by the board of election commissioners. But if, as the newspaper accounts of the proceedings insinuate, the petition was improperly rejected, and Registrar Adams was willfully in error in stating that



3,181 of the 10,324 names signed to the petition were those of persons not registered, the Civic Council will be in a much better position to push the matter to a successful conclusion next year. The wrongful rejection of the petition will make many voters mad; they will brook no such hocus-pocus next time. Besides, there are thousands of people who would have been glad to sign the petition if they had had a chance. The *Argonaut* has for years advocated a higher license, but no petition was ever presented at this office, and we were ignorant that one was in circulation until a month or so ago. The whole question has now had thorough advertisement, and, another year, it ought to be easy to get 20,000 names. There are a good many more people than that who would like to see these pestiferous, grimy little corner saloons—where little children "rushing the can" are the most frequent of customers—rooted out of San Francisco forever.

Beginning with its issue of April 30, 1904, and continuing up to and including the issue of September 24th, *Harper's Weekly* published each week an article headed, "Progress of the War."

In the issues of September 3d, 10th, 17th, and 24th, this department contained the following passage, identical save for the final date:

From the beginning of the war, February 9th, until September —, the following Russian warships have been destroyed: the *Petropavlovsk*, *Variag*, *Bogatyr*, *Rurik*, *Boyarin*, *Korieta*, and *Yenesei*.

On September 19th, the *Argonaut* said:

The colonel is in need of a new war editor. . . . The war did not begin on February 9th; the cruiser *Bogatyr* was not destroyed; the *Yenesei* was not a "warship."

In its issue of October 1st, *Harper's Weekly* discontinued its department, "Progress of the War."

The *Evening Post*, in a recent editorial, indorsed municipal ownership in the abstract, but opposed the idea of adopting the movement locally at present, "because," it says, "municipal ownership would, at the present moment, be a disastrous experiment for San Francisco."

The *Argonaut*, in dealing with charter amendment number one, did not propose to enter into a broad discussion of municipal socialism, but as the *Post* desires a clear explanation of our position, we do not hesitate to give it.

The *Post's* head-lines say: "Municipal Ownership is Not Necessarily Socialism," and again, in the body of the article, this passage occurs: "Thoughtful men should not be led away with the foolish dogma of unthinking men that municipal ownership is socialism in its worst form."

Municipal ownership is not "socialism in its worst form," but it is one of the worst of its symptoms, and it ultimately and inevitably leads to socialism and to the collectivist state of socialism. Nothing is more certain than this. As well might we be called upon to demonstrate why two plus four make four. It would be ridiculous to declare that the electors of Los Angeles were Socialists because they voted to acquire a municipal water-works, but it would be equally absurd to claim that municipal ownership is not socialism, because the Los Angeles voters are not socialists.

A single glass of rum does not always lead to drunkenness, but had the most confirmed drunkard on earth refused to take the first harmless social glass, he might have lived a useful citizen. All that Los Angeles and its country at large need do is to continue taking the people—the socialistic end is inevitable.

When the editor of the *Post* says municipal ownership is not socialism, he means two things:

1. That he is not himself a socialist.
2. That he does not propose that such ownership shall result in socialism.

And this is the attitude of eight-tenths of the proponents of municipal ownership, but they are playing with edged tools, and creating a something that may get beyond control.

There are several recognized forms of government, the latest of which is the communistic, cooperative, socialistic form, which proposes to expropriate (steal), and thereafter own and control all means of production, distribution, and transportation, having at first special reference to water, gas, electric-light, telephone, and railway undertakings, and, next, to municipal bakeries, slaughter-houses, and the like. This sort of government is known as socialism-collectivism, and is calculated to destroy individual effort and to bring mankind down "to the dead level of mediocrity."

We assume the *Post* will agree with this sketchy outline of the purpose, the hope, and the effect of socialism.

Our American democracy or republic—call it whichever you choose—makes strongly for individualism.

The highest achievements are here open to the humblest citizen, and this form of government is calculated to bring out of every man the best there is within that man.

There is an impassable chasm between democracy and socialism. One encourages individual effort and lifts the man, the other renders him a mere pensioner on the government, and holds him down to the "dead level."

Having in this crude fashion laid the purpose and theory of a republic beside the plan and theory of socialism, it is very apparent that government ownership has no place in a government resting upon individualism, and that whenever the government usurps the place of the individual, and encroaches upon an industry or an undertaking that might be successfully carried on by individuals, then to that extent does the government move—perhaps imperceptibly at first—toward socialism.

We assume the *Post* and the municipalists will concede that, like our Post-Office Department and our State and national printing department, government ownership of public utilities is socialistic, and is nothing else. But they will also very likely contend that a brave people need not be frightened into rejecting the "good things" of socialism merely because they are of socialistic origin. Let us look upon the practical side, for that is the side which will appeal to most men. A cold analysis of the conditions that would be possible, nay, probable, in San Francisco if the city owned all of the public utilities referred to in Article XII of our city charter, is sufficient to cause any thinking man to pause in horror.

The *Argonaut* does not claim that all men are socialists at heart who favor municipal ownership. The *Argonaut* does not pretend to believe that the ownership of water-works at Los Angeles or at Sacramento have resulted in increasing the socialist vote, or in presently strengthening socialism, but we do claim, seriously and earnestly, that both cases have moved the State that much closer to the collectivist State, and, in principle, an equal distance further away from the true republic. However, neither an isolated case, nor a dozen, nor a hundred cases of municipal ownership, will prove or disprove the socialistic taint accompanying this now discredited "modern" movement of municipal ownership.

How are final results to be measured? There can be but one way. Look into the future. The true Socialist understands the game he is playing, and is fully alive to the importance municipal ownership bears to his movement.

Socialist conventions and socialist congresses in Great Britain, in France, in Germany, and in America, have time and again sounded a note of warning on this subject; time and again, by ringing resolutions and by national and local party platforms, they have indorsed, approved, encouraged, and aided municipal ownership in every conceivable form. Why? Because it is socialism, because they seek to set up a large body of voters with special interests to be exploited on behalf of their propaganda.

Let us examine our present position. Article XII of our charter provides:

SECTION 1. Within one year from the date upon which this charter shall go into effect, and at least every two years thereafter, until the object expressed in this provision shall have been fully attained, the supervisors must procure, through the city engineer, plans and estimates of the actual cost of the original construction and completion by the city and county of water-works, gas-works, electric-light works, steam, water, or electric-power works, telephone lines, street railways, and such other public utilities as the supervisors or the people, by petition to the board, may designate.

We urge the complaisant citizen to make a list of the public utilities that are here designated by name, and set opposite each an estimate of the number of men employed in each one of these now private undertakings, add to the total the number of employees in the school, fire, police, park, street, and other departments of the city, all of whom would constitute just so much material for the socialist to exploit on the wage question, all of whom would have interests different from the interests of the taxpayers, and all of whom would combine to elect to office the master who would promise them the greatest rewards.

But this is not all. After enumerating every form of municipal enterprise that the non-socialist assumes to approve, you will note that the section quoted adds to these "such other public utilities as the supervisors or the people" (fifteen per cent. of the electors) "by petition to the board may designate."

What are "other public utilities"? The best answer to this question is to examine the conditions existing in Great Britain, where our own ideas of "modern progress in municipal government" originated. Over there, bakeries are recognized as among the "other public utilities"; also meat and cattle markets, slaughter-houses; also fruit markets, vegetable, and cheese markets, dog and bird markets, old clothes

markets, lodging-houses, shops, stores, warehouses, halls, churches, hotels, theatres; also farms, stone-quarries, and factories; all of these and many more "public utilities" are to-day operated by the city of Glasgow. The man is dull of wit, who, with this perfection of municipal socialism laid out before him, can not see the future of every American city that goes in for gas, water, electric lights, telephones, and street railways. With these big concerns operated as "public utilities," the transition to operating the long list of municipal enterprises above enumerated and now operated by the afflicted cities of Great Britain, is not only easy, but inevitable. Let the editor of the *Post* work out this problem, and say how far he favors municipal ownership under the most favorable conditions, so far as administration goes. And, at the point where he draws the line beyond which it should not go, let him explain why he draws the line there, why draw any line at all between municipal water and municipal bread, between municipal railways and municipal express wagons.

Since the foregoing was put in type it seems probable that no charter amendments will be submitted at the election to be held November 8th. A legal barrier has intervened to prevent the submission of charter amendment number one, which amendment we believe to be one of a most pernicious and dangerous character.

We urge upon the attention of the Merchants' Association and other bodies of serious-minded public-spirited citizens, the advisability of circulating a petition for the adoption of an amendment to Section 11, Chapter 1 of Article III, that will eliminate the socialistic features of the proposed charter amendment number one, preserve all of its originally beneficent terms, and be in fact what amendment number one pretended to be.

Let the association also earnestly consider the advisability of an amendment repealing all of Article XII of our charter, and so obliterate forever the socialistic sections of our charter that have already cost this city tens of thousands of dollars in actual cash laid out and expended, which have led to repeated agitation, and have doubtless been instrumental in keeping capital from entering here. Let the association bear in mind the warning already given in these columns.

Every merchant and business man, every citizen interested in our growth, interested in our reaching that high place in population, in commerce, and in integrity, to which we are entitled by every natural law, should make it his business to see to it that we purge ourselves of every taint of socialism, and settle upon a broad foundation of common sense as against the insecure basis of idealism.

#### No Demolition of Darwinism, Says Dr. Jordan.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, October 10, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In view of the recklessly inaccurate report in the American press of the mastery St. Louis address of Dr. Hugo de Vries, it may be worth while for one of his audience to give a statement of what the great botanist really had to say.

De Vries began by stating his entire agreement with Darwin in all essential matters involved in the term Darwinism. He said that there can be no question of the potency of the Darwinian principle of natural selection, but the choice of existing variations was not the creator of them.

He went on to compare "interspecific selection," or competition between species with "intraspecific selection," or competition within a species, both these forms of selection being recognized by Darwin. As to the latter, he thought it less potent than Darwin had supposed. He asks of this competition in minor details in creatures of the same kind: Can this be carried on so as to make a new species? In his judgment, artificial selection of individuals within a species has not yet developed any new cultivated species as constant in its characters as wild species usually are. For example, in the common sugar-beet, which is a biennial species, there are from one to ten per cent. of plants which bear seed the first year. Those are never chosen to reproduce the species, yet selection has not yet rooted them out.

Dr. de Vries continues to lay special stress on the sudden large variations which arise occasionally and without evident cause, as shown in his experience with the evening primrose, called *Enothera lamarckiana*. He thinks that the most intense struggle for life is among these marked variants which he calls mutations, and which were long before him called saltations, or leaps. These mutations he regards as the beginnings of new species, while the minor variations, which he called fluctuations, lie within the species. De Vries thus regards interspecific selection or competition among the larger variants as the dominant factor in natural selection. "Intraspecific selection," he concludes, "is one great cause in all organic progress."

The very extensive experiments of Luther Burbank, referred to in this connection, do not seem to bear out Dr. de Vries's contentions. Mr. Burbank finds no permanent distinction between mutations and fluctuations, and the hybridization of related forms brings about mutations in abundance. Mutation and fluctuation are alike amenable to natural or artificial selection, and in either case there is no evident limit to the changes which may be brought about.

But the beautiful studies of De Vries have opened a new line of experiment and observation.

The cause of the incorrect report in the press is characteristic. The reporters were not present at the address itself. At the end, one or two came in. One borrowed the manuscript for a minute or two to copy a random sentence. Another, or perhaps the same one, asked the distinguished speaker to tell her in a word or two what it was all about. Some reference to Darwin led the reporter to imagine De Vries hurling defiance at his master, setting aside the doctrines of evolution, and releasing man from all blood-relationship to the monkeys and their ancestors. As to this phase of Darwinism, De Vries said nothing, and no scientific man living, so far as I know, has ever expressed a doubt. For the last thirty years the descent of man has never been a question at issue.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.



## SOME MEDICI MURDERS.

A Visit to the Residence of Bianca Capello—Driving Through Beautiful Rural Scenes—The Villa Where Bianca and the Grand Duke Lived—A Record of Blood.

The historical figure that has always interested me most in Florence is Bianca Capello. Though she originally hailed from Venice, Florence became the city with which she was identified, scene of her deeds and her misdeeds. Relics and memories of her reign there survive on every hand. She was the woman of the Medici regime, the leading lady of that great drama in which so many noble and unworthy men played parts.

In the fine, bright autumn weather it was amusing to roam about the city trying to follow her trail. When she was brought from Venice, a bride of sixteen, she lived in a little house close to the Square of San Marco. If you can't find the house, you can locate its site, and imagine for yourself how Francisco, the grand duke's eldest son, saw her there, and was seized with a sudden, sharp interest. Near by was the dwelling of the old Spanish woman where Bianca was taken to meet her admirer, and came, for the first time, face to face with him in a lonely upper chamber. Across the river is the palace in which she lived for years under his protection, his acknowledged mistress, enjoying a sovereign's splendor. But their favorite places of residence were the sumptuous villas that the Medicis were so fond of and so constantly retired to. Pratolino, where they often lived, is now a ruin, with nothing but the gardens left. But Poggia à Cajano—their favorite country place—has been restored, and is to-day in perfectly good preservation, and is kept in spick and span order as a royal residence, property of the crown.

It is a long drive out there—nine miles each way—and one passes through a green and low-lying country, that I fancied had presented much the same aspect to Bianca and her lover that it did to us, nearly four centuries later. The Apennines, dotted with villas, rise in front and around you, green hills near by and then beyond blue ones, throwing up here and there an amethyst point. The valley was set close in vineyards, the vines growing as they do in Tuscany, in festooning loops from tree to tree. These loops hung low, heavy with green and purple clusters. There were fig trees along the road, the figs ripe to bursting, the great notched leaves gray with the summer's dust.

We passed through villages that looked as if they had been the same when the cavalcade of the grand duke and his russet-haired Venetian rode through them to their favorite villa. The road, a narrow, paved way, wound through their centre, as if following an old footpath. The walls of the houses, an ochre-yellow, pierced with small windows, rose straight from the pavements; the doors, mere orifices of egress, opened without steps or post on to the life of the street. We had glimpses of dark interiors, with stone walls and floors, generally slightly below the level of the street. Here and there we passed a more imposing façade, all its angles worn away, brown, blowsy women leaning from upper windows, with, over the main entrance, the stately coat of arms of some mediaeval owner long since passed from the haunts and ken of man.

Poggia à Cajano has its own village, edging both sides of a road that climbs from the river to the hillside upon which the villa stands. In the beginning, I suppose it grew up round the walls of the royal residence, as clients press about the sides of some prosperous patron. To-day it does straw plaiting and makes hats, which find their way to America. The narrow street, crawling up its hill, with a trickle of houses running down either side, has an air of mediaeval quaintness. The people sit out of doors, the women in talkative groups, their fingers plaiting straw as they gossip. Babies swarm everywhere, disputing the middle of the thoroughfare with the mongrel Pomeranian dogs so common about Florence. Over this scene of rural tranquillity loom the walls of the villa, theatre of a sinister drama that culminated in a tragedy, the truth of which no one has ever discovered.

A great wall girdles it round, shutting it completely away from the life outside. Inside this wall, one finds one's self in a still seclusion of gardens. The house stands in the midst of them—a large square building of chrome-colored stone, the projecting roof covered with red tiles, now silvered with an encrusting hoar of lichen. An arched walk goes round the lower story, the arcades upholding a wide-jutting balcony of stone. The building fronts on a long terrace, with a stone balustrade topped at intervals by urns holding plants. From this a stately flight of shallow steps leads to another garden, with the basin of a fountain in the middle, and lines of orange and lemon trees growing in enormous vases of terra cotta. It was all still and sweet-scented, and very beautiful. Standing on the terrace one could see the domes and campaniles of Florence, nine miles away, and through the thin autumn air hear the voices of the children in the village below. It seemed the abode of innocence and peace.

Inside, a good deal of restoring has been done, the work of Victor Emmanuel. This gentleman was a well-known admirer of the *beau sexe*, and he has caused a tablet to be put in the wall of the room Bianca used as a reception hall, recording this fact and alluding to her as the "Bellissima Bianca Capello." A little carved head, purporting to be hers, projects from the

stone-work. I thought it probably copied from Bronzino's portrait of her in the Pitti. In that and in the other small portraits in the Uffizi, she is represented as a large, fresh-colored woman, with the reddish blonde hair the Venetians so often had, and a handsome, rather hard set of features. I read somewhere that Montaigne met her on his Italian travels, and records the fact that she was agreeable in manner, red-haired, and of the opulent type of figure the Italians admired.

It was in Poggia à Cajano that she and her husband—Francisco married her when his wife died—came to their mysterious and almost simultaneous deaths. The custodian showed us a room in which he said Bianca had died. It was very small, and, with its window commanding the wonderful view down over gardens and fountains to that distant Florence, where the Daughter of Venice was so bitterly hated, looked altogether too bright and cheerful to have been the scene of any tragedy. Some of the stories have it that she and Francisco died together in the same room, the cardinal, Ferdinando de Medici, refusing to allow any aid to reach them, and waiting at the door till he knew all was over.

The report circulated in Florence was that the grand duke had died of a malarial fever with which he had for some time been ill; that Bianca developed it, and died three days later of the same complaint. A good many historians believe this account, which is certainly not improbable. It being an age of poisons, and Bianca being known to be no novice in the business, another story gained ground, and till to-day has its followers. This was that Bianca, anxious to rid herself of the cardinal, who was her enemy and next in line to the title, she having produced no heir, decided to remove him herself, and for that purpose bade him to the lonely villa. This being done, she concocted a pasty, in the making of which she was known to have great skill, introducing into it a deadly poison. She, the grand duke, and the cardinal supped alone that night, and Bianca offered her enemy the poisoned dish. The cardinal wore a ring in which was set a stone that changed color at the proximity of poison. The useful gem warned him of danger, and he refused to partake. But the grand duke—Bianca's back being turned—ate of it heartily. When she saw what had happened, she realized that death was the only escape from the trap into which she had fallen. She, too, ate of the deadly pasty, and the cardinal sat and watched them die. The third story is that the cardinal poisoned them, shut them in the supper room, and held the door, permitting no one to enter till they were dead. Anyway, die they did at Poggia à Cajano, while the Cardinal Ferdinando, next of kin, was in the house.

There was a portrait there of Bianca, and some chairs she had used, very stately and handsome, covered with leather, and with gilded scroll-work ornamenting the tops. In the great hall she had often held high revels in her efforts to entertain the morose and melancholy man to whom, whatever her faults were, she was faithful and devoted. The splendors of the Medici still clung round this majestic apartment. A vast arched and vaulted ceiling, decorated with their blazon of the six balls, gorgeously roofed it, and frescoes by Andrea del Sarto covered the walls. It was a room for princes to make merry in. I wondered if it was here that that dark and plotting trio had had their final supper. Probably not. People when they want to kill one another always seem to choose small, compact spaces. At least that is the conclusion one comes to after a tour through Italy.

We drove home in a rich, still sunset, the hills turning a pinkish purple as we advanced. It was Sunday, and the small congregations of village folk came trooping out of wayside churches, the girls in light muslins, and with their hair waved like girls everywhere else in the world, the old crones with lace scarves over their heads, and knotty fingers clasping rosaries. The sound of church bells was in the air, coming sweetly from distant campaniles, and louder from village chapels. Nothing could have been more peaceful and serenely rural. It was a far cry from the days of the magnificent and terrible grand dukes to these healthy and democratic times of ours, when all men are equal, and a Medici who murdered a fellow-creature would be executed as rapidly as one of the peasants that we saw lurching home from vespers.

It was just at and previous to Bianca's reign that the tyrannical power of the Medici broke all bounds, and a craze of blood-letting and law-breaking broke out in them and their friends like a madness. Driving home through the peace of the autumn evening, I reckoned it up:

Cosimo, father of Francisco, married Eleanor de Toledo, and by her had ten children. One of these killed his brother while hunting. The murderer came home and told his mother what he had done. She went with him to beg his father's mercy. As his child knelt at his feet, Cosimo drew his sword, and ran him through, the dying boy falling back into his mother's arms. Then Eleanor de Toledo lay down on the bed beside her son, and presently died, too—of just what nobody knows.

Before Cosimo's death, Francisco, Bianca's friend, had met and loved that lady. She had a husband—who seems to have been a thoroughly obliging, complacent person—but this did not prevent him being one night set upon and killed. He in turn had had a love affair with a young widow, who in due course was found

murdered in her bed. Meantime, Cosimo's daughter, the beautiful and gifted Isabella Orsini, had not been behaving herself in the most exemplary way, and neither had her sister-in-law, Eleanor, the wife of Pietro de Medici. These two women, both young and handsome, were taken out to solitary villas—the Medici seemed to make a practice of killing people in villas—and there savagely murdered by their respective husbands. Bianca had done some murdering of her own in a small, quiet way. She had, at one stage in her career, pawned off a fictitious heir on Francisco as the fruit of their union. It was a serious and complicated business, and required the assistance of many midwives and go-betweens. When the plot was finally put through, the child born and presented to Francisco, Bianca became fearful of her accomplices, and ordered three of them to be removed. Two were dispatched without fuss, but the third tried to escape, and was caught on the hills near Bologna, wounded to the death, but had will enough to crawl to Bologna, and there tell her story and die. Finally, the last and most mysterious tragedy was that double one at Poggia à Cajano that we were leaving behind us on its vine and olive clad hillside.

GERALDINE BONNER.

SIENA, September 18, 1904.

## THE ALIENS—BEWARE! BEWARE!!

[Some idea of how the Australian regards the "race issue" may be gleaned from these strenuous verses by a British poet of that continent.]

They come not as an open foe  
To loot the land with steel and fire,  
No harricades to dust they blow,  
Or make each home a lurid pyre.  
They bear no bannerette of war;  
No trumpet forth a challenge yells  
From grim-built battle-ship to shore.  
They rain no hell-invented shells,  
But still they war and still they win;  
They claim, and get, the victor's share.  
Swarthy of heart as well as skin,  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

Along the street no shrapnel shrieks,  
No rifle spits its venom lead,  
No hasty-dug entrenchment reeks  
With piles of disemboweled dead,  
They bear no bayonet, lance, or sword,  
They glare no brass, they roll no drum,  
When comes this irresistible horde  
From out its Mediterranean slum,  
From where the stench of Lisbon's dock  
Pollutes the olive-scented air,  
From plague-infected Antioch  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

Along the Adriatic shore  
Where swarming heggars whine and weep,  
The tramp-ship shudders as they pour  
Into her vitals dark and deep;  
From Old Cadiz to Thessaly,  
From Montenegro down to Said,  
They swarm across the Indian Sea  
To swell the beetle-browed brigade;  
To cheat the Briton of his crust;  
To take what he and his should share;  
To drag Australia to the dust,  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

They man the mine while workers horn  
Beneath the scintillating Cross,  
Are ordered off in sneering scorn  
By Cohen's high, Panjandrum Joss;  
They smudge our land's initial page,  
For paltry pence they snarl and stab;  
They undercut the worker's wage,  
For each at heart's a loathsome scab;  
To rob the babe which, famished, drains  
Its mother's bosom gaunt and bare;  
To hoard his blood-begotten gains  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

From black Bomhay to brown Japan,  
The dusky pagan swells the flood  
That, spite the interdicting ban,  
Contaminates Australia's blood.  
Across a land once virgin good  
A trail of greed and lust he leaves,  
And o'er its virile nationhood  
Degeneration's spell he weaves  
To tempt our maidens and our wives  
With many a tawdry tinselled snare,  
To undersap their loyal lives,  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

In hovels never cleansed nor aired  
On which the law indulgent looks,  
He serves you dainty meals prepared  
From filthy food by filthier cooks,  
He laundries whatsoever you need;  
What he demands you promptly pay—  
While women of your British breed  
Must pawn their honor day by day.  
He sells you fruits of Mother Earth  
That ripened in his loathsome lair:  
To blast the land that gave you birth  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

They come not as an open foe  
To loot the land with steel and fire,  
No barricades to dust they blow,  
Or make each home a lurid pyre.  
They bear no bannerette of war;  
No trumpet forth a challenge yells  
From grim-built battle-ships to shore.  
They rain no hell-invented shells,  
But still they war and still they win;  
They claim, and get, the victor's share.  
Swarthy of heart as well as skin,  
The Alien comes—  
Beware! Beware!!

—DRYBLOWER IN KALGOORLIE SUN.

For five years the dividends of the Standard C Company have been averaging about \$45,000,000 a year.



## THE CALL OF THE FLAG.

The Message that Inspired Private Walters.

"If it please the court, I shall now read the charges against the accused."

The prisoner, a young soldier with a haggard face and tired eyes, rose mechanically, and stood gazing at the judge-advocate, who read in clear, emotionless tones the charges setting forth that Private John Walters, Company M, —th United States Infantry, had been guilty of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, in that he had been drunk and disorderly in his company quarters, and had disobeyed a lawful order given him by his superior officer.

"You have heard the charges and specifications preferred against you," continued the officer representing the government as prosecuting attorney. "How do you plead?"

The prisoner looked helplessly at his counsel, a tall, bronzed man in the uniform of a first-lieutenant, who responded: "Guilty, to the specifications and to the charge."

"The prosecution here rests," announced the judge-advocate.

"Has the accused any evidence to offer in his own behalf?" questioned the president of the court.

The accused had none. His counsel, in a few words, begged the court to consider that the prisoner had been, at the time of his offense, under the influence of the poisonous Filipino *bino*, which had deprived him of his sense of responsibility; he called attention to the excellent service the accused had, at various times, rendered under fire, as set forth in his record, and requested that such clemency as was possible be shown him.

As Walters, followed by his counsel, left the room, he let his eyes pass for the first time over the group of grave, khaki-clad officers forming the court-martial.

"Will the lieutenant tell me what he thinks I will get?" he asked, when the door had closed behind them for the verdict.

"Well, this is your sixth conviction within the year, Walters; I'm afraid you can't hope for less than a discharge and twelve months."

That night as Walters lay on his hard bunk by the barred window of the rude stone building used as a guard-house, he tried to analyze his position. "Disgraceful discharge and twelve months"—the thought kept ringing in his head. A year in Bilibid—no *bino* and no fighting. Then he would be sent back to the States—he never wanted to see the States again; the battle of life there had been too strong for him; defeat had seemed to pursue him in every renewed effort, and his repeated failures to conquer his insatiate thirst for liquor had only brought disgrace upon his family. In his army service his reckless courage under fire had atoned for much of his recklessness in drink. For long, drink and battle had been the only sedatives to quiet the fire in his brain; only when drugged with the one or wild with the passion of the other, had he been able to forget the pangs of acknowledged failure. But five years in the tropics had begun to take away the tinge. There was forgetfulness in this land; it emanated from the indolent rustling of the palm trees—from the golden, dreamy glow of the twilight—from the languorous perfume of the Ylang Ylang. He was slowly and surely imbibing the lotus flower's poison of content. The East was dropping its spell over his soul, and he was grateful for its mercy.

A faint rustling without the window attracted his attention; he peered through the bars, and saw in the dim light a form crouching close to the prison wall. "Isabella," he whispered.

A small brown hand came through the iron uprights and pressed his fingers as they rested on the sill. It was a Filipino girl whom Walters had once protected from the insults of a drunken brute, and who had thereafter secretly lavished upon this reckless, gloomy young American all the affection of which she was capable. Unconscious of the deeper feelings which animated her, Walters had not been insensible to the unflinching friendship she had shown him, and between the two sort of comradeship had arisen. She came to him for advice and sympathy in the small affairs of her life, and Walters had found her hospitable home an agreeable asylum when he wanted to escape from the rougher companionship of his associates. Her appearance below his window, however, filled him with surprise.

"What are you doing here, Isabella?" he demanded. "No *habla*," she murmured in her quaint mixture of Spanish and English. "No *habla*, I get you out."

Walters's heart leaped at the hope. The girl began working with some instrument at the soft rocks forming the window sill into which the bars were mortised; she could remove one he could escape. Freedom seemed to him then the most glorious thing on earth—something he must have at any cost.

He tiptoed up to the heavy bamboo partition separating the long room occupied by the prisoners from the smaller space in front where the guard slept. Through the cracks he could see lying on their cots the members of the guard who were off duty; at the door sat the sergeant dozing in his chair; in front the sentinel was pacing up and down.

Walters noted with satisfaction that the two other

soldiers confined with him were sleeping on the side opposite his bunk.

The guard-house was a stone *camarine* which had been used by its Filipino owner for the storage of sugar and rice. It was by no means considered invincible as a prison, but the vigilance of the guard was intended to counteract its elements of weakness.

However, there was anticipated no effort at escape on the part of the three incarcerated Americans who could hardly find an incentive to risk their lives in the dense, marshy country, filled as it was by hostile Filipinos. The consequent relaxation of the watchfulness maintained over the building permitted the girl to perform her task undetected. It was not a difficult feat for her slowly to loosen and finally to remove one of the crumbling, porous stones. The iron upright was then quickly forced aside, and Walters slipped through the window.

As the two crept away under cover of the darkness, Walters rapidly formulated his plans.

"Isabella," he said, suddenly, "I'm going away from all this—into the mountains. I'm done with America and Americans forever." After a pause, he continued: "You've been very kind to me, Isabella. Will you go with me to the mountains?"

The girl hesitated, while Walters waited breathlessly for her decision. "Yes, señor—I will go."

He pressed the hand that trembled in his. "You won't regret it, Isabella," he said. "You have been the only one that's ever seen much in me to care for, and I will not forget it. We'll find a place where nobody will ever discover us, and we'll build us a home. Now," he continued, "I'm going to slip into the quarters to get my gun and some things; you get what you need from home and wait for me at the church."

After the girl had disappeared in the darkness, Walters stood a few moments looking at the light flickering through the door of the guard-house; he could discern the sentinel on number one. Yes, he was satisfied. He cared not to go back to America where he had learned what life could give of suffering. There was nothing now that could cause him to turn back; he was free; he would forget. Life had still something left to offer.

An hour later, while slipping cautiously across the road near the church on the outskirts of the town, he stumbled over some soft inanimate object on the ground. He put down his hand and touched the face of a man. Instinctively he realized that the man was dead. On his knees beside the figure he explored it with his hands. His fingers traveled over the well-known uniform of an American soldier; at the side his hand was wet, and he felt a rent in the khaki blouse. The warm blood was still flowing. Walters rose to his feet, and stepped quickly into the shadow of some bushes on the roadside.

"Sentry on number three, boloso on post," he muttered. "That means an attack—the devils will probably strike just at daybreak." That would be in less than an hour he knew. As he crouched in his shelter, he saw dark forms creeping silently along the road—one or two at a time, all moving in the same direction. The Americans would be murdered in their beds.

Walters thought of the girl waiting at the church not fifty yards distant; he could join her and by daylight they would be far away toward the mountains. What affair was this of his? Had he not renounced his race? If he went back to warn the troops, he would probably never reach the quarters alive; and even if he succeeded in saving the garrison and himself, after it was all over he would only get put back in prison for his pains. That would mean an end to his dream of oblivion on the mountain side. He would be taken back to America—"God's Country," as the men called it. At the name there ran through his mind a fragment of the improvisation the soldiers sang when starting on a hike:

"But God's country is behind us—long ago and far away,  
And we're fightin' Filipinos 'round the old Manila Bay,  
And we're goin' home in boxes—but this story's what it tells:

When you've heard the flag a-callin', why, you won't heed nothin' else."

"'When you've heard the flag a-callin'!'—" Yes, the flag was calling now.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What is wrong," asked Captain Graham, starting up in bed as a man staggered into his room calling his name.

"It is I, captain—Walters. There's an attack to be made in a few minutes. About three hundred Filipinos lying in the grass in front of the quarters waiting for daylight—"

The voice died away, and Walters sank into a heap on the floor.

Captain Graham was at his side in an instant.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" he asked, as he lifted the huddled figure.

"Ran into one of them on my way up," murmured Walters. "I knocked him down with my gun, but he got his knife in first."

"They'll pay for it," said the captain, grimly. He laid Walters on the bed, and, passing into the adjoining room, he awoke the surgeon, and whispered in his ear.

"Do your best for that boy," he continued, as he turned toward the stairs. "I don't know what he's doing out of the guard-house, but he's won shoulder straps to-night."

The building occupied as quarters by the American

troops had been a Catholic convent. The officers occupied rooms elevated at one end, and the men had their bunks on the stone floor of the large lower room formerly used as a chapel.

In five minutes after Captain Graham had left the doctor, the soldiers were stealing silently out of the wide doorway and taking their places in the dark shadow along the front of the building. Not a light had been struck—not a word spoken, save by the officers as they moved softly about waking the men and whispering instructions in their ears. Without a question the trained fighters secured their rifles and ammunition and moved to their posts. When the last man was in place, Captain Graham, the senior officer, stationed himself near the doorway.

There was no moon, and a cloudy sky added to the intense darkness preceding the breaking of dawn. The men had orders to hold their rifles ready, but under no circumstances to shoot until the captain gave the order. Before them stretched the plaza, on the other side of which was a rank growth of grass; at either flank was a village street. Nothing indicated that an enemy was near.

After a seemingly interminable period of waiting, the glow of morning began to appear in the east, and spread with tropical swiftness. The watching soldiers could now make out the dark line marking the opposite side of the plaza. As the light grew, the line on which every eye was strained took a definite form; it seemed to be moving. Yes, it was surely coming slowly forward. The men held their breaths as they lay prone on the stone front and watched that living wave creeping across the square. They looked at their captain. He was crouching on his knees, his eyes fixed as if fascinated. Did he see that that line was advancing? How long was he going to wait? The Filipinos would rise in another instant for the rush. But not a soldier thought of firing; they would await that word of command.

Nearer and nearer crept the Filipinos. Now the soldiers could distinguish the individuals composing that moving wall. They could see the long murderous knives.

It was the moment the captain had waited for. "Fire!"—his voice rang out like a whip, followed instantly by a flash of flame and the roar of rifles.

The black line half way across the plaza seemed to wilt and crumble. With yells of wild surprise and abject terror the Filipinos fled from that terrible hail of death. Then the trumpets rang out the "Charge," and the avenging Americans dashed after their would-be assassins, who scattered like rabbits, and sought shelter in the thickets. Two-thirds of the bolomen were lying on the plaza, which had been their death-trap.

Returning when further pursuit seemed useless, Captain Graham left a subordinate in charge of the work of gathering up the dead and wounded of the enemy, and, hastening upstairs, he found the doctor bending over Walters.

"How's the deserter that's turned hero?" began Graham in his hearty voice. "He'll get a pardon and a medal of honor for last night."

The doctor held up his hand.

The sun streaming through the window lighted up the pale face of the dying soldier, and seemed to stamp upon his features a wonderful peacefulness. His lips were moving. Leaning over him, the two watchers caught the murmur: "'When you've heard the flag a-callin', why, you won't heed nothin' else.'"

LIEUTENANT CHARLES F. MARTIN, U. S. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1904.

## A Big New Battle-Ship.

The United States battle-ship *Connecticut* was launched at New York Navy Yard on September 29th. When completely finished the *Connecticut* will be the finest and most powerful boat in the American navy. She is of steel, with a trial displacement of 16,000 tons and a maximum displacement of 17,770 tons. She is 450 feet long on the load water-line, 456.4 feet over all, 76.1 feet beam, and 24.16 feet draught. The engines will have a combined horse-power of 16,500, and are expected to give a speed of 18 knots. The *Connecticut* will carry three funnels, two military masts, two main and four secondary turrets, and a main-deck central battery. Her armament will consist of four twelve-inch breech-loading guns, eight eight-inch guns, twelve seven-inch rapid-fire guns, twelve fourteen-pounders, twelve three-pounders, six one-pound automatic guns, two one-pound semi-automatic, and eight machine guns. A broadside from her twelve-inch guns would hurl nearly two tons of steel against an object. Firing one of her twelve-inch guns at an angle of forty-five degrees, she can send an eight-hundred-and-fifty-pound shell twenty-one miles. The *Connecticut* is not to exceed \$4,212,000 in cost. She will carry forty-two officers and seven hundred and sixty-one men.

A mosque for the use of the two thousand Mohammedans who live in London will shortly be built in the central part of that city. It will be an imposing structure, of red and yellow stone, the decorative work in marble and in jasper.

Fewer persons died and a less number were born throughout England and Wales last year than in 1902 while in London itself both births and deaths were the fewest recorded for many years.



## GO SMILING TO THEIR DEATH.

Japanese Soldiers Laugh at Coming Home by Parcels Post—Only Fragments Sent Back from the Front—Letter from a Soldier—Tells of Actual Fighting.

The darkness of death, tragedy, and sacrifice seems to deepen about us, but through the gloom gleams ever the light of the never-failing spirits, and the keen sense of humor, of the Japanese soldiers themselves. They go smiling to their death, and, knowing that, if they fall, only a very little of them can be returned to their homes—a bone and a little of their hair is all, I believe—they laughingly say: "It is our duty to go home by parcels post."

In the funeral procession for those lost on the *Huachi Maru*, the coffins were only little boxes five inches square, covered with black cloth. Each one of the six hundred and thirty-four was carried by a soldier. That of Colonel Suchi was borne first, followed by others in order of rank. Upon them the decoration conferred by the emperor shone and glittered in the sun. There were fifty thousand people in the procession, which reached from the barracks almost to Aoyama Cemetery. Among the mourners were many of the dead soldiers' children. Some looked very happy, and smiled to see so many people watching them on both sides of the way, and some were sleeping peacefully in their widowed mothers' arms.

The Yamato Damashii (spirit of Japan) develops early in the children of this country. I heard of a soldier's child, the other day. His father, Captain Amori, died the "battle-death" at Taishikiyo, and, although a soldier devoted to his profession, his favorite pastime was to play with his children, and to study and observe the ways of birds.

His little eldest son of four was showing the photograph of a family group. He prattled on: "This is my father, and this is my mother, and this is I, and this is Toshi Chan (the baby brother). My father went to the war and died, but I do not cry, because it was for our emperor, and I am a soldier's child. When I grow up Toshi Chan and I are going to avenge his death."

The mother kissed her boy; her eyes were tearless, not so our own. Marvelous strong-hearted wives and mothers of Japan! One watches them with unceasing admiration, and, as the war progresses and the time wears on, still the wonder grows.

Interwoven with all that is most magnificent and stern in character fibre is, now and then, a thread of superstition, a quaint faith in things supernatural that only gives an added beauty to the complex character.

In Tokio there is an old lady, the descendant of a hundred samurai. Although over sixty, she is past-master in the art of fencing, and in the use of the *naginata* (long sword). Now it seems that even the *naginata* has its patron saint or god. And all these gods, if we but look back far enough, were first simple human beings, possessing wonderful power in some especial line, so that their fame resounded through the land, and, after death, they were gradually elevated to godhood.

The old lady is very devout, and worships unceasingly before the shrine, hoping, doubtless, to gain in power over her work.

She says the *nagi-nata* god appeared to her, and told her that he had dispatched ten thousand of his messengers to strengthen the army of the Japanese hosts, and that they were now with the army investing Port Arthur.

The ten thousand messengers must be welcome, for the Russians are stubbornly contesting every step of the way. But when we read of the barbed-wire fences, the bamboo spikes, the ground spread with lime through which the Japanese soldiers must chokingly march, blinded by the terrible white dust, we wonder they have accomplished so much.

By courtesy of his family, I am able to give another letter from the same young officer whose description of the battle-field of Nanshan and the inconveniences at the front was published in the *Argonaut*. He thought the following letter would surely be his last, as he had volunteered on a "forlorn hope." What the dangerous undertaking was the family do not know, but I think there is hope that so gallant a life may be spared for longer service, as the names of officers who lose their lives are at once telegraphed home, and his family would have heard of his death long before his letter reached them had he failed in his mission, or given his life for its success.

I hope the letter has not lost too much in translation:

AUGUST 6, 1904.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I received your letter, and was much touched by your words. "To every man death comes soon or late, yet it is a noble thing and also a man's duty voluntarily to lay down his life should necessity arise." I will do my best, and you must not grieve if I change into a spirit before Port Arthur.

I shall remember your favor forever, even though I may never more be seen in this world. Sometimes I think it is better to have one's body blown into bits by the enemy's shell than to be lined up in pairs with the dangerously wounded.

Four times I have been in large engagements. Before each one I took a bath to refresh myself, and with a clean body and free mind went calmly into the fight.

Of course, I sketch only in camp, but sometimes, even when fighting is going on, I take out my pen and amuse myself in the respite by a little drawing.

I will tell you at the actual fighting from the twenty-sixth to the thirtieth of July. The enemy in Port Arthur had made the strongest possible fortifications on the heights of Nanshan and Taikaku-zan, and tried with all their strength to keep our forces back.

Our regiment was ordered to be in the van of all the great force which would attack at dawn.

Before daybreak I sat down in the thick grass, took out a new shirt, and put it on, cleaned the rust from my sabre, and waved it twice, thrice, in the air, smiling as I did so.

In the early dawn, when all the world was hushed, our regiment began the attack on Taikaku-zan. Soon both sides were exchanging furious fire, and the death-dealing bullets flew around us in a pelting storm.

Our first line leaped into the rain of death, and just at that time the searching fire of the enemy tore our regimental flag into shreds. I, whose duty it was to carry the flag at the head of the regiment, thought I was surely shot.

The situation of the rampart on Taikaku-zan is splendid. It is on the top of a steep slope, with huge rocks and strong fortifications armed with many machine guns. Besides there were precipitous sword-like elevations and valleys lying between the enemy and ourselves.

The fire and efforts of our side made no impression on the Russians, but every shot from them was a heavy blow to us, leaving death and deadly wounds in its train. There were sudden calls for litters and surgeons on every side.

There are no words in our language fitly to describe the piteous scenes. I saw a soldier who had been shot in the throat; he was out of his head, and was murmuring strange things while being borne to the bandaging place. Bodies covered with blood were laid here and there on the hard rocks or dewy grass. Frightful wounds on every side—I can not describe them.

The attack on the twenty-sixth was a failure, and our loss was very great. In my company alone, there were seventy-five dead and wounded. Think of that and of what a hard fight it was!

The saddest thing of all to me was that I had no water to give those dying soldiers. I spent the night on a rock, surrounded by dead bodies, pondering how I might avenge them on the morrow.

On the twenty-seventh we resumed the attack more energetically than on the day before. We fired furiously on the enemy, but they were bold, indeed; they trained their machine guns upon us, and their musket fire came like heavy rain. At last we decided upon an assault, throwing our bodies against the rampart instead of our shot.

We were to begin at five o'clock, but at four the commander of my company received a death wound, as also seven other officers. Two of them died. In my company was a lieutenant called Shugeno, who came from our part of the country: I think you know him, too. He brought up a bottle of beer and drank it with me, saying it might be for remembrance and a long farewell. Alas, it was so. Shugeno was sent out to observe the enemy's position. When on the way a pitiless bullet killed him instantly. It was then seven o'clock. Although it is an honor for an officer to die on duty, yet I could not help sighing. It seems like a dream that I used to hear him say to the soldiers: "Bury those dead men with all kindness. I shall be one of them sooner or later."

To resume: The assault began at five, as planned. Step by step we approached the rampart, shouting the war cry. But the sword-like hills, the resistless machine guns, and the scattered dead of the enemy were serious impediments on our fast darkening way. We all expected to take the position by dawn, however, and we came always closer. But the enemy, entrenched as they were behind strong fortifications, never slackened their heavy fire.

Just then the strains of our national anthem arose from the right wing of our army. All cheered and encouraged, we sprang over the rampart in high spirits. The enemy retreated, forsaking important possessions, to Port Arthur.

Our flag flew high above the enemy's dead. Everybody forgot the strain and exertion of the fight in the joy of victory and in shouting *Banzai!*

The next day, the twenty-ninth, we pursued the fleeing enemy. On the thirtieth we met a force waiting to engage us. These battles were severe ones, indeed. Our regiment lost four hundred men, dead and wounded. Counting up the losses of all the force engaged, the total is greater than at Nanshan. From this you can imagine how furiously we fought. To tell the truth, I was so exhausted I felt neither joy nor exultation when we took possession of the rampart. I had not eaten any corn for many days, only hard bread, and many times I fell by the way from sheer weariness. I always thought of Nelson's words, and said them over and over in my heart, and I had your last letter with its teachings in my pocket. I was so thankful when the battle was over, for I tried to do my duty bravely.

It may seem out of place to talk of the hardships of the men at the front. Since I landed in this country I have not had one night's sleep in security under a roof. The food, which is nevertheless a delightful refreshment for us, is very poor. And, worst of all, we can not drink the water. When it rains, I recall the beautiful landscape of my country, and think of the happy life of my childhood. Our country is now in great trouble, and we soldiers must pay our debt of gratitude to the nation, who hopes for peace through us.

Everything seems like a dream here at the front. Many a merry fellow who makes us gay with witty speeches, and many a gallant one of high spirit, after a battle is counted with the honored dead.

We are 19,400 metres away from the enemy, and to-morrow afternoon I go to another attack. The shells from their forts fall around us, and there are none who think of safety. The night is very dark, and I am thinking that the assault of to-morrow will be my last fight, and this letter will be a long farewell. I made a little box three inches square out of an old one. I intend it for my coffin. This box goes with me to-morrow on my last assault. If I fall, you will receive it with my bones.

A long farewell to you! With my love.

NIKKO, September 1, 1904.

HELEN HYDE.

The most popular campaign badges this year are the fobs in imitation of baggage checks, with the candidates' names on them. The elephant's head and the Democratic donkey have been brought out again, and the Rough Rider hat is in favor. A straw showing which way the wind blows is furnished by a Chicago dealer, who wrote as follows to a Providence manufacturer: "Send us three gross of Republican and half a gross of Democratic fobs. I think that will be about the right proportion, unless Bryan should continue talking, and in that event cancel the order for the Democratic fobs."

The census of British South Africa, including Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Natal, Rhodesia, Orangeia, Basutoland, and Bechuanaland, gives the white population at 1,135,016 and the colored at 5,198,175.

Scientists roughly calculate, from the data so far available, that the stars of the Milky Way are situated from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 times as far away from us as the sun is.

## GOOD STORIES OF SENATOR HOAR.

Crisp Anecdotes Told By and About the Dead Statesman.

A score of good stories told by or about Senator Hoar have found their way into print since his death. Here are a few of them.

Ingalls was one of those who had been so often rapped by Senator Hoar that he took keen delight in saying sharp things at his expense:

When the Conkling-Garfield episode came up, Hoar was so disgusted with the management of the affair that it was said that he threatened to resign his seat. The question was under discussion in the cloak-room, and some one commented on the probability of Hoar's resignation.

"Hoar resign!" laughed Ingalls. "You don't know him. Whenever his resentment at anything reaches that pitch he will rise in his seat and hand in the resignation of Dawes, his colleague."

He and Evarts were implacable enemies when it came to a passage of words, and the honors were about even. One day, however, toward the end of the New York senator's career, Evarts came off with flying colors:

He was chairman of the library committee and Hoar was a minor member. Evarts was lazy, and would not call his committee together from beginning to end of a session. A measure which Hoar was anxious to have brought up had been referred to the library committee, and there seemed doomed to sleep forever. Evarts, when pleaded with, would promise to call the committee to consider the measure, and then forget all about it. At last one day toward the end of the session, Hoar, annoyed and irascible, met Evarts in the cloak-room.

"Whenever you are ready to call a meeting of the library committee," he said, with biting sarcasm, "I wish you would notify my executors."

"I shall be most happy to notify your executors," said Evarts, with a smile.

Senator Hoar's epigram on the late Senator Davis, of Minnesota, deserves to be quoted: "No spark from his train was ever a cinder in the eye of a friend."

Here are two brief good stories:

One day Senator Hoar was joined in the corridor of the Capitol by a former colleague, and as they approached the entrance to the Senate chamber, Mr. Hoar motioned his companion to pass in first.

"After you," said the ex-senator, drawing back.

"No, indeed," retorted Senator Hoar. "The *r's* always go before the wise."

Senator Tillman had a bad pain, and thought he had appendicitis, but found later that it was only indigestion. He met Senator Hoar and told him the good news.

"I am glad," said the senator from Massachusetts, "that the trouble was in your table of contents rather than in your appendix."

Senator Hoar used to relate with much glee the conversation that recently took place between two Southerners, the first of whom had but lately returned from a trip through New England:

Said the first man from Dixie to his friend: "You know those little, white, round beans?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "the kind we feed to our horses?"

"The very same. Well, do you know, sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little, white, round beans boil them for three hours, mix them with molasses, and I know not what other ingredients, bake them, and then—what do you suppose they then do with the beans?"

"They—"

"They eat 'em, sir!" interrupted the first Southerner, impressively. "Bless me, sir, they eat 'em!"

A writer in the *National Magazine* tells of an interesting interview he had with Senator Hoar in the latter's library:

"This," said the senator, picking up a copy of Granger's "Lives of Famous Englishmen," "gives one, I think, a phase of the character of Daniel Webster not always manifest to the public." Turning back the cover, Senator Hoar showed on the fly leaf, over a note to the effect that the author, Dr. Granger, died from heart failure while administering the sacrament, this stanza in Webster's own handwriting:

"More happy end what saint e'er knew!

To whom like mercy shown!

His Saviour's death in rapturous view,

And unperceived his own.

D. W."

"There's a wicked letter," broke out the silvery-haired statesman, as he picked one out of a group of faded documents. "One of these days I may publish it for the benefit of that society which is trying to rehabilitate Aaron Burr. You may look at it if you like. You see that he describes the young girl about whom he is writing to another man exactly as if she were a horse or a dog." Surely enough, this letter must confound Burr's admirers. With a kind of fine irony it ends, "God bless you. A. BURR."

The same writer records the following:

An incident happened as I was being driven to the station and it arose from my admiration of the public library Senator Hoar had pointed out to me.

"The only time I was ever guilty of wire pulling," my host remarked, "was when I so used my influence that Thucydides, instead of Herodotus received honorable mention on the façade as the representative Greek historian. Why did I want to carry that point? Oh, only because I've always had an especial fondness for Thucydides."

Was not that deliciously characteristic? Is there another man in American public life to-day who would pull wires for Thucydides?

Senator Hoar hated Benjamin Butler—he was the one man that Hoar could not abide—and his son inherited the feeling, as witness this remark made when asked if he were going to attend Butler's funeral:

"No; I'm not going; but I approve of it."

One more:

A Unitarian of more than usual belligerency, one of Senator Hoar's favorite stories was that of the encounter between rural lawyer of the Unitarian way of thinking with a Universalist preacher, who challenged his religious opponents with the declaration that he could make any one of their number admit the truth of Universalism. When he tackled this rural lawyer, the Universalist preacher opened his attack with the query: "You admit there is a God?"

"No, I'll be damned if I do," was the prompt and final answer of the Unitarian.



## THE KAISER.

Emperor William Lauded by an Anonymous Feminine Writer—A Wonderful Baby—An Odd Prophecy—His Love-Making—Teaching an Emperor Grammar.

Boswell has been outdone, Jacob A. Riis altogether thrown in the shade, by the anonymous lady who has written "Imperator et Rex," a work of the same character as the previous "Martyrdom of an Empress" and "A Keystone of Empire." Such lavish eulogy, such undoubted laudation, as that which this unknown writer showers upon Emperor William have seldom been applied to anybody, crowned or crownless. The emperor, in her eyes, is apparently a saintly and perfect being. "The king can do no wrong" is to her no empty-sounding verbiage.

Especially provocative of wonder is the book when it is compared with "Private Lives of William II and His Consort," by "Ursula, Countess von Eppinghoven" (a pseudonym), which appeared early in the year. A comparison between the picture of William the War Lord drawn by the latter writer and that drawn by the author of the present book is like comparing "Hyperion to a satyr." No small amount of space in "Private Lives" was taken up by the escapades of the noble William with the beautiful ladies of his realm; how different would the author of "Imperator et Rex" have us believe the emperor's character, let this witness:

All the scurrilous stories circulated concerning the many alleged intrigues of Prince William with women of all classes and conditions are the most abominable tissues of lies ever invented. Immorality of whatsoever kind has always filled him with a sort of physical disgust and a feeling of uncomprehending wonder, certainly quite distinct from prudery, but which set him very much apart from other young men similarly situated.

The feverish brilliancy of vice was to him utterly hateful. He realized, doubtless, as all other men do, its power and magnetic influence; but those who claim that he yielded to either simply do not know whereof they speak, for his purity of life was even frequently made the subject of unkind comment at Vienna, where extraordinary punctiliousness in that particular is not the order of the day—or night. . . . [Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria] who was justly reputed to play sad havoc with feminine hearts, and to be one of the gayest of the gay, looked with amazement upon the singularly blameless career of his dearest "chum," as he used to call the prince. Indeed, I have heard him myself declare many a time that it was quite discouraging to try and get William interested in what usually attracts and fascinates benighted, because he was so obstinately deaf to the riotous voice of mere pleasure.

It is in this sort of a strain that the whole book is written. Not even at birth will the author admit that her darling hero was an ordinary baby, "born à la bourgeois and quite economically," as Countess Ursula avers. He was, she declares emphatically,

not one of those coarse, red-faced, squealing infants who frown themselves sourly into this vale of tears, but a delicate, pretty baby, with an exquisite texture of skin, smooth and rosy pale, the tiny blue veins faintly visible at the wee temples, and unusually alert and wide-open sapphire-hued eyes already showing a grave underglow as if the very beginning of life was for him an especially perilous undertaking to be met with extreme energy.

Poor little fellow! the firm curves of his satiny lips indicated already that energy was indeed one of the many gifts he had received as his portion.

The first little cry heard by the grandfather startled him; it was a sharp, curious little cry, not of pain, but of simple self-assertion. "I am here!" it seemed to say, and the Regent shook with mirth while yet his eyes were liquid with emotion.

The reader will see from the above passage that this is truly a *chronique intime*. The author seems to have been "right there" at the royal birth, note-book in hand, peering over the shoulder of the *hebamme*, liberal-bosomed Frau Hagedorn. How else could she have observed the "grave underglow" in those "sapphire-hued eyes"? Elsewhere in the book the author's knowledge is profound, amazing, and after that out of all whooping. Indeed, she knows too much—for instance, she records that "cold waves stole down his [William's] back" and that "the gorgeousness of the great purple throne he would one day occupy fascinated him," whereas the reader ceases to regard the volume very seriously as history, and settles down to an enjoyment of the author's vivacious, colorful style—the best praise that can be given the volume, in fact, is that it reads like a novel.

But as to the contention that Baby William was unlike other babies—flatly, we don't believe it. When Shakespeare wrote of "first the infant, mewling and puking in his nurse's arms," he described all babies, from peasant brat to king's son, and more evidence than the author of "Imperator et Rex" is able to adduce will be necessary to bring conviction that so strenuous a person as the Emperor of Germany did not as an infant yell till purple in the face, bawl till those sapphire-hued eyes were bleary, and trickle profusely from those "firm satiny lips."

But to continue. One of the striking passages in this indubitably fascinating volume, gives a description of William as he appeared in youth:

At the stroke of twelve a young man of nineteen or twenty walked swiftly from the Universitäts-Gebäude toward the Cohlentzer-Thor, looking neither to right nor to left, and absent-mindedly touching the visor of his student cap in silent and almost mechanical acknowledgment of the many low obeisances greeting him on all sides.

It was difficult not to be struck by the lithe elasticity of the slim figure, betraying a subdued overflow of energy, a sort of repressed vitality, a vigor and a nerve quite unusual. His dark-blue eyes—marvelous, intense, and changeable in tint and expression with every varying mood—were fixed intently before him, as if he could actually see and follow the shining thread of a dream as it wound away from his active brain, and, indeed, in that seductive Lenten weather a solitary young

man's fancy might be much inclined to turn to bright and enticing visions.

It appears that the author was personally a spectator at this moment, for we read:

"There is a lad who will some day astonish the world, for he is cast in no ordinary mold."

The speaker was an old man, known from one end of Europe to the other as that King of Wits, Prince Gortchakow, Chancellor of All the Russias. He had his weaknesses, his foibles, but he was a true Slav in intuitive sagacity, possessed unerring acumen, and a mind as sensitive in its instincts as an electric wire is to heat, for which excellent reasons his words created a great impression upon me.

"This young Hohenzollern," he continued, in his well-modulated voice, which had, however, a kind of trenchant edge upon it that gave it an immense amount of character—"this young Hohenzollern will considerably outshine all his predecessors on the throne; he will—" here he waved a hand, in color like dusky ivory, but still muscular and peremptory—"he the mainspring of Germany, my dear child, and his influence will be felt throughout Europe! . . ."

"Do you seriously mean all that?" I asked, simply to set him going again.

"Do I seriously mean that this at present shy, somewhat stilted, and 'effacé' youth will one day astonish the world? Of course, I mean it, 'cent fois plus qu'une.' I am only astonished that there are not more people to divine it; but, alas! one always has to look closely and minutely to see anything that is really worth seeing; the kind of moral or physical beauty that jumps at you is bound to be shallow and worthless, a mere simulacrum, an approximation to the genuine article. It's absurd—but there it is! Prince William is a nature inexhaustible of promise. He is deep as a well. Wit, generosity, race, nerve, prompt decision, energy in action, absolutely unending obstinacy of purpose, pluck, and a rare intelligence are all there, with a great deal besides. All the mystery and magic, the essential principles of sovereignty, are there, too. He will be a man in the full acceptance of the word. I see and feel it, and the future, in so far as he is concerned, is miraculously real to me."

The "prophecy" has certainly come true; whatever the genuineness of this volume, William the Second is certainly "astonishing the world."

The famous meeting of Prince William and his queen-to-be, in a "bower of roses," is painted by our present author with a full brush:

In the depths of the park, where the sun shone gently through a cool, green veil, gliding here and there with pinkish gold the points of the spears of grass through the interstices of the foliage, a hammock was swinging between two rose-garlanded firs, and in that hammock fast asleep lay a girl whose rounded cheeks were flushed with the warm, healthy shell-pink which is the prerogative of those who prefer the air as God made it to the comparative stuffiness of the vastest of palaces.

She was young, barely more than twenty, with softly chiseled features, hair sombre gold in the shadow, but where the truant sun-rays touched it, the hue of liquid topaz—light and sparkling, indeed as if delicately powdered with jewel-dust—and a pretty mouth half parted in a smile, as if her dreams were singularly pleasant ones.

She wore a garden frock of light muslin, the soft, hilly folds showing to immense advantage her slender, reclining form, while some stray petals, wafted by the light breeze from the roses above, gave here and there touches of satiny red and pale yellow. . . .

Suddenly the branches of a Siberian pine were gently parted, and a young man, erect and graceful, stepped into the hower where the hammock was swung, while the voice, youthful and well modulated, though expressing the extreme of joyful surprise, exclaimed: "Dornröschen!" ["Little Thorn Rose."]

The prince had found his princess!

It is this sort of thing, inaccurate as it must necessarily be, which, we opine, makes "Imperator et Rex" among the books "most in demand" at the libraries.

One of the anecdotes in the book, about whose authenticity there is little doubt, is told in a translation from the *Revue de Paris* of an article written by Jules Simon, a noted French publicist, who was a delegate to a memorable conference, and wrote an account of it on his return:

Before I go any further I must tell you how he speaks French! Easily? Very easily. Correctly? Very correctly! Had he the slightest accent? Not the slightest! Of us two it was he who spoke the better, for I have a slight provincial accent, while the emperor spoke like a Parisian. He asked me, once, laughingly, what I thought of his pronunciation. "You speak," I replied, "like a Parisian."

"That's not surprising," quoth he. "I have a friend"—he always speaks of his servants as "friends"—"who was my professor during ten years, and who has remained here with me ever since. He is a Parisian and a purist. Have you noticed whether I ever use an unorthodox expression?" (I am not only an Academician, but a member of the Directory Commission.)

"Once," I said.

He took alarm.

"When?" queried he.

"When your majesty, in describing the little private receptions, said 'to tittle' (*pour godailler*).

"Godailler is French!" he cried, triumphantly; "it is in the Academic dictionary."

"It is French, but it is not used by the Academy, nor in academic salons."

"I will not forget. And was that instance the only one?"

"I swear it! Your majesty is also a purist."

The work is illustrated by reproductions from photographs, which bear across their faces the autographs of the persons they represent, and tend to stimulate confidence in the author's affirmations of intimacy with the German court.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.25.

In Paris, during the recent hot spell, many people, "distracted by heat, wretched asinthe, and the sensational press," became temporarily insane, their delusions taking form according to the reigning news topic. A lot of Germans were brought before the bar of justice, all of them claiming the name of Kuropatkin. One man, inspired by the trouble between France and the Vatican, imagined himself the Pope, and, clad in a white robe, went about bestowing benedictions. Another, imagining himself Phœbus, went about naked. His lawyers had him released with a reprimand by the plea that no sane person would wear clothing during such hot weather.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

William T. Stead, after an absence of fifty years from the theatre, saw Mr. Tree in "The Tempest" at a London play-house, the other night.

James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York *Herald*, has returned to Paris from partridge shooting in Bohemia, with his guests, the Duc de Gramont, Count Halez Claparede, Jean de la Rochefoucauld, and Baron Gourgaud.

Ex-Governor W. Murray Crane has been appointed United States senator to succeed the late George Frisbie Hoar. Crane is a successful business man, wealthy, and in 1901 was offered by President Roosevelt the portfolio of the Treasury Department to succeed Gage. He declined the tender.

The three men who have written histories of the Cromwellian period in England—the Right Hon. John Morley, President Theodore Roosevelt, and Samuel Harden Church—are to have a chance to compare notes in November. Morley and Church will be guests of the President of the United States in the White House.

The Empress of Japan not only smokes, but uses a silver pipe with a stem ten inches long. The bowl is small—in fact, only a quantity of tobacco sufficient to give the smoker two or three whiffs can be put into it. Then the ashes are knocked out, and the pipe is carefully cleaned before it is refilled—a process gone through many times in the course of an afternoon.

Though King Alfonso devotes much of his time to sport, he does not neglect his studies. Several hours every morning are given to the study of foreign languages. Don Alfonso Merry del Val helps him in the study of English, M. Georges Legros in French, and Herr Alexander Bruns in German. Conde del Grove and Conde Aibar help him in scientific and military studies.

A noted London journalist has just interviewed the famous Serbian bandit, Stovan Zikitsch, who is one hundred and seventeen years old, and proves it. The old fellow wears heavy clothes the year round; drinks about three-quarters of a litre of brandy a day, and affirms that in his youth he drank twelve litres of wine a day without any harmful consequences. On the other hand, he has never taken coffee or a smoke. Early in life, while in Greece, he knew Lord Byron, and is proud of telling of the "curly-headed Englishman." Zikitsch has twice been married, and has four daughters. He boasts that he has never worked in his life. "All I can wield is the gun and the dagger, and, thank God, I have earned enough by them to live comfortably now," he shouted after his interviewer, as the latter was leaving. Zikitsch is perhaps the oldest man alive.

"It don't matter a damn who y' are, he'll get drunk wicher," is the admiring tribute of a policeman to Tom Brady, mayor of Bayonne, N. J. This mayor is a wonder. He is a coal merchant; he is honest; he is uneducated. His campaign speeches were each about six lines long. When he got in, he set the dignified park commissioner to work trimming trees on Bayonne streets, the alternative being to get out. He set the city engineer, whose job was a sinecure, to running a steam roller. Necessity for raising a lot of money having arisen, the mayor personally took the tax rolls to the offices of every corporation in the city. He said to them: "I've cut out every useless item; if you can show me where I can make another cut, I'll do it. If you can't—and I know you can't—I want you to submit willingly to an increased tax valuation." Not a single corporation raised an objection. The mayor applied business methods to the treasurer's office, and found a shortage of \$34,700. He makes the city hall employees work from eight to five, and he is the first man at every fire. He gets \$2,500 a year.

Here are a few notes on the chronology of Grandpa Henry Cassaway Davis: In 1823—Henry G. Davis was born. In 1824—John Quincy Adams was elected President. In 1830—Henry G. Davis was seven years old; James G. Blaine was born; Webster and Hayne had their famous debate; William the Fourth ascended the English throne; the first locomotive was built by Peter Cooper. In 1837—Victoria became Queen of England; Chicago was incorporated, with a population of 4,170; Michigan was admitted to the Union; Henry G. Davis was fourteen years of age. In 1844—Rutherford B. Hayes and Henry G. Davis cast their first votes; the first telegraph line was established. In 1848—Zachary Taylor was elected President; the Free Soil party was formed; gold was discovered in California; Henry G. Davis was twenty-five years of age. In 1852—Alton Brooks Parker and Charles W. Fairbanks were born; Henry G. Davis was twenty-nine years old. In 1858—Pony express was established from St. Louis to San Francisco; Theodore Roosevelt was born; Henry G. Davis was thirty-five years of age. In 1871—Chicago was burned; the German Empire was established; Paris capitulated; Henry G. Davis became United States senator. In 1876—Alton B. Parker and Charles W. Fairbanks cast their first votes; R. B. Hayes was elected President; Henry G. Davis was fifty-three years of age. In 1880—James A. Garfield was elected President; Theodore Roosevelt cast his vote. In 1883—Two-cent postage went into effect; Henry G. Davis retired from the Senate.



## PSEUDONYMS.

Confusion Caused by Their Use—Lady Authors Posing as Men—Effect of Good Names on the Reader—Flaubert and Zola.

This is a protest. It is a protest against a nearly useless, troublesome, nerve-tearing, brain-wearing practice. This is a day and age hard enough on the human constitution so that to the troubles of everybody who reads ought not to be added troubles that are unnecessary. That to which we refer is the annoying use of literary pseudonyms. Nowadays, the literary young person, embarking on the troubled sea of authorship, in about one case in five affixes to his or her precious manuscript a "fancy" name. Perhaps the name of the young lady who writes is Bertha. But she never did like the name Bertha. Perhaps her surname is McGill. But "McGill" never appealed to her as distinguishedly poetic. Being a woman, Bertha, like most women, would prefer to be a man. Result: when Bertha's first faint literary chirps appear in print they boldly bear some sounding masculine signature like John Frederick Marshall or William Morton Reed or Hamilton Leicester Carr.

Or, perchance, Bertha is married. Then, maybe, she concludes that her husband ought not to be dragged into the limelight by the use of his name. She will sign her maiden name. Or, in another instance, the lady author thinks she would prefer it not to be known that she is "writing," and so a pseudonym, as a matter of course, comes into use.

The list of women writers whose work appears over a signature not their own would fill the rest of this column. John Oliver Hobbes is the pen-name of Mrs. Craigie; John Strange Winter is the pseudonym of Mrs. Arthur Stannard; Charles Egbert Cradock that of Mary Noailles Murfree; Lucas Malet that of Mary St. Leger Harrison; Ralph Iron that of Olive Schreiner; Octave Thanet that of Alice French; Marion Harland that of Mary Virginia Terhune; Marion Thorne that of Ida T. Thurston; Frances Hodgson Burnett that of Mrs. Stephen Townsend; Fannie Crosby that of Frances June Van Alstyne; Margaret Vandergrift that of Margaret Thompson Janvier; Marion Vaughn that of Stella Scott Gilman; Jenny Wallis that of Mary J. Whitney Morrison; Onoto Watanna that of Winifred Eaton Babeck; Kate Gannett Wells that of Catherine Boot Wells; etc., etc., etc.

This sort of thing leads to hopeless confusion. You overhear a feminine discussion about the new books.

"Say," says the tall blonde, "have you read Mrs. Stannard's new book? oh, it's clever."

"Mrs. Stannard's?—I don't remember to have—what's it called?"

"The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker"—I think that's it."

"No, I haven't seen it."

"Oh, it is clever—satire, you know—not the ugly kind—lots of fun in it, and the dearest little love-story—it's as good, in its way, as her 'Bootles' Baby.'"

"'Bootles' Baby'?—why, that wasn't written by any Mrs. Stannard."

"Why, yes it was—certainly."

"No, I'm sure it wasn't; that was John Strange Winter's."

"But they're one and the same person."

"No?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never knew that."

And so it goes. It would be well enough if only authors, after adopting a pseudonym, maintained it. But they don't. Almost all writers who are at all popular come to have both names known and more or less in use, which is awkward and inconvenient. For example, a reviewer starts bravely on a notice of Charles Egbert Cradock's newest novel, "Charles Egbert Cradock," he writes, "has excelled her previous—" Here he pauses. Her—"and "Charles" have a queer sound used propinquously. He must explain for the benefit of the uninitiated. He laboriously erases, and begins anew: "Miss Murfree whose *nom de guerre* is Charles Egbert Cradock, has excelled her previous," etc. But how useless and time-consuming is the pseudonym, especially when masculine, and when both real and assumed names are in use.

An amusing story is told of Miss Murfree. It seems that, early in her career, her publishers supposed from the name Charles that she was really a man, and when she wrote them saying that she was about to visit New York they made preparation to entertain him—at a stag dinner, or something of the sort so believe. Their amazement was therefore profound when they found themselves confronted with a young woman, who assured them that she was veritably "Charles."

Such incidents, however probably occur seldom. But it is quite as annoying to a reader after he has acquired a liking for a supposedly male author's books, and has pictured him in his imagination, suddenly to find that he has been deceived. After all, it is ethically quite defensible for a female writer to pose as a man in order that her books may have a bigger sale? We

know of at least one instance where a Western writer, just beginning to have stories printed in the Eastern magazines, was urged by the editors thereof to disguise her sex by using initials merely. Doubtless it is true that the name signed to a book of fiction has a considerable bearing on its popularity. Henry Harland's earlier works were signed "Sidney Luska." They none of them were popular. Henry Harland, it is said, "was compelled to 'kill' Luska, the Jew, from whose ashes was to arise Henry Harland, whose name would tell nothing of his Hebraic origin to his readers." Many people are aware that a singularly gifted San Francisco writer, who has published two volumes of verse, added a syllable to a name that was neither poetic, nor without the objection which Harland discovered in the name he used in early life.

But this is certainly legitimate—which the careless use of pseudonyms seems scarcely to be. If a poet desires to change his name in order that it may be poetic—as the Poet of the Sierras changed his at Miss Coolbrith's suggestion from the preposterous Cincinnati Heine to the romantic Joaquin—no one can deny him the privilege. He "reforms it altogether." The coy lady author who changes her sex for literary purposes is on a different footing. Hers is a bold, but not entirely praiseworthy, endeavor to eat her cake and have it. Worse yet is the case of certain masculine writers who adopt a feminine pseudonym. The most conspicuous among these curious persons, we believe, is one John Howard Jewett, who writes blithe tales for confiding children under the name of "Hannah Warner."

Speaking of the influence of a name upon the reader's liking for a bit of fiction to which it is signed, it is odd how many famous British and American writers have had curious and unusual names. There is only one Shakespeare. The name is almost as rare as such genius. Chaucer is an odd and unusual name. Unusual are Milton, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Swinburne, Kipling. In America, Longfellow, Whitier, Poe, Whitman, Hawthorne, Irving, Stedman, Aldrich, are all names that are comparatively uncommon. By all the probabilities, Shakespeare's name should have been Smith, and Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Johnsons should have occupied the high pedestals of literary fame. But, curiously, they do not.

Great novelists have always taken infinite care to name their heroes and heroines appropriately; so it is natural that they should painfully ponder over their own names if they are not well sounding. An interesting story, apropos, is told of Zola and Flaubert. It seems that while Flaubert was writing his "Bouvard et Pécuchet," he often talked of the book to Zola, but never mentioned the names of his characters. One day, Zola, who was himself working on a hook, mentioned to Flaubert that he had hit upon a capital name for a character—the name Bouvard—a strange coincidence. Flaubert, on hearing Zola's remark, immediately fell into a profound depression. "He became quite strange," wrote Zola, on subsequently relating the incident, "and after lunch he took me to the bottom of the garden and with great show of emotion implored me to surrender the name of Bouvard to him. I assented, laughing; but he remained very grave, plainly touched, and even declared that he would not have persevered with his book if I had insisted on using the name. He looked upon his work as being entirely in those two names, Bouvard and Pécuchet."

Even a more remarkable story is told of Balzac's search for a fitting name for one of his heroes. He never manufactured such names—"a name, he considered, could no more be fabricated than could granite or marble. They were all three the work of time and revolutions." So, in company with a friend, he set out to hunt Paris through from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the summits of Montmartre. Thousands of names were examined, analyzed, and rejected. The friend, worn out by the walk, refused to go further. Balzac persuaded him to follow for but three more streets, and near the end of the last the novelist (so the story runs) suddenly changed color, and cried in a voice broken by emotion: "There, there! Read that name!" Above a narrow ohlong door, which opened on a sombre court-yard, there hung a sign which bore for device the name of Marcas.

Our journey is at an end!" Balzac exclaimed; "it terminates in a blaze of glory. The name of my hero shall be Marcas. Marcas contains the philosopher, the statesman, and the poet. I will call him Z. Marcas, and thereby add to his name a flame, a tiara, and a star. Nothing could be better."

So if great novelists have found the matter of a name of such importance, authors ought to be permitted to revise theirs to suit the harmonies. But we protest that the only proper way is to follow the example of Joaquin Miller, and make the change a complete and lasting one. As for lady authors signing masculine names to their work—well, it is a custom that ought to be more honored in the breach than in the observance, blattering as it is to the abused, yet initiated, sex.

H. A. L.

## New Publications.

"The Song at Midnight," by Mary M. Adams. Poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.50.

"Little Precious," by Gertrude Smith. Illustrated in colors. Harper & Brothers; \$1.30.

"A School History of England," by Harmon B. Niver, A. B. Illustrations and maps. The American Book Company.

"The Wandering Twins: A Story of Labrador," by Mary Bouchier Sanford. Illustrated by H. C. Ireland. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Cats by the Way," by Sarah E. Trueblood. Illustrated by the author. J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25—gossip about felines by a cat-lover.

"River-Land: A Story for Children," by Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

"Indian Life in Town and Country," by Herbert Compton. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.20—a well-written addition to an excellent series.

"His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock," by H. S. Huntington. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a story of naval adventure off Martinique.

"Beauty Through Hygiene: Common Sense Ways to Health for Girls," by Emma E. Walker, M. D. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00 net—a sensible book.

"The Mysterious Beacon Light: The Adventures of Four Boys in Labrador," by George Ethelbert Walsh. Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Science of Life," by Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"). Scott-Thaw Company—a thoughtful little essay read by its author before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, England.

"Our Big Game: A Book for Sportsmen and Nature Lovers," by Dwight W. Huntington. With sixteen illustrations from photographs of wild animals. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00 net—a well-written account of bear, moose, elk, etc., that will be welcomed by sportsmen.

"Mr. Oseba's Last Discovery," by George W. Bell (for seven years United States consul at Sydney, Australia). Illustrated. The New Zealand Times Company, Ltd.—a study cast in the form of fiction of New Zealand, which is considered by the author "the most sturdy democracy that civilization has ever produced."

"The Truth About Morocco: An Indictment of the Policy of the British Foreign Office with Regard to the Anglo-French Agreement," by M. Aflalo. With a preface by R. B. Cunningham Graham. John Lane—a biased political argument by a man who knows his Morocco thoroughly well; its interest for the general reader is incidental.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Indispensable to Students of Art.

The fourth volume of the greatly enlarged and thoroughly revised new edition of "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," prepared under the supervision of the noted British art-writer, Mr. George C. Williamson, contains more new biographies than any preceding volume, and is admirably illustrated with more than one hundred reproductions of famous paintings which, thanks to the size of the dictionary (11 x 8 inches), are large enough adequately to convey an idea of the originals.

Bryan's dictionary is the most famous work of its kind. It appeared in 1816, was revised in 1849, again in 1876, and still again in the years 1884-9. But even since then, so many new painters and engravers have won such a measure of fame as to entitle them to a place, and so many new facts have been discovered about those persons already included, that a new revision had become imperatively necessary.

The present volume begins with "Nabholz," and ends with "Ryther," the most notable among the biographies it contains being those of Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Rossetti, Ruskin, Raphael, and Rembrandt. Americans seem rather to have been slighted in the inclusion of new names, though we note the names of Nast, Pearson, Powell, and Rossiter. Thomas Nast, an American, is given a quarter of a column, while Rossetti, an Englishman, is given five pages, or twenty times the space, which seems an indication of editorial insularity. But the work is, as a whole, a great one, and certainly no library with pretensions to completeness can afford to lack it.

Published by the Macmillan Company; \$6.00 per volume net.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee" is published this week.

Rudyard Kipling's new book, "Traffic and Discoveries," which is published this week, is the first volume of collected stories to appear from his pen since the publication of "The Day's Work." There will be one long story, hitherto unpublished in America, in the volume, "The Army of a Dream," which is said to embody a remarkable study of what the British army may become under its present administration. There will also be the curious symbolic story, "They," which appeared in August in an American magazine, together with "Wireless," "Mrs. Bathurst," "Their Lawful Occasions," "The Bonds of Discipline," "The Captive," "The Sahib's War," and "Below the Mill Dam."

Mme. Adam's continuation of her autobiography in a second volume is entitled "My Literary Life." Among the persons of whom the author gives reminiscences are George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Daniel Stern, and Sainte-Beuve. The volume will be brought out with many illustrations, and is the second volume of recollections by the same author, the first volume having been called "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth."

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin returns from Maine to her home in New York City this week. Her publishers are just announcing a twelfth edition of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," bringing that popular story up to a total of one hundred and fifty thousand copies. Her new book, "The Affair at the Inn," has been favorably received, and is already in its twenty-eighth thousand.

Alfred Austin's prose work, which the Macmillans will soon publish, has for its motto: "Life is worth living not so much for what it gives as for what it suggests." The book is devoted chiefly to an account of travels in Italy between the sixties and the present time.

An amusing incident of the book-publishing business is the coalition of the Boston houses of the Lothrop Publishing Company and Lee & Shepard. The very good reason is that Mr. Gregory, the acting manager of Lee & Shepard and assignee for the defunct firm, has become engaged and is now married to the feminine head of the Lothrops. What literary progeny will be born of this alliance the future will tell.

"Fifty Years of an Actor's Life" is a succession of illuminating pictures of such people as the Kembles, the Keans, the Cushmanes, Macready, Charles Dickens, Sir Robert Peel, the queen even, Lady Blessington, and Count d'Orsay, Disraeli, Louis Bonaparte, Edwin Forrest, the Terrys (Kate and Ellen), Henry Irving. The author is John Coleman, the deceased actor-manager. He died before the last proof-sheets of this book reached him. His two volumes, containing twenty-six portraits, would undoubtedly have given him much satisfaction had he lived to see them in print.

There are some clever sayings in Agnes Repplier's new book of essays, entitled "Compromises." For example: "Conversation is not and never has been, a question

of stars, but of a good stock company." "People love Stevenson, not because he was an admirable writer, but because he was a cheerful consumptive." "Small wonder that novelists content themselves with making matches and refrain from examining too closely the result of their handiwork. They would have more conscience about it if it were not so easy for them to withdraw."

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller has left Brooklyn for California, where she expects to stay a year or more. Her new book this autumn is a collection of stories for children, entitled "Kristy's Queer Christmas," which will be published immediately.

The Alhambra is to be the subject of a sumptuous quarto, running to some six hundred pages, which A. F. Calvert is to publish before long, with eighty colored plates and over two hundred and fifty sketches in black and white.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
2. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
3. "Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "Tommy & Co.," by Jerome K. Jerome.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Anair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, et al.
3. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
4. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
3. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.
4. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
5. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, et al.

## The Confession of a "Book-Forged."

The propriety of interviewing a man for publication while he is drunk is doubtful. But since the reporter of the Chicago Chronicle must hear the chief part of the burden, we venture to reprint from that journal an interview with a "book-forged":

"Book-forging is my business," said an elderly man on a roof-garden. He had been drinking, and this made him more communicative than wise.

"Yes, sir, I am a book-forged," he continued. "I make good money at it, too. Last year I made \$7,500."

"What, may I ask, is book-forgery?" said the man's companion.

"I'll tell you. It is the binding of old books in such a way that people think old masters bound them. I can take an old book worth, say, \$5, and I can put on it a Grolier binding that will make it worth \$200. That will only be about two days' work—\$195 earned in two days."

"I used to bind books legitimately at a hindry, and my salary was \$35 a week. I couldn't live on that, you know, with my expensive tastes."

"Well, one day a rich patron brought a Grolier to the shop to be repaired, and I, just for fun, copied the binding. Then I got hold of an old French pamphlet, and I covered it with the forged Grolier binding I had made. Afterward I took the volume to a dealer in old books, and he bought it like a shot for \$105."

"Why," he said, "this is a genuine Grolier."

"That started me in the business. I made a study of the finest old bindings that exist. These are the bindings that were made for the Valois kings. Grolier and Maioli were the great artists of the time, and their bindings, in the libraries of Francis the First, Henry the Second, and Charles the Ninth were the most splendid that the world has ever seen."

"The simpler examples of Grolier and Maioli are the ones I forge. I sell my forgeries to millionaires. In seven years I haven't had a complaint."

There is complaint in some quarters at the title of Mary Austin's new novel. "How long a time may a book retain title to a title?" asks one objector. "I see that a new novel is being published in the Atlantic under the name 'Isidro,' and I remember a fresh and strong novel by Willis Steell, published by the same firm in 1890, and it was also called 'Isidro.' When shall we look for a new 'David Copperfield' or a new 'Henry Esmond'?"

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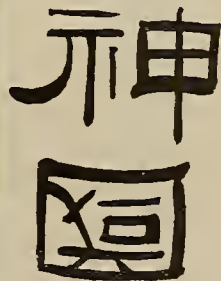
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The Alcazar Theatre should be the rallying point for smart theatre-parties this week—assuming, that is, that people in the polite world prefer to see on the stage a reflex of the life they live, enlivened by plenty of wit and humor.

True, "Lord and Lady Algy," as its name implies, is of English origin, and shows up certain types of London society that are scarcely representative, even to the most violent anglophobes on the Atlantic Coast. But the comedy is so bright, so masterly in its construction, so discerning, yet so cheerful in its cynicism, and its wit plays so lightly and inspiringly over the dramatically neat and progressively humorous situations of the piece, that it can not fail to please the most American audience, always provided it has taste for society comedy. It is one of the best pieces of work that R. C. Carton has done since we have seen "The Tree of Knowledge," "Liberty Hall," "Wheels Within Wheels," and "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" in San Francisco. A number of his plays have received representation both in London and New York. For some reason they have not traveled this way, although Carton now ranks but a step or two below Pinero and Jones, and his plays receive eager consideration from the London managers.

"Lord and Lady Algy" was performed here some years ago, with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin playing the respective rôles of the horsey husband and his sporting wife. Later, the Frawley company, with Frawley and Mary Van Buren in the title-rôles, gave a very fair performance at the Grand Opera House—much inferior, however, to that which is being given at the Alcazar this week, during which time "Lord and Lady Algy" is the vehicle for bringing the new Alcazar company before the public.

The new members have, in Carton's piece, an excellent opportunity to show one kind of talent that should be indispensable in the drama of to-day, namely: the art of appearing to be the ladies and gentlemen that the players represent. It is certainly a lugubrious spectacle to see a worthy Thespian of humble if honest beginnings attempting, without previous practice, to persuade a trusting audience into accepting him as the aristocratic descendant of a hundred earls; but one all too common. I have heard all kinds of queer accents—the finicky, the painfully precise, the Anglo-American, the ultra-English, the chippy, the shopman's, the elocutionary, and the accent of the plains—as powerfully crude as our native oil—figuring on the stage in putative London drawing-rooms. To my mind, the most acceptable of all is that the fitness of which is such as to allow it to pass without question and without remark, whether it be uttered by American or English players.

Mr. Craig and Miss Lawrence, the new leading man and woman at the Alcazar, belong to that class of versatile players that can pass without protest—on the American stage, at least—as titled members of English society. Both have that air of drawing-room ease which is so essential in this type of play. Both have the speech and bearing appropriate to Lord and Lady Algy's jaunty worldliness, and both know how to introduce in their manner the proper degrees of difference in addressing equals and inferiors, even though the latter are treated with *bonhomie* accorded to favorites. In fact, both Mr. Craig and Miss Lawrence seemed to be at all times the pair they were impersonating.

Miss Woodson appears as the romantic Mrs. Tudway—the lady whom, when Algy is, as he puts it, "a bit sprung," he addresses as "Lazy Dreat." Miss Woodson is young and talented, and shows quickness and intelligence in seizing the essential points of a piece of characterization.

On Monday night, the work almost throughout was excellent. Mr. Myers, as the fussy bourgeois whose infatuation for his wife played second with his respect for a ducal family, George Osbourne, as the droning duke, with the unposing British whiskers; Luke Connors, as Lord Quinby, the elegant hypocrite, deliciously deprecatory of his affair with a married lady; Mr. Maher, as the jockey with a conscience, Marie Howe, as an antique Bo Peep at the ball; even Mrs. McAuliffe, as Lord Algernon's man, greatly depressed by the society of an un-ideal cook, all were important elements in an exceedingly satisfactory and entirely pleasing performance.

The play leaves a very pleasant effect on

the mind, for all its worldliness and brisk cynicism; Algy, whether sober or tipsy, is such a thoroughly good fellow—and so is Lady Algy, too, in her different way—that the audience comes away in a fine glow of satisfaction after seeing the matrimonial tangle straightened out.

The sentiment of the piece, such of it as there is, is so restrained, yet so sincere, that, when it is evident it has a cheerfully optimistic effect. Lord and Lady Algy really stand for incorruptibility of morals, for honor, and for genuine kind-heartedness; virtues whose pure gold has become slightly tarnished in the venal atmosphere in which they live, but which yet rings true underneath.

Those sentiments of real regard, of faithful comradeship, and of underlying loyalty to the slackening bond between the divided pair, were particularly well indicated by the two leading players. Carton introduces few protestations in the talk between this thoroughly modern marital couple; but the scenes in which they are uttered make for an effect of genuineness, and Miss Lawrence and Mr. Craig acted in them with just that simplicity and that matter-of-fact curttness, with a tinge of underlying earnestness, which carried them through to a successful conclusion.

The tipsy scene in "Lord and Lady Algy" forms an excellent test of the versatility of a leading man, and Mr. Craig withstood the test so well as to prove him to be an actor of parts. The author has handled the situation so cleverly that Lord Algy fails to convey any of the offensiveness that frequently attends in the usual stage representations of an inebriated subject. The spectator perceives that Algy's constitutional good nature and sense of responsibility toward his friend are exaggerated into a vague haze of general benevolence toward the world, crossed by dim gleams of recognition of a duty to be strictly discharged. So Lord Algy appears at the costume ball as Lord Marlborough in the mournful custody of his jockey, his face wreathed in those smiles of alcoholic geniality which no man has ever yet imagined as ornamenting his own countenance, but which tickle him so enormously when he recognizes them on the features of his friend. The humor of the scene is conveyed by Mr. Craig with such good taste and good feeling that, like Lady Algy, the looker-on forgives the prodigal for his temporary backsliding, and is only too happy to see the jocular offender steered on the homeward way by the capable bands of his wife.

This scene is so long and taxing in its demands on Lord Algy that it gave Mr. Craig's rôle a greater importance than that of Miss Lawrence. The new leading lady, however, thoroughly established herself in the favor of the audience, and both her work and that of Miss Woodson justify us in looking forward with very substantial anticipations to the coming season at the Alcazar.

It is a scholarly rather than a dramatic performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" that is being given by Ben Greet's company of players this week. There is unquestionably a slight chill left upon the imagination by the absence of the usual changes of scene to which we have grown accustomed. The performers are not seen through the idealizing glow of the footlights, and indeed their close contiguity to the audience is in some degree destructive to illusion. The circumscribed area of the stage is prohibitive of picturesque grouping during the more crowded scenes, and at times the players jostle each other uncomfortably, especially during the dance at the masque. This is not permitted, however, to prevent due action on the part of the players, and the company, in the festive scenes, go through all the pantomime of rollicking high spirits. The merriment of the comedy, nevertheless, lacks that spontaneous lightness and ease which would best convey the spirited gaiety of Beatrice and the dryly humorous philosophizings of Benedick.

Those qualities which make Constance Crawley so apt a figure in "Everyman," are not such as tend to lighten up the manifold tints and shadings of Beatrice's varying moods. Her Beatrice lacks buoyancy, freedom, and exuberance, and her high spirits seem forced. Although I thought Ben Greet's Benedick superior to Miss Crawley's Beatrice,

it, too, misses fire in an intangible way, although it has many creditable features. Mr. Greet's rôle received a most intelligent and studied interpretation, and he reads his lines with ability. It is probably the natural liveliness of the instinctive comedian which we miss, although we must not forget that one smiles with the mind rather than with the lips over these deliberately worded quips and quirks that mirror the merriment of a time so remote from the present.

The male members of the company impress the observer as having been well trained in the legitimate, but, except for Miss Crawley, the female element gives an impression of feebleness and inexperience. John Sayer Crawley plays the prince with dignity, Sydney Greenstreet gives an unctuously funny Dogberry, and Leonard Shepherd an appropriately patriarchal Leonato.

As the play proceeds, the fancy warms with the heat of action and the play of emotion, but the final effect left upon the mind is that of having witnessed an excellent entertainment in Shakespearean reading, rather than a full-fledged dramatic performance.

Doubtless, however, this point of view suits the student better than the lover of drama. There are many who attended the performance of Mr. Greet's company play-book in hand, and closely following the text with eye and ear simultaneously, and the audience generally gives evidence of being well pleased at a performance which, if lacking in inspiration, is marked by judgment and good taste.

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Assisted by Mrs. JEANETTE COFFER, Soprano, and CHARLES FOLEY, Tenor and Violinist.

RUDOLPH FORSTER, Musical Director.

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MR. GVULA ORMAV at the Piano.

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With James T. Powers and others of the original cast. First matinee Wednesday afternoon.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Good Musical Comedy.

The rather indifferent shows that have been presented at the Grand Opera House of late, have given way this week to a musical comedy of worth and merit—Pixley & Luder's "The Burgomaster," which has had four years of popularity in Eastern cities. It reveals itself to us as a gay and lively piece, with plenty of good songs, music that is merry and tuneful, and a plot that is tangible. The story is that Peter Stuyvesant, burgomaster of New Amsterdam, and his secretary, Doodle von Kool, in order to escape the trials of office, take a sleeping potion, from which they do not awake until modern New York is an accomplished fact. The sights are shown them, and every advantage is taken of the opportunity thus afforded for amusing situations. Oscar Figman, who impersonates the burgomaster, is a comedian with a distinctive manner, and a singing voice which, while hardly strong enough, is decidedly pleasing. His dialect is both amusing and intelligible, and his slow, quiet manner, his amused bewilderment at what he sees in modern Gotham, and his rapid conversion to gay life, are all capital. He is fairly well seconded by Charles Sharp, a small and serious comedian with a piping voice, and an air of constant protest and surprise. Sharp also does a vastly entertaining musical specialty, which would be better with a shorter monologue, or with one that is really funny. Olga von Hatzfeldt has a double rôle, being in the prologue a lieutenant of the Dutch cadets, and in the rest of the piece a young man about town. She is dashing and vivacious, and sings charmingly in a light and agreeable voice. Miss Von Hatzfeldt has a personality that makes her rather quiet, unobtrusive method very effective. Oscar Ragland, a huge, brawn fellow, whose voice has plenty of volume, if none too much melody, is excellent as the prizefighter. The chorus is good to look upon, and works harmoniously. "The Burgomaster" will be succeeded, beginning at to-morrow's (Sunday) matinee, by Augustus Thomas's well-known play, "Arizona." It will be given with practically the same cast that had part at the recent run at the Academy of Music, New York, and with the same scenic effects. A large detachment of United States cavalrymen from the Presidio, with their horses and equipments, will be one of the features of the production. This will be the first time of "Arizona" in this city at popular prices.

## Oriental Love-Story in Musical Comedy.

On Monday night, "San Toy," with James T. Powers in the rôle of Li, the up-to-date Chinese, will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre. This musical comedy tells how Yen How, in order to save his daughter, San Toy, from the emperor's harem, rears her as a boy. The plan works until the supposed boy falls in love with an English officer. The mandarin and his daughter are summoned before the emperor. Yen How confidently expects to lose his head, but San Toy's beauty so pleases the emperor that he forgives the deception and allows her to marry the Englishman. Others in the company besides Mr. Powers are George K. Fortescue, Nagle Barry, Margaret McKinney, John Peachey, Mina Rudolph, Charles Arling, Josephine Newman, Fred W. Huntley, and Katherine Howland. The costumes and settings are described as unusually rich and artistic. There will be Sunday night performances and Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

## A Fitch Play at the Alcazar.

The Alcazar's new stock company's play for next week will be Clyde Fitch's comedy of fashionable life in New York, "The Way of the World," which was originally produced by Elsie de Wolfe. This will be the first production of this play in San Francisco. The action is woven around a young married couple who are devotedly happy, but after eight years of married life are childless. The husband contemplates going into politics, and complications arise through the wife's companionship with a politician, who is strongly opposed to her husband. The play will give the new people an opportunity to show their versatility. The production of "The Way of the World" will be elaborate as to scenic effects. The following week the first stock production of R. V. Esmond's comedy, "The Wilderness," will be presented at the Alcazar.

## Art League Benefit at the Majestic.

The management of the Majestic Theatre has wisely decided to run "A Japanese Nightingale" another week. This play, when produced in New York, had the misfortune to be performed after "The Darling of the Gods," which, with Blanche Bates in the title-rôle, had been running to crowded houses for months. As a result, since it covered much the same ground, it did not enjoy the success it deserved. Here, where we have seen only "Madame Butterfly," and Japanese melodrama is practically a novelty, the play has won out on its own merits. With the exception of Grace Reals, who is a bit too heavy for the rôle of the Japanese heroine, the com-

pany is well cast. The atmosphere, too, is admirably suggested by the introduction of odd costumes and manners, and a bewildering variety of picturesque settings and gorgeous costumes. Above all, the dialect is intelligible at all times. On Monday night, the Outdoor League of California will give a benefit at the Majestic for the purpose of raising funds to enable the organization to enlarge the scope of its propaganda for the betterment of San Francisco's thoroughfares and public parks. The society has certainly accomplished much in its patriotic efforts to beautify the city, and deserves and ought to receive encouragement.

## Trained Cats at the Orpheum.

Techow's cats will appear at the Orpheum this coming week. The tabbies do feats that are almost incredible. Simon and Paris, "The Droll Greeks of the Olden Time," come direct from Europe. They are brought on to the stage in a big wooden horse, after the manner of the invaders of Troy. Josephine de Witt, a violin soloist and singer, will present her act, "Fiddle and I." Lewis McCord and his company of comedians will enter upon their second and last week; S. Sciarretti, E. Cibelli, and A. Cibelli will continue "A Night in Venice; J. A. Murphy and Eloise Willard will indulge in new conversational oddities; Hickey and Nelson will continue "Twisted and Tangled"; and Julius N. Tannen will change his impersonations of famous actors. "Rounding the Yeggman," a series of scenes which include the dynamiting of a bank vault, pursuit of the robbers, and a thrilling head-on collision of two locomotives, one of them carrying the desperadoes, will be shown on the biograph.

## Jeffries in Drama.

James J. Jeffries, champion prize-fighter of the world, will make his theatrical debut on Monday night at the Central Theatre in the title-rôle of Frank Mayo's drama of the backwoods, "Davy Crockett." Essentially a man of the backwoods, Davy Crockett's honesty of purpose, easy-going nature, and filial devotion form the basis of an interesting story. There is a vein of humor running through the plot, strong situations are frequent, and a stirring climax is reached in the scene where Davy defends the girl he loves against a band of wolves. There is a scheming villain in the play, who endeavors to barter notes that he holds against the heroine's guardian for the young girl's hand in marriage. The battle is one of wits, and in the end Davy Crockett triumphs. New scenery will be used, the costumes will be true to the period, and the supporting cast will include all the members of the Central Theatre stock company.

## The Tivoli's New Opera.

The German comic opera, "Der Rastelbinder" ("The Mouse-Trap Peddler") was given its first American production at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening. The opera found favor, and is described as very humorous, with neat, pretty, and lively tunes running all through it. Thomas Persse is singing the leading tenor rôle, Yanku, and Edith Mason is heard as Suza. Kate Condon and Dora de Philippe are well cast, and Ferris Hartman reappears, enacting the rôle of a Hebrew onion dealer. Simms, Webb, and all the others have advantageous rôles. The next production at the Tivoli will be "The Messenger Boy," the great London musical comedy success.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Kopta Recitals.

The first of Wenzel Kopta's violin recitals for the season will take place at Lyric Hall on Sunday afternoon, October 23d, at three o'clock. Mr. Kopta's previous appearances have proved his worth as a violinist, and the announcement that he will be heard again will be welcome news to music-lovers. He

plays with art and feeling, and has established a large clientèle of admirers. He will be assisted by Miss Maud Hohmann, soprano, and Gyula Ormay, pianist. The programme for the first recital is as follows:

Concerto for violin, op. 15, Bazzini; violin solos: (a) "Romance," op. 50, F-major, Beethoven, (b) "Gavotte," Becker; (c) "Slavish Dance," from op. 67, Dvorak, (d) "Canzonetta," from the Concerto, op. 35, Tschai-kowsky; song, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" (from "Samson and Delilah"), Saint-Saëns; concerto for violin, No. 2, (a) adagio, (b) rondo, "La Campanella," Paganini; songs: (a) "Summer," Chaminade, (b) "Spring," with violin obligato, Weil; violin solo, "Ballade et Polonaise de Concert," Vieuxtemps.

There will be six music concerts at Lyric Hall by the Kopta Quartet, the first one to be given on Sunday afternoon, October 30th, at three o'clock. Tickets for the first recital and for the concerts are on sale by Will L. Greenbaum, Lyric Hall, and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Seats are 75 cents and \$1.00, and the subscription ticket for the six concerts is \$5.00. Students' single tickets are 50 cents, or \$2.50 for the six concerts.

## Concert by a Child Pianist and Singer.

Gertrude Fleming, the child pianist and soprano, whose voice soars to high E, will give a concert at Steinway Hall next Tuesday evening at eight-fifteen o'clock. She will play works of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, Bach, Schumann, and other classical composers, including a left-hand fugue by Kalkbrenner, and in company with Rudolph Forster, her instructor, will give the "Lutsiel Overture," for four hands, by Kélar Bela, and also some of the Moszkowski Spanish dances. The young artist, who is but eleven years of age, will sing Gounod's "Au Printemps," "The Last Watch," by Piniuti, and the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with a violin obligato by Charles Foley. Mrs. Jeanette Cofer, the soprano, will sing the aria and scene from "Freyhutz" and "June," by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, and Mr. Foley, who is a tenor, will be heard in Mattei's "For the Sake of the Past," De Beriot's "Air Varié," for the violin, will also be another number by Mr. Foley. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday and Tuesday.

## Farewell Hofmann Concert.

Josef Hofmann will give a farewell popular-priced concert at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday afternoon, October 16th, at half after two o'clock. The following will be the programme:

Prelude and fugue, D-major, Bach-D'Albert; "Lieder Ohne Worte" (duet, "Spring Song," "Spinning Song"), Mendelssohn; Sonata Appassionata, Beethoven; "Polonaise Fantaisie," barcarolle, impromptu, G-flat major, valse, C-sharp minor, valse, A-flat major, "Prelude," No. 25, "Chants Polonaise," G-major, polonaise, A-flat major, Chopin; "Isolde's Liebestode," "Feuerzauber," Wagner; etincelles, Moszkowski; rhapsodie, No. 2, Liszt.

## Sousa's Twenty-Fifth Tour.

Sousa and his band have become so much a national institution, and the good quality of his music is so well known, that hardly any comment on it is necessary. He has made himself a favorite in Europe as well as America, and it is announced that on this twenty-fifth tour his military band is better than ever. The Alhambra Theatre has been secured for the series of concerts which mark his seventh visit to the Coast. There will be eight night concerts, the first to be to-morrow (Sunday) night, and four popular matinees—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. The soloists this year are Estelle Lieblich, soprano; Jessie Strauss, violinist; and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ealand, in Santa Barbara, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

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VANITY FAIR.

It appears that Benjamin Ide Wheeler's action in giving some very plain-spoken advice to the girls at Berkeley is having imitators. Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College, is said to have put into a homily to the Cambridge Marys and Anns and Elizas this advice and these directions: "Stand up straight, don't look at the boys; keep your shoes tied, walk straight ahead; don't go looking about, and be modest; hurry through the college yard, and keep your skirts from dragging." No ambiguity about that. The second lunch of "Don't's" comes from Chicago. Professor Cummock, of Northwestern University, is said to have bestowed this wisdom upon a class of "co-eds": "Do not seek the attentions of young men. Never notice young men who look at you from the corners of their eyes. Do not stroll on the campus with more than one escort. Don't employ little devices to attract men—a man of real worth will seek you for yourself alone. Never speak to young men you don't know. Don't encourage the attentions of too many young men; such conduct cheapens a woman." President Wheeler's advice to the Berkeley "co-eds" seemed to some pretty primary. But evidently "co-eds" elsewhere are in need of elementary instruction also. Grieved Berkeley girls can sympathize with Radcliffites.

Mrs. Craigie's allegation that "women are not selfish enough" has created a great stir. Here are her precise words, as communicated to the *London Daily Mail*: "Women, where their feelings are in question, are not selfish enough; they appraise themselves not too dearly, but far too cheaply; it is the suicidal unselfishness of women which makes the selfishness of the modern bachelor possible. Bachelors are not all misogynists, and the fact that a man remains unmarried is no proof that he is insensible to the charm of a woman's companionship, or that he does not have such companionship, on irresponsible terms, to a most considerable degree. Why should the average vain young man, egoistic by organism and education, work hard or make sacrifices for the sake of any particular woman, while so many are too willing to share his life without joining it, and so many more wait eagerly on his steps to destroy any chivalry or tenderness he may have been born with? Modern women give bachelors no time to miss them, and no opportunity to need them; their devotion is undisciplined, and it becomes a curse rather than a blessing to its object. Why? Because women have this strange power of concentration and self-abnegation in their love; they can not do enough to prove their kindness. And when they have done all, and have been at no pains to secure their own position, they realize that they have erred through excess of generosity and the desire to please. This is the unselfishness shown toward bachelors."

"A Chicago girl," says the *Philadelphia Inquirer* "forgot that she had been married until just before she was going to the altar a second time without the formality of a divorce. The incident is said to have caused no surprise at all in Chicago." "Not all a joke, either," comments the *New York Herald*, "when one recalls that the head of the truancy department of the Chicago schools reports that a majority of the boys and girls committed to correctional institutions are children of divorced persons, of whom there are about thirty-five thousand in Chicago."

The difference between the Oriental and Occidental view of women is well presented by an intelligent Japanese, who is a student at Yale, in the current number of the *Independent*. "The proper treatment of women," he writes, "lies half way between the way they are treated in Japan as contrasted with the way they are treated in America. With us they are oppressed, in America they are over-indulged. The position of a married man in America is absurd. The husband must support the children, yet in case of separation or divorce the courts generally give them to the wife. Women here constantly proclaim that they are the equals of men, yet when they separate or sue for divorce they come crying to the court, begging that the man be made to support them on the ground that otherwise they would become public charges—that is to say, they are so incapable of doing anything useful that they can not even earn their own livings. Man is the head of the family when there is some punishment to be inflicted. He has all sorts of duties and responsibilities which he must fulfill or suffer. But the wife has no duty or responsibility for failure to perform which the law punishes her. Man is responsible for the doings of his wife, and yet has no authority over her. Foreigners laugh at the situation; that American men have put themselves in by their mistaken sense of gallantry. It is too amusing to see the result, for no woman is so unloved and despised by her husband as here. They have so long told women that they are superior, that they have come to believe the story, and act accordingly. We are not likely to make the

mistake that American men have made, and we will probably confer women's rights with more conservatism and some consideration of the fact that the burdens and penalties and responsibilities must be carried, and that it is no more fair to pile them all on the man than it is to pile them all on the woman."

Young ladies who think that the elopement of the Princess Louise with Mattachich is a lovely and romantic affair, are requested to gaze upon this picture of loveliness, as presented by the Paris correspondent of *Truth*: "Mattachich, if her De Lauzun, conforms to her protocol of etiquette. He does not sit down in her presence, nor does any one else who is not of her rank until she points to a chair. Mattachich bows low each time he enters the presence of the royal fugitive. His utter ignorance of French is a bar to his usefulness. He does not sleep in the house where she has rooms, but goes each evening after dinner in quest of a lodging, asking each evening for a room at a different hotel from the one he last put up at. As he has only a small handbag, he pays in advance. At first he had simply his nightgown rolled up in a newspaper." That last touch is delicious.

One of the society editors of the metropolitan press was asked, the other day, "if the hostess or the principal lady guest is served first at a dinner-party," to which she replied: "The custom of serving the principal guest first is still perfectly correct form, and many people always do it as a mark of attention, but the latest idea is that the hostess should be served first and the guest next, as the most courteous way and on the same plan as the wine, which should be first served to the host and then to the guest." The society editor here falls into the error of using a false analogy. The reason wine is served first to the host and then to his guest is in order that any possible taint of the cork communicated to the wine that is next to it may go into the host's glass, not into the guest's. Of course, in serving anything but wine, no such reason holds good, and the citation of the society editor fails to support the general contention.

Paris has a fresh scandal. A great row has been stirred up by the recent use of the park at Versailles for the reproduction of highly sensational episodes supposed to have been witnessed in the time of Louis the Fifteenth. Dressed in costumes of that period, more than a hundred persons rode to Versailles, and were rapidly driven to the park. The gates were closed and the public barred. The great fountains, that play rarely, were turned on, and the party proceeded to the famous colonnade grove. In the beautiful marble bath, women in the scantiest costumes posed as a group representing Proserpine carried off by Pluto, the women posing as water-nymphs. They next proceeded to Apollo's bath, and a scandalous scene was enacted, half-clothed women fighting a duel. The affair is said to have been arranged for a cinematograph, through the influence of some one high in the state, whose name can not be learned.

"Not without regret," says the *London Lady's Pictorial*, "is the fashion of going gloveless to be observed. The thin end of this sartorial wedge was inserted some time since at the theatres, and now the mode has been pushed further, and one finds women who at one time would never have ventured out of doors ungloved, appearing in public places, both by night and day, with bare hands. It has been urged that gloves and rings do not agree. Better, it is argued, to show well-kept manicured fingers sparkling with gems than to encase them in gloves, which must necessarily make them appear much larger, since it is an open secret that gloves at least one size larger must be worn by women who wear rings, as compared with those who do not. Again, it is pleaded that in hot weather women suffer much discomfort from gloves, whereas man is freed from it. But all such arguments are weak. The glove is one of the daintiest adjuncts of a woman's toilet. It possesses romantic associations, it is always characteristic of its wearer, it has an undoubted air of refinement about it, and, moreover, it is cleanly and hygienic. To say that without it a woman does not look finished, that she appears less dainty and less dignified, is perhaps a trifle exaggerated, but at least it is a fact that inattention to such trifles as gloves marks deterioration in a woman. Anything that has this effect is to be sternly discouraged."

An American lady in Paris describes a visiting dress (which she denominates charming) which Worth has on exhibition. It was somewhat in Louis the Fifteenth style, of heliotrope taffetas and velvet. The draped corsage forms a point in front, closed at the side by velvet knots and small brass buckles. A large collar of velvet ruched with taffetas frames the shoulders. The neck is trimmed with lace. The sleeves, of houllonné, leave the forearm bare. The skirt is entirely of taffetas mounted on small plaits, rendering

it very full. A velvet trimming surrounds the Lottom.

There has been an exposure in Berlin of a regular dealer in orders and titles, who, it is asserted, says he is able to procure honors in several of the European states for persons who are willing to devote the necessary money to "charitable purposes." The trafficker in these honors quotes the degree of nobility in certain German states at \$30,000 and the haronety at \$50,000; the Spanish nobility at \$4,000, Turkish orders at from \$2,000 downward, and Persian orders at low prices. Portuguese titles of count and marquis are said to be offered without the price being named, and consulates in various South American countries and in Persia are reported to be on sale at from \$1,200 to \$2,400.

How it happened: *Sharpe*—"The major says he lost a limb during the late war." *Wheaton*—"Yes, he was up a tree and the enemy shot away the limb he was sitting on."—*Ex.*

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SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
October 6th.....	62	58	Tr.	Cloudy
" 7th.....	64	56	.06	Rain
" 8th.....	62	56	.54	Cloudy
" 9th.....	66	56	.68	Clear
" 10th.....	70	62	.02	Cloudy
" 11th.....	64	56	.72	Clear
" 12th.....	68	56	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 12, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	10,000	@ 101 1/4	101 3/4	
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%	25,000	@ 81 1/2-81 1/2	81 1/2	81 1/2
Edison L. P. 6%	1,000	@ 123	123	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	30,000	@ 98 1/2-98 1/2	98 1/2	
Oakland Transit				
5%	15,000	@ 112-112 1/2	112	
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5%	3,000	@ 102 1/2	102 3/4	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	16,000	@ 105	104 3/4	105 1/4
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	43,000	@ 100	100	101
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 117 1/4	117 1/4	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906.....	2,000	@ 104 1/4	103 1/2	104 1/4
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1912.....	2,000	@ 114	113 3/4	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd.....	7,000	@ 109 1/2-110	110	
S. V. Water 6%	2,000	@ 104 1/4	104	104 1/4
S. V. Water Gen.				
4%.....	20,000	@ 99	98 3/4	

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
Spring Valley.....	675	@ 38-38 1/4	38 1/2	39
Banks.				
Anglo-California...	217	@ 84-	84	
Street R. R.				
California St. C. R	10	@ 197 1/2	197	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	420	@ 64-67 1/2	67	70
Honokaa S. Co.....	325	@ 15-15 1/2	15	15 1/2
Hutchinson.....	310	@ 9 1/2-10	9 1/2	10
Makaweli S. Co.....	175	@ 28 1/2-29	28 1/2	29
Onomea Sugar Co.....	50	@ 28	28 1/2	29 1/2
Pauulu Sugar Co.....	560	@ 15 1/2-15 1/2	15 1/2	
Gas and Electric.				
Central L. & P.....	100	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 3/4	
S. F. Gas & Electric	415	@ 61-62	61 3/4	62 1/4
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers...	25	@ 127	127	
Cal. Fruit Canniers...	30	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100
Wine Assn.....	50	@ 82 1/2	83 1/4	84
Oceanic S. Co.....	100	@ 3	3	
Pacific States Tel.	115	@ 115-114 1/2	114 1/2	

The sugars were in better demand, about 1,840 shares changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up three and a half points to 67 1/2. Makaweli Sugar Company three-quarters of a point to 29, the market closing off slightly easier at the advanced prices.

Spring Valley Water was strong, selling up one-half a point to 38 1/2, on sales of 675 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was in good demand 415 shares being traded in at 61-62, a gain of one point, closing at 61 3/4 bid, 62 1/4 asked.

Sales of Alaska Packers Association were made at 127. California Fruit Canniers at 99 1/2, California Wine Association at 82 1/2, Oceanic Steamship Company at 3, Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone at 114 1/2-115, Anglo-California Bank at 84.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Rush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

Mellow

The commingling of purity, age and flavor makes

Hunter  
Baltimore  
Rye

America's  
Best Whiskey



It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
136-144 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Private 313.

RUBBER AND COFFEE  
Hidalgo Plantation and Commercial Co.  
713 Market St., S. F. A Good Investment.

THE CALL  
Has the Largest and Best Home Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers, on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art store. All this in addition to a superior news service, both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents per month. Yearly by mail, \$8.00. Sunday edition \$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.  
JOHN MCNAUGHT, Manager. JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor.

THE

Argonaut  
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Critic.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" said a judge to the famous Irish harpist, John Curran. "Nothing but the head," flew back the retort.

A Michigan paper wound up a compliment to a young school-ma'am with a good word about "the reputation for teaching she hears." The next day the young school-ma'am met the editor and chased him down the street with an umbrella, and at every jump in the road she screamed that she had never taught a she hear in her life.

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a down-town Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned: "What is your name?" "Katinka," replied the child. "And your father's name?" "I never hat one," came the quick response. "Then tell me your mother's name," again said the teacher, kindly. "I never hat no mudder neither," answered Katinka, seriously; "I was horn off my gran'mudder."

Once in a while one of the Sunday exhorters on the Boston Common startles the crowd with his hits. A well-known old spell-hinder was comparing the vices and amusements of various countries and the relation between the two. In particular, he described hull-fighting in Spain and pugilism in this country. "An' I don't know but what hull-fighting is the better," he roared; "God Almighty made the hulls for heef. But when you kill a pugilist, what use is he to anybody?"

The late Richard Hooker Wilmer, Episcopal Bishop of Alabama, was once visiting a town where the minister had taken a second wife not long after the death of his first one. The bishop and a companion were viewing the deceased wife's monument, and the sentimental line was pointed out: "The light went out from my life." "Beautiful!" assented the bishop, "but where is the postscript?" "The postscript?" echoed his companion. "He forgot to add, 'I have struck another match,'" answered the bishop.

Congressman Perkins, of New York, was in the office of a friend, a justice of the peace, when a couple came in to be married. After the ceremony, the justice accepted a modest fee, and handed the bride an umbrella as she went out. Mr. Perkins looked on gravely, and asked: "Do you always do that, Charles?" "Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes." "No. I mean hestow a present on the bride." "A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the judge. "No; it was mine," replied the congressman, sadly.

Two fashionable women were recently calling on a new neighbor, and while awaiting her appearance, a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a low-voiced comment: "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y." To her horror, the small maiden paused on the threshold, and, fixing a contemptuous eye upon the culprit, remarked, with lofty composure: "No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but rather s-m-a-r-t!"

Representative Livingston, of Georgia, repeats a story that was told him by a physician on duty at a hospital in Atlanta. One day there entered the hospital a young colored woman badly bitten in the neck just back of the ear. The doctor who dressed the wound said to the patient: "It perplexes me to determine just what sort of an animal bit you. This wound is too small to have been made by a horse and too large to have been inflicted by a dog or a cat." The colored woman grinned. "Sho', doctor, it wa'n't any animal dat bit me, it war a lady, sah!"

In Atlanta, recently, a darkey was leaving an optician's place with a pair of new spectacles. As the old chap neared the door his eye lighted upon a most extraordinary looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, then turning to the optician, he asked: "What is it, boss?" "That is an ophthalmometer," replied the optician, in his gravest manner. "Sho'!" muttered the old man to himself, as he hacked out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious-looking thing on the counter; "sho', dat's what I was afeared it was!"

A tall, raw-boned, country-looking fellow wandered into a Seattle restaurant recently, and diffidently took a seat, removing his hat and carefully putting it under the table. A waiter brought him a hill of fare, and waited for some time, but becoming tired, left the fellow carefully studying the list in

front of him. Every time the waiter came near him he was still hurried in a perusal of the hill of fare, and at length, at the end of nearly half an hour, arose to depart. "What is the matter, sir?" anxiously queried the waiter, thinking that the patron had been offended. "Too steep fer me, young feller. I can't pay \$28.45 fer one meal. It's too rich fer my blood." On the table at which the man had been seated was found a small piece of paper covered with figures. He had added together the prices of everything on the bill of fare.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Classified Advertisements.

## FOR SALE.

A fine Port Arthur corner lot,  
A most attractive building spot,  
With eighty-seven feet, which face  
A booming section of the place.  
Will sell or trade it any day—  
If necessary give away.  
Parties who wish a trade to make  
Apply at once—for heaven's sake!  
To Romanoffski Vasseltch,  
13 East Lunaparkovitch.

## WANTED.

Wanted, a bright young theologian,  
Experienced in banding grog,  
To mix gin cocktails, wash out glasses,  
Toss highballs, and lead Bible classes;  
Who can make whisky sours, the kind  
That soothe and Christianize the mind,  
Till every man who goes home "skated"  
May by this means be elevated.  
All applicants may call at noon  
At Potter's Purified Saloon.  
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

## McIntosh Was There.

[A lone robber walked into the First National Bank, of this city, a few weeks ago, and went out with a sack under his arm containing \$20,000. He was pursued by C. K. McIntosh, the cashier, who recovered the money. It is reported that Samuel G. Murphy, president of the bank, when asked how the bank would reward McIntosh, said: "Well, he'll get his salary at the end of the month."]

The banker in his office sat a-counting of his pile  
And in his hand a pencil; and on his face a  
smile;  
Surrounded by his "trusties" his mind was free  
from care:  
In which he was quite justified—The McIntosh  
was there!

He figured up deposits, as well as assets, too;  
He set the rate of discount—for well that  
banker knew  
No matter what might happen 380 for each  
share  
Was absolutely certain—The McIntosh was  
there!

Alas! A rude awakening: In stepped a robber  
bold,  
And very deftly "befted" full eighty pounds  
of gold;  
But he'd forgotten something—he was totally  
unaware  
Of a most important circumstance—The Mc-  
Intosh was there!

Away the chap then sprinted fast, but 'another  
followed faster,  
And just around the corner brought that robber  
dire disaster.

"Mac" grabbed the thief, likewise the gold, but  
had to split the pair;  
His grip was on the coin—The McIntosh was  
there!

And when the banker spake, "Well done!  
Thou servant good and true  
Rejoice! Give thanks! A large reward I will  
bestow on you;  
Henceforth the smile I wore erstwhile you shall  
in future wear,  
To show the bank's depositors!"—The McIntosh  
was there!

Now, all you crooks and robbers, take warning  
by this tale,  
And when you want to "loot" a bank, and do  
not want to fail,  
Don't mind the special officers, or policemen,  
but beware  
Before you start your "business" see if—The  
McIntosh is there!

—Hermann Oelrichs [unofficially] in the Ex-  
aminer.

There are nine Presidential candidates in  
the field. Their names are as follows:

Parker.  
WatsOn.  
Swallow.  
DeHs.  
CorrEgan.  
Roosevelt.  
Penn.  
Holcomb.  
Taylor.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use,  
you always want the best, but how to obtain a  
pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor  
house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and estab-  
lished firm; their reputation for honesty and in-  
tegrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling &  
Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure  
and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they  
say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for  
family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## Gilded Humor.

"You find the laughter; we'll do the rest."—  
Chorus of Millionaires.

[In Montreal the primate's party, includ-  
ing the American millionaire (Mr. Pierpont  
Morgan), visited a horticultural exhibition,  
held in the Windsor Hall of that city, and in  
course of the inspection of exhibits, the fol-  
lowing dialogue was overheard and reported:  
"Fine melon, that," he (Mr. Pierpont  
Morgan) remarked, pointing to a remark-  
ably large muskmelon at hand, "Very fine  
melon. Ate a melon for breakfast this morn-  
ing."

"Surely, not a whole melon, Mr. Morgan?"  
remarked Mrs. Davidson with surprise.  
"Oh, not the outside," replied the mil-  
lionaire, roughly, "but I do eat one every  
morning."—Westminster Gazette.]

Later in the day Mr. Pierpont Morgan,  
whose wit seems to be as inexhaustible as his  
resources, delivered himself of another  
delicious sally. The party, on its return to  
the cars, was regaled with tea. As the hiss-  
ing urn was placed upon the table by a  
smiling colored gentleman, Mr. Pierpont  
Morgan remarked: "What a life of con-  
trasts we lead! Boiling water with our tea,  
iced water with our lunch." No words  
could convey the extraordinarily *recherché*  
*diablerie* with which his eye glittered as he  
uttered this memorable mot.

As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and a party  
of friends were being shown over Bourne-  
ville, Mr. Cadbury's private new republic in  
the environs of Birmingham, the genial liter-  
ary knight was struck by the fact that their  
cicerone was the only member of the party  
who carried no walking-stick. In reply to  
an observation concerning this solecism, Mr.  
Cadbury replied with a look of infinite drol-  
ery, "I prefer a stick of chocolate."

During a recent visit paid to Skiho Castle  
by Archdeacon Sinclair, while the dignity  
and millionaire were promenading the  
grounds, the former drew his host's attention  
to an elegant building near the ramparts, and  
asked what it was. "That," replied the  
plutocrat, "is my new Roman bath," adding,  
with a *moue* of adorable archness, "I take a  
bath every morning."

When the Rev. John Watson—"Ian Mac-  
laren"—was touring in the States, he lunched  
with Mr. Rockefeller at his sumptuous re-  
sidence in New York. Observing that his host  
was engaged in personally preparing the salad,  
"Ian MacLaren" asked, "Have you any  
special recipe of your own?" The impassive  
face of the great millionaire relaxed for a  
moment, and with an *espièglerie* perfectly  
overwhelming in its rich and unctuous in-  
tensity, he replied: "You may be sure that  
I won't spare the oil." It is stated that  
Bishop Potter, of New York, who was also  
present, broke into such uncontrolled convul-  
sions of laughter that he has never been quite  
the same man since.—Punch.

—FOR TOURISTS' SUPPLIES GO TO THE TOURIST  
Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. This ad. cut  
out and presented is worth 10% off all marked figures.

## TARTAR IS A TARTAR

Soft, spongy, sensitive gums result from  
tartar accumulation. It should be removed  
at once by your dentist and thereafter pre-  
vented by the use of

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

and its complement, SOZODONT Liquid.  
The Powder is slightly abrasive, is abso-  
lutely free from grit and acid, and is just  
the thing for those who have an inclination  
for the niceties of every-day life.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

**MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

A Positive Relief  
For  
CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING,  
and all afflictions of the skin. "A little  
higher in price, perhaps, than worthless  
substitutes, but a reason for it." De-  
lightful after shaving. Sold everywhere,  
or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's Lotion on trial,  
Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

## The Reason Why

So many San Francisco houses  
advertise in the Oakland *Trib-  
une* is because it reaches thou-  
sands of families who depend  
entirely upon the *Tribune* for  
all the news of the day.

## Centemeri Gloves

**fit**

109 Grant Avenue

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

**GLUTEN FLOUR** For DYSPEPSIA  
**SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.**  
**K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.**  
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.  
For book or sample, write  
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.

St. Paul ..... Oct. 29 | New York ..... Nov. 19  
Philadelphia ..... Nov. 5 | St. Paul ..... Nov. 26

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland ..... Nov. 5, 10 am | Haverford ..... Dec. 3, 10 am  
Merion ..... Nov. 19, 10 am | Friesland ..... Dec. 17, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Mesaba ..... Oct. 29, 9 am | Minneapolis ..... Nov. 12, 9 am  
Minnehaha ..... Nov. 5, 3:30 pm | Menominee ..... Nov. 19, 9 am

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.

Dominion ..... Oct. 29 | Canada ..... Nov. 12  
Vancouver ..... Nov. 5

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.

New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.

Noordam ..... Oct. 26 | \*Amsterdam ..... Nov. 9  
Statenda ..... Nov. 2 | Rotterdam ..... Nov. 16

\*Carries Steers only.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)

Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 A. M.

Kronland ..... Oct. 29 | Finland ..... Nov. 12  
Zeeland ..... Nov. 5 | Vaderland ..... Nov. 19

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Teutonic ..... Oct. 26, 10 am | Majestic ..... Nov. 9, 10 am  
Celtic ..... Oct. 28, 7 am | Cedric ..... Nov. 11, 8 am  
Baltic ..... Nov. 2, noon | Oceanic ..... Nov. 16, noon

NEW SERVICE FROM BOSTON.  
Fast Twin-Screw Steamers  
of 11,400 to 15,000 tons.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric ..... Nov. 5 | ..... Nov. 17

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA AZORES.

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.

From New York.  
Cretic ..... Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March, 18  
Republic ..... Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25

From Boston.  
Romanic ..... Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28, March 11  
Canopic ..... Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 15

First-class \$55 upward, depending on date.

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

Occidental and Oriental  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Doric ..... Wednesday, November 9  
S. S. Coptic ..... Saturday, November 26  
S. S. Gaelic ..... Tuesday, December 13

S. S. Doric ..... Thursday, February 2, 1905

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## TOYO

KISEN

KAISHA

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

IMPERIAL JAPANESE AND  
U. S. MAIL LINE.

Steamers will leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan  
Streets, 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,  
calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai,  
and connecting at Hong Kong with steamers for India, etc.

No cargo received on board on day of sailing. 1904

America Maru ..... Wednesday, October 19

Via Honolulu. Round-trip tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
421 Market Street, corner First.

W. H. AVERY, General Agent.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tabiti, Oct. 20, at 11 A. M.

S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, Oct. 20, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Oct.  
A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros., Co., Agts.  
Street. Freight Office, 320 Market St., San



**SOCIETY.**

**The Winter Dances.**

The first notable ball of the season will be the Friday Night Club's first assembly, which will take place at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, November 4th, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who is to precede the dance with a birthday dinner, at which he will entertain over fifty friends.

The Assembly dances (formerly La Juenettes) will be held at the Palace Hotel on November 28th, December 27th, and February 6th. The patronesses are Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla, Mrs. William H. McKinnick, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, and Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

The following are among the young ladies who expect to make their formal debuts this fall: Miss Carol Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Moore; Miss Dorothy Eells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells; Miss Anita Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey; Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, daughter of Mrs. Hyde-Smith; Miss Marjorie Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Josselyn; Miss Elsa Draper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. M. Draper; Miss Irene Sabin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin; Miss Edith Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Davis; Miss Charlotte Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson; Miss Mary E. Langhorne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Langhorne.

**Notes and Gossip.**

The engagement is announced of Miss Letitia Beretta, daughter of Mr. A. Beretta, to Mr. Albert H. Quatman, a relative of Senator Perkins. The wedding will take place the first week of November.

The engagement is announced of Miss Miriam Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, to Lieutenant U. S. Macy, U. S. N.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Reis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Reis, to Mr. William H. Huie.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Russell to Mr. Clement Tobin, will take place at noon on Saturday, October 29th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., 1016 Octavia Street. Miss Agnes Tobin will attend the bride.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Dillon, daughter of Mrs. Maurice Casey, to Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., will take place on Thursday evening, November 3d, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, 2606 Broadway. Miss Caroline Fosgate will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Sara Collier, and Miss Patricia Cosgrave.

The wedding of Miss Isabel Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Hooper, to Mr. Wiggington Creed, will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 1234 Hawthorne Street, Alameda. The ceremony will be performed at three o'clock by Rev. Charles Walkeley. Mrs. Sumner Crosby will be matron of honor, and Miss Pussy Creed will be maid of honor. Mr. Clarence La Vallan Creed will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. William H. Creed, Mr. Victor Henderson, Mr. Duncan McDuffie, and Mr. Arthur Tasheira. After the wedding journey, Mr. Creed and his bride will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Selfridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, to Lieutenant Frederick G. Kellond, U. S. A., will take place on Tuesday at the residence of the bride's parents, 2615 California Street. Mrs. Florence Cole will be matron of honor, and Miss Elsie Dorr, bridesmaid of Captain Horatio K. Bradford, U. S. A., will be best man.

The wedding of Miss Marie Claire Adam, daughter of Mrs. T. W. Rivers, to Mr. Charles Enrico Musto, took place on Wednesday evening at the Church of the Sacred Heart. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Leland, assisted by Father Connelley. Mr. Joseph Harris was maid of honor. Mrs. Joseph B. Keenan was matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Marie Cook, Miss Charlotte Jensen, Miss Gertrude French, Miss Genevieve McCormick, and Miss John Grace. Mr. Louis Musto was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Maurice Musto, Mr. Arthur McCormick, Mr. Alfred Musto, Mr. Thomas Keenan and Mr. Raymond Sharber. A wedding supper at the residence of the bride's mother, on Hayes Street, followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Musto have gone South on their wedding party and on their return will occupy their residence at Larkin and Washington Streets.

The wedding of Miss Anne Maxwell Miller, daughter of Rear Admiral Merrill Miller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Miller, to Paymaster George Brown, Jr., U. S. N., took place at the First Presbyterian Church Berkeley on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Hendrill. Miss Jessie Miller was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Grace Ballard, of Vallejo, Miss A. C. Brown, of Mare Island, and Miss

Mabel Hawke, of Philadelphia. Lieutenant Harry H. Rousseau, U. S. N., acted as best man, and the ushers were Pay Inspector Leeds C. Kerr, U. S. N., Paymaster M. R. Goldsborough, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander Wilson W. Buchanan, U. S. N., and Paymaster G. A. Hagner, U. S. N. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Paymaster Brown and Mrs. Brown have gone East on their wedding journey, and will reside at Annapolis.

The wedding of Miss Bella Gerstle, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, to Mr. Mortimer Fleishhacker, took place on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's mother, "Violet Terrace," in San Rafael. The ceremony was performed at half after twelve by Rev. Jacob Voorsanger. The bridesmaids were Miss Florence Greenbaum, Miss Alma Levison, Miss Edith Mack, Miss Elsa Frank, Miss Clara Joseph, Miss May Lilienthal, Miss Elsa Rosenbaum, and Miss Grace Hecht. Mr. Henry Schussler acted as best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Fleishhacker have departed for Europe on their wedding journey. They will be absent several months, and on their return will live in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Hazel S. Chandon, youngest daughter of Mrs. Joseph J. Chandon, to Mr. John Page Hopkins, son of the late Commodore William E. Hopkins, U. S. N., and brother of Dr. William E. Hopkins and Dr. E. K. Hopkins, of this city, took place at Marysville on Wednesday noon, only relatives and immediate friends being present. After a short wedding journey in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins will return to San Francisco, where they will reside.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Donaldson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Donaldson, to Mr. George Quincy Chase, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2828 Washington Street. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Rev. William Kirk Guthrie. Mrs. Nelson Chase was matron of honor, Miss Helen Chase was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Alice Treanor, Miss Emma Moffatt, Miss Helen Davis, and Miss Lalla Wenzelburger. Mr. Nelson Eckart acted as best man. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Chase have gone East on their wedding journey.

Mrs. William Sidney Wood gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday in honor of Mrs. Corbin, wife of Major-General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A. Others at table were Mrs. Kohl, Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Cullen F. Welty, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Louis Monteleagre, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Godey, of Washington, D. C., and Miss Mary Kohl.

A concert was given at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening by Mme. Fannie Franciscana, assisted by Eugene Marcellino at the piano, for the benefit of the San Francisco Maternity and San Francisco Foundling Asylum. The patronesses were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. Charles L. Ackerman, Mrs. Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mrs. D. Drysdale, Mrs. Adam Andrew, Mrs. Norris King Davis, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst, Mrs. John Sibley, Mrs. A. Brown, and Mrs. William Thomas.

Miss Elsie Dorr gave a tea on Friday at her residence, 1115 Hyde Street, in honor of Miss Katherine Selfridge. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Florence Cole, Miss Helen Daley, Miss Alice Treanor, Miss Ruth Foster, and Miss Florence Gibbons.

Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a luncheon on Thursday at her residence, 2180 Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. Richard Ivers, of Honolulu.

Miss Gertrude Van Wyck gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence, 2424 Steiner Street, in honor of Mrs. Arthur Callaghan.

Miss Jean Pollock gave a reception at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Mme. Fannie Franciscana. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Susan McEwen.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. D. H. Burnham. Others at table were Dr. F. H. Law, Mr. Allan Pollok, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, Mr. Fremont Older, Dr. A. A. d'Aucona, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. Newton J. Sharp, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. John McLaren, Mr. B. J. S. Cahill, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Thomas McGee, Mr. John McNaught, and Mr. Frank J. Sullivan.

The Misses Duffy gave a tea on Wednesday at their residence, 1944 California Street. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. F. G. Monteleagre, Miss Monteleagre, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, and Miss Emily Pitchford, of Johannesburg, South Africa.

Benjamin C. Blodgett, Mus. D., ORGANIST OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, will receive a limited number of pupils in piano and organ playing and composition, at his studio in this city. Address Box 246, Stanford University.

**ART NOTES.**

**Pictures of Frontier Life.**

A large number of H. W. Hansen's water-color pictures will be put on exhibition Monday at Schussler Bros. art galleries, 119 Geary Street. Among the pictures shown are "The Prospector," "Forgotten," "A Hot Trail," "Calling His Bluff," "Mexican Vacqueros," "Far From Water," and several others. Mr. Hansen makes a specialty of frontier scenes, which thoroughly exemplify the Western spirit. His cowboys are true to the life, and he is happy in his delineation of horses. This is especially noticeable in "The Lost Trail," which shows an Indian scout and a white man looking for a trail on the desert. The animals are done with utter fidelity to nature.

The newspaper artists are holding an exhibition and sale of their works in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel. Drawings in wash, oil, pencil, chalk, and pen and ink, as well as pastels and paintings are shown, making a very interesting collection. The exhibit, which is open to the public, closes this (Saturday) evening.

An exhibition and sale of a collection of landscape paintings by R. B. Nisbet, of Edinburgh, Scotland, is being held this week at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, 236 Post Street. Mr. Nisbet is a water-colorist, and nearly all his pictures are of Scotch scenes. Several of his paintings are owned here.

California has, among other attractions, the crookedest and most picturesque railway in the world—that going up Mt. Tamalpais. The view from the top of the mountain is unrivaled for beauty and variety, just as the Tavern of Tamalpais is unexcelled for comfort and hospitality.

An exhibition of pictures by L. Maynard Dixon will open at the Sequoia Club's rooms in the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening, on which evening the club will also give the first of a series of weekly "at homes."

Frank McComas has returned from a trip of several months abroad, where he visited London, Paris, and several cities in Spain. After a short time spent here he will reopen his studio in Monterey.

Child Hassam, a well-known New York painter, is spending a few days here.

Mr. Eaton's monthly free organ recitals will be resumed at Trinity Church Thursday evening, October 20th, at eight o'clock. Miss Grace Courtney Jenkins, violinist, and Miss Una Fairweather, contralto, will assist. A contribution of not less than ten cents is asked for the benefit of the volunteers of Trinity choir.

For California this month is a dairy-farm number. Major-General W. R. Sbafter contributes an article on "My Herd of Jerseys," and there are other articles by C. D. Pierce, Judge P. J. Shields, Charles W. Coe, and other experts.

**French Enterprise.**

The eminent champagne house Moët & Chandon, recognizing the importance and steadily growing market of the United States, has wonderfully well succeeded in securing the better class of American custom now supplied with its renowned "1898" vintage, which at the present time is exclusively shipped to the States. The immense resources of Messrs. Moët & Chandon, who own more vineyards than all principal champagne houses combined, enable them to keep up the present exquisite quality for years to come.—*London Wine Circular.*

—SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS, wedding invitations, announcements, dies, and crests. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

—LOST YOUR GRIFF? THIS AD. PRESENTED AT the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St., will get you 10% discount off your new one.

# Pears'

The public's choice since 1789.

"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.

## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all outdoor sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

### AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

**A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.**

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

**J. T. BROOKS, Manager.**

## HOTEL COLLINGWOOD

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10, 1879. Incorporated June 2, 1880.

This cemetery has natural beauty, and is conducted  
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chased from 50 cents up to \$1.25 per square foot, ac-  
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Owing to this cemetery being a permanent place for  
burial, this feature alone should appeal to the people of  
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sumptuously and being regaled  
with exquisite music.

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establishment, and of prompt ser-  
vice at all times.

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eon, dinner, and after-theatre par-  
ties.

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### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs.  
William H. Taylor, Mrs. Chauncey R.  
Winslow, and Mrs. J. W. Keeney form a  
party who will depart on Wednesday for St.  
Louis and New York. They will be absent  
for about five weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels arrived in  
New York from Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Robinson Riley left  
for the East last week, and will sail  
from New York for Europe on Saturday,  
October 22d. They will spend the winter in  
Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin are at Bur-  
lingame.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. de Ruyter, and  
Miss Daisy Van Ness have returned from St.  
Helena, where they spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Miss Ger-  
trude Eells, and Miss Dorothy Eells have re-  
turned from Ross Valley, and are occupying  
their residence at 2415 Pierce Street.

Miss Pearl Landers has returned from Pa-  
cific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear have  
closed their country place at Menlo Park, and  
have taken an apartment on Van Ness Ave-  
nue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and  
Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. William G. Irwin,  
Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Reginald  
Brooke, Mrs. Lansing Mizner, Mr. James D.  
Phelan, and Mr. Hall will spend the week  
end with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard  
Chase at their country place, "Stag's Leap,"  
in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Landers and Mrs.  
John Johnston have returned from a six  
weeks' trip East.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has been  
traveling for several months in Italy, will  
return to New York the latter part of Oc-  
tober.

Miss Leontine Blakeman has returned from  
Menlo Park, where she was the guest of Mr.  
and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have closed  
"Meadowlands," their country place at San  
Rafael, and have returned to town for the  
winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto (*née* Nathan)  
arrived from New York on Sunday.

Miss Gwendolen Overton is spending the  
winter in the East, where she will visit New  
York and Washington.

Mrs. Alfred Bacon and Miss Alice Bacon,  
of Santa Barbara, are guests of Commander  
Thomas Phelps, U. S. N., and Mrs. Phelps  
at their residence in Oakland.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has closed her  
Newport residence, and is in New York.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is in New York  
for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Breeden will soon  
occupy their new residence at 2770 Broad-  
way.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott have taken  
apartments on Van Ness Avenue for the  
winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering have re-  
turned from a trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough are  
home from a trip to New York and other  
Eastern cities.

Miss Maylita Pease will return from Port-  
land about November 1st.

Mr. George Crocker is expected to arrive  
from the East within a few days.

Mrs. Tallant and Miss Elsie Tallant, who  
spent the summer at the Hotel Rafael, have  
returned to town.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford departed on Wednes-  
day for St. Louis, and from there will go to  
New York. She will be absent for several  
weeks.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton arrived from New  
York on Wednesday. She will remain for  
about a month, then will go north for a few  
weeks. Afterward she will go to Princeton,  
N. J.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and daughters, and Mrs.  
Helen Hecht and Mrs. William Fries, will  
leave for St. Louis next week, where they  
will meet Mr. Summit L. Hecht, of Boston.  
They will all go to New York, and remain  
during the opera season.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse  
arrived from Honolulu Monday on their way  
to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, Miss  
Marian Wright, and Miss Jeanette Wright  
expect to depart to-morrow (Sunday) for Eu-  
rope.

Count J. P. de la Rocca, vice-consul here  
for France, has taken apartments for the  
winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. John M. Wilson and Miss Grace  
Wilson have departed for Europe.

Mrs. John Boggs and her son have left  
the Palace Hotel and taken apartments for  
the winter at 1011 Pine Street. Miss Alice  
Boggs will leave in a few weeks for a visit  
to the East.

Colonel and Mrs. E. A. Denicke and Mrs.  
F. A. Denicke have departed on a trip East.  
Mr. William S. Webster arrived from  
Honolulu last Saturday.

Mr. D. H. Burnham departed on Wednes-  
day for Manila, where he will do government  
work in laying out the city. When that work

is completed, he will return and continue his  
plans for beautifying this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who  
will spend the autumn months at Tuxedo  
Park, are having an extensive addition built  
to their New York house, adjoining that of  
Mrs. Vanderbilt on West Fifty-Eighth Street.

Mrs. Agostine Strickland has left the City  
of Mexico, and is the guest of Mrs. Horace  
Manley in Philadelphia.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel  
Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Rosenbaum and  
Miss Ethel Rosenbaum, of New York, Mr. and  
Mrs. L. Schwabacher, Mrs. A. Fleishhacker,  
Mr. H. Herold, Mr. W. D. Forbes, Mr. J.  
Newman, Mr. J. McLachlaw, Dr. E. N. Ewer,  
and Dr. R. Woolsey.

### Army and Navy News.

Major-General Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A.,  
departed for the Philippines on Thursday.

Commander F. H. Holmes, U. S. N., and  
Mrs. Holmes have returned from St. Louis  
and Washington, D. C.

Colonel W. F. Tucker, U. S. A., Mrs.  
Tucker, and Mr. George Tucker were among  
recent arrivals at the Occidental Hotel.

Colonel John T. Nance, U. S. A., has been  
appointed professor of military science and  
tactics at the University of California.

Major John Bigelow, Jr., U. S. A., has de-  
parted for Boston to confer with the faculty  
of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,  
in which institution he has been offered the  
chair of modern languages.

Major George W. Ruthers, U. S. A., has  
been assigned to duty at New Orleans, leav-  
ing here November 1st.

Captain William C. Wren, U. S. A., and  
Mrs. Wren have taken a residence on Van  
Ness Avenue, beyond Lombard Street.

Mrs. MacArthur, wife of Lieutenant  
Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. A., is the guest  
of General Arthur MacArthur and Mrs. Mac-  
Arthur at Fort Mason.

Captain Haldimand P. Young, U. S. A., has  
been ordered to Philadelphia, and will depart  
for there next week.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Rear-Admiral Bow-  
man H. McCalla, gave a luncheon on Satur-  
day at her residence on Mare Island.

### A Shakespearean Festival at Mills College.

A Shakespearean festival, in aid of the  
endowment fund of Mills College, is to be  
given there by the Ben Greet players, Satur-  
day afternoon and night, October 22d. In the  
afternoon, an outdoor performance of "As  
You Like It" will be presented out of doors  
in a beautiful grove of trees. The original  
music will be given by a vocal choir, and the  
costuming will be adequate in every detail.  
Constance Crawley will play Rosalind, and  
Ben Greet will be seen as Touchstone. After  
dinner "The Merchant of Venice" will be  
given in Lissier Hall. Arrangements will be  
made to serve supper to those wishing to wit-  
ness both performances, and special trans-  
portation facilities will be provided. The  
price for each performance will be \$1.50, or  
\$2.50 for both.

### Autumn Days at Del Monte.

This is the best season of the year at  
Hotel del Monte. The golf course was never  
greener. Saturday-Monday tickets, including  
railway fare and two days' board, ten dollars.

A concert will be given at Steinway Hall  
on Tuesday evening by the vocal pupils of  
Mrs. Grace Northrop Davis, and the violin  
pupils of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart. The  
accompanist for the singers will be Mrs.  
Arthur W. Moore, and for the violin pupils  
Miss Aimee Dawes, Miss Edna Ford, and  
Miss Estelle Drummond.

Edwin O. Deming, a pioneer milling man  
of this city, died at his residence, 748 Ellis  
Street, on October 7th. A widow and four  
children survive him.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN COR-  
rect form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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just received by Eugene Korn, the hatter, 746 Market.

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chandeliers, and tropical plants, been con-  
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ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard  
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ROOM, and numerous other modern im-  
provements, together with unexcelled Cui-  
sine and the most convenient location in the  
City—all add much to the ever increasing  
popularity of this most famous hotel.

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All apartments steamheated

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oughly renovated this hotel, we  
will continue making this the best  
and leading family hotel on the  
Coast.

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most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout,  
sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also  
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Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments.  
Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.  
Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half  
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cisco at 8.30 and 10.00 A. M., and 6.00 and 8.05  
P. M. Dining car on the 6.00 P. M.

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reau, 11 Montgomery Street, or  
**H. R. WARNER, Manager,**  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.







# The Argonaut.

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Whether victory finally rests upon the standards of the Kuropatkin or of Oyama, the Battle of Shakhe River—without exception the greatest battle that has been fought in a thousand years—will have at least demonstrated to the world that the Russian soldier knows how to fight and how to die. Since the war began, the Russian soldier and the leader of the Russian armies have been alike the target for jibes, because of their continual retirement before the Japanese advance. But to-day none can say that the Russian soldier lacks bravery, and the figure that Kuropatkin presents to the world—physically frail, broken in health, weighted with

enormous responsibilities, yet imperturbably directing the operations of the greatest army of modern times in its greatest battle—is one to command respect, even from his enemies.

There has been nothing spectacular in Kuropatkin's plan of campaign. By the self-appointed critics of the press it has been viewed with almost universal disapprobation. In various keys, shrill or thunderous, they have demanded that Kuropatkin "do something." But what would they have?

When the war began, Russia was unprepared for it. Instead of from 150,000 to 200,000 men, which she was universally supposed to have in Manchuria, the Russians really had barely 40,000 able to take the field. Nobody knew where the Japanese would land. Everybody knew that, having gained control of the seas, Japan could put into Manchuria a force immensely superior to this. What were the Russians to do—march this little army of men down into Corea, attack a superior force, and be annihilated? Or were they to abandon Manchuria absolutely to the Japanese? Of course, they did neither. Kuropatkin's plan, steadily adhered to in the face of criticism from many quarters, has been to withdraw slowly before the Japanese advance, contesting every point of vantage, but not risking the loss of any large number of men, meanwhile rushing reinforcements, ammunition, and supplies to the front with all the speed possible, and only making a stand when his army was equal or superior in numbers to the Japanese. By holding Port Arthur, Kuropatkin has prevented the concentration of the entire Japanese army upon himself—a matter of vast importance. In carrying out this plan of action during nearly a year, there have been only two departures from it: one when General Sakaroff delayed too long his retreat from the Yalu, and the other when the insistence of the Czar upon relief being sent to Port Arthur resulted in a disastrous defeat without any corresponding advantage. Up to the beginning of the Battle of Shakhe River, the Japanese loss in killed and wounded had been far greater than the Russian. Considering all the circumstances, we are inclined to think that the historian of the future will justify General Kuropatkin in his course of action rather than his horde of critics in their contentions.

The exact result of the Battle of Shakhe River is in doubt, but certainly it has shattered the pretty theories constructed by "experts" in time of peace of what modern war would be. After the Boer war, they told us that in the future there would be no hand-to-hand conflicts, no assaults upon rifle-pits, no use for bayonets or swords. In place of that sort of fighting, the wars of the future would consist, they said, almost entirely of engagements at long distance; men would fight after the fashion of American cowboys with Indians, or Australian bushwhackers. But the experts were wrong. In the Battle of Shakhe River, we hear of assaults upon positions ending in death struggles, hand-to-hand, with bayonets, knives, and gun-butts. We even hear of a company of Russian soldiers who, ammunition being gone, lay in their trenches until the Japanese were close upon them, and then burst forth with such a volley of stones that the Japanese incontinently fled. As fought the soldiers of Washington, Wellington, and Napoleon, so fight the soldiers of General Oyama and General Kuropatkin.

At the hour when we write, the ten-days' battle appears to have ended, neither side having gained a decisive victory. Kuropatkin has been driven back from the farthest point to which he advanced. The Japanese have been driven out of certain positions which, during the course of the battle, they occupied. Lone Tree Hill, which has been several times captured and

recaptured, and has flowed with the life-blood of thousands of men, remains in Russian hands. The extent of the Japanese and Russian losses in killed and wounded is unknown. They are believed to exceed 50,000 men. Both sides appear to have lost guns—the Russians the larger number. Only after the lapse of considerable time can the result of the battle be exactly appraised. This, like many battles, has ended at this time because heavy rains that almost invariably accompany great battles have made the roads all but impassable. The lines of the two armies are close together, facing each other, and the second Battle of Shakhe River may at any time begin.

Were the subject not so serious, the pained exclamations of some American papers at the way the Japanese and Russians are killing each other would provoke amusement. "The civilized world is beginning to recoil from the sanguinary character of the conflict. Such dreadful carnage can not be tolerated," exclaims one of the San Francisco dailies. But for what purpose did it suppose two great nations had assembled a half million soldiers in Manchuria? Armies exist only for the purpose of killing, and the more they kill the greater is their success. When for six months the world has watched two great military forces preparing to fight, it is almost comic to read expressions of shocked surprise that they have accomplished that for which they were assembled. War is hell, and the fact that 50,000 men or more lie dead on a battle-field furnishes small reason why the nations should intervene to secure peace. As Baron Hayashi remarks, all this is something that should have been thought of long ago.

Indeed, there appears to be little prospect of an immediate peace. Unofficial intimations, emanating from Washington, that this government is ready and willing to use its good offices to that end, have been received in St. Petersburg with no enthusiasm. In fact, the proposal is said to have created a distinctly unfavorable impression. The intervention of other nations involves also the idea that they might have something to say regarding the terms of the treaty of peace. This both Russia and Japan desire by all means to avoid. Some of the most noted of European diplomats are even said to have expressed the opinion that the war will end in the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance between Russia and Japan for the absolute joint control of Far Eastern affairs. Stranger things have happened.

When a soldier is given a gun, a uniform, and a month's drill, he has touched all the lines on which his training is carried out in European countries. The first aim of the soldier is to fight, which means to kill, which means to shoot, which means to be at the proper spot at the right time in good condition. But, according to a warm speech by Major Louis Livingstone Seaman, United States Volunteers, before the International Congress of Military Surgeons, the good condition has been almost lost sight of. The gun is improved, the uniform is suitable, and the means of transportation to the right place have been skillfully arranged. But as to whether the man is alive or clear-headed or able, in fact, to hold a gun or to march, the present system is largely indifferent. In plain language, Major Seaman laughs at the American army ration. He impolitely calls it an "irritating, indigestible, fermenting mass, acting as local irritant, and producing gastritis, enteritis, colitis, hepatitis, and the long list of intestinal inflammatory processes."

This new attack on embalmed beef and salt due to Major Seaman's observations of the



Russo-Japanese War. He says that the first thing the Japanese Government attends to is the health of its fighting men. The medical department is equally important with the commissary of the line. As a result, Major Seaman says that among the thousands on thousands of Japanese soldiers who came to the hospitals not one had anything the matter with his digestive organs. Instead of the diseases which made Camp Alger, Chattanooga, Tampa, and other Spanish war-camps a name of evil, there was and is among the Japanese soldiers almost perfect health, so far as their digestion goes. They do not eat fat pork or canned beef or sour dough.

If we keep on breaking down our digestive organs with the greasy messes of the present cuisine, we may indeed fear a yellow peril. A man with dyspepsia never fought with any one outside his own family and won. We eat too much, anyway. We may look fatter and better nourished than the Japanese, but the gentle perspiration of gastronomic repletion is not enough in these strenuous days.

Why waste breath and energy in discussing national politics? The betting odds on Roosevelt are 4 to 1, and few takers. They are offering 2 to 1 that he will carry the State of New York. The greatest newspaper in the country, the New York Herald, admits that, while it supports Parker and would like to see him elected, Roosevelt's success is certain. Election day is two weeks from next Tuesday, and apathy continues to grow more profound. Business shows not a ripple of agitation usually observable in Presidential campaigns. Business men regard the conclusion as foregone, and are calmly going ahead with their plans. At the New York Democratic headquarters, a half hundred clerks and workers have been discharged because there is no use in keeping the bluff up longer. The great Democratic newspapers of the country have ceased to discuss the President's administration, and have actually, during the last few weeks, concentrated their fire—on Cortelyou! They think he ought not to accept campaign funds from the rich men who have money to spare, and who later may have dealings with him when he is made Postmaster-General. Through such arguments, independent journals like the Springfield Republican and Harper's Weekly knock holes as big as houses, and the Outlook, after investigating the charges against Cortelyou, made by the New York Times, says that the Times is a liar. Really, the only question seems to be whether Parker will get more electoral votes than Bryan did. The only persons who predict Parker's success are small-fry politicians who like to see their names in print. No newspapers of importance are thus risking their reputations. To find Democratic enthusiasm one would apparently need to travel eight thousand miles to Manila, where in the Town Topics (the latest number to hand) he might read this prediction: "Altogether, the coming Presidential election promises to be one of the closest contests since the Hayes-Tilden fight. Roosevelt has no cinch on the result by a long way, while Parker is very likely to sweep the country like a whirlwind." A microscopic whirlwind! An imperceptible sweep!

San Francisco has as her guest this week the man who, probably, will become president of the Republic of Mexico, six years hence. He is now its first vice-president-elect, having been "elected" upon the dictation of Diaz. A few months before his election, he was not considered a possibility. It was believed that the vice-presidency lay between General Bernardo Reyes and Finance Minister José Linantour. But Diaz evidently considered these men too strong, for, at a nod of his head, the administration newspapers suddenly and mysteriously began to talk of Corral, a young man, not prominent in factions, but a good administrator, and Corral was nominated without opposition, and elected—the elections, of course, being mere matters of form, not one man in a thousand voting, and few knowing on what day they occur. If Diaz lives until 1910, Corral will almost inevitably be elected president. If Diaz dies, Corral may be formidably opposed, but it is not thought probable that the contest will degenerate into a struggle at arms. Diaz is now seventy-four, and it may be many years before the varied and eventful life of this most remarkable man comes to an end. A child of mixed Indian and Spanish blood, at three years of age Diaz was orphaned; in his boyhood he worked in a shop; in his teens he gained the friendship of the great Juárez, and became a librarian; at nineteen he was professor of Roman law; in his early manhood he was elected by Santa Ana; soon he was warring against the dictator, and in eight years he had risen to be commander-in-chief of the Mexican armies. In the twenty years he has dominated Mexico, he has trans-

formed a revolution-wracked, bandit-infested, poverty-stricken land into one where life and property are secure, taxes small, education free, and the people happy. But Mexico is in no real sense a republic—it is a benevolent despotism. It remains to be seen whether Ramon Corral is a man strong enough to grasp and hold the reins of government when the senile hand of Diaz relinquishes them to him.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan has the true poetic faculty. He discerns in the ditch of the Democrats in the wilderness, a broken egg of Democracy he views with fiery prescience the bird of triumph rise. When the ballots of the Republicans, falling according to the First Reader as silently as snow, shall have covered up the old Jeffersonian party, Mr. Bryan expects to dig out with the snow-shovel of his political leadership a brand-new child of the people whom he will warm into life against the bosom of Populism.

This charming prophecy is couched in Mr. Bryan's best style in Biblical allegory: "I used to think that I would be President and that I was the Moses of the Democratic party. But I don't think so now. . . . I believe I am the Aaron rather than the Moses of Democracy." It may be remembered that Aaron was the speechmaker of Moses. But it will also be remembered that Moses himself never saw, except in a vision, the Promised Land. Therefore, Mr. Parker may be thought by some to be meant as the Moses. Not so.

Mr. Bryan's adherence to Judge Parker has been Hearst-like in its solemnity. He has shaken his head gloomily each time before going into battle. He has shouted victory, and then gone home to say farewell forever to his kindred. He has unfurled the flag, and wept at the prospective shot-holes in its texture. But the bitterness of death is past. He has hot dreams of what another four years may bring forth. If the present crop has failed, go forth and sow another.

Who is to be the next Moses? Who is to own the hands which this Nebraska Aaron will uphold? Can it be possible that Tom Watson and William R. Hearst may be found in the leaders' tent next time? Facts sometimes waken imagination. Mr. Watson's speeches appear flagrantly in the Hearst papers. Mr. Hearst's name flows unctuously from the lips of Bryan. But Aaron was ambitious. Hearst is ambitious. Watson is irrepressible. It looks as if the anticipated reorganization of the Democratic party would be done with a club. Too many Moseses for one Aaron! Too many mules in a single pasture!

The Oakland Tribune has discovered that the prospects of Henry T. Oxnard's being elected in January a senator from California are "bright." Mr. Oxnard has returned from the East, where, says the Tribune, "he has been giving substantial assistance to the canvass in behalf of the Republican national ticket." Maybe so. But we'll bet the Tribune a big red apple that another Californian who has not returned from the East (because they can't spare him) has rendered to the Republican party a more effective service in the campaign than Mr. Oxnard ever did, or ever will. Mr. Knight, by his eloquent speeches in behalf of Roosevelt and Fairbanks, has made for himself a national reputation. He also is candidate for senator from California. If his prospects are not "bright," they ought to be. If California would once in a while send to the Senate young men with brains and eloquence rather than old men with money and pull, this commonwealth might have influence in the Senate commensurate with its importance.

In the newspaper account of the batch of nasty allegations that one Lucy Loupy (loops the loop?) makes against her husband, Jean Loupy, a restaurant proprietor, in her application for divorce, there is one sentence that gives one pause:

Loupy, like most of the French restaurant proprietors here, began as a waiter.

Now Loupy, mark you, is alleged to have property worth \$50,000, to have a net income of \$1,000 a month. His partner makes as much. That is \$24,000 a year. There are scores of French restaurants in San Francisco, seemingly as prosperous. There are some French restaurant proprietors who are almost millionaires. And "most of them" began as waiters—Heavens! Thus great "piles" from little tips do grow. If we are patient, and keep on giving tips, we may yet see an aristocracy of ex-waiters, a Four Hundred composed solely of expert smilers and cork-drawers. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," ought to be the waiters' motto. By a proper deferential

humility they entice tips from deep pockets, and soon own real estate and ride in autos. But who was it that said Americans were only concerned for the Almighty Dollar? It is a vile slander. If Americans were all intent on the nimble dollar, our young men would aspire to be waiters in restaurants with *cabinets particuliers* instead of to be lawyers (without clients), physicians (without patients), professors (on meagre salaries), and journalists (without honor). It must be a sight to make the gods smile (if the gods concern themselves with monetary affairs) to see a poor young man—say a struggling medico, with no assets but his brains—pay a good round price for what is served him in a restaurant and then tender a gift of half a dollar to the rich young man—perhaps one with a mansion—who has conveyed the food to the table.

All England is fearful of famine and distress the coming winter. For several months warnings have been given by the men most closely interested in the welfare of the middle and lower classes, and now their monitions have awakened the British public to a realization of what appears really to be a seriously bad matter. The work-houses are overcrowded, the pawn-shops are filling up with the furniture and household belongings of the better lower-class homes, and Chamberlain has figured it out that the farmers of England have less capital now by \$1,000,000,000 than in former times of prosperity.

Mr. Chamberlain's figures may scare financiers and others accustomed to gather wisdom by projecting the speculative eye along huge ranks of numerals, but the genuine pity of it all is the fact that the pawn-shops are filling up. Everybody knows what that means. It means that the daughter's knick-knacks, the mother's sewing-machine, the father's arm-chair, and the son's book-case must go for food and clothes. It means that a million youth must bite on the crust that broke their fathers' teeth. It means poverty and thirst and hunger and loss of self-respect and thinning of the national blood. If one should pity the man who never knew a home, what sentiment should not the family driven homeless by some ununderstood financial crash or panic inspire? And the English papers confess that from 5,000 to 6,000 persons are being forced into the work-houses every week.

The contrast between the conditions in England and here in America is very vivid. Here the farmer is paying off the last mortgage and buying stock in the nearest grain elevator. The fruit-grower and the stock-raiser have their wail, but it is from the plentitude of a full stomach. Ours is the groan of the overfed. We fear no winter, and the shadow of no almshouse is long a-down our hills. Even the melancholy Democrat and the ebullient Populist stop for full meals. The edges of our political street-meeting crowds are not fringed with hungry, unclothed, and despairing.

No one will impeach the perfect sincerity of Mr. Fairfax Whelan and the Merchants' Association in their campaign against the ballot-box stuffers, which has resulted in the indictment of Charles Wyman, Adolph Stefans, Joseph Rebstock, and in the accusation by the grand jury of Election Commissioners Voorsanger, Leffingwell, Devoto, McGuire, and Roberts, the district attorney having been asked to take measures to remove these commissioners from office. But mixed with the altruistic motives of the newspapers, which have been supporting the Merchants' Association and fiercely attacking the administration, there appear to be political motives. A Certain Person who usually has a newspaper or two at his beck and call, appears to want to be mayor. And Mayor Schnitz, with no newspaper organ that he can use, is growing restive under attack, and seems to be getting ready to stir things up generally. He has refused to depose Commissioner Drinkhouse, who seems to have been guilty of using public office as a private snap, and takes occasion in stating his reasons for retaining the commissioner to rap the dailies and their proprietors with considerable strenuousness. The mayor says:

The Bulletin and the Chronicle are filled, day by day, with false statements, malicious misrepresentations, and cowardly libels against honest public officials, all in pursuance of a deliberate conspiracy to weaken and, if possible, to discredit the municipal administration of San Francisco, because it can not be subverted to their dirty purposes. There is nothing in the past life of Mike de Young, of the Chronicle, or in that of Fremont Older, or R. A. Crothers, of the Bulletin, which would warrant even a suspicion that they are actuated in their defamatory assaults by honest motives or civic, public, or private virtue of any kind; and when in the near future there shall be laid before the citizens of San Francisco the history of these worthies, as gathered from periodicals of the past and events of the present, when there shall be exposed their purposes and motives, the nasty intrigues which have induced their lying attacks upon men whose sole fault is that they



will not "stand in" with the debased proprietors and editors of these venal and purchasable organs, I am satisfied the citizens of this city, irrespective of class and station, will know how little confidence and reliance any statement by either of these enemies of decency and honor is entitled.

There are evidently exciting times before us in San Francisco.

If the united press of San Francisco has the slightest influence with the voters, the four superior judges who are up for reelection ought to feel reasonably sure of retaining their judicial seats. Judges Kerrigan and Troutt, Republicans, and Judges Seawell and Murasky, Democrats, are supported by the *Coll*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post*, and the *Bulletin*, while the *Examiner* supports all but Troutt, in whose place it advises the election of William E. White. There is no doubt that, in this instance, the majority is right. The interests of justice will best be conserved by the election of the incumbents. Judge Seawell is an upright man and a good judge; Judge Murasky has given freely of his time and energy to make the recently established juvenile court a success, and he should certainly be reelected. The way in which the nominations have been made, makes the election of Judge Seawell the most doubtful. The Union Labor party indorsed Murasky, Conlan, Burchard, and Gallagher, two of whom (Murasky and Conlan) have also the Democratic nomination, and two of whom (Burchard and Gallagher) have also the Republican nomination. Thus Seawell, a member of a minority party, is contesting against a field of three, all of whom have two nominations each. The *Argonaut* therefore urges all citizens who have the welfare of the city at heart to register without fail a vote for James M. Seawell. As for Conlan, it will be a public disgrace if he is elected. You have only to investigate the saloons of the city—particularly those in the tenderloin—to be convinced whose candidate he is. Every bar bears his banners, every cigar-stand is adorned with his portrait. He is the candidate of the low element, and he should—he must—be defeated.

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* asked that very clever monthly publication, the *Merchants' Association Review*, to define its position on the question of municipal socialism, but the *Review* spoke not a word, though we looked with some interest for a declaration of its beliefs. This is a public question in which the future of the city is strangely involved, and one, too, concerning which a publication "devoted to municipal government and public interests" should have decided and clear-cut views, stereotyped and standing at the head of its editorial column.

The *Argonaut* also invited the *Post* to define its position. The *Post* denies that municipal ownership is socialism, and denounces such an idea as "the foolish dogma of unthinking men," which sweeping charge very effectually disposes of some of the ablest men who have given consideration to this subject. We asked the *Post* to define its position; to state where municipal ownership should begin, where it should end, and then give its reasons for drawing any line at all. This it has failed to do. It merely denies that municipal ownership is socialism, and clings to the "foolish dogma" theory.

Let us see about this "foolish dogma of unthinking men." United States Minister Porter, addressing the British Association on the subject of municipal ownership, said:

It is not difficult to see the end of this plan in State socialism, or absolutely free service. In fact, "municipal trading," defined in one word, is "socialism," and on this point all consistent and really earnest municipalists seem to agree.

Then again in the British socialists' pamphlets advocating the cause one may read:

The practicability of socialism is shown in no better way than by recent advances in municipalization. . . . Every town council in the country is contemplating some greater or less application of the socialist idea to its own special circumstances. So, with the ideas which underlie all working political action, socialism is effecting a revolutionary change. The old notions of individual enterprise are going.

Socialists themselves do not underrate the importance of encouraging the practice of municipal ownership. They, better than any one else, realize how helpful the movement will be to their cause. The International Congress of socialists, held at Paris, where his subject was discussed, declared unequivocally that his form of "progress" was beneficial to socialism. The resolution declared municipal socialism to be "simply the application of the general principles of socialism to a particular department of political activity; . . . which socialists can and should seize upon in order to prepare and facilitate the coming of the Collectivist State"; and render "the municipality an excellent laboratory of local economic activity and a formidable political fortress for the use of local socialist majorities against the middle-class majority of

the central authority when once substantial powers have been obtained." The congress declared it the "duty of all socialists to recognize in all municipal reforms the importance which attaches to them as 'embryos of the Collectivist State,' and to endeavor to municipalize such public services as the urban transport service, shops, bakeries, medical assistance, water supply, baths and wash-houses, the food supply and clothing, dwellings for the people, the supply of motive power, public works," etc.

But this is not all or half of all. Read the indorsement of our own National Socialist party, and mark the nicety with which this expression of socialism dovetails with the witless "reform" that makes for municipal ownership. The platform declares it to be of the "utmost importance" to the Socialist party to advocate "the public ownership of all means of transportation and communication and all other public utilities, as well as of all industries controlled by monopolies, trusts, and combines. No part of the revenue of such industries to be applied to the reduction of taxes on property of the capitalist class."

The honest American, favoring municipal ownership, will doubtless deny all sympathy with the "Collectivist State," and hotly resent as unjust the imputation of socialism, but he can not successfully deny that unconsciously he is, as the *London Times* declares, "playing the game of socialism to perfection." In the final analysis it does not matter much what moved Jones or Smith or Robinson to assist toward the socialistic state. The fact remains they did assist, and explanations after the fact will not mend matters. One of the most pitiable and melancholy objects the writer ever had the misfortune to meet was a pale, agonized, grief-stricken father who had shot down his first-born with a gun that was "not loaded." Dazed and speechless, he stared a dumb pathetic appeal that aroused sentiment while it wrenched the strings about one's heart. There is something inexpressibly irritating about the man who, in spite of warning, persists in a course involving the well-being of others, and who, when the catastrophe comes, will hide behind the whining appeal: "I didn't mean to."

It is not here claimed that Jones with his village water-works, or Smith with municipal gas-works, is a socialist, but the desire is here to emphasize the fact it all contributes toward ultimate socialism, and that in Great Britain the movement *has* led to just where we predict it will lead to here, and we can not shut our eyes to the dangers the movement holds.

The optimistic American, big with national conceit, may sweep fears and untoward prophecies to one side with the declaration that our people are too far advanced intellectually, too thoroughly saturated with the principles and spirit of liberty and faith in democratic institutions, to forsake the form of government that holds out every promise to individual worth, for a government that will not permit genius to rise or industry to be rewarded—a government that would bring all mankind "down to the dead level of mediocrity." It is man's right to doubt, but if an architect notifies you that the foundation of your house has become weakened and impaired, and the superstructure likely to topple over in consequence, you would not be blameless if you permitted a dogged, stubborn, and unsupported scepticism to lead you to neglect his warning. You would at least examine for yourself, and that is all that is here asked. It is likely, before the mischief to your foundation became irreparable, some warning would be given that would result in tardy haste to prevent a complete wreck. If so, your good fortune would exceed your deserts.

Ten years ago, in 1894, Herbert Spencer, and his reputation needs no indorsement here, wrote James A. Skilton, secretary of the World's Congress of Evolutionists, as follows:

DEAR MR. SKILTON: In the United States, as here and elsewhere, the movement toward dissolution of existing social forms and reorganization on a socialistic basis, I believe to be irresistible. We have bad times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you—civil war, immense bloodshed, and eventually military despotism of the severest type. Yours truly, HERBERT SPENCER.

This is the warning of the architect, and these are strong words to come from such a conservative source; but the man who has dugged below the surface in these matters, grows more and more fearful every day that the great philosopher did not overstate the dangers we are likely to meet.

Again we ask, Does the *Merchants' Association Review* favor or oppose municipal socialism? And again, we ask the *Post* where it draws the line between proper and improper municipal ownership.

If by some technicality of the law charter amendment number one be submitted to the people, if you are not a socialist, vote against it; if you are a socialist, you will need no instruction from the *Argonaut*, for you have already been instructed to "seize upon it" by your national party.

## BERLIN'S LEARNED HORSE.

By Jerome Hart.

When we arrived in Berlin our first thought was of the Learned Horse Hans. Humiliating confession! We did not think of the beautiful Tiergarten, of the new "Avenue of Victory," of the old Brandenburg Gate, but only of the Learned Horse. Perhaps we need not be ashamed, however, for Hans has engrossed the attention of some of Germany's scientists. Professor Moebius, director of the Berlin Zoological Garden, has written a monograph in which he maintains that Hans is not merely a trained horse, but a thinking being; Herr "Fedor Freund"—who, despite his pseudonym, is not friendly—has devoted a booklet to Hans; so, too, has Professor Zell, of the Berlin Museum. Therefore we had abundant precedent for our interest in the Learned Horse. But in the Kaiser's capital we found somewhat of an embarrassment of learned horses. On every bill-board there seemed to be pictured a learned horse with a beautiful lady. The dashing "Frauline Dida" at one variety theatre was putting the Wise Horse (*das weise Pferd*) through his paces. At another "Mlle. Rose Bébé," *die elegante Poriserin*, was interpreting the equations of the Calculating Horse (*das rechnende Pferd*) to dazed audiences. While at another equestrian *Schouspiel*, "Miss Sallie," *die schöne Engländerin*, the pretty English *jockey-reiter*, whose picture showed her costume to consist principally of caps and boots, was paralyzing the Berliners by her achievements with the Thinking Horse (*das denkende Pferd*). From other shows came echoes of a *kluge Pferd*, a *gelehrter Pferd*, and a *wunder Pferd*.

Amid so many learned horses how could one choose? At last we learned the truth. The genuine Hans, the original Learned Horse, had been withdrawn from the fierce light that beats around an equine throne. His owner, Baron von Osten, had taken umbrage at the disagreeable publicity, the crowds that invaded his residence, the unpalatable jokes in the Berlin journals, and had called off the whole thing. This he could do all the more easily as he had never made a set show of Hans or exhibited him for money. Herr von Osten is a private gentleman, and had shown the horse only to his friends and acquaintances, and those who gained admission through these friends.

But the baron was not allowed to immure his marvel undisturbed. He has been so beset by inquiring friends that he occasionally consents to allow a small circle to have access to Hans on proper presentation of cards, or letters of introduction to that exclusive beast. The baron, however, was so nettled by the sarcastic comments on his kindergarten horse-training that he now refuses to handle or exhibit the animal himself. Any of his friends who know how to handle horses are at liberty to put Hans through his paces.

We were fortunate enough to secure admission to a small circle invited to meet Hans at a set day and hour. There were about forty people there. About one-fourth were ladies, one-fourth army officers, and the remainder civilians. Most of the latter, I learned, were horsey and sporty *Großen* and *Freiherrn*. The uniforms of the officers lent quite a brilliant air to the circle, which was assembled in the stable-yard of the baron's residence. It must have resembled the gatherings at the early English plays like "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which were staged in inn-yards. To carry out the parallel, the heads of interested hostlers were thrust out of lofts, small boys decorated the adjacent walls, while numerous fat German housewives leaned from the windows of a neighboring tall tenement.

This curiosity, patrician and plebeian, was not without foundation. I had heard and read some extraordinary stories—that the horse had recognized faces; had picked out from a lot of photographs the portrait of a familiar face; had *spelled* out, from letters, the names of persons he knew; had indicated, by hoof-strokes, the value of one-mark, two-mark, and three-mark coins; had added, subtracted, multiplied, and divided; could even add in vulgar fractions! None of these things did we see. But those we did see, with all their mistakes and stumbles, were sufficiently remarkable to be worth recording.

Hans was put through his paces by different amateurs, beginning with a certain Graf, a friend of the baron, whose name I do not recall. The Herr Graf talks very distinctly and loudly to Hans. To my amazement I find that, for the first time, I understand German quite well. Finally it occurs to me that the Herr Graf's distinct enunciation is for a set purpose; that my understanding is therefore on the same intellectual plane as that of Hans. By this reflection I am much cast down.

By the way, I observe that Herr Graf says "Nisssh Wahr" when talking to Hans, and "Nicccht Wahr" when talking to his two-footed friends. This shows that Hans has been in low company. I learn that for over four years Hans has been entirely cut off from the society of other horses and has associated only with humans.

The Herr Graf approaches the horse, pets him, and begins feeding him on brown bread and carrots, so which he has a plentiful supply in his side pocket. Hans displays great intelligence and adroitness.



throughout the entire interview in finding this side pocket; he never confuses left with right in this regard, and he becomes so affectionate and so slobbery that the Herr Graf is forced to put on a mackintosh.

Hans is a black Russian stallion; he stands about sixteen hands high, and has very intelligent eyes. Otherwise there is nothing notable about him, except that on his nose, just above the nostrils, there are two knobs, or warts, about the size of gooseberries.

After some preliminary petting, the Herr Graf begins his examination: "Hans, mein Junge, how old are you?"

The horse stamps out his reply: "Eight."

"How many hoofs have you, Hans?"

"Four" comes the answer.

The Herr Graf turns to the iron staircase in a corner of the stable-yard; standing three or four steps above the ground is the French ambassador, accompanied by a lady. The ambassador wears a pince-nez eyeglass and a brown hat. The Herr Graf points to the ambassador:

"Hans, do you see that gentleman in the brown hat?"

The horse nods assent.

"How many glasses on his face?"

The horse stamps out "Two."

"How many glasses on my face?" asks the Herr Graf, turning his monocle full at Hans.

The horse stamps out "One."

"Now, mein Junge, how many glasses does that make altogether?"

The horse stamps out "Three."

The Herr Graf turns to the ambassador, and asks him to name a number in French, for it seems that Hans is a little of a linguist. The ambassador is requested to select a number consisting of two digits. He replies: "Vingt-deux."

Hans listens intently, and stamps twice with the right foot, pauses, and stamps twice with the left, thus making "Twenty-two."

The Herr Graf turns again to the ambassador: "Will his excellency be good enough to mention another number—this time of one digit?"

The ambassador replies, briefly, "Huit."

Hans deliberately stamps eight times.

The Herr Graf then requests twelve people, whom the horse has never seen before, to stand in a row. His request is complied with. There are three ladies, three officers in uniform, and the rest are men in civilian garb.

"Now, mein Junge," says the Herr Graf, "how many people are there in the row?"

Hans stamps out "Twelve."

"How many Damen?"

Hans stamps out "Three."

"How many Soldaten?"

Hans stamps out "Three."

"How many places from the end is the soldier on the left, Hans?"

Hans stamps out "Two," which is an error. The soldier on the right is in the second place from the end.

"Nein, nein, Hans, I said left—links, LINKS, LINKS. How many places from the links?"

Hans stamps out "Three."

"How many walking-sticks are there in the line?"

Hans answers, "Two."

"How many umbrellas?" (*Schirme*—including parasols).

Answer, "Two."

Hans has been taught (so we are informed) a system of signals for indicating metals—one hoof-stroke for gold, two for silver, three for nickel, four for copper. He also has signals for colors up to the number of seven.

"Now, Hans," says the Herr Graf, "you see the lady standing third from the left. What color is her parasol?"

Hans raps out "Red."

The Herr Graf points to an officer standing in the line, and asks: "Hans, you see that medal hanging on that gentleman's breast? What metal is it?"

Hans answers, "Gold."

"And now you see the marking on his shoulder-straps—what metal is that?"

Hans raps out "Silver."

A buzz of excitement runs around the circle, and my neighbor informs me that he once heard Hans—in addition to indicating the metal—call off the titles of three officers in succession from their shoulder-straps.

Now a groom comes in, and hangs eight sheets of black cardboard on a line suspended across the courtyard. Eight of the guests are given pieces of chalk and asked to write short words on the eight blackboards. Eight of them do so. One of the boards bears the words, "A bridge in Russia"; another the single word "Denmark." When the words on the first are repeated to the horse loudly and distinctly, and he is urged to find that particular placard, he starts off in its direction. He fails to find it. Then he is tried with the single word "Denmark." But it is only after much urging and coaching that he points out the proper placard.

This is the least successful of the experiments. It is only fair to say, however, that the horse is being handled by amateurs, with most of whom he is not familiar; that by this time the experiments have lasted an hour and a quarter, and that the horse is probably getting equine brain-fag. Furthermore, his

trainer turns and remarks to the circle that Hans is confused by the continual buzz of conversation going on around him. "Much of which," interjects Herr von Osten, "he understands."

To sum up, the experiments we have just seen have been performed before a most indulgent audience, and every attempt has been made to aid the horse. Still he has made numerous mistakes, and has required a great deal of coaching. But even with these drawbacks, it must be admitted that the performance is a most remarkable one.

Only two days before we saw this circle of Berliners crowding around the "Learned Horse," we were at Friedrichsruh. It happened to be the day of Prince Herbert Bismarck's funeral. There we saw another circle of Berliners.

Friedrichsruh! Once it was a name to conjure with. Dispatches dated "Varzin," in the days when Prince Bismarck was autocrat of the western world—dispatches dated "Friedrichsruh" in the days when the Iron Chancellor had ceased to be chancellor at the behest of Wilhelm Second—to these utterances the nations listened with bated breath. How the world was startled when news came that the veteran statesman had been curtly dismissed by the youthful sovereign! Who that saw it does not remember the famous *Punch* cartoon by John Tenniel, "Dropping the Pilot"—with the burly figure of Bismarck, in sou'wester and sea-boots, descending the gangway to his pilot-boat, while peering down over the bulwarks of the tall ship was a helmeted head, beneath which was the beardless face of the young Kaiser. And who that saw the picture did not put the question that Tenniel's pencil had so deftly limned: Will the young Kaiser sail the great ship of state as successfully as did the veteran chancellor?

How he has sailed it is now matter of history. The world again learned, as it so often has, that no man is indispensable—not even a Bismarck.

But if the world learned the lesson, the Bismarcks did not. The family bitterly resented the dismissal of the old prince. They refused all overtures tending toward making a "resignation" of the dismissal. Prince Herbert occupied a high post in the foreign office—secretary of state—which the Kaiser desired him to retain. He curtly refused, and accompanied his father and mother in their famous drive across the Kaiserstadt from the chancellor's palace to the Lehrtebahn railway station, escorted by a shouting crowd; then it was that the old prince bade a defiant farewell to Berlin, and established himself as a voluntary exile at Friedrichsruh.

Here Prince Bismarck waged war with the Kaiser. Here there gathered the disaffected of various political stripes. It was here that the old prince contemptuously fraternized with a socialist editor (then just indicted for disloyal utterances concerning the Kaiser), and contemptuously drank with him the bottle of priceless Steinberger sent by Kaiser to chancellor as an attempt at reconciliation. It was from Friedrichsruh that he started for Vienna to attend Prince Herbert's wedding—a ceremony to which the German embassy at Vienna paid no attention whatever. This slight to the father, once the empire's chancellor, and to the son, once high in Germany's embassies at London, St. Petersburg, and The Hague, was more than the old man could bear. He never forgave it—it is said that this was what led him—an old diplomatist—to unlock his lips, and disclose the unsuspected secret treaty between Germany and Russia.

"But what," it may be asked, "has all this to do with Hans, the Learned Horse?"

This. I read in the newspapers that Prince Herbert Bismarck's funeral "was attended by representatives of the emperor, of the chancellor, of the Reichstag, of the foreign office, and of the Dragoon Guards." This was doubtless true. But we saw these delegations at the Friedrichsruh station, waiting for the Berlin train. There were a few officers in uniform, and not a large number of civilians in white cravats and swallow-tail coats. It was the Berlin delegation, for they were returning to Berlin. Only a few years before, when Prince Bismarck was at the height of his power, it would have taken an entire train to hold the mourners for his dead son. Now they could all have been carried in a single car.

Great man, or great diplomatist, Prince Herbert was not. Great men never beget great sons—fatherhood with them is apparently a by-industry. Yet he shone in the reflected greatness of his father—until his father fell.

How powerful is imperial or royal favor here in Europe was strikingly shown by the meagre group of mourners returning from Herbert Bismarck's funeral to Berlin. This is a vast city, capital of a nation of sixty millions, and centralizing much more of the life of the empire than does New York in our republic. Yet this handful of people was all that Berlin could send to the obsequies of a man whom the Kaiser had once delighted to honor—that "Count Herbert," with whose duels, whose wassail, and whose amours once all Berlin rang.

So this is why I involuntarily compared the two circles of Berliners when we called on our four-footed friend, Hans. The circle around the living animal was much the larger of the two.

What a satirical note on the fickleness of court

favor, the evanescence of political fame! What study in popular idols—the princely idol of yesterday the equine idol of to-day! For the levée of a live horse attracts more people than the burial of a dead prince. BERLIN, October 3, 1904.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Gentlemen in Dickens's Novels.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 5, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your last issue is published an excerpt from a criticism of Charles Dickens to the effect that the novelist never described a gentleman in his writings.

Yours is a praiseworthy effort to soothe the wounded feelings of Dickens's admirers (at the same time treating the English critic fairly) by exhibiting the supposed viewpoint of the average Englishman in such a case, to wit: that in England a gentleman is presumed to be, like a poet, born, not made, seems to me, however, hardly to fetch the mark.

Does it not seem more likely that the idea intended to be conveyed by the Englishman's criticism is that Dickens never delineated a character standing out distinctly from the background of art and instantly recognizable as a "gentleman"? Dickens did present gentlemen by hereditary—*vide* Lord Verisopht, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Sir Leicester Dedlock, etc. Ye thought to the manor born, they excite nothing save a mill amusement in the reader. In fact, at this moment, I do not recollect a character in Dickens's works that impresses on as bearing the indelible stamp marking the true gentleman dear to all hearts.

On the other hand, other novelists have succeeded where b failed, or did not care to try. The chivalric Colonel Newcome, Esmond, Colonel Washington, and the young Virginian of Thackeray are clear-cut types of English and American gentlemen, drawn with such care and subtlety that they stand out like bas-reliefs. There is not merely the bequeathed traditions of heredity, but the poise and conduct of the gentleman by instinct—that species existing in all lands in varying quantity and peculiar to none, recently typified by the character of the Virginian in our own literature. The latter is homespun, but none the less the portrait of a "gentleman." Trusting you will pardon my intrusion, A. E. ACKTOM.

Excel Us in Both Trains and Beer.

A friend of the *Argonaut*, on his travels, writes as follows from Carlsbad, Austria:

The first copy of the *Argonaut* reaching me since I left the "Gateway of the Pacific," proved a very enjoyable number. It contained the clever article by Mr. Hart, entitled "Hurry and Anger in Travel." As a traveler, I have highly appreciated the points he makes, and have enjoyed reading it to the many tourist friends I have met. I have seen nothing in my journeyings to equal the San Francisco *Argonaut* in its line, but I am compelled to confess that these foreigners have us beaten to a finish in the matter of street tramway. In fact, our home system is inferior to any I have seen. I have just seen a good sample abroad in the electric line from Amsterdam to Haarlem. It is splendidly constructed and handsomely equipped—far ahead of ours. Our street railway are behind the age. The world has been going ahead while we have been standing still. If such a road could be put on Geary Street, the other systems would have to hustle to keep within hailing distance. The cars would be in beautiful soft dark colors, and slip along without jar or noise. There would be a revolution in urban travel, and real estate would boom along the lines. But I fear we are not progressive enough or sensible enough to do anything of the kind.

If *Argonaut* readers are coming this way, there are some things they should not miss: Carlsbad, with its delightful waters, its simple, inexpensive life, its sixty thousand annual visitors, and its honest and polite natives; the Rhine steamer, with their excellent menus, which can be discussed in the midst of the grandest of scenery. I left the boat at "Fai Bingen," and proceeded to Frankfurt. No traveler should overlook the Frankfurter Hof. It is the best, most elegant, and cheapest hotel I ever saw. It has the rarest and finest wine in Europe, and furnishes them to the guest at about a dollar a bottle. Think of being in Wurzburg! "Down Where the Wurzbürger Flows" is right at the station, and the wise rule of Bavaria—Prince Regent Leopold—decrees that all train shall stop here half an hour that no thirsty traveler shall be compelled to leave unsatisfied. Nuremberg claims to have better beer than Wurzburg. Maybe. But Wurzburg is good enough for mere mortals, and while the flavor of it still lingers I will close, with good wishes for your excellent paper and regards to friends. J. R. F.

Destiny Will Defeat the Trusts.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 30, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Succinctly stated, the following reasons I would assign why Roosevelt, and not Parker, should be and will be, elected President by a pronounced plurality on the eighth day of next November:

First—Roosevelt did not secure his nomination through the use of subterfuge.

Second—The people know what governmental policies Roosevelt, as head of his party, stands for, and would carry out in his administration. They do not know, and can hardly guess, what would be the policy of a Parker administration, with D. B. Hill, August Belmont, J. J. Hill, Patrick McCarren, and last, but not least, John D. Rockefeller, practically dictators to the executive.

Third—By the death of the great Marcus A. Hanna, the one formidable obstacle to the sure nomination of Roosevelt was removed. This would seem to show that it is "buma destiny," shaped by some "inscrutable power," that wills the President Roosevelt shall succeed himself as this nation's official head.

Fourth—That the selection of Judge Parker as the opposing candidate was but another act of this same inscrutable power which is shaping the life of Roosevelt and this nation, has been fully attested by the utterances of that judicial candidate, made in furtherance of his candidacy. He has rendered Roosevelt's election absolutely assured, and by even a large plurality than had McKinley in 1900 over Bryan.

Why, then, should we throw in so much as a feather weight to try to stave the tide of human destiny by which Roosevelt and this nation are being borne to an unknown ultimate?

Truly yours, JOHN AUBREY JONES. P. S.—Since writing the foregoing I have been treated to the rare spectacle of some dazzling pen pyrotechnics by the mentally brilliant Watterson, of Kentucky. From that one must perforce conclude that it would be a grave, serious blunder for the American people to elect as the President such a paragon of perfection as is Judge Parker viewed through Watterson's specs—for the millennium is not yet, and the Wall Street magnates are not ready to don white and spotless robes of purity and Christian virtue ready for translation to Elysian realms beyond. They haven't quite finished their philanthropic mission of possessing the earth and all the fullness thereof—for themselves. But if they elect Parker President, it would not be long ere they would have as their own at least such part of the earth as is embraced within the confines of Uncle Sam's jurisdiction. J. A. J.



## THE LOWER CRITICISM.

How a South Sea Chief Got Mixed About Adam.

The mission to the Mooga Islands had been assigned to the Rev. Wilfred Draggs, and he was taking leave. "You will find the natives hospitably inclined, and rather a superior race," said the secretary, as he bade adieu to the Rev. Wilfred Draggs. "They are intellectually acute, and capable of much development under the right influences."

Mr. Draggs, upon arriving in the islands, found that the secretary's estimate was correct. The Moogians had none of the subservience or puerile reverence many natives feel toward the white races. They welcomed the missionary cordially, assigned him a neat hut with a kitchen garden, and seemed especially regardful of the comfort of Mrs. Draggs. The young missionary couple decided that their lot had fallen in pleasant places, and this impression was strengthened as time went on. Learning the language brought closer acquaintance with their new charges, increased the cordiality of intercourse, and also put into the power of Mr. Draggs the means of their religious and moral training.

Before actually establishing a church and holding services, the missionary felt the need of imparting certain elementary instruction, and decided that something in the nature of a Bible class would be a good beginning. He did not think it prudent to break ground with the chief, and believed the wiser course was to plant the first rudiments of instruction in the chief's family. Fortunately, this was a simple matter, since the chief's favorite wife and her eldest son, a child of twelve, were almost daily visitors to the missionaries' home.

Albola, the wife, was a very intelligent woman, with a keen sense of humor, and much kindness of disposition. Mrs. Draggs had become very fond of this husky little gossip, and the two chatted over their sewing as freely as if of one race and one faith.

Mr. Draggs consulted his wife. "I have made up my mind," he said, "that we now speak the vernacular with sufficient readiness to enter upon some Scripture and moral instruction. I came, my love, to ask your advice. It seems to me that I can hardly do better than to begin my work in this field by some suitable elementary lessons in Biblical knowledge. I should, of course, prefer to secure a hearing from the chief himself; yet I fear to excite opposition or suspicion. But his consort, Mrs. Albola, has already a certain feeling of friendliness for us, and perhaps it would be wise to begin with her."

"I agree with you entirely, Wilfred," Mrs. Draggs said. "She is coming, too, to-day, to spend the morning. Perhaps you might make a beginning, and meanwhile I will amuse the little boy. I can take him out upon the veranda, and you may make a school-room of the sitting-room here."

The plan was carried out at once. When Albola arrived and was settled cross-legged upon the matting, engaged in weaving a belt for her lord and master, Mrs. Draggs coaxed the dark son of barbarism out upon the veranda, and the Rev. Wilfred Draggs began his lesson.

"Albola," said he, "did you know that we white people have a good book that tells us about the long past time when men were first on the earth?"

His language was simple perforce, as his Moogan vocabulary was limited.

She showed her white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"Yes," said she, "your wife has told me a little."

"Some day," he went on, "I shall teach you all to read this good book for yourselves. But would you now like to know some of the stories it contains?"

"Oh, yes," Albola said, nodding eagerly. "I love to hear good stories!"

"Then listen," Mr. Draggs began, "and I will tell you of the first man and the first woman that lived."

With this preliminary, he made a rapid summary of the early portion of Genesis, passing lightly over the creation of the world, of the plant and animal life, and reaching as soon as possible the Garden of Eden, the blessedness of which he sketched as brilliantly as his memory of "Paradise Lost" permitted.

Albola was delighted. "Beautiful garden," she said. "I love the beautiful garden! And the man Adam and Eva his wife had it all to themselves! Nothing to bother them, and all day to do whatever they pleased!"

"Yes," Mr. Draggs agreed, "they surely must have been very happy, so long as they were good."

"And why not good?" Albola said. "They could do whatever they liked. How could they do wrong?"

"I will tell you," answered Mr. Draggs, impressively. "There grew in the middle of the garden one tree with beautiful fruit, and that fruit would not be good for them to eat. So the Great Spirit told them that they must not eat of this fruit, and that it would kill them if they did eat it."

Albola stopped her work, and looked very sad.

"Yes," Mr. Draggs repeated, "there was one forbidden tree. And though they had the whole garden for their pleasure, yet Adam and Eve disobeyed their Lord's command, and I'll tell you how it happened."

Albola listened with bated breath to a moving character sketch of the Satanic serpent and his wiles. Eve's beguilement followed, then the condemnation, the ex-

pulsion from Paradise, and the entailed curse on mankind. Mr. Draggs told the story with dramatic power, and kindly Albola was affected to tears of sympathy for the father and mother of mankind.

Thus the lesson ended, the pupil warmly thanking the missionary for his beautiful story, and then hastening homeward to the midday meal, accompanied by her son and heir.

"How did she like the lesson?" Mrs. Draggs inquired, as she sat down to the luncheon table with the missionary.

"It was a perfect success," he replied with enthusiasm. "Imagine, my dear—she wept bitterly over Adam and Eve's transgression and its punishment! Naturally, I was highly gratified. Who can foresee the result of so favorable a beginning?"

"Then I do not regret my morning," said Mrs. Draggs, "though I ought to have been at my mending. But I knew that the youngster must be kept away."

"He was as quiet as a mouse," Mr. Draggs remarked. "How did you manage? I find him exceedingly restless."

"He loves stories," the missionary's wife replied, "and will keep still so long as he hears one. So I brushed up my memory of the nursery classics, and gave him as spirited a version as I could manage on the spur of the moment of an old favorite of my own. I told him the strange and marvelous experiences of Fatima, the unhappy wife of the bloodthirsty Bluebeard."

"What a remarkable contrast," observed Mr. Draggs, laughing. "Sacred literature within doors, and profane literature outside!"

"Still it teaches the child and amuses him," his wife replied. "Perhaps the cruelty and the unreasonableness he learns to hate in Bluebeard may become something to avoid in himself when he becomes chief in his father's stead."

"Very true," her husband admitted. "You have a wise little head, and have taught an excellent moral lesson."

That afternoon, while the missionary was out in his garden, he was surprised by a visit from the chief of the Moogas.

"Greetings, white friend," remarked the chief, leaning his big spear against the bamboo fence. "I learn from Albola and from my son that you and your woman are great makers of stories."

Mr. Draggs looked up a little uneasily, but the broad grin on the chief's face was reassuring.

"Yes," he replied with more confidence, "we had a long talk this morning."

"I love stories," the chief said, still leaning on the fence, "and I tried to get my wife and my boy to tell me the story they heard. But they do not tell it straight. I would like to hear the story again."

"Ah!" thought the missionary. "Now is my opportunity!" and stepping forward he opened the gate, smiled, and invited the chief to enter. Leaving his spear outside, the chief entered, and sat upon the edge of the veranda where Mrs. Draggs, in a rocking-chair of native manufacture, was busy over her mending-basket.

"I could not make it clear to myself about the story," the chief said. "Albola spoke of a great garden; the boy of a great house. Albola told of a Great Spirit; the boy of a great lord. Then they made other mistakes. One spoke of a tree with delicious mangoes; the other of a room with a locked door, and both were forbidden. And in both the wife, led by wicked counsel, disobeyed the lord that had been so kind, and had given all that heart could desire; she opened the locked door and she ate of the fruit that was within. And then, for her ingratitude to one that had asked of her but one little bit of obedience in return for complete freedom and kindness in all else, the woman and her husband were punished. So much is all clear and right. It is true that Albola and my son do not quite agree, yet the idea is much the same."

Mr. and Mrs. Draggs listened in breathless amazement. They longed to interrupt, but the chief gave them no opportunity as yet.

"But only so far do they agree, and so I have come to hear the truth from my white friends. Now here is where they take different roads. Albola my wife says that the great lord who gave the command and the punishment was good and kind and just, and that the woman who, after being kindly treated, disobeyed, was sinful and wrong, and deserved her punishment. But my son says that is all wrong. He says that the chief who gave the command was a wicked chief, that the poor woman did only a small wrong, and that the punishment was cruel and wicked."

The chief paused and glanced at the missionary, and then at Mrs. Draggs. Great drops of sweat were on the missionary's brow.

"You see," said the chief, "it is impossible that they can have remembered right. Now which is right?"

An answer became necessary, for he waited. "You see," said Mr. Draggs, "there were two stories. I told one, and my wife the other."

"Ah," said the chief; but in a moment his brow clouded again. "They are varying forms of the same tale, no doubt. We have such—tales of the animals, of the gods, of the winds—different in many small ways, but the same in teaching."

"But these," said Mr. Draggs, "are entirely dif-

ferent. One is a made-up story; the other is truth from our good book."

"And which is the truth?"

Mr. Draggs gave a hastily corrected version of the Garden of Eden episode.

The chief lent his respectful attention, and then turned expectantly to Mrs. Draggs. With a sinking at her heart, Mrs. Draggs gave the salient facts of the Bluebeard scandal.

"Now," said the chief, "I understand all clearly, and I see how easily the two stories went into one, as I heard them in my two ears. But yet I can not see why you, my white brother, make the lord of the garden a good, just, and kind chief; and why you, my white sister, declare the lord of the castle a wicked, bloodthirsty wretch. Both gave a happy home; both gave all freedom except in one little command; both were disobeyed; both inflicted punishment. Your Bluebeard tried only to chop off the woman's head; but the Great Spirit punished not only the man and the woman, but laid a curse upon their children forever. And you tell me one is all good, the other all bad. I am afraid that I shall not remember which is which."

For their lives, neither the missionary nor his wife could formulate an immediate reply.

"Farewell!" said the chief, and he was gone.

After the retiring form of the stalwart chieftain had disappeared from view, there was a long silence upon the veranda of the missionary's hut.

The Rev. Mr. Draggs mopped his perspiring forehead. "My dear," he said, "we shall never get over this. That benighted savage will cling to that awful parallel to the end of his natural life. Bluebeard and Jehovah!—isn't it terrible!"

"But can't we—skip the Garden of Eden story?" Mrs. Draggs suggested after a pause.

"I don't see how. Without Adam's fall, there will be an awesome gap in the Old Testament theology, and—Really, I don't see my way clear. I'm afraid our mission here is a foregone failure."

And he was right. With the chief there was no escape from the dilemma upon which he had impaled the missionaries; he greeted all their explanations with an indulgent smile, remaining unmoved.

Before many months, the Rev. Wilfred Draggs resigned the Mooga Islands mission, and sailed for home, convinced that missionary work was not his especial forte.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1904. TUDOR JENKS.

## A Thirty-Six Ton Meteorite.

The largest meteorite known to the civilized world has found its final resting place in the Museum of Natural History, New York. This gigantic mass of iron, weighing thirty-six tons, for which Robert E. Peary made a special voyage to Greenland, where he had before seen the stone, was conveyed to the museum on a truck drawn by thirty-six horses. Some doubt was originally thrown on the genuineness of the meteorite, but the fact that it has the characteristic glossy exterior which results from fusion incident to friction with our atmosphere, the peculiar pitted surface, and, when treated with nitric acid, exhibits the peculiar markings known as Widmannstätten lines, has convinced all scientists that it is veritably a heavenly visitant. The Esquimo used to procure iron points for their weapons from the meteorite, which led to its discovery by Peary, who questioned the Esquimos as to the source of their supply.

According to the *Lancet*, well-authenticated instances of children weighing at birth as much as 13 pounds are of extreme rarity. Among 15,166 children born in Chrobak's clinic in Vienna, only one weighed 5,300 grammes (11½ pounds); while in seven years at the Clinic Baudelocque in Paris there were only six children who exceeded 5,000 grammes (11 pounds) at birth, the largest weighing 6,150 grammes (13½ pounds). Dubois, in 1807, collected twenty-eight cases in which the child weighed more than 5,600 grammes (12 pounds) at birth, and stated that the heaviest children on record weighed, respectively, 24 pounds 5 ounces, 24 pounds 2 ounces, and 23 pounds 12 ounces.

Miss Mary E. Pretty, who broke the world's record several days ago by writing twenty-two thousand words on a typewriter in a day, has lost her laurels. The new champion is Miss Olive R. Cameron, one of her fellow-clerks in the Interior Department, who received a long record to copy about the middle of September. In seven hours she had written twenty-three thousand words.

Many physicians now claim that the general health is hurt rather than benefited by athletics; that muscle-building is not necessary to good health; that to bring about a perfectly trained condition has a severe effect on the nerves; that a built-up muscle has a tendency to degenerate, and that the heart, being a muscular organ, shares in this danger.

When the present Czar was Czarowitz, he was attacked by a fanatic in Otsu, Japan, and two *jinriksha* men assisted in rescuing him from his assailant. They have received a pension from Russia ever since. This year it was forwarded to them as usual, much to their surprise.



## GOTHAM'S FINEST HOTEL.

Some Facts About, and Comments On, the Hotel St. Regis—Its Ten-Thousand-Dollar Bed—Prices High—Luxury and Art Abound On Every Hand.

I will not impose upon a guileless and confiding reader by pretending that I inhabit even the humblest quarters—a seven-dollar-a-day room (with bath)—at the Hotel St. Regis. True, I have nibbled modestly once or twice in the great public dining-room, with its capacity of five hundred people, but these eyes have not yet had the felicity to behold the ten-thousand-dollar bed, which, for all its price, Millionaire Thomas confesses is too short for his unusual length of body. There are many who are short enough of stature to find no discomfort beneath the exquisitely woven linen, the creamy, fleecy blankets, and the other equally costly coverings of this princely couch; but, alas! a corresponding shortness of purse denies them such royal delights. Numerous as are our millionaires, there are really plenty of people in New York who can not afford one hundred and twenty-five dollars per day for a suite of rooms, let alone meals. That these and other incidentals come to no beggarly amount is indicated by the experience of Kate Carew, special writer for the *World*, who spent a night in this state suite for the purpose of writing a page about it. She had three friends for dinner, and also had breakfast and a few little extras (such as three-dollars' worth of manicuring), and her bill amounted to one hundred and seventy-one dollars and ten cents. The ten cents wasn't an overcharge—it was from the tag-ends of breakfast and telephone bills. Their dinner was twenty-eight dollars—which, considering that eight dollars of it was for wine, which was probably worth the amount at market prices—wasn't remarkably high. With frogs' legs at a dollar a pound, a dollar and a quarter for a portion of that article is, of course, high, but not preposterous. Neither is two dollars a prohibitive price for broiled chicken, nor would thirty cents for four oysters, sixty cents for soup, fifteen cents for a *demi-tasse* of black coffee, or twenty-five cents each for *liqueurs*, stagger people who are used to our best restaurants and hotels. And, among the people who habitually frequent such places, why should prices cut any figure? Really, they are merely a convenient guide for the making out of the bill. The waiter must have a basis upon which to figure, or he would soon be a customer.

The state suite, with its ten-thousand-dollar bed, seems to be the feature of the St. Regis that has caused the most comment. And, truly, it is royal in its appointments. The bed itself was bought in France from the owners of a decayed castle, and it pleases some to imagine that it has a history. "A bed with a past—what a chance for Pineroli!" said Oliver Herford. According to the irrepressible Kate, it is beautiful in its lines, and is made of two-inch strips of tulip wood, laid diagonally. The color is of a soft, warm, yellowish brown, touched here and there by darker brown. Gold festoons decorate the head and foot, bordering richly inlaid panels, and at each corner the bust of a plump and beautiful lady smiles down. The linen and blankets are the best that can be bought, and a wonderfully woven piece of ancient tapestry is the crowning glory. The whole suite is fitted up with corresponding richness. There is another bedroom, a *salon*, a library, and a dining-room, and two bath-rooms—(the fittings of the latter, as of all the bath-rooms in the house, are of silver). Each of these rooms contains something of artistic interest—antique Roman tables and dishes, rare old prints, priceless brocades, precious porcelain in the dining-room. All the hangings and carpets are exquisite—rich without being in the least gaudy or spectacular.

But it must be remembered that this one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar-a-day suite does not comprise all the glory of the St. Regis. The hotel all through is an example of what can be done when cost is absolutely disregarded. The reception-rooms on the second floor are done in white mahogany and Circassian oak, about the costliest woods now obtainable. The banquet room is paneled in dull white marble, and its walls are hung with white and yellow velvet Venetian tapestries. The general dining-room is a dream of harmonious colorings. Its china is of Royal Worcester and Royal Minton, specially designed, as are the cut-glass and the silver. The table linen was made to order. Connecting with this dining-room is the palm-room, or tea room, perhaps the most gorgeous of all. It has a great skylight, supported by enormous marble arches, mural decorations by R. Van Worst Sewall, and costly tapestries everywhere. In fact, the Hotel St. Regis is particularly rich in tapestries and prints. R. M. Hahn, the manager, has for years been an enthusiastic collector of such articles, and has one of the best assortments in the world. Consequently, one is confronted at every turn with works that are wonderful on account of their artistic worth, antiquity, and associations, and would make a collector pray for strength to resist temptation.

Aside from all this paint, gilding, marble, precious woods, silver bath-tub fittings, and other luxuries, there are practical things of interest in connection with the St. Regis. For instance, as far as practicable, the air that comes into it is filtered. That it needs such filtration before being breathed by the wealthy and

sensitive patrons of the hotel, is demonstrated by the fact that the filters for one week yielded a barrel of dust. The air-suction sweepers that pick up the dust from the floors and carpets collected two and a half barrels. The patrons are advised by the management to keep all windows closed, as the specially prepared air inside is cleaner, purer, and fresher than that which comes in from the streets.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the Hotel St. Regis is owned by Colonel John Jacob Astor; that it is situated at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fifth Street; that it is eighteen stories high, and has three hundred rooms, from seven dollars per day up; that, complete, it represents an outlay of \$5,500,000, the building alone costing \$4,000,000. There is not room for other details. But I feel safe in saying that the St. Regis will hold the supremacy for a long time to come. Still, a decade hence, we who gasp now may be classed with those who reveled in wonder over New York's first hotel, Krieger's Tavern, put up in 1643 at a cost of \$20,000; or with the far later generations, who, in 1852, declared that the St. Nicholas, costing half a million, was the limit.

NEW YORK, October 13, 1904.

## OLD FAVORITES.

LOS ANGELES, October 10, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some high-school boys have never read London *Punch's* tribute to Abraham Lincoln after his assassination. Will you kindly print it and oblige us? One of the boys says that it contains the line: "Say, scurille jester, is there room for you?" FIVE BOYS.

Abraham Lincoln.

FOULY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

[This tribute appeared in the London *Punch*, which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and maligned him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer.

His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,  
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonair.

Of power or will to shine, of art to please:  
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step as though the way were plain,  
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurille jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;  
To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;  
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—  
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command:

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to work his will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,  
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—  
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;  
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right grain and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame;  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last bent high;  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;  
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

—Tom Taylor.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

R. H. Hay Chapman, who was the managing editor of the Los Angeles *Herald* for several years, is now interested in the Graphic Publishing Company, a new Los Angeles concern.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet, whose jewels were recently "stolen" and found again mysteriously, the other day entertained the King of Portugal at dinner on board her yacht, his majesty taking his departure and returning ashore at close to 1 A. M.

Albert J. Adams, known as the "New York Policy King," was released from Sing Sing Prison, the other day, after serving a year and five months. Adams has a wife and grown family who are loyal to him, despite his conviction. He is supposed to be worth about \$5,000,000.

Frank S. Black, ex-governor of the State of New York, has been retained by Mrs. Hannah Elias, the negress, as associate counsel in the suit which the aged John R. Platt has brought against her to recover nearly \$700,000, which, he alleges, she extorted from him by threats to expose their relations.

Miss Mary M. Solari, of Memphis, has been appointed one of the fifty-six members of the jury of awards in the Fine Arts Building at St. Louis. These artists have been selected from all over the world for the final decision of awards to oil and water-color paintings, and Miss Solari is the only woman on the jury.

The wife of Admiral Uriu is a Vassar girl, and on her return to the East, after her graduation, the Japanese Government expressed its appreciation of the many courtesies shown by presenting to the college a pair of magnificent Japanese vases. They stand two feet high, and are of bronze, ornamented with delicate flowers of beaten gold.

According to Generso Pavese, said to be the champion fencer of the world, President Roosevelt has more ability with the foils than many of the foreign ministers and attachés in Washington who have handled the flexible steel rods since their youth. Signor Pavese has been instructing the President for the past year, and declares that he is his aptest pupil.

One of the first acts of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky after assuming the office of minister of the interior of Russia, was to discharge, with three months' salary, ninety detectives, the late Minister de Plehve's personal bodyguard. In explanation of his action, the new minister said his health demanded that he should do much walking, and he did not propose to be annoyed by continual shadowing.

When Judge Parker was nominated for the Presidency, his wardrobe consisted of about four suits of clothes, made by a tailor in the adjacent town of Kingston. As well-dressed visitors began to pour in, he noticed his comparative shabbiness, so on his first trip to New York he ordered half a dozen suits from a leader in sartorial style. Not wishing, however, to offend his country tailor, he commissioned him to build the same number of suits. And now when up-country he wears the Kingston garments, and when in the city sports the others.

One afternoon when voyaging to India, "K. of K." was dozing in his deck-chair, when a little lady of three or four summers let her ball fly into his face, whence it rolled to his feet. Lord Kitchener woke up, says *M. A. P.*, and turned upon the child that basilisk gaze before which the hearts of strong men have often turned to water. But the child was in no-wise abashed. "Pick up my ball!" she said, imperatively. Lord Kitchener frowned, and answered not. "Pick up my ball!" reiterated the small damsel, insistently. "Have not you got a nurse?" said Lord Kitchener, in an awful voice. The interrogative mood was answered by the imperative, "Pick up my ball!" Lord Kitchener look round, despairingly, but reinforcements were not in sight. "Where is your mother?" he said, weakly. "Pick up my ball!" repeated the girl. The ultimatum was delivered in *crescendo* tones, which suggested the imminence of something worse to follow, and Lord Kitchener meekly complied. Then he fled incontinently to the smoke-room.

The *cause célèbre* par excellence of the coming legal year in England is the action pending in the King's Bench against the secretary of state for India brought by the trustee in bankruptcy of Prince Victor Albert, Jay Duleep Singh. The pecuniary part of the claim includes a sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, the value of a house belonging to the Maharajah Duleep Singh in 1857, and destroyed that year by the East India Company's soldiers. But the bulk of the claim (which runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds not yet calculated by the plaintiff) refers to the difference between the actual pension allowed by the Indian Government and the pension (between four and five lacs of rupees) covenanted to be paid by the East India Company in 1849. It is interesting to note that this agreement of March 29, 1849, contained the famous clause: "The gem called the Koh-i-noor, which was taken from Shah Shooja-ool-Moolk by Maharajah Runjeet Singh (father of the Maharajah Duleep Singh), shall be surrendered by the Maharajah of Lahore to the Queen of England."



## THE LOVE-LETTERS OF A NUN.

The Passionate Epistles of a Portuguese Canoness—  
Written in 1663—For the First Time Pub-  
lished in this Country.

It is strange that "Letters from a Portuguese Nun," perhaps the most remarkable real love-letters ever published—human documents written with a passionate pen and rivaling in interest those of Heloise to Abelard or those of Julie de Lespinasse to M. de Guibert—have never before been published in this country in their completeness. Innumerable editions have appeared abroad. The letters have been translated into almost every modern language. Seventeen editions, all told, have appeared in England. Yet the edition that now appears, an exact facsimile of the edition of 1817, with frontispiece of Marianne interrupting her writing to gaze on a portrait of De Chamilly, is the first to be printed on this side of the Atlantic.

It is strange how these stray leaves have drifted down to us through a period of two centuries, seeming, as one writer observes, "as fresh as if but written yesterday; almost confirming Hazlitt's remark: 'Words are the only things that last forever.'" To which may be added the remark of one greater than Hazlitt, that a single great line of poetry, though it be written on the trunk of a tree in the fastnesses of the woods, though it be inscribed on a rock in the heart of the desert, though it be carved upon a bit of wood and cast into the sea, will not be lost.

Marianne, the writer of these letters, is supposed to have composed them about the year 1663. She was at that time a nun, or canoness, of Lisbon, and the letters were written to one Noel Bouton de Chamilly, of a noble and distinguished family of Burgundy, who had gone to Portugal in the army of Marshal de Schomberg, serving him as captain of horse. Violent as was the passion conceived for him by Marianne, Chamilly was not, it appears, an Adonis. On the contrary, he resembled rather a Hercules in strength and corpulence, if we may trust the portrait which St. Simon has left us of him. "He was," says he, in his memoirs, "a stout fat man: to see and hear him, we could never imagine how he could have inspired such an exalted passion as that which is the soul of the famous 'Portuguese Letters': and he was so dull and heavy that no one could suppose he possessed any talents for war."

He had, however, considerable abilities as a general. According to the translator of the edition of 1817, after having passed through every step of military rank, he distinguished himself by the celebrated defence of Graeve, in 1675, which cost the Prince of Orange sixteen thousand men and placed De Chamilly in the rank of the most illustrious warriors of France. He died at Paris in 1715, aged seventy-nine, leaving no issue by his wife, who is said to have been still more disagreeable in person than himself. The greater part of the letters were written by the passion-wracked and grief-stricken nun after Chamilly had returned to France. He, being vain, showed them to his friends, and it is to this folly that the world is indebted for their publication. Of the fate of the unfortunate Marianne, nothing is known. But one who reads the last of her letters is inclined to believe (despite Shakespeare's asseveration that, though men have died and worms have eaten them, none died for love) that Marianne's frail body was so torn with anguish at the desertion of her lover that "she endured not long after for very sorrow."

The letters themselves are best described by the French poet, Dorat, who more than a hundred years ago wrote of them as follows:

These letters will excite those delicious tears which relieve the heart, not that agony of grief which oppresses it; they breathe the most tender, the most impassioned, the most generous love: they paint the passion in all its nice gradations of shade, and all its interesting details: you behold its storms, its agitations, its momentary resolutions, its fond relapses, the delicacy of its fears, and the heroism of its sacrifices. . . . The "Portuguese Letters" display, with a most accurate delicacy and truth, the heart of a woman deeply impressed with love: her soul now intoxicated with bliss, now overwhelmed with sorrow; and describing all her emotions with the *naïveté* of genuine feeling, and the glowing warmth of passion. The fair, who have loved, will find in them what they have thought and felt a thousand times, when they have been writing to their lovers; and lovers, at least those who have been fortunate enough to inspire a delicate passion, will think, in reading them, that they are re-perusing the letters of their mistresses.

The tenor of the first few letters is that of a woman who, herself loving completely, doubts the strength of the love which her lover professes; but loves him none the less because of his incapacity to experience deep emotion. As time passes, and De Chamilly returns to France, the letters pass from gentle chiding to open upbraiding, then to imploration that he return, then finally to utter despair. A remarkable thing about the letters is that they seldom betray any thought about, certainly no repentance for, her im-

piety in breaking her most sacred vows. There is little mention of the disrepute into which she has been brought among her religious sisters; of the reproaches of her relatives; and the coldness toward her of those of her own family, resulting from her passion. These things are of seemingly no moment to Marianne compared with the tragic fact that she is no longer beloved—has never been beloved.

Another thing: in letter after letter, she expresses her pity for De Chamilly, because she is convinced that not only does he not love her, but that he is incapable of experiencing for any person whatsoever a profound and enduring passion. Deserted as she is, despised, rejected, dishonored, Marianne yet glories in that she is capable of loving. Except in the last letter or two, she continues to rejoice, in the midst of despair, that she has met and loved, even though she has lost.

It is difficult to select from these letters passages which shall convey in any adequate manner the charm of the volume when read as a whole. Yet these passages that end the eleventh letter may reveal somewhat of the writer's passion and femininity:

The officer has waited long for this letter: I had resolved to write in a style that should not displease you: but what an extravagant letter have I written—I must conclude—Alas! I can not resolve to do it. While I write, I seem to converse with you, and you almost appear present to me. . . . The next shall not be so long nor so troublesome: under this assurance you may open and read it—It is true I ought not to speak to you of a passion which displeases you, and I will speak of it no more.

It is now nearly a year since I gave myself up to you without reserve. Your passion appeared to me so ardent, so sincere, and I could never have thought that my fondness would have disgusted you so much as to induce you to take a journey of five hundred leagues, and expose yourself to all the dangers of the sea to escape from it. No one ever experienced such treatment as I have done. You can remember my shame, my confusion, my disorder; but you do not remember that you bound yourself by oaths to love me forever.

The officer who is to bring you this sends to me for the fourth time to tell me that he wishes to be gone. How very pressing he is! He, too, abandons, no doubt, some unhappy one of this country. Adieu! I suffer more in concluding this letter than you did in leaving me, though perhaps forever. Adieu! I dare not call you by those thousand endearing names I would: I dare not abandon myself to my feelings. I love you more, a thousand times more, than I thought. How dear you are to me!—Oh, how cruel you are to me!—You never write to me—I can not refrain from telling you that once more—I am beginning again, and the officer will be gone—No matter—let him go! I write more for myself than you, I only seek to console myself. The length of my letter will alarm you—you will not read it. What have I done that I should be thus miserable, and why have you embittered the remainder of my life? Oh, that I had been born in another country! Adieu! forgive me, I dare not now ask you to love me—Behold to what my fate has reduced me! Adieu.

Here are a few detached passages in which are embodied, perhaps, some of the "wisdom of love":

I am not rational; I own it: but who can be so with excess of love like mine? I well know that, at the moment I am writing, I ought to be at ease. You are but a step from town, your duty detains you, and the illness of my brother would have prevented my seeing you during the time you have been absent. Above all, there are no women where you are, and that removes one great disquiet from my heart. But, alas! how many yet remain, and how true it is that a fond woman, if she love as I do, finds in everything a torment for herself.

Be not disgusted with my weakness; I have never felt it but for you; and I would not exchange it for the most solid wisdom, if to be wise it were requisite to love you one degree the less.

Ah! had I thought you so cold before I loved you as I do!—What then? Though I had perceived all that I now perceive, and more, if possible, I could not have resisted the impulse of loving you. It is a bias of soul over which I had no power, and which . . . but when I think of the moments of delight this passion has afforded me, I can not repent of having conceived it.

Complain! abuse me! betray me! hate me! since you can do it; but never despise me. From the moment that your love no longer constitutes your felicity I may live without it, but I can not live without your esteem.

It was the excess of your transports yesterday which gave birth to my suspicions. You seemed out of yourself; and through all that you appeared to be I sought your real self. O heavens! what would have become of me had I found you guilty of dissimulation? I prefer your love to my fortune, to my glory, to my life; but I could more easily support the certainty of your hatred than the deceitful semblance of your love. It is not to the exterior that I look, but to the feelings of the soul. Be cold, be negligent, be even fickle, if you can be so, but never dissimulate. Deception is the greatest crime that can be committed against love; and I would much sooner pardon you for infidelity than for using art to conceal it from my knowledge.

Published by Brentano's, New York.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Traffics and Discoveries."

Rudyard Kipling's new book, with its cryptic yet colorful title, contains eleven stories. To each is prefixed a poem by way of elucidation and commentary. All the stories, we believe, have already appeared in one or other of the magazines in this country or in England.

The stories fall readily into three classes. First there are those that are designed to "prove something" to the British citizen. They are tracts cast in the form of fiction. They are political documents intended rather to instruct than to amuse. Of this sort of story there are four: "The Captive" is a monologue by Laughton G. Zigler, an American inventor captured by the British while fighting on the Boer side for the purpose of testing the Laughton-Zigler machine gun. Piquancy is given the narrative by the fact that Zigler tells his story, while, with other "shrimp-pink prisoners of war," he is hating—or, rather, sitting on the bank. His monologue practically is a criticism of the British army and the British character. "A Sahib's War," in similar fashion, gives an Indian's view of the Boer campaign. "The Comprehension of Private Copper" is another "tract," while "The Army of a Dream" embodies Kipling's views of what the British army should be. All these stories are pretty dull reading. There is no "life" in them. They are labored, uninspired, and flat. Nor is the language that Zigler uses very convincing to an American. True, he uses many American locutions, but few Americans, we think, would have interjected, after naming the State of their birth, "But I'm no extreme States-rights man," as does Zigler. It is, by the way, a curious fact that Kipling, despite his wide knowledge, seldom gets the approval of people immediately concerned. Naval men think Kipling's army stories great stuff, but admire his sea-stories somewhat less. Americans think the stories of India wonderful, but don't care for the first part of "The Naulahka": Kipling's technical descriptions of machinery fails to win plaudits from the expert, and railway men found fault with "007."

The second lot of stories in the new book may be called "Pycroft Stories." They introduce for the first time a character which Kipling evidently intends to endow with the same immortality which he conferred upon Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd. But Pycroft is not a success. He is a prosaic and forbidding character. Under the roughness of exterior of Mulvaney, you felt that there was a vein of poetry and sentiment. Pycroft is hard, blunt, British—a gross materialist. He throws a gloomy shadow over the stories in which he figures. These are "The Bonds of Discipline," the story of a French spy's visit to a British ship, the crew of which, learning his identity, "cut up" for his special benefit; "Their Lawful Occasions," the story of the tactical sinking of two big battle-ships by a torpedo-boat in naval manoeuvres; "Mrs. Bathurst," an obscure and dreary story of the love of a sailor for a queer sort of tavern-mistress in South Africa; "Steam Tactics," an automobile story, in which an unhappy constable is captured by the auto-party, carried half way across England, and left in the midst of a strange wood. This last is a thoroughly good story, humorous from start to finish, and not in the least obscure as is, at first, "The Bonds of Discipline," which embodies an infinitely amusing idea, but is not up to Kipling's level of excellence.

Finally, there are the two stories, "Wireless" and "They." Of the latter it is unnecessary to speak. Our high opinion of it has but recently been expressed. "Wireless" is a less successful endeavor in the same direction—a story based upon the idea of communication between the soul of Keats and that of a young drug-clerk.

One story we had almost forgotten—"Below the Mill Dam." It is a conversation between an old mill-wheel, a black rat, a cat, the mill stones, and the racing waters, over the changes that are taking place in the world. It is a delicately told story—in its way, a little masterpiece.

Viewed as a whole, this volume of short stories is disappointing. It contains, it is true, as surely fine a story in "They" as Kipling has yet given us—one that shows that it is idle to say that Kipling has reached the limit of his achievement. Other books have contained no better stories than some of these, who reads "Brugglesmith" or "The Tomb of His Ancestors"? It is the general level which, sadly, we are constrained to honestly to record, is lower than it has been before.

It may be this is a transition period in the art of Rudyard Kipling. Youth is past. The glamour, the vivacity, the enthusiasm of those early roving tales seem to have vanished. Love as we noted when reviewing the last book of poems, "The Five Nations," is a theme upon which Kipling now seldom touches. In the majority of these stories there are no women at all. The stories—"They" are very much more brutal. That air of carelessness that earlier

stories had; in its place is painful art, which sometimes becomes obtrusive.

But, after all, few readers of "Traffics and Discoveries" will fail to admit that, whatever faults the tales may have, no man but Kipling could have written them. His style is still unmistakably his own. In twists and turns of phrase many an earlier story is recalled. We can afford to be patient with one who has added so much to the interest of a dull world. We can afford to wait in hope that the "Pycroft mood" will pass and a new Kipling will greet us.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.30.

The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Mechanics', and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
2. "The Seeker," by Harry Leon Wilson.
3. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill.
4. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
5. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
2. "My Lady of the North," by Randall Parrish.
3. "Man and Superman," by Bernard G. Shaw.
4. "Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch.
5. "Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
3. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.
4. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner.

Peixotto on the Best Books for Boys.

People who expect to purchase fiction for boys before the holidays are over, ought to ponder the advice of Sidney S. Peixotto, of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, given to the members of the San Francisco Library Association in this city a few evenings ago. Speaking from an experience of fourteen years, he made "a plea for the vast army of boys who must be encouraged to read by giving them simple, exciting books rather than those prescribed by the cultured and pedantic thought now prevalent among librarians and school teachers." Further:

The books favored and scheduled in library catalogues as the best reading for children are rarely read by the average boy, who is wearied by the unnecessary use of "good English," and the "constructive description period." The prescribing of *Alger, Optic, and Castleman* by all foremost libraries has caused these books to be printed in conjunction with the "Nickel Novels" and "Dime Novels," and is used as an excuse by the average boy for spending his time in this vast realm of decadent literature. Like the present school system, which seems to be instituted to drive children out of its atmosphere at an early age, the libraries cater only to the cultured children, whose reading is directed by their mothers. The great body of boys want certain books. If they can not get them at the libraries, they get them somewhere, and we must face this problem sensibly, and give them a library habit, which leads to better things.

"Mme. Du Barry."

The first illustrated life of the celebrated companion of Louis the Fifteenth which was ever offered to English and American readers, is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author is H. Noel Williams. The book contains an account of Mme. Du Barry's early life, of her subjugation of the king, of her marriage with Comte Guillaume Du Barry, brother of her lover, the *roué*; of her installation at court as *maitresse en titre*; and of the violent opposition which her "elevation" excited; of her long struggle with the Duc de Choiseul, which ended in the disgrace and exile of the minister; of her luxury and extravagance, including interesting description of her beautiful chateau of Louvecienne; of her treatment of Marie Antoinette, of her relations with Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, the Emperor Joseph the Second, Voltaire, and other celebrated personages of her time; of the last illness and death of Louis the Fifteenth, and of her subsequent banishment from court; of her liaisons with Henry Seymour, nephew of the eighth Duke of Somerset, and the Duc de Brissac; of her various visits to England, in 1791 and 1792, to recover her stolen jewels; of her extraordinary persecution to which she was subjected by the demagogue Greive, and of her trial and execution during the revolution. An interesting feature of the book will be a number of passionate love-letters written by Mme. Du Barry to her English admirer, Henry Seymour.

New Publications.

"Bethink Yourselves!" by Leo Tolstoy. Ginn & Co.; 10 cents.

"Mixed Beasts: Rhymes and Pictures," by Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield & Co.

"Grammar School Algebra," by A. W. Potter. The American Book Company.

"The Japanese Fairy Book," compiled by Yei Theodora Ozaki. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.00 net.

"A Little Girl in Old Chicago," by Amanda M. Douglas. The Little Girl Series. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

"The Child at Play: Little Stories for Little Children," by Clara Murray. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.

"Billy Whiskers, Jr.," by Frances Trego Montgomery. Illustrated in color. The Saalfeld Publishing Company; \$1.00.

"Sportsman Joe," by Edwyn Sandys. With illustrations by J. M. Gleeson and C. W. Pancoast. The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

"The Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow," by Allen French. Illustrated by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer. Little, Brown & Co.

"Poems of Childhood," by Eugene Field. Illustrations from drawings in colors by Maxfield Parrish. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

"Childhood," by Katharine Pyle. Illustrated in colors by Sarah S. Stillwell. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net—a beautiful child's book.

"Baby Elton, Quarter-Back," by Leslie W. Quirk. Illustrated. The Century Company—a clever football story that appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

"Elinor Arden, Royalist," by Mary Constance Du Bois. Illustrated by W. Benda. The Century Company; \$1.50—a charming tale for children in their teens.

"Tales of a Poultry Farm," by Clara Dillingham Pierson, author of "Among the Meadow People," "Dooryard Stories," etc. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"Red Cap Tales Stolen from the Treasure Chest of the Wizard of the North," Which Theft is Humbly Acknowledged by S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; \$2.00.

"The Little Giant, the Big Dwarf, and Two Other Wonderful Tales for Boys and Girls from Eight to Eighty Years Old," by Thomas Dunn English. Illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Story of Little Paul," from the "Dombey and Son" of Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson, et al. Famous Children of Literature Series, edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.00.

"The Cycle of Life According to Modern Science: Being a Series of Essays Designed to Bring Science Home to Men's Business and Bosoms," by C. W. Saleeby, M. D. With diagrams by Richard Muir. Harper & Brothers; \$2.00 net—very readable popular essays on a variety of topics—from "The Destiny of the Horse" to "The Nebular Hypothesis."

"Secret History of To-Day: Being Revelations of a Diplomatic Spy," by Allen Upward. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons—this is a yellow book; the author takes historic incidents, like the blowing up of the *Maine*, and embellishes them with his wild imagination—weaves about them plots, and makes them fiction; it will hopelessly confuse the average reader in his history.

Life Stories for Young People. "Mozart's Youth," translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann by George P. Upton. "William Tell," translated from the German of Ferdinand Schmidt by George P. Upton. "Ludwig Van Beethoven," translated from the German of Franz Hoffmann by George P. Upton. "The Maid of Orleans," translated from the German of Frederick Henning by George P. Upton. Illustrations. A. C. McClurg & Co.; 60 cents each.

Library of Illustrated Biography. "Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell; "Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by James A. Harrison; "Boswell's Life of Johnson," edited with an introduction by Mowbray Morris; "The Life of Christ," by Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S.; "Mahomet and His Successors," by Washington Irving; "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," by Washington Irving; "Life of George Eliot as Related in Her Letters and Journals," arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross; "Life of Sir Walter Scott," by J. G. Lockhart, with prefatory letter by J. R. Hope Scott—in this series are included reprints of standard works, really the best of their sort, well printed, handsomely illustrated, each with seventeen or more fine pictures, in many cases the frontispiece being an engraving, and neatly bound in a stout buckram, with gilt top; the volumes are octavo size, running to seven or eight hundred pages, and are good value for the price asked; T. Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50 per volume.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Some Amusing Verses.

That prolific person, Miss Carolyn Wells, is out with a new book, which is in a way a companion to her "Nonsense Anthology," published last year. It is nothing less than an anthology of parody, appearing to contain all the good parodies that have been written in English during many years. Swinburne appears to be the most parodied of authors of his rank, though some fifteen parodies of various poems of Tennyson are herein printed, eight or ten of Longfellow's best-known pieces, and a half-dozen of Omar Khayyam. There are a number of good parodies of Hamlet's Soliloquy—the best is the following:

POKER.

To draw, or not to draw—that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take  
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,  
Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit  
And thus, by bluffing, get in. To draw,—to  
skin;  
No more—and hy that skin to get a full,  
Or two pairs, or the fattest bouncing kings  
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To draw—to skin;  
To skin! perbance to burst—ay, there's the  
rub!

For in the draw of three what cards may  
come,  
When we have shuffled off th' uncertain pack,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of a bottled fust:  
For who would bear the overwhelming blind,  
The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,  
The insolence of pat bands, and the lifts  
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,  
When he himself might be much better off  
By simply passing? Who would trays uphold,  
And go out on a small progressive raise,  
But that the dread of something after call—  
The undiscovered aceful to whose strength  
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather keep the chips we have  
Than be curious about the hands we know not  
of.

Thus bluffing does make cowards of us all:  
And thus the native hue of a four-heat flush  
Is sicklied with some dark and cussed club,  
And speculators in a jackpot's wealth  
With this regard their interest turn away  
And lose the right to open.

Another of the shorter parodies, this time  
of a nursery rhyme, is by Lewis Carroll:

## THE CROCODILE.

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
And neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!

The best of Phoebe Cary's many parodies,  
quoted in this vivacious volume, is after  
Goldsmith:

## WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

When lovely woman wants a favor,  
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,  
What earthly circumstance can save her  
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,  
The last experiment to try,  
Whether a husband or a lover,  
If he have feeling is—to cry.

The following brief parody of Longfellow  
is anonymous:

## THE MODERN HIAWATHA.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.  
Of the skin he made him mittens,  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with the skin side outside.  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside, skin side, outside;  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side, fur side, inside.  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.

Another clever parody of Longfellow by  
Phoebe Cary is too long for quotation in full,  
but here are the first three stanzas:

## THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and darkness  
From the wing of night is loosed,  
As a feather is wafted downward,  
From a chicken going to roost.  
I see the lights of the baker,  
Gleam through the rain and mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
That I can not well resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not like being sick,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As a brickbat resembles a brick.

The poster-girl has rather gone out of  
fashion, but this parody of Rossetti's "The  
Blessed Damosel," by the compiler of the  
Parody Anthology "herself is too good to  
be omitted:

## THE POSTER-GIRL.

The blessed poster-girl leaned out  
From a pinky-purple beaven.  
One eye was red, and one was green;  
Her bang was cut uneven  
She had three fingers on her hand,  
And the hairs on her head were seven.  
Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem  
No sunflowers did adorn,  
But a heavy Turkish portiere  
Was very neatly worn;  
And the hat that lay along her back  
"Was yellow, like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave  
That she was standing on,  
And high aloft she flung a scarf  
That must have weighed a ton,  
And she was rather tall—at least  
She reached up to the sun.

She curved and writhed, and then she said  
Less green of speech than blue;  
"Perhaps I am absurd—perhaps  
I don't appeal to you;  
But my artistic worth depends  
Upon the point of view."

I saw her smile, although her eyes  
Were only smudgy smears;  
And then she swished her swirling arms,  
And wagged her gorgeous ears,  
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,  
And wept some purple tears.

To the general gayety Tom Hood, Jr., con-  
tributes this parody of Poe's "Annabel Lee":

## THE CANNIBAL FLEA.

It was many and many a year ago  
In a District called E. C.,  
That a Monster dwelt whom I came to know  
By the name of Cannibal Flea,  
And the brute was possessed with no other thought  
Than to live—and to live on me!

I was in bed, and he was in bed  
In the District named E. C.,  
When first in his thirst accursed he burst  
Upon me, the Cannibal Flea  
With a bite that felt as if some one had driven  
A hayonet into me.

There are several verses of like character  
before we reach:

For at night with a scream I awake from my  
dream  
By the terrible Cannibal Flea;  
And at morn I ne'er rise without hites of—such  
size!—  
From the terrible Cannibal Flea.  
So I'm forced to decide I'll no longer reside  
In the District—the District—where he doth  
abide.  
The locality known as E. C.  
That is postally known as E. C.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New  
York.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Now that the death of Prince Herbert Bis-  
marck has removed the han he placed on the  
publication of the last volume of the Iron  
Chancellor's "Memoirs," the preparation of  
the book will be taken up, although it is not  
expected to appear for another year, possibly  
out of a show of respect to the wishes of the  
son, whose objection to its publication was  
so strong that it gave rise to the report that  
he had forbidden it in his will. This is the  
volume that will contain the authentic ac-  
count of Bismarck's relations with the pres-  
ent German emperor.

The title of Stephen Phillips's play has  
again been changed. "The Sin of David"  
has finally been selected for it, which the  
Macmillan Company now announces for is-  
sue October 19th. "David and Bathsheba"  
was the title announced two years ago, and  
more recently it was stated that the title  
would be "Miriam; or, The Sin of David."  
The scene as has already been announced,  
opens in the army of Cromwell, and the play  
runs its course during the English civil war.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the im-  
mediate publication of a book on the Chi-  
nese-Japanese War by a war-correspondent in  
the Far East, Frederick Palmer, on "The  
First Year's Campaign." Mr. Palmer went  
to Japan before the beginning of hostilities,  
and accompanied the first Japanese army into  
Manchuria, where he witnessed the battles  
of the Yalu and Liao Yang.

A book about the Doukhobors, by Aylmer  
Maude, to be published shortly, will contain  
a long letter by Tolstoy throwing new light  
on his relations with those strange people.

At a local fair in Kent County, Ontario,  
Arthur Stringer, the poet and novelist, won  
three first prizes for his exhibitions of Pit-  
maston Duchess pears, Lord Palmerston  
peaches, and Eumelan black grapes. Mr.  
Stringer, who is known as the author of  
"The Silver Poppy" and "The Loom of  
Destiny," is looked upon in the neighborhood  
of Cedar Springs, where he has his summer  
home and conducts his fruit farm, as a suc-  
cessful and husy grower of rare fruits who  
dabbles in literature.

In writing her novel, "The Reaper," pub-  
lished by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the author,  
Edith Rickert, did not get her local color  
from a car window or while speeding along  
the highways in an automobile. Of a more  
original and investigating turn of mind, she  
donned an old frock, and, purchasing a sup-  
ply of combs, needles, thread, and other  
"notions," tramped through rural England  
from village to village, disposing of her  
stock to the wives of farmers and peasants,  
and, it is to be hoped, paying her way.  
Miss Rickert is a Vassar girl, and has also  
studied at the University of Chicago. She  
has written a number of short stories, but  
this is her first novel.

Apparently, Mexico is building herself a  
literature, for here comes Professor Frederick  
Starr with a volume of over four hundred  
pages, entitled "Reading from Modern  
Mexican Authors." The authors selected by

Professor Starr for notice are the following:  
Eduardo Noriega, Antonio Garcia Cuevas,  
Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, Agustin Rivera,  
Alfredo Chavero, Julio Zarate, José Maria  
Vigil, Primo Feliciano Velazquez, Juan F.  
Molina Solis, Luis Gonzalez Obregon,  
Francisco Sosa, Julio Guerrero, Alejandro  
Villaseñor, Rafael Angel de la Peña,  
Ignacio Montes de Oca y Obregon, Ignacio  
M. Altamirano, Victoriano Agueros, Manuel  
Gustavo Antonio Revilla, José Peon y Con-  
terras, José Maria Roa Barcena, Justa Sierra,  
Victoriano Salado Alvarez, Ireneo Paz, José  
Lopez Portillo y Rojas, Manuel Sanchez  
Marmol, Porfirio Parra, Emilio Rabasa, Ra-  
fael Delgado, and Federico Gamboa.

Pastor Wagner, author of "The Simple  
Life," is said to have made a very pleasant  
impression on the audiences which have been  
privileged to listen to him at the few informal  
talks he has given since arriving in the  
United States. The appearance of the  
apostle of the simple life has agreeably sur-  
prised those who have known him only  
through his photographs. His features are  
rather heavy, and when seen in repose, as in  
his pictures, convey the impression of a se-  
vere, somewhat forbidding countenance. The  
real face is quite the opposite, always smil-  
ing, cheerful, and bright-eyed.

Tudor Jenks, who was for many years on  
the editorial staff of *St. Nicholas*, has writ-  
ten the first volume in A. S. Barnes's new  
series of Lives of Great Writers, under the  
title of "In the Days of Chaucer," to which  
Hamilton Wright Mabie has contributed an  
introduction.

The "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to  
His Son," which are continued in "Old Gor-  
gon Graham," have had the distinction of be-  
ing printed in raised letters for the blind in  
the United States.

"This Was Terrible," said Henry Irving.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie once asked Mrs. Cyril  
Maude, the noted English actress, if she had  
ever been placed in an awkward predicament  
on the stage, and records Mrs. Maude's an-  
swer in her new book, "Behind the Foot-  
lights," just published:

"I always remember one occasion," she re-  
plied, "tragedy at the time, but a comedy  
now, perhaps. I was acting with Henry Ir-  
ving in the States when I was about eighteen  
or nineteen, and felt very proud of the honor.  
We reached Chicago. 'Louis the Eleventh'  
was the play. In one act, I think it was the  
second, I went in as usual and did my part.  
Having finished, as I thought, I went to my  
room and began to wash my hands. It was a  
cold night, and my lovely white hands robbed  
of their paint were blue. The mixture was well  
off when the call-boy shouted my name.  
Thinking he was having a joke, I said: 'All  
right, I'm here.'

"But Mr. Irving is waiting for you."  
"Waiting for me? Why, the act isn't  
half over."

"Come, Miss Emery, come quick," gasped  
the boy, pushing open the door. "Mr. Ir-  
ving's on the stage and waiting for you."

"Horror! In a flash I remembered I had  
two small scenes as Marie in that act, and  
usually waited in the wing. Had I, could I  
have forgotten the second one?"

"With wet, red hands, dry, white arms,  
my dress not properly fastened at the back,  
towel in hand, along the passage I flew. On  
the stage was poor Mr. Irving, walking about,  
talking—I know not what. On I rushed, said  
my lines, gave him my lobster-colored wet  
hand to kiss—a pretty contrast to my ashen  
cheeks, and when the curtain fell I dissolved  
in tears.

"Mr. Irving sent for me to his room. In  
fear and trembling I went.

"This was terrible," he said. 'How did it  
happen?'

"I forgot, I forgot, why I know not;  
but I forgot," I said, and my tears flowed  
again. He patted me on the back.

"Never mind," he said, kindly, 'but please  
don't let it occur again.'"



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## The TRUANTS

By A. E. W. MASON

author of "THE FOUR FEATHERS"

THE tale follows the exciting adventures of a young married  
couple who are forced by circumstances to play truant: the  
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love a story which lifts one out of the commonplace.

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What a relief it is, to be sure, to see at the Tivoli this week a modern comic opera instead of a musical comedy. I really believe that in time physicians will treat cases of insomnia by prescribing for the patients constant attendance at performances of musical comedy as a means of securing enervation of over-active brains.

"Der Rastelbinder" ("The Mouse-Trap Peddler") has produced a furor in Europe, although they may not have the same reasons as American theatre-goers for heart-felt relief at escape from a wearying obsession. In this new piece by a German composer—one Franz Lehar—there is a simple, coherent story, a little mixed and broken in the last act, it is true, where comic effects and the aged device of inducting the pair of heroines in tights are rather lugged in; but the thread of events is not continually snapped off to allow for an irrelevant song, a malapropos dance, or the retailing of a batch of idiotic jokes, and one really feels a reasonable interest in the outcome of the story.

The prologue, although the two leading rôles are sung by young children, has the simple appealing charm of old-country folk stories. Victor Leon, the author of the libretto, has prettily adapted to his story some of the traditional family rites of the Slavonian peasants. Thus we see the betrothal of a girl of eight and a boy of twelve, the scene being carried so well on the shoulders of a gifted pair of young children as not to detract from its simplicity and charm. The music of the betrothal is peculiarly sweet and plaintive, even when sung by the little girl, Eunice Gilman by name, a dramatically endowed child, with a clear, ringing, penetrating voice, but the execrable methods of the dance-hall singer. This is particularly noticeable when the two child voices blend, that of Harold Foreman, the composed little boy soprano whom we have all heard, having the sweet, buoyant quality of the trained singer, and standing out clear and unforced in comparison. It is safe to prophesy that the betrothal duet will have a run of popularity as parlor music. Any enterprising young woman who is stalking a shy and hesitating bachelor will find it efficacious in bringing down her game, especially if the game can undertake Yanku's part in the duet.

Edith Mason, reinforced by the presence of her husband, Thomas Perse, has returned to the Tivoli, and is impersonating the pretty, placid peasant Suza. She is at once an attractive and a reposeful figure in comic opera, more particularly when her methods are thrown in relief against those of the over-restless Dora de Philippe. Mr. Perse, a "pretty man," whose voice is apparently but little changed since we used to hear him in the Southwell Opera Company, is an acceptable addition to the strength of the company; which, as a whole, was particularly successful in conveying the simple, melodic beauty of the piece.

A trifling bit of machine-spun gauze tricked out with spangles is the Clyde Fitch play that is running at the Alcazar this week. The trimmings, as ever with Mr. Fitch, are society affairs, which bring the world and his wife together in glad array to gabble cheerful nothings with their friends. So liberally does Mr. Fitch besprinkle his plays with featuries of the kind, that they would easily be recognizable as his work, even if not so labeled. It has been said of him that he has so far had represented in different plays a wedding, a christening and a funeral.

In "The Way of the World" it is the christening that is celebrated, with the slight interlude of a warm-weather wedding that is supposed to take place, unwitnessed by the audience between a couple previously married and divorced. There also appear at various times, to keep up good cheer in the audience who, Mr. Fitch apparently supposes, will languish and fade away without such material incentive to interest, an ailing automobile and a well-kept dead bicycle and a live baby. I am convinced that Mr. Fitch, stickler as he is for realism, particularly specified in his stage directions that no fake babies need apply.

Mr. Fitch has preserved in the piece his customary attitude of light cynicism; a cynicism which is apparently not routed very easily, as it usually yields to a gush of sentiment at the end.

The American author is adopting the custom of the English dramatists in giving al-

most exclusively to matrons the centre of the stage. Our national fiction has in the past been subjected to the reproach of being too Puritanical in character. That reproach will in time sting our tender susceptibilities no longer. American matrons are becoming giddier and giddier, both in novels and plays. In "The Way of the World" Mrs. Croyden blirts emphatically, with a *mauvais sujet*, and in the calmest manner the while makes protestations of her excessive devotion to her husband. Mr. Fitch has, consequently, failed to make her position tenable when she showers scorn and cold water upon the illegitimate wooings of her admirer, with that old cry of the player with fire: "You don't know a good woman when you see her!" But the fact of the matter is that there is almost as little body to the plot of "The Way of the World" as there is to the conversation. It certainly seems as if a husband and wife who adore each other, who have friends, prosperity, and a much-desired son, ought to have a bigger *casus belli* than that which precipitated hostilities in the christening scene. A man so fecund in turning out plays as Mr. Fitch, however, is necessarily driven to spinning stage situations out of the thinnest cobwebs.

There is entertainment to be derived from "The Way of the World," but it is of the flimsiest character. The piece is decidedly inferior to "The Climbers," "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," and "The Girl With the Green Eyes." Even the dialogue goes with a certain flatness, the listener being easily able to detect its intrinsic shallowness because there are no bright flashes of wit to dazzle him into temporary blindness.

Witnessing Mr. Fitch's piece so soon after "Lord and Lady Algy," I could not but be struck with the great advantage afforded players by appearing in a play of superior merit. The two plays, as plays, would be placed in the same category. But where the stage illusion was perfect in the English piece, and the dialogue a model of terseness and bright wit, the chat of the women lacked sparkle and spontaneity in the American one, and the machinery of the situations was palpable; almost, indeed, in plain sight.

The company, although the piece had a perfectly competent representation, was less interesting in consequence. The ladies, however, were smartly gowned, and the air of society elegance well preserved. The three new-comers again made a pleasant impression, but in "The Wilderness" Miss Lawrence and Mr. Craig will have a much better chance to show their mettle.

They seem to have settled down to making a specialty of fine mountings at the Majestic Theatre. So far, all their attractions have been handsomely put on, and the size of the audiences continues to be such as to warrant a liberal policy on the part of the management.

The present piece, "A Japanese Nightingale," offers some very striking effects to the lover of the spectacular. The first act passes in a tea-house, where a quantity of Geisha girls (of strictly American type) go through some graceful movements and dances, and the third in a Buddhist temple, in which the same nymphs, as vestals dedicated to the service of the gods, celebrate with dances the enrollment of a new priestess among their number.

There are, however, between these showy scenes long acres of talk that are badly in need of cutting. It is, indeed, unaccountable that it was not done during the New York presentation of the piece. Talk is cheap in a novel; the reader can always skip it. But it comes dear in a play, where you have to sit through it and chafe until the next exciting event turns up.

Onoto Watanna, the author of the book from which the play is adapted, is part Japanese, and doubtless presents in her novel a sufficiently true picture of the lengthy and punctilious courtesies of her compatriots. But it is difficult to accept Jack Bigelow as a representative American. He's a dreadful spinner of polysyllables is Jack, and utterly devoid of a sense of humor. He always converses in the plumed-hat and cavalier-cloak manner, a peculiarity which is not lessened by Richard Thornton's melodramatic style of acting. Where plain, ordinary folks would utter a simple negative, Jack cries in a windy

bass, "No!! a thousand times no!!!" As a relief to the heavy solemnity of this wordy youth, his fellow-countrymen who appear in the play have a few slight touches of national humor; due, doubtless, to the intervention of Mr. William Young, the adapter of the play.

Miss Grace Reals has, to her credit, been at pains to elaborate a careful piece of work in her impersonation of Yuki, the Japanese bride of the strenuous conversational Jack, but physically she is every way unsuited to a stage representation of one of those daintily finished, miniature specimens of Oriental womanhood, whose attempts at English are always received with the indulgence one would accord to a lisping child. There are some scenes of conjugal amenities between Jack and his bride which, in a play by a Japanese woman, emphasize the noticeable tendency of the day to depict an exchange of physical endearments between stage lovers—a characteristic which is popularly thought to be foreign to the Japanese nature.

This sort of thing, however, is considered to be popular with the groundlings, who are never allowed by the managers to have any imagination. Frequent kissing between the sexes in the presence of others is considered in ordinary life to be a legitimate subject for ridicule. And it is impossible, at the theatre, to preserve a romantic seriousness of mood while regarding a pair of lovers sipping honey from each other's lips with every appearance of extreme relish. Even spectators at the calf-age become flippant at such times, and you can hear an irrepressible wave of the giggles of responsive youth starting all over the house. This is always regarded by the purveyor of theatrical amusement as an unflinching proof of success. But every one is not of his mind. In my opinion, it is an indication that the imagination which would have been warmed by a mere suggestion of romance has yielded to a sense of the ridiculous.

There are some excellent make-ups by the players, Messrs. Johns, O'Hara, and Callahan, in particular, having been very successful in shedding their Americanism of appearance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Unstinted Praise for Otis Skinner.

Otis Skinner has achieved an immense triumph in New York in "The Harvester," an adaptation of Jean Richepin's play, "Le Chemineau." It is a play with little plot, telling of a gay and merry harvester who stops at a farm for a while, gains the love of Toinette, a girl working there, and passes on. The ruined girl marries another man. The harvester comes back after eighteen years and finds the girl, now a woman, and his son, Tony, whose parentage Toinette's husband, now a paralytic, does not suspect. The harvester does not betray to the boy that he is his father, and stays only long enough to help Tony win the girl he loves—then passes on, singing, still a wanderer. The *Evening Post* says that "Mr. Skinner succeeded in getting the true spirit and fragrance of the original across the footlights." The *Mail* critic says that "Mr. Skinner imparts to the character of the harvester a rich flavor of romance. . . . His speech, in these days of slipshod, exasperating elocution, is a golden joy." According to the *Evening Sun*, "it is a long time since this town has had so brilliant a piece of romantic acting."

Viola Allen, in a recent interview, said that, of all critics, actresses in Shakespearean rôles most fear the American club woman. "Her knowledge of Shakespeare," says Miss Allen, "is something marvelous, and her attitude toward an actress who is taking one of his parts is challenging. . . . Clever women write her letters of protest whenever her interpretation differs from the standard they have established. I get dozens and dozens of them."

The critics have no fault to find with George Ade's comic opera, "The Sho-Gun," which had its first New York production last week; in fact, they give the piece itself high praise, both as to libretto and music. But the *Evening Sun* says that the rôles are in very poor hands, especially the leading part, which is taken by Charles E. Evans, of Hoey and Evans fame.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, October 23d.  
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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Success of "San Toy."

The Chinese musical comedy, "San Toy," will enter on the second week of its prosperous run at the Columbia Theatre Monday night. The performance lives up to its Eastern reputation, being tuneful, handsomely staged, and well acted by a first-class company. James T. Powers is a refined comedian, who scores heavily in a quiet way, his stage business being devoid of all horse-play. He is ably assisted in most of his best scenes by Katherine Howland, who possesses a chic manner and sweet soprano voice, and dances with grace and daintiness. Margaret McKinney makes a pretty San Toy, and our old friend, John Peachey, in the rôle of Bobby, shows up to much better advantage than when he appeared in burlesque at Fischer's Theatre. The chorus is gorgeously costumed, and does some excellent ensemble work. Among the leading song hits are "The Six Little Wives," "The Moon," "Rhoda and Her Pagoda," and "The Chinese Soje Man." "Glittering Gloria," the much-praised Fisher & Ryley comedy production, will follow "San Toy" at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, October 31st. Isadore Rush comes as star in this piece, and will be supported by a company including Channez Olney, Lulu Loudon, George Parsons, Thomas A. Kiernan, Bert C. Clark, Wilton Heriot, J. Gunis Davis, Edward M. FAVOR, W. S. Freeman, and Irma G. Davis.

## A Popular Esmond Play.

The Alcazar's offering for the coming week is Henry V. Esmond's "The Wilderness," which was produced here by Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin. The play has humor, an engaging love-story, and is full of epigrams. The scenes depict fashionable tea-parlors in Bond Street, London, a sylvan retreat in the heart of a forest, and a typical English home in Mayfair. John Craig is cast as Sir Harry Milnor and Lillian Lawrence will be seen in a rôle that calls for emotional work. The two Sorenson children, who were in the Miller-Anglin production, will appear at the Alcazar. On October 31st will come the first local production of "Drusa Wayne," by Franklin Fyles.

## "The Messenger Boy" in Rehearsal.

Edith Mason, Kate Condon, Dora de Filippa, Thomas C. Perse, William Schuster, and Harold Foreman carry off the lyric honors in "Der Rastelbinder," which continues to draw large crowds to the Tivoli Opera House. Hartman, Welh, and Simms have good comedy parts, and the chorus acquits itself creditably. The next attraction will be the London and New York musical comedy success, "The Messenger Boy," in which Teddy Webb will have a character much on the order of the one he had in "The Toreador." Simms also is provided with a good part.

## French Patriotism at the Central.

"Paul Kauvar" will be the bill at the Central Theatre next week. Kauvar was one of the leaders of the people during the French Revolution, and his patriotism and the exciting incidents of his life furnish the material for the five-act play by Steele Mackaye. Included in the scenic effects is the wreck of a village and the burning of a church. The village is fired by a fanatic mob, and the burning of the church steeple—which ignites, blazes fiercely, and goes down to the accompaniment of a terrific explosion—is said to be highly spectacular. The cast will include all the leading members of the Central stock company.

## "Pretty Peggy" Coming.

"Arizona," Augustus Thomas's drama of army and frontier life, has been attracting large audiences at the Grand Opera House, and will continue another week. Jane Corcoran will begin an engagement at this theatre Sunday matinee, October 30th, in "Pretty Peggy," of which the New York Herald says: "Nothing of the sort has been produced here as beautifully since the days of Augustin Daly."

## The Dumonds at the Orpheum.

The Dumond Parisian Minstrels come to the Orpheum this coming week. When here before only men constituted the little band, but one of these has been dropped, and a girl, the daughter of Monsieur, the violinist, substituted. Their act is one of the best musical diversions ever brought to America. The Harvey Comedy Company, which includes Charles Rowan, Eleanor Kinsey, and George C. Harvey, will be new to this city. They will present "Wanted: A Groom," a comedietta by George C. Harvey. William J. Sullivan and Clarice Pasquelena promise a distinct novelty in their comedy song act, entitled "A Newsboy's Appeal." They impersonate the typical Bovey boy and the East Side girl. Owley and Randall, comedy jugglers, will also make their first appearance in San Francisco. They call their act "Tumbling Tom," in which Miss Randall acts as a foil to her partner. Simon and

Paris will continue their acrobatic act; Josephine de Witt, the violinist and vocalist, will change her selections; and Tschow's cats will appear for the last times; Lewis McCord and his company of comedians have been retained for a third and final week, presenting "Her Last Rehearsal." The Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will conclude the programme.

## The Open-Air Performance at Mills College.

For the pastoral production of "As You Like It" by the Ben Greet players at Mills College this (Saturday) afternoon, the woodland stage has been erected under a cluster of trees, and the broad lawn of the campus will be the auditorium. A quartet of singers will render the music. Constance Crawley will be the Rosalind, and Ben Greet will play his favorite rôle of Touchstone. In the evening, in Lissier Hall, "The Merchant of Venice" will be presented in the Elizabethan style. For those desiring to attend both performances supper will be served by the young ladies of the college at a nominal price. All this is for the benefit of the endowment fund of the institution. Tickets can be secured at Sherman, Cay & Co.'s in this city and Oakland, Lyric Hall, Paul Elder's, and also at Smith Bros. in Oakland. The one and seven o'clock broad-gauge boats connect with electric cars at Twenty-Third Avenue, Oakland, direct to the college grounds. Tickets are \$1.50 for each performance, or \$2.50 for both.

## Attendance at Beyreuth.

The Musical Courier points out some interesting facts about this year's Beyreuth attendance. Aside from the Beyreuth inhabitants themselves and transients who attended but one performance and left town immediately after, there were 8,541 visitors. Of these 7,773 were from Europe, 3,089 coming from Northern Germany, 903 from Austria, 815 from Saxony, 708 from Bavaria, 233 from Baden, 208 from Hessen, 103 from Württemberg. America furnished the largest foreign contingent, with 721 persons. Great Britain sent 654, France 340, Russia 166, the Netherlands 148, Italy 72, Belgium 64, Spain 52, Sweden 50, Switzerland 49, Roumania 26, Turkey 18, Denmark 10, Norway 8, Greece 4, and Portugal and Servia 1 each. Of course most of these 8,541 people attended several performances each, and the number of Americans who attended greatly exceeded the number tabulated, for hundreds of them living in Europe who went were numbered among the Europeans. A whole colony of Americans went from Berlin alone. The arrangement of visitors according to cities shows that the German capital led with 899; next came London with 317, while Munich (neighbor to Beyreuth) sent only 205! Vienna furnished 303, Dresden 264, Leipzig 229, Paris 226, Hamburg 192, Frankfurt 189, New York 174, Nuremberg 138, and Buda-Pesth 126.

McKee Rankin, former manager for Nance O'Neil, the actress, has failed in Boston for \$26,647, with assets at \$100. The largest creditor is Miss O'Neil, her claims for salary and money aggregating \$12,000. Miss O'Neil has recently added to her other Boston successes in "Judith of Bethulia," a scriptural tragedy by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. She appeared successfully here early in 1903 in Giacometti's "Judith."

The opening of the engagement of Edward H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe on Monday evening at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, was a brilliant affair. The dispatches say that Miss Marlowe showed increased ability as Juliet, and that Sothern's Romeo was the best that has been seen in New York for years. Norman Hackett was also in the cast, playing Benvolio.

The New York theatrical managers have risked five hundred thousand dollars on this season's forty new productions.

## Rags for Ethel Barrymore

In speaking of his new play for Ethel Barrymore recently, Charles Frohman said: "Her beautiful face, her graceful figure, and the handsome dresses she wears have all become more or less familiar to the public. She has made a great success in parts where these incidentals were necessary. Now I am going to star her in a play where she wears poor clothes instead of handsome ones. In this play of 'Sunday' she has the part of a rough Western girl, which is as far removed from anything that Miss Barrymore has before done as can be imagined. It's a sort of a sunbonnet part, with rags and dirty hands and unkempt hair. I don't imagine that the public can ever picture in its mind's eye Miss Barrymore in such a character, she has been so much identified with the other kind."

New York critics are very enthusiastic over Mrs. Patrick Campbell's work in "The Sorcerer."



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S. L. ABBOT.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital..... 300,000  
Surplus..... 235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. McPHILLY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.  
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SUMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
215 Sansome Street, Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital..... 3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve..... 400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 200,000.00  
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.

WM. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General M.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

The fragment of the interview with George Meredith which was cabled to this country, gave no proper idea of what he said. The complete interview shows that it is the woman—the girl—for whom he is concerned, not the man. He does not “fix” ten years as the period for which a limited marriage shall be permitted. He definitely says that he does not want to specify any particular time. Read exactly what one of the greatest novelists and profoundest thinkers of England has to say: “It is impossible to write fully and completely on the subject; everything which ought to be said has to be cut in half. As a result, I myself am positively sometimes accused of being obscure. Marriage is so difficult, its modern conditions are so difficult, that when you find two educated people ready and willing for it, nothing should be put in their way. The fault at the bottom of the business is that most women are so uneducated, so unready. Men, too, often want a slave, and often think that they have got one, not because the woman has not often got more sense than her husband, but because she is inarticulate, not educated enough to give expression to her real ideas and feelings. I remember a man who asked a girl to marry him. The girl, who liked him in a way, but disliked certain portions of his character, said ‘No.’ He asked her again and again, and she said ‘No,’ but could give no reason and express none of her real feelings. Therefore, when she had said ‘No,’ a certain number of times, and could think of nothing new to say, she married him. Fear of the world kept them together afterward, but if you could look into the heart of a girl like that later!—If you could lift the veil from a thousand such households and see into the hearts of the women there!”

Mr. Meredith continued: “It is a question to my mind whether a young girl married, say, at eighteen, utterly ignorant of life, knowing little, as such a girl would, of the man she is marrying, or of any other man, or of the world at all, should be condemned to live with him for the rest of her life. She falls out of sympathy with him, say, has no common taste with him, nothing to share with him, no real communication with him except a physical one. The life is nearly intolerable. Yet many married women go on with it from habit, or because the world terrorizes them. Certainly, however, one day these present conditions of marriage will be changed. Marriage will be allowed for a certain period, say ten years, or—well, I do not want to specify any particular time. The state will see that sufficient money is put by during that time to provide for and educate children; perhaps the state will take charge of this fund. There will be a devil of an uproar before such a change can be made! It will be a great shock, but look back and see what shocks there have been, and what changes have nevertheless taken place in this marriage business in the past! The difficulty is to make English people face such a problem. They want to live under discipline more than any nation in the world. They won't look ahead—especially the governing people. And you must have philosophy!—though it is more than you can hope, to get English people to admit the bare name of philosophy into their discussion of such a question. Again and again, notably in their criticism of America, you see how the English people will persist in regarding any new trait as a sign of disease. Yet it is a sign of health. A correspondence about marriage, like the present one in the *Daily Mail*, does nothing but good. The subject is kept in too much darkness. Air it! Air it! Nothing can do more good than that, and I am very glad if any words of mine can help.”

Pierre Verber, a singularly acute observer and witty writer who has recently visited this country has been writing for the Paris journals, notably the European edition of the *Herald* descriptions of things he saw and heard while in this country. One of his more recent letters concerns Newport, and we quote at length: “There is in the United States,” he writes, “a curious little corner. Within an area of a few hundred square yards are grouped villas, sumptuous houses, and chateaux, and each of these buildings belongs to a very rich owner. The poorest is many times a millionaire. That tiny corner is Newport. When you read an account of the magnificent fetes given there you imagine a big watering-place like the English seaside resorts, with palaces and fine hotels climbing an amphitheatre of hills. Newport shows nothing of that sort. The beach is quite a small one and confined to outlying rocks. There is no monster hotel, and the baths are enclosed in a kind of wooden chateau fort. The life which they lead at Newport, has little in common with our daily life at a watering place. There is no bathing here, no visiting from tent to tent and no gossip. One stays very little on the edge of the sea, the dallying in the shops is pretty nearly unknown. As excursions, we speak of them only for

a reference. Where would you make an excursion from the place? The daily life is more restrained, and, so to speak, passed more within doors than with us. There are house-to-house receptions. The pleasure, no doubt, is of the best quality, because society is not so mixed. In its aspect Newport recalls Neuilly in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne. Handsome dwellings, surrounded with small gardens, border wide, straight avenues. The paths are necessarily short. There are not quite two miles for a carriage drive. When that is ended you must go over it again. But the dwellings are of an excessive and ill-assorted richness. Every style is to be seen side by side. There is a Pompeian house, close beside a Scandinavian chalet, two paces from a Venetian structure of four stories. In all the place there is little noise; the avenues are empty. Sometimes a carriage passes at a fast trot, an automobile spins by in a whirlwind of dust, then everything relapses into that rather tedious calm which affects the life of Newport.”

“This excursion among the silent cottages of Newport had been rather a dull one if I had not been accompanied by one of the town's residents, who readily put me *au courant* with Newport's affairs. She described to me each house with malicious accuracy. Every villa was opened for me, and I discovered what a frightful nest of gossip this little spot is privileged to be. One thing was unforeseen. Nearly all the owners have deserted the ‘cottages’ they built with so much pride. Some leave them uninhabited, others let them. And all the descriptions ended with the words: ‘Mr. X— doesn't come any more to Newport.’ In such a confined area, where slander is always active, characters are soured. There are some fierce feuds of family against family. These have reached such a pitch that one doesn't dare to recognize A when B is passing, and fears to be seen talking to C when D is close at hand. The smallest invitation involves complicated calculations. It is necessary to consider whether the guests are related to the Capulets or to the Montagues, for some of the family quarrels have divided the place into four or five camps. Thus Newport is rapidly becoming untenable. At the end of five seasons you give it up. The sea itself doesn't keep to it any longer, and is receding. The men have their club, where they play for high stakes. The ladies have theirs, and play there in the same way. There is a casino, but the casino is left to the small fry, the *bourgeois*. Great steamships which sail down from Boston to New York take on board and disembark their passengers there en masse. And yet one rarely sees them go up to the city of the millionaires. A superstitious terror, one might suppose, frightens the tourists. Said my amiable friend to me: ‘It's my last season. I shan't go back there again.’ ‘Why on earth not? You are feted there by every one!’ ‘All the same, it makes me tired. There's no living there. You pass your time in playing spy, in slandering, and in being jealous of each other. It is the worst place in provincial life. If you wish to be a little free, they accuse you at once of being too free. You can't even live for yourself.’ I believe my fair companion was exaggerating; still, I admit that at Newport there is found a surprising boredom of living, a weakness of ‘making an appearance,’ and even a getting tired of common scandal.”

Wisdom speaks from Cuyahoga County, O. A youth gave his beloved a chain, a locket, a sideboard. The beloved married another man, gave the sideboard to her sister, kept the chain and locket. Youth brought and lost suit. No contract. There should be a contract, says the Hon. Levi Bauder, justice of the peace: “All young men should have a contract. I know that it is an unbusinesslike superstition that a youth should be enwrapped in love, but it should not be so. How easy to give her the paper and invite her to sign it as a sort of receipt for his good intentions. The contract should be adopted by all Cleveland youths. It would prove a notable saving in court costs, and would, besides, save many a pang to the generous souls of the givers.” The Hon. Dan Cupid will yet learn that he is not above the law.

Here is a bit of advice recently given his parishioners by a New York clergyman: “A young woman should not allow a young man to call upon her longer than six months. If he does propose marriage at the end of that time, she should dismiss him, or if she fails to do so her parents should. Too long acquaintance and ‘keeping company’ prejudice the interests of a girl. It gives her friends a chance to talk about her and prejudice her morals.”

The Chicago *Tribune* has recently made a very interesting and instructive canvass of the fighting women of the Windy City—those whose physical combats with their husbands, neighbors, or others bring them into the notice of the police. The weapons employed by these Chicago amazons cover a wide

range, and include many articles that were never intended for warlike purposes. The *Tribune*, it seems, made another canvass of the same kind four years ago, and then discovered that the nursing-bottle appeared to be coming into use as an effective method of doing up a friend. The recent investigation, however, has shattered such hopes, for in 1904 not one of these infant-raisers has been employed as a war-club. The broomstick, it may be seen from the following list, easily holds first place as a favorite weapon, and proves that the Chicago woman is a good housewife, else she would not have this article so handy as she must have on all occasions when trouble arises. Here is the list of weapons and the number of times they have been used: Broomsticks, 213; table knives (all kinds), 131; stove-lid lifters, 87; rolling-pins, 57; plates and dishes, 80; hat-pins, 34; hair-brushes and hand-mirrors, 71; mops, 26; revolvers, 69; flat-irons, 37; curling-irons, 23; umbrellas and parasols, 80; shoes and slippers, 13; scissors, 9; forks, 6; hooks, 17; potato-mashers, 27; riding-whips, 16; gas-lighters, 8; saucepans, 7; facial cream cases, 13; carpet-beaters, 10; laundry soap, 10; fresh and salt fishes, 5; meat-grinders, 3; teapots, 2; total, 1,004.

“Old Kirk Whisky.”

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotaling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. fall.	State of Weather.
October 13th....	60	54	.26	Pt. Cloudy
" 14th.....	68	56	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 15th.....	62	54	Tr	Pt. Cloudy
" 16th.....	68	56	.00	Clear
" 17th.....	70	58	.00	Clear
" 18th.....	70	54	.00	Clear
" 19th.....	74	56	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 19, 1904, were as follows:

	Shares.	BONDS.		Closed	
				Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.					
C. T. 5%.....	8,000	@ 81½			81½
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	9,000	@ 99— 99½		99½	
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	15,000	@ 116		116	
North Shore Ry 5%.....	3,000	@ 101— 101½		101½	
Oakland Transit					
Con. 5%.....	7,000	@ 102½—103		103	
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%.....	2,000	@ 120½		120½	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.....	1,000	@ 105		104½	105½
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	104,000	@ 100		100	101
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5%.....	3,000	@ 118		118	
S. V. Water 6%.....	25,000	@ 104— 104½		104½	
S. V. Water 4%.....	1,000	@ 100½		100½	
S. V. Water Co.					
Gen. 4%.....	11,000	@ 99		99	100
STOCKS.					
Water.		Shares.	Closed		
			Bid.	Asked	
S. V. Water 5%.....	1,210	@ 39— 40	39½	40½	
Banks.					
Bank of California	45	@ 424— 425			
Mutual Savings....	75	@ 100		100	
Street R. R.					
California St. C. R.	45	@ 199½		198	
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. S. ....	355	@ 67— 67½		67	
Honokaa S. Co. ....	85	@ 15½— 15¾		15¾	
Hutchinson.....	420	@ 10		9¾	10½
Makawell S. Co. ....	255	@ 28½—		28½	29
Onomea Sugar Co. ....	75	@ 29½— 29¾		29¾	
Paauhau Sugar Co.	395	@ 15½— 15¾		15¾	
Gas and Electric.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	10	@ 60—		60	
P. F. Gas & Electric	3,820	@ 56— 62		58½	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers....	650	@ 101½— 102		108	
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	55	@ 83— 83½		82¾	
Pacific States Tel. ....	100	@ 114— 116		113½	114½

The business in the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending October 19th shows a large increase in the volume of transactions.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was sold down six points to 50 on sales of 3,820 shares, but at the close sold up to 58½, and closed in good demand at 58½ bid.

Alaska Packers Association broke badly, selling of twenty-five points to 101½; at the close the stock reacted to 109½, on small sales, closing at 108 bid.

The sugars have been quiet, with narrow fluctuations, and have about held their own in price.

Bank of California was quoted at 424-425 on sales of 45 shares.

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, selling up to 40, a gain of one and a quarter points, closing strong at 39½ bid, 40½ asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



WIDELY  
IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED

THE GENUINE

**Murray & Lanman's  
Florida Water**

The Perfume of Perfumes.  
REFRESHING, DELIGHTFUL.

Without exception the best  
Toilet Water in the World.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR  
MURRAY & LANMAN'S  
AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO.  
OF LONDON

Established 1782.

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

Providence Washington Ins. Co.  
OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

PELICAN ASSURANCE CO.  
OF NEW YORK

GEORGE E. BUTLER,  
General Agent,

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 1848)

200 PINE STREET.

The Reason Why

So many San Francisco houses advertise in the *Oakland Tribune* is because it reaches thousands of families who depend entirely upon the *Tribune* for all the news of the day.

THE  
Argonaut  
CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	5.10
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argo.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald.....	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine.....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion.....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Chicago automobile on a rampage skipped the sidewalk, and took a header into a basement cobbler-shop, turning a few somersaults, and finally stopping, sputtering, with its wheels revolving in the air. The old cobbler was found jammed into a corner of the shop, unharmed, but dazed. "What did you think it was?" his rescuers asked. "I thought," he gasped, "dot it was a customer vat was mad about hees shoes!"

A London lady who tried to climb over a stile the first day of her country vacation, certainly thought she had left London a couple of hundred miles away; but she rather wished, all the same, that the country was not so densely populated, and she turned an appealing look upon the rustic gafer who insisted on watching her climb. A broad grin spread over his countenance as he caught her meaning. "Lor, bless ye, mum, don't be shy before me!" he adjured her; "I was a hus conductor for fifteen years!"

The house in Portland, Me., where Longfellow was born, is now a tenement in the poorer part of the city, mostly inhabited by Irish. A few years ago a teacher in Portland was giving a lesson on the life of the poet. At the end of the hour, she began to question her class. "Where was Longfellow born?" she asked. A small boy waved his hand vigorously. When the teacher called on him, his answer did not seem to astonish the rest of the class, but it was a cold shock to her. "In Patsy Magee's bedroom," he said.

An irascible old colonel, who used to play golf at Sandwich, which is on the river Stour, had a habit, common with many, of blaming everybody but himself for his bad strokes. Finally one day, becoming badly bunkered, he first took mighty vengeance on the turf with his club; then, glaring around in expectation of the usually friendly comments, and nobody saying anything, he blurted out: "How the devil can you expect a man to play decent golf on these cursed links with ships passing up and down the channel?"

James Jeffrey Roche was having a chat with President Roosevelt in the White House recently, when the telephone began to ring. There seemed to be nobody at hand to answer it, so the President performed the duty himself. The visitor says that this conversation took place: "Well, what is it?" "Hello, is Archie there?" "No, he's not." "Who's this I'm talking to?" "The President." "Well, you'll do. Tell Archie to come over and play ball." And the President proceeded to execute the order, as directed.

Miss Lola la Follette, the daughter of the governor of Wisconsin, has a ready and rather caustic wit. At a meeting held in Madison for a charitable purpose, Miss La Follette was one of those who passed through the audience with plates for contributions. A rich miser sat in a rear seat alone, and when Miss La Follette extended her plate to him, he said, grimly: "I have nothing—nothing." The young girl knew the man was wealthy, and with a little smile, she said: "Take something, then. This collection, you know, is for the poor."

A negro hack-driver in Washington was driving along the street when he encountered a funeral. A long line of coaches was behind the hearse, which was moving along at a lively rate. The negro was superstitious, and did not want to cross between the carriages in the funeral procession. He tried to drive around in front of the hearse, but could not make sufficient speed. After driving alongside the hearse for two blocks, the negro called out to the driver: "Say, boss, hold up an' let me go past. My passenger is in a hurry, and yours isn't."

On one occasion Joseph Chamberlain was invited to Liverpool to make a speech. It was to be a great celebration. The mayor, who was to preside at the meeting, had arranged a fine dinner for the guest of honor. A distinguished assembly surrounded the table, and at the right of the host sat Mr. Chamberlain. For a couple of hours the company chatted over their food, and finally the coffee was served. It was at this juncture that the mayor leaned over, and whispered to Mr. Chamberlain: "Your excellency, shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a while longer, or had we better have your speech?"

A colleague of Senator Blackburn told this story at a dinner at which the senator was to give a toast: "In his younger days, Mr. Blackburn was very chivalrous. Asked by a friend to second a duel, he readily consented. At sunrise the parties met at the appointed place. It was Mr. Blackburn's duty to say the last words about the terms of the duel. "And, gentlemen," continued the speaker, "do

you know that duel never took place?" A murmur of "Why not?" went around the table. "For a very simple reason," said the colleague: "when Joe finished speaking it was too dark for a duel."

The appointment of Sir F. Bertie as British ambassador to Paris recalls a story told of the late Queen Victoria. When assistant under-secretary for foreign affairs, Mr. Bertie had often to visit the queen, and used to announce his arrival by telegram. Finally, one day, Victoria is said to have remarked to him: "Mr. Bertie, I must ask you to be good enough not to sign your telegrams announcing your arrival 'Bertie,' as it makes me expect my son, and causes me disappointment."

## A Frenchman on Roosevelt.

There has just appeared in Paris, from the pen of Albert Savine, a book upon "Roosevelt Intime," which is highly complimentary to the President. The following anecdotes are literally translated:

## ROOSEVELT AIDS ONE DEACON.

During one of the sojourns which the President made each year at Farmington with his sister, Mme. Robinson, the people of the country were come to present him their homages. In the West, the distances are often long to traverse, even in that which one calls the vicinage. The President wished to carry away certain oldsters in his proper carriage.

One was arrived at the high of a hill. Roosevelt, who guided his horse by the bridle, went to remount upon his seat of conductor when he perceived the old Barber, deacon of the church methodist, occupied to pursue of his best certain cows recalcitrant, who enheaded themselves to eat the herb of a neighbor field.

"What do you there?" him demanded the President.

"I seek to chase my beasts of that field."

"I go to aid you."

And the President legged the barrier.

Putting to profit the experience which he had acquired as a raiser with his cowboys, he put himself to the pursuit of the beasts, and made them to reënter into their legal limits, not at all by the authority which the Constitution gave him, but thanks to his ability to manage the beasts with horns.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE BEET-SUGARS.

The governor attached one grand importance at the development of the agriculture, and especially of the little culture and of gardenage. Also the amendments at the laws upon the agriculture were they numerous in the legislative works of 1899 and of 1900. Roosevelt encouraged particularly the culture of the beetroot, he pushed adroitly to vote the measures against the falsification of the butters.

## ROOSEVELT AND M. LOU PAYN.

At the moment of his election, Louis F. Payn, whom in the politic world of New York one called "Lou," was Superintendent of Finances. The term of his powers arrived at the first January 1900. He desired to be renominated, for he considered that the account which had given him Roosevelt consecrated that reputation of probity which now he pretended. But Roosevelt made the deaf ear, and declared that Lou Payn ought absolutely to renounce at the Superintendence of the Finances.

The first January 1900 the new Superintendent of the Finances was confirmed and installed. Lou Payn said well to his friends that he would revenge himself, but person not of it believed one word. As for Roosevelt, he triumphed modestly and counted well at the course of his long career of Governor to renew of the analogous victories.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE HORSE THIEF.

The day when Roosevelt, who believed then to have abandoned New York without hope of return, set to pursue Fumigan and his two acolytes, he did not scarcely doubt himself that he precluded just so to his exploits to come as reformer and regenerator of the police of his natal town. That Fumigan and his accomplices had escaped the year before from the care of the vigilants, and as one had spoken very high of the to lynch them, they had provided themselves with the unique boat which the rancho possessed, and had embarked themselves upon the Little Missouri. Roosevelt aided by two of his cowboys improvised one raft. He reached and surprised the thieves, and took them in the direction of Dickinson.

Certain weeks more late, one of his prisoners engaged him, if he arrested himself at Bismarck, where he was incarcerated, to come see him at the prison that autumn.

"I shall be easy to see you again," he said to him, with a charming sentiment of equality. "I have read a good number of your sketches of the life upon the rancho in the journals, since which I am here, and they have vividly interested me."—*New York World.*

## The Youngest Baby

can readily digest and assimilate Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk because the casein, which is in ordinary cow's milk, undergoes physical alteration in the process of condensation, which makes it digestible. It brings the result which every parent is looking for, viz., strong and healthy children.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

—FOR A COMFORTABLE VOYAGE, VISIT THE Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. This ad. is worth 10% discount. Cut it out.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Port Arthur.

The Japs declare the place will fall  
In just a few days more.  
(The present year, you'll understand,  
Is 1994).—*New York Evening Sun.*

## Sonnets of Schooldays.

## SONNET OF THE THOUGHTLESS SODA CLERK AND THE IMPENDING DOOM.

He clurks inn jonezez stoar ann wenn shee goze  
inn thare fore iskream soda i suppoas  
He thinks be bass too smile att bur ann speke  
too urn thee pay jonez gives bim every weak.  
he duz nott seme to no thatt shee is mine  
butt stands ann grins like a toothpolder sine  
awl sented upp with bare oil ann colowar.  
Ude think thee kandy stoar wuz aww his own  
too sea bim boug ann alnuz here bim say  
wot wil thee littul lady have toodday.

i thott att first ide hitt bim butt u sea  
ide gett in jale fore salten battary  
ann shee wode be alloan ann he mite tri  
too thro a kis att bur wenn ime not ni.  
so i have kepp mi temper wenn hede pass  
in frunt uv us ann look intoo thee glas  
ann brush his hare befor he wentt too gett  
over iskream soda fore uss. butt ubett  
thatt biumbi thee day wil kum wenn he  
wil wisht beed bin moar thottful abowt me.

fore i am saven every sent i gett  
Too bi owt jonezez stoar. ile own itt yett.  
i saven tenn sense lass weak ann every day  
ile tri to putt a sent ur too away.  
ann wenn ive got itt awl ann nede no moar  
ile tell ole jonez ive kum to bi thee stoar  
Ann thenn ile fire thatt clurk so doggon quick  
beel think beez bin struck bi a thowsand brick.  
he smiles att bur ann never seems too sea  
thee viper thatt is been nursed in me.

—J. W. Foley in Life.

## Ye Country Editor Touches the Lyre.

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber,  
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year;  
Who lays down his money and offers it gladly,  
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer!  
Who never says, "Stop it, I can not afford it."  
Or, "Am getting more papers now than I can read."

But always says, "Send it, I read it, and like it,  
And can't do without it—it's just what I need."  
How welcome he is when he steps in our sanctum,  
How he makes our hearts thro!  
How he makes our eyes dance!  
We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him,  
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

—Booneville Courier.

## Wireless Telegraphy Advertised.

The Honolulu Independent contains the following advertisement:

## FROM HILO

—TO—

## HONOLULU

—AND—

## ALL WAY STATIONS

Telegrams can now be sent from  
Honolulu to any place on the Islands  
of Hawaii, Maui, Lanai, and Mo-  
lokaui by

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPH

Call up Main 131—That's the Honolulu of-  
fice. Time saved, money saved. Minimum  
charge \$2 per message.

HONOLULU OFFICE, MAGOON BLOCK,  
UPSTAIRS.

## BOOTH'S DRY GIN

FOR  
COCKTAILS,  
FIZZES  
AND  
RICKEYS

Commands the  
highest price  
in London and  
is recognized  
as the Best Dry  
Gin the world  
over.

## HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## THE CALL

Has the Largest and Best Home  
Circulation.

THE SHORT-STORY service in the magazine  
section of the SUNDAY CALL is unsurpassed. There  
are also numerous chatty articles, by the best writers,  
on topics of interest to everybody.

The PICTURES given away with the SUNDAY  
CALL, absolutely free of charge, are art gems, and  
are framed, preserved, and sold in nearly every art  
store. All this in addition to a superior news service,  
both local and foreign.

Subscriptions—Daily and Sunday, by carrier, 75 cents  
per month. Yearly by mail, \$5.00. Sunday edition  
\$2.50 per year. The Weekly, \$1.00 per year.  
JOHN MCNAUGHT, JOHN D. SPRECKELS,  
Manager, Proprietor.

# Centmeri Gloves

## 109 Grant Avenue

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9.30 A. M.

Philadelphia.....Nov. 5 | New York.....Nov. 19  
\*Finland.....Nov. 12, 10 a.m. | St. Paul.....Nov. 26  
\*Calling at Dover for London and Paris.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....Nov. 5, 10 a.m. | Haverford.....Dec. 3, 10 a.m.  
Merion.....Nov. 19, 10 a.m. | Friesland.....Dec. 17, 10 a.m.

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.

Minneapolis.....Nov. 5, 3.30 p.m. | Menominee.....Nov. 19, 9 a.m.  
Minneapolis.....Nov. 12, 9 a.m. | Min'to'ka.....Nov. 26, 7.30 a.m.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Dominion.....Oct. 29 | Canada.....Nov. 12  
Vancouver.....Nov. 5

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.

(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10.30 a.m.

Zeeland.....Nov. 5 | Vaderland.....Nov. 19  
Finland.....Nov. 12 | Kronland.....Nov. 26

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.

Baltic.....Nov. 2, noon | Majestic.....Nov. 23, 10 a.m.  
Cedric.....Nov. 9, 10 a.m. | Baltic.....Nov. 30, 11 a.m.  
Oceanic.....Nov. 16, noon | Cedric.....Dec. 7, 10 a.m.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Nov. 17

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AZORES.

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.

From New York.

Cretic.....Nov. 3, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March, 15  
Republic.....Dec. 12, Jan. 14, Feb. 25

From Boston.

Romanic.....Oct. 29, Dec. 10, Jan. 28, March 11  
Canopic.....Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 15

First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for

Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Doric.....Wednesday, November 9

S. S. Captic.....Saturday, November 26

S. S. Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 13

S. S. Doric.....Thursday, February 2, 1905

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Afameda, for Honolulu only, Oct. 23, at 11  
A. M.

S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, Nov. 10, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Nov. 25, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco.

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Dealers in PAPER OF ALL KINDS.

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622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
By cycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

## NEW YORK

## LONDON

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Will supply you with all personal reference  
and clippings on any subject from all the papers and  
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staff of readers can gather for you more valuable  
material on any current subject than you can get in  
a lifetime.

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TERMS 100 clippings, \$5.00; 250 clipping  
500 clippings, \$20.00; 1,000 clippings



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lolita McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers N. McConnell, to Mr. Robert Stockdale Grayrigg, of Wood Broughton, Lancashire, England.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alicia Duffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Duffey, of San Rafael, to Dr. Richard Friedlander.

The wedding of Miss Eva Wesley Doyle, daughter of Mrs. James Augustine Doyle, to Lieutenant Ira Austin Smith, U. S. A., will take place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Selfridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, to Lieutenant Frederick G. Kellond, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 2615 California Street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. David McClure. Miss Elsie Dorr and Miss Florence Cole were bridesmaids. Captain James H. Bradford, U. S. A., was best man. Captain Kellond and Mrs. Kellond will reside at Vancouver Barracks.

The wedding of Miss Romilda Sbarboro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrea Sbarboro, to Mr. Guido Musto, took place at St. Mary's Cathedral on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at eight o'clock by Rev. Father C. A. Ramm. Mrs. Aida Sartori was matron of honor, Miss Bessie Bates was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Leonora Musto, Miss Elizabeth Duffey, Miss Marion Godfrey, and Miss Margherita de Vecchi. Mr. Romolo Sbarboro acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. George Panario, Dr. A. H. Giannini, Mr. William Wilson, and Mr. Remo Sbarboro. A reception and supper at the residence of the bride's parents, Washington and Laurel Streets, followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Musto have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will occupy their residence at 2312 Van Ness Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Ione Fore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fore, of Oakland, to Mr. Eugene Hewlett, took place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Oakland, on Thursday evening. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. Charles Wakeley. Miss Pauline Fore was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Chrissie Taft, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Natalie Fore, and Miss Edith Gaskill. Dr. A. W. Hewlett acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Thomas Bishop Allen, Mr. Chickering H. Huntington, Mr. Albion Whitney, and Mr. Arthur Goodfellow. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1414 Franklin Street, followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Helen Francis Simons, daughter of Medical Inspector Manly H. Simons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simons, to Ensign Frank O. Branch, retired, U. S. N., took place at St. Peter's Church, Mare Island Navy Yard, on Saturday. The ceremony was performed at noon by Chaplain A. A. McAlister, U. S. N. Miss Theodora Simons was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Emily Bernard Simons and Miss Sarah Spaulding Simons. Paymaster McGill R. Goldsborough, U. S. N., acted as best man, and the ushers were Paymaster Ignatius T. Hagner, U. S. N., and Midshipman Martin K. Metcalf, U. S. N. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents followed the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Emily Adams, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. George C. Adams, to Mr. Henry Cheever Bowman, took place on Wednesday morning at the First Congregational Church. The wedding was performed at half-after nine o'clock by the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman have gone south on their wedding journey, and on their return will reside at 3012 Pierce Street.

The wedding of Miss Delmas Walter, daughter of Mrs. Carrie Stevens-Walter, of San Jose, to Mr. Herbert Martin, son of Mrs. Camilo Martin, took place in Fresno on October 14th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McCarthy.

The wedding of Miss Miriam Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, to Lieutenant Clydes S. Macey, U. S. N., took place in Grace Church, New York, on Monday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles L. Walkley, assistant rector of Grace Church.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore will make her formal debut at a tea to be given by her parents at their residence, 2414 Broadway, on October 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton will give a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Katherine Dillon and Miss Gertrude Dutton.

Miss Flora Draper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. M. Draper, will make her formal debut at a dinner dance to be given by her parents at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday, October 26th.

Charles Stetson Wheeler and Miss will give a tea at their residence, 3700

Washington Street to-day (Saturday). They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Joseph M. Flint, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mrs. Henry B. Montague, Mrs. William A. Magee, Mrs. Alexander Baldwin, Mrs. A. M. Grim, Mrs. Julius Weber, Mrs. Fairfax Wheelan, and Miss Elsie Sherman.

Miss Nathalie Coffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, will make her formal debut at a tea to be given by her parents at their residence, 2550 Broadway, on October 29th.

Mr. James D. Phelan will be the guest of honor at the fall jinks to be given at the Bohemian Club on October 29th. Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald will be responsible for the literary features.

Miss Pearl Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin gave a theatre-party at the Columbia Theatre on Saturday evening, followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel.

A hop was given at the Presidio on Monday evening complimentary to the officers and ladies of the Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mr. Edward M. Bray gave a dinner on Saturday evening at his residence in Fruitvale in honor of Commander Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. A., and Commander Louis Gomez, of the Chilean training ship *General Baquenedo*.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl will give a tea at the Palace Hotel on October 29th in honor of Mrs. Frederick Kohl.

A hop was given by the United States army officers at Angel Island on Tuesday evening.

The Sequoia Club held its first "at home" at its club-rooms, in the Hotel St. Francis, on Tuesday evening. A number of pictures by L. Maynard Dixon was an attraction.

## Mrs. Buckingham's Shakespearean Readings.

Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, whose talents as a dramatic reader have so often been given to the cause of charity, will make her debut as a public reader at Lyric Hall on Tuesday night, and will appear again Saturday afternoon. She will read Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth," in costume. Appropriate music will be rendered between the scenes. Tickets may be secured on Monday and Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the rest of the week at Lyric Hall. The price of seats is \$1.00. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. Julius C. Reis, Mrs. J. C. Morong, Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. J. Hemphill, Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. J. C. Martel, Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, and Mrs. John H. Jewett, besides the presidents of the Century, Browning, Channing, Sorosis, Outdoor League, California, Sketch, Ebell, Forum, Philomath, and Cap and Bells Clubs. As Mrs. Buckingham has always been an active member and earnest worker in many of these clubs, a crowded house will doubtless greet her at each recital.

William M. Lent, the last survivor of the party of pioneers that came to San Francisco on the *Oregon*, arriving in 1849, died at his residence, Eddy and Polk Streets, on Monday. The deceased was a native of New York City, and was eighty-six years of age. While in San Francisco he was engaged in mining operations and the commission business. He was a member of the legislature in the later fifties. Three children—Eugene Lent, Mrs. Fanny Lent, and George H. Lent—survive him.

From the time one leaves Mill Valley, going up Mt. Tamalpais, a succession of beautiful views is revealed, and when one reaches the top of the mountain, there is spread out at the feet such a variety and extent of scenery as can not be duplicated anywhere else. The Tavern of Tamalpais affords rest and entertainment for the traveler.

The California Jockey Club's racing season will begin on November 12th. The opening handicap, with \$60 to start, \$10 forfeit, and \$2,000 added, will inaugurate what promises to be a very successful season. The stakes close on October 24th.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Palmer (*nee* Mason), now residing in Calcutta, India, has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Eleanor Robson's excellent work in Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," has made her the most talked-of actress in London at present.

## Fashion in Champagne.

Speaking of champagne, our New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering places, is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon-vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet, but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life. —*The Caterer*.

## Celebrated "Knox" Hats

prescribed by Eugene Korn, the latter, 746 Market.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Sousa's Farewell Concert.

John Philip Sousa and his world-famous band have been crowding the Alhambra Theatre at every performance this week. Their programmatic have covered a wide variety of operatic selections and classical numbers, many of them new to San Francisco, interspersed with generous encores in the form of stirring marches composed by the popular bandmaster himself and rendered under his baton with a dash, a rhythm, and a brilliancy which no other hand is able to give them. For his final concert on Sunday evening, Sousa will offer the following programme:

Symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," Liszt; cornet solo, "Valse Brillante," Clarke, Herbert L. Clarke; suite, "In Foreign Lands" (Spain, Germany, Hungary), Moszkowski; valse for soprano, "Mireille," Gounod, Miss Estelle Liebling; prelude to "Parsifal," Wagner; "Second Rhapsody," Liszt; "The Flatterer" (new), Chaminade; march, "Jack Tar," Sousa; violin solo, "Czardas," Hubay, Miss Jessie Straus; airs from "El Capitan," Sousa.

## First Kopta Quartet Concert.

The first concert by the Kopta Quartet, consisting of Wenzel Kopta, first violin; Charles Heinsen, viola; John E. Joseph, violin; and Adolph Lada, violincello, with Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt at the piano, will be given at Lyric Hall on Sunday afternoon, October 30th, at three o'clock. The success of the concerts given by this organization last year will undoubtedly be repeated. Six concerts in all will be given. The programme for the first one is as follows:

String quartet, No. 12, Mozart; string quartet: (a) andantino from op. 1, Svendsen, (b) scherzo, op. 6, Corsanego; piano quintet, op. 5, Sinding.

At the second concert to be held November 13th, the programme will be made up of selections from Beethoven, Schubert, Dvorak, and Tchaikowsky. Seats are 75 cents and \$1.00, and the subscription ticket for the six concerts is \$5.00. Students' single tickets are 50 cents, or \$2.50 for the six concerts.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society is the name of a new music club which will give a series of concerts at the Hotel St. Francis during the winter, on the style of the famous Waldorf-Astoria concerts, under the management of Mr. Bagly. The concerts here will be directed by our local impresario, Will L. Greenbaum. Owing to the limited size of the ball-room, the number of tickets will be only four hundred. Gadsby will be the first offering.

The concert given at 127 Presidio Avenue on the evening of October 14th by the Pianistic Club as a testimonial to its leader, R. Luchessi, was largely attended. The programme was made up of vocal, piano, and string music, and was not only well selected but artistically rendered.

## Humorists at Sagamore Hill.

George Ade, fabler, humorist, and playwright, visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay recently. He was in company with Harry B. Taber, the writer of jingles, who had made the acquaintance of the Roosevelt family through reciting nonsense verses at the White House, and who had been asked to bring Mr. Ade on the visit here recorded. "I told the President as soon as I got into the house that I hadn't any business there," reported the humorist in an interview, "and the President welcomed me, and said, 'Mr. Ade, I am always glad to see a man who has no business here.' The visitors had luncheon with the President and his family. Mr. Ade told stories, and Mr. Taber recited verses, and all the children and the guests as well, as Mr. Ade put it, had 'the best time ever.' One of the limericks which the visitors left at Sagamore Hill was this:

"A tutor who tooted the flute,  
Tried to tute two tooters to tute;  
They said to the tutor,  
'Is it harder to tute or to tutor two tooters to tute?'"

Among the stories Mr. Ade told the President was one of two Indians, a Roosevelt man and a Parker man, who were discussing the candidates.

"Well," said the Roosevelt man, "I never seen this here fellow Parker, and I never heard him speak, but, judgin' from the accounts that I've read of his doin's, he's jest about the sort of a chap the folks would take to a Sunday-school picnic to hang up the swing for the children."

An eight-story building of brick and steel is to replace the row of low frame buildings which extend along Sansome Street from Clay to Merchant. The cost will be about \$130,000.

SOCIETY ENGRAVERS OF VISITING CARDS, wedding invitations, announcements, dies, and crests, Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

—WISE TRAVELERS GO TO THE TOURIST OUT-LETTING CO., 227 Montgomery St. Present this ad, and you get 10% discount off plainly marked prices.

# Pears'

"A cake of prevention is worth a box of cure."

Don't wait until the mischief's done before using Pears' Soap.

There's no preventive so good as Pears' Soap.

Established in 1789.

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This cemetery has natural beauty, and is conducted under the Lawn system. Family plots can be purchased from 50 cents up to \$1.25 per square foot, according to location.

Owing to this cemetery being a permanent place for burial, this feature alone should appeal to the people of the City and County of San Francisco.

Any and all inquiries regarding prices and lots will be supplied on application to

MT. TAMALPAIS CEMETERY,  
San Rafael, Marin County

or at 617 Parrott Building,  
San Francisco.

## REST A FEW DAYS

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Hotel Vendome  
SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

## A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

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J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

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Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are in New York, where they will meet their daughters, Miss Hazel King and Miss Genevieve King, who are returning from Europe.

Mr. Clarence Follis expects to depart within a fortnight for an eighteen-months' trip abroad.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman returned on Saturday from their visit to St. Louis.

Mr. John Lawson was a recent visitor to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer departed on Thursday for St. Louis. They will visit New Orleans before returning home.

Miss Mollie Dutton and Miss Azalea Keyes returned on Saturday from their trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond have taken the Pacific Avenue apartments recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gray have departed for St. Louis. They will stop at Denver on their return trip. Mrs. Gray will remain there until Christmas.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Miss Gertrude Hyde-Smith, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith have taken the Coxhead residence on Green Street for the winter.

Mrs. H. Zeile and Mr. J. Zeile were recent visitors at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Thomas Magee and Miss Catherine Magee sailed from New York for England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. Thomas McCaleb was among the week's visitors at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Edgar F. Bowen will depart in a few days for the East. She will spend the winter in Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson expect to leave early on December for a trip to Europe.

Miss Jennie Blair is in St. Louis.

Lord Herbert Vane Tempest and Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, who have been spending a few days here and at Del Monte, departed on Sunday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller were in New York when last heard from.

Mrs. Atherton Macondray and children arrived from the Philippines on the transport *Logan* Monday.

Mrs. William F. McClung and Miss Gladys McClung departed on Wednesday for Annapolis, where they will make their home with Lieutenant Frederick Horne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Horne.

Dr. Arnold Genthe arrived in New York from Europe Saturday. He is expected home on Monday.

Mr. Thomas Flint, of San Juan, is at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. James Gerstley, of London, is the guest of Mr. Fred Gerstley, of 1211 Hyde Street.

Mr. Tom Hill, the veteran artist, left Wawona, his summer home, on Saturday last, and arrived on Monday evening at Raymond, where he will spend the winter.

M. Pierre de l'Estolle, of France, has been the guest for a few days past of Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Harrison have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson and Miss Marion R. Wilson have reached London on their way homeward.

Mr. Moton D. Moss and family, of London, have taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mrs. Warren Olney and Miss Ethel Olney, of Oakland, have departed for Europe, where they will remain for several months.

Mr. Clinton G. Smith, of the United States Bureau of Forestry, and Mr. O. P. Cook, of the United States Horticultural Department, were among the recent guests at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Dennis Arnold have taken apartments at St. Dunstan's for the winter.

Mrs. Thomas Selby and Miss Annie Selby have returned from Menlo Park, and have taken a residence at Washington and Fillmore Streets for the winter.

Miss Florence Lane departed on Wednesday for St. Louis, and from there will go to Bedford, Ind., to spend the winter with relatives. She will return in the spring.

Mr. C. H. Markham returned on Wednesday from Chicago.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Bryant, Mrs. S. Anspacher, Miss C. K. Wyckoff, Mr. E. H. Kinney, Mr. G. W. Bauer, Mr. J. A. McGee, Mr. G. S. McGee, Mr. F. H. Silva, Mr. M. Silva, and Mr. T. A. Bell.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Captain and Mrs. de Chair, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Craig Herberston and Miss Herberston, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Leodovic Phillipe, of England, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, of New York,

Captain and Mrs. Bell, of London, Mr. H. H. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishacker, Mr. and Mrs. S. Rinaldo, Mrs. George Geddes, Mrs. Willies E. Davis, Dr. Ramsey, of Australia, Mr. W. E. Knight, Mr. N. A. Goodwin, Dr. C. L. Morgan, Mr. J. F. Powers, Mr. Sydney A. Davis, and Mr. D. Sharon.

## Army and Navy News.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., recently appointed to relieve General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A., of the command of the Department of California, arrived on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Moore and Miss Moore, and has assumed his duties. The division headquarters have been removed from the Phelan Building to the Grant Building, Seventh and Market Streets.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Trille and Mrs. Trille have returned from Pacific Grove, and are occupying their residence on Fillmore Street.

Rear-Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., will be placed upon the retired list on Tuesday.

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., is expected home within a few days. The Misses Stephenson will remain in the East.

Captain Louis H. Bash, U. S. A., arrived from the Philippines on Monday.

Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Captain Reginald Nicholson, U. S. N., has gone East. She will spend most of the winter in Washington, D. C.

Captain E. D. Taussig, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the training ship *Independence* to the command of the battleship *Massachusetts*.

Lieutenant-Commander John J. Knapp, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the United States naval transport *Solace* as navigator, is expected to arrive within a day or so from St. Louis, accompanied by Mrs. Knapp.

Miss Katherine Glass has returned from the Philippines, and is with her parents, Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U. S. A., and Mrs. Glass, in Berkeley.

Major R. C. Van Vliet, U. S. A., detailed to conduct the departmental athletic tournament which will take place at the Presidio on November 17th, 18th, and 19th, has completed the programme of the exercises. The programme provides for some contests of a distinctly military character, including wall-scaling, rough riding, and exciting feats by the light field artillery. There will also be races and baseball and football games.

Mrs. McCalla, wife of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Miss Stella McCalla have gone East, and will visit New York and Washington, D. C.

The Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., departs on Saturday for Fort Leavenworth.

Mrs. Miller, wife of Lieutenant W. G. Miller, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island from Lake Tahoe.

Surgeon Henry T. Percy, U. S. N., and Mrs. Percy are the guests at Mare Island of Captain Benjamin F. Tilley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Tilley.

Lieutenant Frank B. Upham, U. S. N., and Mrs. Upham returned from the Orient on the transport *Logan*.

Mrs. A. W. Bacon and Miss Alice Bacon are the guests at Mare Island of Mrs. Pope, wife of Colonel Percival Pope, U. S. M. C.

## Departure of the Yosemite Guard.

Troops C and D, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., left Wawona on Saturday under command of Captain Willard H. McCormack, U. S. A., and will arrive at Monterey on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, and leave on November 3d for Fort Riley. The officers, besides Captain McCormack, are Lieutenant Frederick M. Jones, Lieutenant Frederick J. Herman, Lieutenant Henry F. Pipes, Medical Department, Lieutenant C. Emery Hathaway, Lieutenant Edmund H. Buchanan, Lieutenant Stephen W. Winfree, and Dr. Samuel Glasson, Jr. All these proceed with the troops, except Lieutenant Pipes, who sails on the *Sherman* for the Philippines on November 1st. Lieutenant Pipes, in addition to other duties, has acted as curator of the arboretum since the retirement of Major Bigelow. The duties of this command have been onerous, and it has succeeded, in driving off the reservation many thousands of sheep—the four-footed locusts, as Muir calls them—and other marauders, in building bridges and trails, and in creating an arboretum that has added much beauty and interest to Camp Wood.

Mr. Alfred McKinnon leaves for New York Saturday, October 22d, in the interest of A. P. Hotaling & Co., with whom he has been connected for some time as manager of the advertising department. He will be away for a month, and expects to come back by way of the St. Louis exposition.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

## Benjamin C. Blodgett, Mus. D.

ORGANIST OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, will receive a limited number of pupils in piano and organ playing and composition, at his studio in this city. Address box 246, Stanford University.

## An Excellent Exhibit.

Theodore Wores, who recently returned from a long visit to Spain, is exhibiting the result of his work there at G. K. Claxton's Art Gallery, 213 Post Street. He shows over sixty pictures of the gardens of Granada and other scenes in Spain. Those who have followed Mr. Wores's work will be especially pleased with this collection, which represents the best he has done. There is not a mediocre picture in the lot, and most of them are of rare excellence. Spain is a bright, colorful country, and Mr. Wores has succeeded in interpreting it most faithfully. His paintings glow with warm, bright, mellow tints, and are full of that intangible, seldom attained quality, "atmosphere." Many of his pictures are of gardens, or corners of gardens, others are of buildings, or quaint bits of the Alhambra. There are many landscapes in the collection, and all are masterful in their distance, composition, and coloring. One, in particular, "Moonlight in the Alhambra," has the effect, so often observed in Spain, of a melting together of sky and buildings. In "Morning on the Guadaira," equally beautiful results have been obtained. And, with all the color that Mr. Wores has thrown into his work, it is singularly free from anything that even suggests garishness. The pictures have been hung and lighted most skillfully, and are in surroundings thoroughly in accord with their artistic worth. It is undeniably the best exhibit recently held here, and is a demonstration of skill in so arranging paintings that their full value will be shown.

## Interviewing John Drew.

A writer for the New York *Herald* has been interviewing John Drew. He confesses that it is a hard task, and says that, although always playing brisk, breezy, loquacious parts, Drew is, in private life, a most serious and silent man. The following extract from the article will give some idea of the difficulties the interviewer had to contend against:

"Do you like this rôle of the Duke of Killcrankie?" was asked.

A long pause.

"Yes, very much." (Mr. Drew folded his hands and looked earnestly at the green paper on the wall.)

"Do you like it as well as any part you ever played?"

A long pause.

"Oh, yes, indeed." (Mr. Drew looked calmly and pleasantly right in the eye of the camera.)

"What scene in the play do you like best?" This pause was painfully long. It was almost a stage wait.

"I should think that my best scene was after the supper in the second act." (Mr. Drew unfolded his hands and looked earnestly out of the window, where there was nothing to see but a column of smoke and the angular top of an adjacent sky-scraper.)

"Have you any ambition in your profession that you have not yet achieved?"

During the regular ensuing pause, Mr. Drew first looked astounded, then frightened, then amused.

"That is certainly invidious."

"Undoubtedly, but have you?"

After carefully thinking the matter over, Mr. Drew brought his gaze back to the room again, and said: "Yes, I think I have."

"What is it?"

Deep thought followed.

"To be a better actor."

This extract explains why it was that the "interview" occupied less than a third of the article, the remainder of which was filled up with extracts from the play.

The Ben Greet players will return here for one week before going East, and produce the miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem," adapted and arranged from thirty old plays by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California. The opening performance will be November 28th, and will be for the benefit of the Channing Auxiliary.

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# The Argonaut.

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"No case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney—" to such counsel of desperation have the managers of the Democratic national campaign at length been brought by the irresistible logic of events. Mr. Cortelyou, who, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, may be said to be presenting the "case" of President Roosevelt to a jury composed of the voters of America, finds himself the target for vilification and abuse. The reason is not far to seek.

When this campaign began, the Democrats told us

that the sole issue was Roosevelt. The deeds and character of Roosevelt were the matters over which the campaign was to be waged, the battle fought. With such expectations, the Democrats opened up the contest. In shocked tones they portrayed to the people the horrors of militarism, with its "large standing army." They pointed to Germany and France as horrible examples. Strangely, however, their words seemed to fall upon stony ground. The voters appeared to take not the slightest interest. A standing army of sixty-odd thousand men (one soldier for every eleven hundred people) seemed to be cause of alarm to no one. Then the Democratic press changed its tactics. It began to talk of Roosevelt's flourishing of the "big stick"; of the alleged fact that he was regarded abroad as a man who might endanger the world's peace. But this argument, too, appeared to wake no enthusiasm in the bosom of the independent voter. And when the Peace Congress assembled, and its most honored delegates spoke of President Roosevelt's vast service in promoting the cause of peace, the Democratic journals began to think it wise to cease this line of attack ere their readers impeached their sanity. To the charge of extravagance in Mr. Roosevelt's administration, the President's question, Where would you begin to cut?—rural free delivery? army? navy? irrigation? Panama Canal?—has been more than adequate. A spasmodic attempt, here and there, by Democratic journals, to prove that the party which denounces "protection as robbery" should have an opportunity to work its will with a tariff that has brought unexampled prosperity, has met with such a chilly reception that it has been quickly discontinued. On the Philippine question, the Democrats are hopelessly divided. In every direction that they turn the Democratic protagonists find themselves confronted by a stone wall, a barrier hopeless to penetrate and impossible to scale. And since even the managers of the Democratic campaign are too wise forever to strive (as Chaucer says) "as doth a crocke with a wall," the last month has seen the abandonment of attempts to make any of these issues paramount and a concentration of fire on "the plaintiff's attorney," George Bruce Cortelyou.

By making the issues of tariff, government expenditures, Philippines, "militarism," etc., subordinate to a question of the propriety of the acts of the chairman of the Republican committee, the strongest Democratic journals, like the New York Times, the New York World, and the Brooklyn Eagle, practically admit that they have "no case" against the administration of Theodore Roosevelt that will carry conviction to the minds of an intelligent jury, and that their only recourse, in their desperate strait, is to "abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

Nor is it such skillful abuse that it will win over any intelligent voter. It is a campaign of abuse based on venomous insinuation and outrageous falsehood. Briefly, the facts are that the New York Times, in an article headed "Buying the President," made the outright statement that it knew of a concrete instance where agents of Mr. Cortelyou had called upon the head of a large corporation and demanded campaign contributions, accompanying the demand with an insinuation that the corporation would hear from the Department of Commerce, of which Mr. Cortelyou was Secretary, if it did not liberally contribute. Called upon for place and names, the Times refuses to give them. It makes a scandalous allegation against a man upon whose name there has never been a shadow of stain, and when called upon for proof of its extraordinary statement, furnishes not a scintilla! It heads an article "Buying the President," insinuating the vilest of acts of which a chief executive could be

guilty, but brings no evidence to sustain its assertion. And in this cowardly and discreditable position are also the World and the Eagle.

It is to the credit of the independent press, whether they are favorable to the President or not, that they dismiss the venomous accusations of the Times with contempt. Horner's Weekly, which certainly is no supporter of President Roosevelt, says: "When asked whether we believe that George B. Cortelyou, with the connivance of President Roosevelt, had engaged in a blackmailing crusade to satisfy the latter's lust for power, we declare, with all the emphasis at our command, that we do not." The Springfield Republican, a perfectly independent paper, takes a similar position. The Outlook says, after a thorough investigation of the facts, that the New York Times's "concrete instance" is "an absolute, unqualified falsehood." Walter Wellman, chief among American journalists, states his belief that the Republican campaign is entirely free from any bargaining or understanding with the trusts. The Independent says that "the purely circumstantial evidence" adduced by the Times "has no force with those who really know the President and the chairman." The Tribune, partisan, of course, denominates the Times "a common libeler," and this seems none too vigorous an epithet.

In its blind eagerness to make out a case, the Times has thrown away a reputation for honor and sanity, being reduced to sheer defamation of character, shamelessly refusing to produce an iota of evidence. The World is no better. After forty-nine days of silence, the World admits that its elaborate story, charging the President with having had a secret interview with Mr. Morgan, at Oyster Bay, and of making, with him, a disgraceful bargain, was wholly false! The President characterized the story, at the time, as a lie, but for forty-nine days the World has permitted the public to believe, if it pleased, that the President, not the World, was the falsifier. And now, that it admits its vile story untrue, it evidently feels no remorse. Truly, these journals have dragged the campaign to a low level, and we repeat that by making the questions of tariff, government expenditures, Philippines, "militarism," etc., subordinate to a question of the propriety of the acts of Mr. Cortelyou, they practically admit that they have "no case" against the administration of Theodore Roosevelt.

If there is one thing in this world that will drive the progressive soul mad, it ought to be the turmoil made by people when they "find things out." The inventor of some new food adulterant must feel, every night of his life, like ascending up into a high mountain, shaking his fist at the stars, and singing the ancient song about the folly of being wise. Who ever died of poison whisky in New York until some over-zealous public official scared the last wits out of a score of heavy drinkers by announcing, with due solemnity, that 85 per cent. of all whisky was a deadly poisonous compound, worth only something like a dollar a gallon instead of the legal five? And, since that publication of findings, the undertakers have toiled from the Battery to Harlem to conceal away the results of adulteration of liquors.

Here in San Francisco we see much the same thing. We were getting along very happily and contentedly. We thought the Golden Gate was truly our gate. We were quite well off. Our women were fair, and the men took care of themselves against huge odds cheerfully. But we found out. We ate of the apple of knowledge and were driven out of Eden by the flaming sword of science. Now we merely cling to the tattered hem of an outworn existence, expecting



moment to have our feeble hold relaxed (by the evil effects of some adulterant), and our miserable lives extinguished forever by a cloud of germs. First, the dairies were condemned. The harmless milk, that had nourished us, became a noxious draught. The gentle cow, found out, became, as all of her sex do, when found out, a rampant menace to life and digestion. Those babes who had formerly slipped away from their mothers' arms without any fuss, now were snatched away by a cruel disease adorned with a fearful name, and the decrease in mortality was fully made up for by the agony of knowing why. And this fever of finding out has gone from one thing to another. We are told that toilet preparations have wood alcohol in them, poisonous to drink, and the mere fact that people never do drink toilet waters has simply added suspense to our misery, for no one knows when we might quaff some complexion restorer. And now they have discovered our whisky. Those jovial souls who have tipped and toppled, and gone to their reward, red-nosed, gouty, and leaving an aromatic memory, now fall incontinent before cirrhosis of the liver and acute alcoholism, brought on by adulterations of methyl alcohol. What is the good of knowing that of every hundred drinks, at least eighty-five are rank poison? We were happy before. But the busybodies have been "finding out," and now, like a small boy discovered in the jam closet, we suddenly put our hands to our "tummies" and bawl for a doctor. Give us back the old economical days when every man made his due profit by sanding the sugar. We were none the wiser, and, therefore, none the worse. And the honest shopkeeper made his living unhampered by prying officials.

If two British fishermen had got in a fight, and one had been brained with a marlinpike, and the other had suffered a fatal knife-wound, the deaths of the two would have been "worth" perhaps two lines in the London papers, and none at all in the American. But, since the two men were killed by brass-tipped bullets from machine-guns of Russian ships, their deaths have thrown into a spasm of excitement the press of the whole civilized world, and, indeed, may yet, directly or indirectly, bring about war between Russia and Great Britain. For, however the affair may be smoothed over, the offense of the Russian fleet will rankle long in British breasts. But, assuming for the present, that the incident, which is still unsettled at the hour when we write, will be satisfactorily adjusted, it is interesting to consider the prospects of the Baltic fleet. According to the best information available, the squadron is composed of seven battleships, two armored and five protected cruisers, with a complement of seven torpedo-boat destroyers, a repairing-ship, four auxiliary cruisers, six transports, two volunteer fleet ships, and a hospital-ship, making a total of thirty-five vessels of all classes. Five of the battleships are modern vessels. The other two are handicapped, one by her age, having been launched in 1891, and the other by the fact that a miscalculation in her design is said to have made her somewhat unseaworthy. Two of the cruisers are also old, dating back twenty years. The *Oleg* (6,675 tons) and the *Aurora* (6,630 tons) are new and formidable, while the remaining four are small and not boats of the highest efficiency. A writer in the *Sun* estimates the distance to Vladivostok, if the fleet goes by Suez, to be 12,700 miles, so that, assuming a speed of ten knots an hour, it would take fifty-three days on the journey. It will therefore be December, at the best, before the fleet reaches Eastern waters. If Port Arthur is able to hold out till then, it is conceivable that a junction between some of the vessels there and this fleet might be made, and, in that case, Admiral Togo might have to look to his laurels. In any event some of the vessels ought to make Vladivostok safely, and would then constitute a standing menace to Japanese commerce.

Mixed with a feeling of regret that the "Republic of Panama" should so soon be the scene of squabbles and strife, the *Argonaut* may, perhaps, be pardoned for exhibiting a trace of satisfaction that its predictions, made ten months ago, have been precisely fulfilled. In an editorial leader, of last December, we said, with all the vigor of which we were capable, that two sovereignties could not maintain themselves in harmony on the little strip of land that Panama is. As the proverb has it, "nine poor men can sleep on one pile of straw, but no country is large enough for two kings," and so (we said) there were bound to come "wretched squabbles, if not worse," between the American officials and the government of Panama. And so bad have the squabbles, in fact, become, that the President has been

obliged to send to Panama no less weighty (no pun) a person than Secretary of War Taft, with elaborate instructions and assurances of the good intention of this government. Doubtless the Secretary's persuasive ways will soothe the injured feelings of the Panamanians, but it is seriously to be doubted if amicable relations can be maintained for long where the conditions are so anomalous. We perform for Panama the most elementary governmental functions. We defend her against all comers, clean the streets of her cities, furnish them pure water, allow free passage, through the canal, of Isthmian vessels, and yet permit a "government" not only to exist, but to have \$10,000,000 to spend as it pleases. The United States government may yet find it the best policy to end this farcical situation by simply annexing the Isthmus.

Meanwhile, the Democrats are endeavoring to make political capital out of the disturbances in Panama. How futile and insincere such effort is, Secretary Hay showed in his speech on Wednesday, when he said: "In the very same breath with which the Democrats accuse us of being on the Isthmus as the result of violent robbery and treachery, they propose not only to stay there, but to go right on and reap the fruit of our infamy, by building the canal. There is no talk of restitution, no suggestion of a national penance for transgression. Nothing of the kind." The President boldly and unashamedly has given to the public a letter which, before the revolution in Panama, he wrote to Dr. Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in which he said that he would be delighted to have all difficulties in the way of the canal removed by the secession of Panama, but that he would not say a word or do anything to foment it. Not only this, but the President has also made public parts of his message to Congress, written before the secession, and afterward stricken out of the message because the revolution had taken place, in which he frankly said that if the greedy plotters at Bogota continued to obstruct, for private ends, the construction of a water-way that would alter the trade routes of two oceans, and change the geography of the world, this government would forthwith have to take the matter into its own hands. This is the American, the Roosevelt, way of doing things. It is forthright, direct, and honest. The Democrats are welcome to all the capital they can find in the issue into which a spark of life has been put by the recent disturbances in the Panama strip.

A. Garfunkel & Company, of 676 Broadway, New York City, put an advertisement in the *New York World* for a stenographer and typist, and received eight hundred and fifty answers within forty-eight hours. This fact suggests a few questions. How many answers would a man receive who should put an advertisement in the *World* for a dozen carpenters, at the current rate of wages—probably four times that paid the stenographer hired by A. Garfunkel? How many answers do housewives get who advertise for servants? Is the great number of replies that come to all who advertise for stenographers, male or female, an indication that the average intelligent American young man and young woman are afraid of hard work that soils their hands, and want places where they can wear standing collars and shirtwaists and look like "gentlemen" and "ladies"? Is this increasingly or decreasingly true? If increasingly, what will be the ultimate effect upon social ideals in this republic?

How many are the sweet English maidens and lissome American girls who have read "Man-the-Difference Between Poetry, Malay," and exclaimed: "How lovely," or "How sweet"? How many feminine readers of this poem of Kipling's have felt themselves drifting, as on a barge with silken canopies and silvered oars, into a land of beauty and poetry, spicy scents and waving palm-trees, as they read? Of course, this matter of the Burma girl, was not quite in accord with the ethics of old England or new America, but one forgot about that in the poetic haze that wrapped the lovely scene "by the old Moulmein Pagoda, on the road to Mandalay." It was poetry.

But how many fair feminine Americans have read the accounts of the suit, now in progress, brought by Lieutenant Sidney S. Burbank, U. S. A., against Mrs. Concepcion Vasquez, a negress, of Valadolid, Philippine Islands, for annulment of marriage, and have exclaimed: "How disgusting"? Burbank, it appears, went through the form of a marriage ceremony with the lady, supposing it void, but the Filipinos, whom he employed, put up a job on him, and saw to it that it was legal. Now, Burbank desires to marry an American girl, and the War Department won't let him, until he straightens things out. And about sixty other American privates and officers, who have Filipino

"wives," and whose marriages to American girls have been held up by the War Department, are watching the case with marked attention. "How disgusting!" says the American girl, who always thought army officers "nice." But this is prose.

The *Sacramento Bee*, returning to the controversy over the word "gentleman," as used in "ILLY," AND England, says: "The *Argonaut* is 'PORNOGRAPHIC' right, and the *Argonaut* is wrong. A 'gentleman,' when used by English directories, and by the average English lexicographers, has only the limited meaning given it by the *Argonaut*." The *Bee* then continues with an argument to the effect that the "literature" of England gives some support to its former contentions, despite the distressing unanimity of opinion of the "directories," the lexicographers, and the *Argonaut*. Well, we are quite content to rest our case. As to "pornographic," the *Bee* takes the curious line of defense that "it is the sheerest nonsense to say a word is necessarily used wrongly or illy (*sic!*), because it is not used in strict line with the dictionary definition." In other words, the *Bee* scorns the dictionaries. "The English language," it says, "is a thing of life, too free to be hampered by the shackles of the purists and the dictionary makers." Plainly, there is no arguing with anybody on these grounds. The *Bee's* editor is patently a blood relation of the fellow in the story, who, reproved for talking about "massacres," and confronted by Webster, "wondered how old Noah Webster could ever have made such a durned mistake." It matters not in the least to the *Bee* that "illy," which it uses (*ut supra*), is declared by the "Century" to be "not in common or good use"; by Worcester, to be "rarely used by good writers"; by Webster, to be "a word not fully approved," while, according to the "Standard," "the best writers prefer 'ill'." As the *Bee* modestly says, it is "men of brains and imagination" (like the *Bee's* editor) who have "broken away from the rules of lexicographers, snoring away in mediæval trances, and have given new wealth and new riches to the language." Yes, "illy" is, indeed, a lovely jewel, slipped by the *Bee* on the verbal string.

On December 7th, of this year, the ten years' treaty with China, under which the present exclusion laws are operative, will expire. Secretary of State Hay is now at work with the Chinese minister, Sir Cheng Tung Liang Cheng, drafting a new treaty, "which is to take the place of all existing laws." This latitude of construction has called to arms the advocates of Chinese immigration, mostly people on the Atlantic Coast, who would satisfy curiosity and feed wonder by viewing a constant procession of be-queued Celestials passing into the country. It is true that these voices from Christian America speak of "humane reciprocity," our "duty to fellow-man," and "international decency." Boston looks with horror upon an infringement of the inalienable rights of color to occupy the white man's front garden, and Philadelphia contemplates, with agony, the nightmare of "barbarous rejection of the claims of international comity."

And just when it is most important that thought should be unclouded, just when a delicate question has to be nicely balanced, the old personalities have been interjected and a certain portion of the Eastern press begins to boil wrathfully over the isolated wrongs of certain Chinese gentlemen who have had to spend a dreary night in the detention sheds, or subject themselves to an interrogatory as to their morals, business, and intentions. The great principle—discovered, it is true, by experience and not by literary reasoning—that the yellow man can not get along with the white man in industrial pursuits, is lost sight of in a tirade against the method of operation.

But it would be well for the critics of the authorities who are in charge of the enforcement of the exclusion laws, to remember that the regrettable lapses of over-worked officials are nothing compared to what would happen had not the government stepped in to prevent the natural conflict between European and Asiatic. It is possible that a pound of rudeness, at the dock, is better than an ounce of race hatred in the interior.

The *Argonaut* is willing to admit that the exclusion law is not perfectly administered. It will even go so far as to regret the occasional indignity put upon a wealthy merchant or an ambitious student. But, when it views the efforts of a persistent Chinese ring to introduce coolies into this country by the wholesale, when it sees women brought in for the vileness of slavery, when it sees a goodly proportion of the taxpayers' money going to keep within sanitary limits the habits of the Chinese quarter, when the trail of the queue is across every transaction involving industrial welfare, when it knows that every trade and occupa-

THE  
PANAMA  
IMBROGLIO.

THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN POETRY, ALAY,  
AND PROSE.

850 ANSWERS  
TO AN  
AD.

CHINESE  
EXCLUSION AGAIN  
AN ISSUE.



ion on this Coast has to resist with all its might the competition of rice-fed, cotton-clothed automatons, which can be dumped into California for \$25 a head, hen it seems as if the critics of the exclusion law had brown away the cocoanut in order to scratch themselves with the husk.

Warden J. W. Tompkins, of San Quentin, says, in his biennial report, that the making of jute bags is becoming an unprofitable industry. There is nearly \$20,000 difference in the profits between 1903 and 1904. We are glad of it. It may hasten the time when convicts in our prison are put at the always-profitable, healthy, moral, non-competitive, never-ending job of constructing good roads throughout the State of California.

Colorado is divided politically into three factions, according to the story told by Francis E. Leupp in letters to the New York *Evening Post*. One is the faction of Governor Peabody, the second is of ex-governor and candidate for governor Adams, and the third and dangerous one is that of the Western Federation of Miners. With Governor Peabody goes General Sherman Bell, the best-hated man in Colorado. Ex-Governor Adams is the hope of the Democrats, who are glad the Western Federation is crushed, but say he means used were illegal. Possibly holding the real balance is the vanquished Federation, still strong because of "persecution."

The Republicans' war-cry is "Law and Order." They point to Peabody as the man who preserved these two necessities to social existence. But the Democrats say with equal earnestness that Peabody stands for martial law and the order kept by the bayonet. And till there rises between the two the phantom of the Federation, crushed, dead, buried with thanksgiving, it still before the eyes of every man in Colorado.

The attitude of even the professional politicians is ravenously cognizant of it. While contending that Governor Peabody has used lawless means and overriden the constitution, they refrain from "personalities." They hardly whisper the word "bull-pen," and speak of the Peabodyites merely as "an oligarchy of money-making corporations." Both parties want peace as thirst wants water. Men would like to indulge in the usual hearty abuse and argument of a campaign. But behind and overshadowing the contestants rise the spectre, and party cry and call seems to drop into a mere whisper.

What will be the effect on national politics is doubtful. There is little confidence, apparently, among the Democrats and the Republicans, judging by former years, and neither side would seem to have the State well in hand. The mere fact that the Democratic leaders shew any particular reference to the transaction of the war, points to Peabody's inherent strength. He as restored peace, and every one is thankful. The weakness of his administration is the voluble Sherman tell. Mr. Leupp intimates plainly that this warrior, ruthless and high-handed, is the State issue.

Fewer persons were killed and wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness than were killed and wounded by the American railways during the years 1902, 1903, and 1904. The latter war, during the three years that it lasted, killed 2,000 British soldiers; during the same three years, the railways of the United States killed 21,847 people. Some one has figured out that for every day in the year 1902 American railways killed one passenger, eight employees, and 14 other persons, and injured 18 passengers, 114 employees, and 20 other persons. Last year, 9,984 were killed, and 78,807 were injured. Apalling as these figures sound, the passenger traffic of our railways is so large—750,000,000 annually—that passenger who boards a train has less than one chance in 750,000 of being killed. But that is too large a risk; accidents are too frequent; there is urgent need of such reform in the operation of American railways as shall bring the number of homicides due thereto down to the comparatively small rate reported by European railways. The epidemic of accidents during the last two months emphasizes this necessity.

A change of sixteen votes would make the next House of Representatives Democratic—that is the serious, sober fact that voters in California, who will cast their ballots for Theodore Roosevelt, but who are doubtful how to vote for congressman, need to weigh and consider. If California should return to Congress Wynn, Livernash, and Bell, it might alter the complexion of the House. It might make it a body that would oppose and obstruct the policies of Theodore Roosevelt rather than

a body that would carry them into force and effect. Such a result would be most unfortunate. We should be an ungrateful commonwealth, if, having a President so keenly interested in the welfare of the West, we should be the means of hampering him in his plans and policies. Nothing is said personally against Duncan E. McKinlay. He is able, well-informed, a man of high character. Mr. Hayes is a level-headed, straightforward business man. In view of the possible agitation over the Chinese question, he is just the sort of man to have in Washington, having ever been an out-and-out believer in the Exclusion policy, and never having employed Japanese or Chinese on his extensive ranches. And as we have before said, it is absurd for one of the richest and most densely populated districts in the State to send an ex-reporter and socialist to represent it. Let every Republican use both vote and influence to make it certain that California shall have a solid Republican delegation of eight in the Fifty-Eighth Congress.

Are there labor troubles ahead for San Francisco?

The *Bulletin* does not say so, the *Post* is silent, the *Call* utters no word, the *Chronicle* is dumb as the grave, and the *Examiner* vouchsafes no information. But from a recent issue of the New York *Sun*, we learn that "preparations are being made in San Francisco to throttle the walking delegate, and to establish the open-shop plan." Continuing, the article says a general lock-out is to come in January, affecting every establishment of any size; that, furthermore, emissaries of the employers' organizations are going through the country gathering men; that Herbert V. Ready is one of these, and that, to avoid suspicion, he went to Sacramento on a slow train, and thence took the Overland flyer. Further evidence that trouble impends is an eight-column article in the *Labor Clarion*, in which the writer contends that the Citizens' Alliance contemplates a war of extermination against the unions. The *Clarion* thinks now that it ought to be plain enough, "even to apologists for the alliance, like the *Argonaut*," that destruction of labor organizations is the aim and end of the alliance. Well, we shall see what we shall see.

A New Zealand surgeon has started a discussion of modern operative methods in surgery, which has awakened great wrath in the bosoms of the specialists. They resent, bitterly, this surgeon's suggestion, offered with true fraternal courtesy, that operations, such as that for appendicitis, are often performed just to be a-doing. For instance, attention is called to the removal of the appendix every time when an abdominal operation makes it easily accessible. To this, a London specialist makes the tart reply that abdominal operations "may be likened to the art of burglary. The risk is in entering the house. That safely achieved, the wise burglar is not satisfied with two spoons, but takes all the family plate." This similitude has been caught up again by the opposition, and carried on into the subject of fees. It is strongly intimated that the surgical ideal is a hollow shell with all the organs removed by operation, and the pockets inside out. The discussion will not soon die down; and, in the meantime, the suffering public will trust to the doctors. But it looks much as if some good would evolve from a fresh overhauling of experimental surgery.

The following is from the *Oakland Tribune*:

The *Argonaut* says the fourth district is the "richest and most populous in California." Possibly the richest, but not the most populous. In fact, it contains the smallest voting population of any district in the State.

Well, what difference does that make? The *Argonaut* said nothing about the fourth district's being the largest, in point of population, in California. We said it was "the most populous." If the *Tribune* will kindly consult a dictionary, it will discover that "populous" means "densely populated." "Most populous" means "most densely populated." So the fourth district is.

People view the war in the Far East with singular indifference. Persons who know all about the Battle of Waterloo, having laboriously acquired the knowledge from history, will not be at the pains of getting a clearer idea of a greater than Waterloo, like the Battle of Liao Yang or the Battle of Shakhe River. After all, it is the inconsequences of war that stick in the memory. Thousands remember that the bombardment of Santiago killed one lone mule, who could not, for the life of them, remember who was in command of the ships that bombarded. So, in the present war, we

shall probably remember that the Russians chopped down, for firewood, the lone tree that gave name to Lone Tree Hill, long after we have forgotten what part General Nodzu played in the battle that raged so fiercely about it. And so it is that the accounts of so many war correspondents go in at one ear and out another. It needs a poet to bring things home to us, an artist to describe so that we shall see. Such a one is the correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, from whose article on Liao Yang we extract these few casual passages:

An orderly rides up. We "must not go through the pass, for the enemy is in the plain and is fighting." So we tether the horses, and climb the hill by the pass, and sit in the abandoned trenches. Great battling is going on in the green plain below, and over hills to the right. It is a gentle enough spectacle, as a spectacle. Save for the hanging of the guns, the garden-like levels, and templed old city appear as quiet and calm as Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn." For diversion, we went into the valley by Elephant Hill, or "Gibraltar," to admire the fine earthworks the enemy had put up there. In one corner lay a dead Russian, puffed out and distorted. He had delicately colored silk underwear, and we knew he must have been an officer.

For two days we foreign correspondents were not officially allowed to enter the fallen city [of Liao Yang], nevertheless, some of us did so.

On the bridge across the river flowing past the walls there was a crush of Japanese soldiers. Some officers were riding through them, and the long fence-rail which was being lifted, we thought, as we came close, was a bar to our progress. But the soldiers were laughing and seemed not a guard. So we pushed on. We discovered that the rail in the hands of these laughing, gallant men in uniform, was being used to poke, and turn over, and to punch the poor, distended body of a dead Russian soldier. It drifted down stream into view, face buried, legs twisted. Below it another had caught by its blue trousers on a snag, and eddied there; above floated six more, some with blown faces, toward the wonderful little soldiers on the bridge waiting for them with a pole.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

A Letter from One "Almost a Socialist."

SAN FRANCISCO, October 18, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Robert Louis, the well-beloved, in one of his charming essays, lays down the dictum that to know what we want is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. May not the truth be applicable to communities as well as to individuals? A community is simply a collection of individuals handed together to promote the selfish interests of each of its component parts. What is good for the community is in the long run good for the individuals that compose it. So the community that knows what is good for it is the wise community, and fairly started on the road that leads to the happiness of its citizens.

We are a young community, hardly out of our swaddling clothes, and we don't know what is good for us. We're not wise. We have not even taken the first step toward wisdom. But we are preparing for our upward flight. On all sides are murmurs and strange sounds—in the street, in the halls of justice—nay, even in the editor's sanctum, and if the ear is bent carefully, this is about what we hear: "The community wants this; the community wants that. We don't want this; we don't want that." Many of us are ready to point out what is good and what is not good for the community.

Of course, the most important question thus bandied about is that of the municipal ownership of public utilities. The proponents of the movement have but to call attention to the successful workings of the experiment in other parts of the world. A success in other places—why not a success here? The opponents, on the other hand, base their opposition on the broad ground that the public ownership of natural monopolies is nothing more or less than socialism, that rank growth, as they might term it, of autocratic government. And certainly it is socialism, pure socialism.

Your paper is lined up, unconditionally, it would appear, among the opponents of socialism. For the present, just one of your indictments of the fast-spreading movement might be noticed. You are very solicitous for the preservation of individual initiative and individual effort. You do not want to be a pensioner of the government. An instructive sidelight on your position is furnished by a note in a recent *Argonaut*. It was to the effect that every year the Standard Oil Company pays out \$45,000,000 in dividends. Who pockets that immense sum?—a sum so great that none of us poor, struggling mortals who figure in paltry dollars can even begin to imagine its magnitude. The men whose efforts created it? Not the most hardened individualist in the world would answer in the affirmative. The stockholders divide up the spoils. The laborers, the men who have worked night and day, perhaps risked their lives to get the oil ready for market—was it not their efforts that created the vast wealth? How much of a dividend would there have been if the wage-earners had not done their work? Why should not those who create the wealth reap the reward? Perhaps the individualist can answer the ever-recurrent inquiries of the nature of the above, but he has failed to do so.

Individualism is a beautiful theory, but it does not pan out well in practice. As it works itself out, as it is working itself out in this country at the present time, the most unprincipled, the most cunning, cut down ruthlessly all who are not able to hold up their heads and fight in the fierce industrial struggle. Those that started with high hopes and with some inherent capital of mind and body and perhaps with a little land or coin, are soon among the stragglers in the procession. They are compelled to beg for a few crumbs from the successful, with the alternative of starving to death. Begging for the crumbs—that is, a job—means life, and the millions choose it. They don't want to die for a while. In such fashion arises the great army of wage-earners. On the other hand, are the trusts, made up of the "successful." What becomes of the boasted individual effort of the workers, of the men who initiate, but who get no reward but a small wage? There seems to be no such a thing as personal liberty for them.

Maybe it might be just as well to be a pensioner of the government as to be dependent upon the kind-hearted trust officials.

Sincerely, ALMOST A SOCIALIST.

Pickwick a Gentleman.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 22, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am interested in the letter of Mr. A. E. Ackton in your issue of October 24th.

I think Dickens did describe, at least, one true gentleman—a mind as kind and chivalrous and high-minded as can be found in fiction. I refer to Mr. Pickwick.

REEVE CHIPMAN



## LA MADRECITA.

The Tragedy that Came Through Her Sacrifice.

*La Madrecita*—so a child of few years was called.

Age is not known exactly; nor in certain miserable beings, born in neglect and brought up in poverty, is it to be guessed easily.

The little girl might be five years old, and she might be eight or more; as the spots upon her rags could not be counted, nor the rents in them, so the hours of pain, of hunger, and of misery, could not be numbered.

What are three years, more or less, in the life of a child of the street? A few more stains upon the soul, a few quiverings more through the body, and some flutterings of the heart, more or less painful.

The little girl did not seem pretty. Poverty very few times turns out Greek statues. With clay, beautiful things are fashioned; but it has to pass through the fire.

With manure and clay, adobes are made, and that is something.

The little girl was not pretty, we say again, or did not appear to be; as to the truth let any one try and find it out in this world.

Perhaps by washing her face, giving time for a few scratches to heal, combing out the tangled locks, lav- ing the eyes and cleaning them well) for after all neither the sky itself is blue if winds and showers do not clear it of clouds) a pretty little head would be the result; but this we do not know, because neither in the Manzanases, nor in the Canalillo, nor in the public fountains, was the experiment ever made.

Few of these experiments are made with the lowly of this Earth.

We are agreed, then, temporarily, upon the fact that the child was dirty and almost ugly.

There took care of her, or rather, there exploited her for asking alms, *una mujerona* of fifty, ill-faced, and in addition lazy and brutal.

She preferred, before tiring her arms in any kind of work, to tire the little bare legs of the child, making her run after gentlemen and ladies, with the importunate complainings of the borrowed daughter of the beggar.

In order to complete the biography of our heroine, we will only say that her name was not known; other urchins and eluts belonging to other women-beggars had tabbed her with the nickname of *la Madrecita*, for the reason that the little one showed great tenderness for children younger than herself, and even for little dogs. She took them in her arms, the youngsters or the dogs, covered them with a strip of her tatters, rocked them softly, and even tried to sing them some song learned in the gutter, which resulted coarse, always as to the words, although almost melodious through the sweetness of her voice.

And because of that, in her circle of street boys and street girls, beggars and porters, they all called her *la Madrecita*.

Notice what contrasts there are: she who had never known a mother came to be the *little Mother*!

And every morning, on going out to *ply her trade*, the stout, ill-faced woman said to her, while she was drinking some glasses of brandy: "If you do not bring me to-day at least twenty *perras gordas*, a good beating will be waiting for *la Madrecita*."

And out to the street, and up and down the sidewalks.

Once it chanced that, on going out to beg—*la mujerona* and the child—they got into the streets of a new suburb of elegant houses, and as the old woman happened to meet with a friend as ill-faced as herself, and he invited her to take a drink, they decided to go off together. But before going she said to *la Madrecita*: "Stay here and wait for me, I'll be back in a little while; if any one comes along, follow him until he gives you something, at least, *un perro chico*. Speak plain, and don't forget what you are to say to him: '*Por el amor de Dios, I haven't any father, and my mother is dying, and we are hungry; God will repay you; look you, my poor little mother can do no more.*' And if you have to cry, be sure you do it well, so that they do not suspect it to be put on, because you are going to cry truly, and the best way would be for you to be left crying in earnest, for in that way any one passing will see tears; that will show off well on your dirty face."

And sutting the action to the words, so that the child's grief should have all the realism that modern art might demand, she gave her a few cuffs on the ear, calling her lazy, dirty, and stupid, and got so wrought up that she saw every reason for punishing the child, convinced herself of the justice of so doing, and, hitting up her petticoats, the pretended mother gave *la Madrecita* one of those whippings that leave the flesh all black and blue.

At last the friend had to say to her: "Let her be, *mijer*, she's crying all right enough now."

"Well let her keep on so," said *la mujerona*, leaving the child, but looking around every little while to dart a glance of hate and anger at the poor little creature.

*La Madrecita* remained on the sidewalk, her fists in her eyes, sobbing passionately, and almost breathless.

The weeping became regular. The little breast heaved, the sobs were now audible, and the tears running down her cheeks, one after the other.

The child had fallen, as we have said, upon the side-

walk, beneath a window on the lower floor of a very elegant house, and from the window there had been observing the little drama—little for the heroine, big because of the hurt—a little girl of about ten years old, who had a lovely doll of large size in her arms.

Down there, the child of a beggar, sobbing; a little higher up, leaning out of the window, an aristocratic little girl, looking at her with moist and compassionate eyes.

Between these two small souls there must have been established, by means of a mysterious sympathy, something like a small wireless telegraph.

At least, a dialogue in a very low voice, which went on in this wise:

"Listen, little girl, why did they whip you?"

"I don't know."

"Is she your mother?"

"I haven't any mother."

"Is she your grandma?"

"Maybe she is; every one calls her grandma."

"Did she hurt you much?"

"So that it still aches."

"Don't be silly; don't cry."

"Well, then, what must I do?"

"Console yourself."

"What's that?" said *la Madrecita*, raising her eyes toward the little girl in the window; and as the crying had cleaned those eyes, they were found to be blue and very pretty.

"That's to believe yourself happy," said the little aristocrat, smiling.

"Well, if you want me to I'll get happy," said *la Madrecita*. "What am I for, but to mind everybody?" and she began to laugh.

Along the wireless telegraph, between the sidewalk and the window, infantile laughter ran.

"What is your name?"

"They call me *Madrecita*."

"That isn't a saint."

"Come, now, it's got to be a saint!"

"It isn't in the calendar."

"I don't know; but I *Madrecita* am."

"And have you any children?"

"No, that I haven't," said the child, becoming again unhappy. And rising to her feet, looking up to the window, longingly, stretching out her little arm, and pointing with her small finger at the doll, she added, enviously, almost angrily: "You have."

"Yes, it is my little daughter."

"I haven't any little daughter; I haven't anything but a grandma," and she began to cry again.

The little girl at the window leaned out even farther, her heart beat as it does when it prompts one to do a noble action, and in a very low voice she asked the poor child, at the same time holding the doll up to the light so that the whole of it could be seen: "Look at it; do you like it?"

"Ah, don't I, though!" said *la Madrecita*, holding up both arms, as the devout toward the angels and the Virgin.

"Would you like to have it?"

"To give it a kiss?"

"No, for yours."

"For me?"

"For yours, always."

"But how?"

"Look, don't cry, be contented, and take it; I give it to you for your very own," and she held down the doll, which *la Madrecita* took in her outstretched arms.

Afterward the one above, laughing and almost crying, withdrew from the window.

*La Madrecita* remained standing on the sidewalk, with eyes shining, looking up to the empty window, and hugging tight the doll in her arms.

She neither realized the whole situation, nor knew what was going on around her.

The blows did not hurt her now. The big tears were dried on her dirty cheeks, her eyes were gazing, not up to heaven, but up to the background of the window, which was for *la Madrecita* another heaven, brighter than that above, and her little heart beat violently.

All this time she was holding the doll tight against her thin little breast.

At last she became sure that the doll was hers, gave one shout of joy, looked up for the last time, saying: "You, yes, are good; you, yes, are a *madrecita*; and may heaven reward you; may heaven give you health," and all the rigmarole that she said when they gave her alms.

But she comprehended that, with the accustomed formulas, she could not find expression for all her gratitude, and she added, under her breath: "If God should wish that that little girl were poor like me and that we might go a-begging together, how happy we both would be!"

Afterward she seated herself in a doorway, and remained contemplating ecstatically the precious doll. How big it was, almost a real child, and it could bend its arms and legs, and what a darling face, and what shining eyes! And its dress? Not even the ladies who rode in coaches wore dresses more showy. Silks and laces, and embroidery, and sweet blonde hair like gold, and two tiny shoes that were two little dears.

She took one shoe off and tried to put it on, and she could not do it; she could just about get it on her big toe, and it made her laugh merrily a long time.

Afterward her admiration turned into tenderness. How much she would love her dolly, how she would care for it, how she would feed it; for her doll's sake

she would rob *la mujerona* of the good things that selfish old beast always reserved for herself!

Even though her dolly were very bad, she would never beat her, never.

And she pressed her tightly against her breast, and pulling away her rags, she put the little porcelain head against her very flesh, as if she would like to give suckle to her little daughter. Afterward she decided that they should sleep together and go out together, and when she had to beg, they would beg together also.

Ideas are expressed in many ways and are represented in many ways, and *la Madrecita* was thinking all this in the form of images, and accompanied each image with little flutterings of the heart and little bursts of laughter and little jumps on the stone upon which she was seated.

However much *la mujerona* might beat her, she would never cry now.

Mother-love, very tiny, but very lively, filled her whole being, and overflowed in tenderness.

What a darling, but what a darling her dolly was! She sat it upon her knees, and began to comb out the blonde locks, when of a sudden a shadow fell in front of her.

She lifted her head and stopped short, filled with terror; it was *la mujerona*, who was come from the tavern, drunk completely. Her face flushed, her neck-erchief stained with wine, her eyes rolling, her withered flesh in evidence, her mouth distorted with a cruel smile.

*La mujerona*, *mas mujerona*, and more ugly, more repulsive, and more cruel than ever!

"What are you doing there?" she asked, in a thick, groggy voice.

The child did not answer, but looked at her in terror, and hugged the doll.

"What's that; let me see?"

"A young lady gave it to me."

"Let me look at it," repeated *la mujerona*.

And, taking the doll, she kept looking at it a while.

"*Caracoles!* It is very lovely and very new, and worth a good deal: four dollars they will give me for it at the least."

And cupidity cleared away the drunkenness somewhat.

"That's so, four dollars, at least; I know where they'll buy it of me; take it, for I may let it fall, and come along with me."

"What for?" the child questioned, with unaccustomed courage, shutting her lips tight and pressing the doll against her breast.

"To sell that plaything."

Waves of anger and thrills of indignation swept over *la Madrecita*, and in a hoarse voice, she said, rising to her feet: "I won't; it's mine."

*La mujerona* stood dumfounded; then she caught hold of *la Madrecita* by her hair, shook her brutally and flung her against the wall.

Some drops of blood ran down the forehead of the child and on to the doll: it was baptized now.

"Now you get up and come along," said *la mujerona*, pushing her roughly.

And as she still resisted with childish fierceness, she seized her by the hand, and hauled her along by force.

What passed through the mind of that child? How difficult it is to tell!

A pigmy that suddenly becomes a giant, a lamb that is changed into a hyena, an immense sorrow that becomes firmly rooted in a childish heart, bile that suddenly turns to gall.

And it did not matter that *la Madrecita* was little a viper is smaller, and its sting is almost deadly.

*Quien sabe!* Perchance the viper was good: they snatched away from her the being she loved, and the pain was so great that her blood distilled the poison that kills.

*La Madrecita* followed *la mujerona*; but within, what diabolical things were insinuating themselves! If she had known the language, what maledictions, what tragic cries would she have let fly!

But in order to feel, in order to hate, words are not needed; a few tremors of the nervous system are enough. In this way they went along, *la mujerona* in front, dragging *la Madrecita*, *la Madrecita* hugging the doll, and murmuring: "She wants to sell it; she want to sell it, and it's mine, mine; the wicked, wicked wicked old thing!"

By this time they reached a broad street, and saw approaching at all speed an electric car.

*La mujerona* stopped almost next to the rails. Then—what passed through the heart of *la Madrecita*? In a lesser degree somewhat similar to what Guzman e Bueno must have felt when he flung the dagger to them to kill his son, or what the father of Virginia felt upon killing his daughter to save her from dishonor.

There are great tragedies; but there are also very small ones; tragedies for little girls and dolls.

Strictly speaking, the sublime is not limited by space nor does the world of classics have the exclusive right to it.

Neither more or less, and just as we tell it did it happen: *La Madrecita*, without being aware of it, felt herself sublime. Perhaps down in her heart she expressed the thought, in prosaic fashion, in these words: "So she'll burst with rage, *la mujerona*; she'll not have a chance to sell it; she'll not have the chance to sell it."

And she quickly flung the doll on to the car-track *La mujerona* gave a shriek, comprehending the child's intention, and rushed to save the doll.



But at that moment the electric came along, and catching her bodily, dragged her in a lump, and ran over her, crushing her to bits: there ended *la mujerona*, presenting a sickening spectacle.

Much shouting, much running of people, the stopping of the electric, and a crowd that gathered around the mangled remains of the beggar woman.

*La Madrecita* was stunned somewhat; but she soon recovered herself, and worming in between the legs of the on-lookers, she reached the gory remains of *la mujerona*; from among her disordered raiment she quickly drew forth the doll, and holding it tight with her two little arms, got out of the throng, and went off on the run.

Un señor grave, who must have been a sage, or a philosopher, or a sociologist, said to another señor who accompanied him: "Do you see, do you see what that child has done; they've just killed her mother, and she only thinks of saving her doll; and they say there are no born criminals!"

A woman of the populace said at the same moment: "Ave Maria Purissima, what a young thing! Run, run, you'll bring up at the gallows soon."

Una señora de edad also followed her with her eyes, and crossing herself terrified, murmured: "God help us when you grow up!"

Observations, all of them very wise, we do not deny; but the world would be ever so much better if all were *madrecitas* who, come what may, should hasten to save their dolls.

Victor Hugo said: "To understand all, perchance would be to pardon all."—Translated for the Argonaut from the Spanish of José Echegaray by Harriet M. Guernsey.

## A MYSTERY OF MILLIONS.

Paris Has a Sensation—Marquis de Casa Riera's Title Contested by a Blacksmith—A Story With Much Romance and Considerable Blood in It.

If the Humbert case (which agitated Paris) and the Marquis de Casa Riera case (which now agitates Paris) had come before the public simultaneously, Paris would have been hysterical—*loco*. I believe you Western Americans call it. As it is, the city is in a state of most pleasurable and exhilarating excitement, the public energetically dividing its support between the old man, who for years has held undisputed the title of Marquis de Casa Riera, and the blacksmith who claims that he is the real marquis, and that the other is only an impostor, and an ex-sea-cook.

The fight now going on over the title and the one hundred million or more francs that accompany it, has brought to light romance and tragedy, and unravels a story in which occupants of the Spanish throne figure. The beginning was in the sixties. At the gay and corrupt court of Isabella, Queen of Spain, was Marquis de Casa Riera. He was born a peasant, Tomaso Mora, but, being a natural financier, he grew rich. Isabella found his money useful, and he became at last a grandee and a court chamberlain. He married, his wife being a peasant girl, whom he had educated for the position she was to occupy. But, alas! her training was not altogether perfect. There may have been court blood in her veins. At any rate, she was a faithless wife—and, worse, her first child was a mulatto. The enraged marquis committed wholesale murder. He killed the marquis, the dusky heir, his negro valet, a fine handsome fellow, and another negro servant. Then (so the story goes, for this is merely well-substantiated hearsay), he confessed all to Queen Isabella. His money outweighed whatever scruples she may have had, so she advised him to flee, which he did, coming to Paris. The Madrid palace—the scene of the tragedy—was closed, and became known as "The House of Silence." It was demolished a few years ago.

The marquis brought his wealth to Paris with him, bought property here, and built a mansion. After the revolution, when the dynasty was restored to Spain, he went back, and sat in the senate, to which his rank admitted him; but Paris was his home. In the seventies he brought here with him two men, one of whom was introduced as Don José Mora, his nephew and heir. The other, Don Alejandro, was a major-domo, or steward.

In 1881 the marquis died. His will proclaimed Don José Mora his heir. Another and earlier will was found, giving the property to a first cousin, an old Barcelonan peasant, ninety years old. He made no attempt to press his claim, and Mora took possession. Two months after acquiring the property, Mora died, leaving a will in favor of unknown persons, who have never appeared. Then Alejandro, major-domo, either scornful, or ignorant of, this will, which made no mention of any brothers, announced himself Mora's brother, therefore an heir. He produced another alleged brother, Don Gonzalo. Neither of them could show any proofs of his relationship to Mora, asserting that the family archives had been destroyed in the wars that devastated Spain. Our courts are lax in the matter of foreigners' estates, so Alejandro Mora became possessor of the moneys, lands, and other property of the Marquis de Casa Riera. There are hints that the notary who put him in possession was none the poorer for the transaction.

Well, after this had all been satisfactorily adjusted,

Gonzalo suddenly and mysteriously died. His widow, who had two children, did not claim any share in the property, because, it is alleged, she had a conscience. She married a Captain Angelotti. He soon after joined the marquis and Mora and Gonzalo. Perhaps it was thought that he might prevail upon her to smother her conscience. The doubly bereaved widow, known as the Countess Mora, resides with her children near Madrid, supported by Alejandro, third Marquis de Casa Riera, who still lives in Paris, in the fine old house where the first marquis died. Whether he will continue to live there is to be seen, for this blacksmith, Pierre Riera, claimant to the title and estates, has a moneyed syndicate backing his claim.

The blacksmith says that he is a blood relative of Don José Mora, being a son of the real Alejandro, who, he says, died in 1878 at Martino de Sarocco. He was born in 1823. So was the present marquis—so he says. But the blacksmith maintains that he was not—that the year of his birth was 1844, and that instead of being eighty-one, as he claims, he is only sixty. Moreover, it is contended that he (the present marquis) shows no trace of high rank in either manner or habits, which, considering that he had nothing but peasantry for ancestors, would not be surprising.

But Riera has not much tangible evidence that he is the son of what he claims is the real Alejandro. In fact, proof seems to be lacking on all sides. The register in which Gonzalo's death was recorded, has disappeared since the trouble commenced. So has the register in which figured the death of the man the blacksmith claims is his father. The magistrate who says he drew up the notice of his death, and several alleged witnesses to it, have been arrested, for it is claimed that the entry was a forgery. The reporter who discovered the forgery, sends word to his paper, the *Matin*, that he was drugged in a hotel in Barcelona, and the documents he had, relating to the case, were stolen from him. This story of the forgery has made the syndicate intensely angry at the blacksmith, at Abbé Gouverd, who represents him (and who has his note for two and a half-million francs), and at another of the blacksmith's active supporters, one Soulere, who is said to have been mixed up in the Humbert case, and who has disappeared. Warrants for the arrest of the blacksmith and the abbé have been sent here from Spain, since which the claimant has not been seen.

Marquis de Casa Riera has twice appeared in court in regard to the suit. He is a tall, thin, old man, and walks with a gold-headed cane which he waved menacingly in order to make his way through the crowd that, in anticipation of his coming, had assembled on the steps of the Palace of Justice. The palace he inhabits is in the midst of large grounds in the centre of residential Paris, and faces the Rue de Berri. It has an immense back garden, full of trees, and, in front, a shaded court-yard separates it from the street. The palace is long, low, old-fashioned. It is slantingly opposite the palace of the late Princess Mathilde.

The present marquis hotly resists the blacksmith's claim, and says that when the trial occurs, which will be soon, he will bring plenty of people from Spain to prove that he is Alejandro Mora. I do not think it at all impossible that Tomaso Mora, first Marquis de Casa Riera, never had a nephew, Alejandro Mora, alleged brother of Don José Mora, who, two months after his succession, ceased to be a marquis—or anything else.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, October 14, 1904.

### Monks Go Mad Where No Women Are.

"The Prison of Ten Thousand" is the name given by the wandering Arabs of the districts across Jordan to the fortress monastery of Mar Saba on the Dead Sea. Not many years ago there were actually 10,000 monks living in this grim and mournful retreat, and even to-day there are more than 1,000 left. The monastery is one of the oldest in the world, having been founded some 1,300 years ago by Euthymius, who lived there in a cave dug in the rocky wall of the Kedron ravine. The fair Empress Eudoxia formed a romantic attachment for this stern anchorite, and built near by a tower, which still exists, from which she might watch him at a distance, for, true to his vows, Euthymius utterly refused ever to see or speak to a woman. Now the tower is inhabited by a watchman, who keeps constant guard against the incursions of prowling Arabs. Twice during the past century the place has been raided by hordes from the desert. The monks who live there to-day are the most rigorous of any in the Greek church. They pass their lives in everlasting penance, with no hope of pleasure and no cheerful incident. Many of them go mad from the horror and desolation of their surroundings. No woman is permitted to come within sight of Mar Saba.

The Norwegian authorities have conceived an original method of curing drunkards of their vice. The "patient" is placed under lock and key, and his nourishment consists in great part of bread soaked in port wine. The first day, the drunkard eats his food with pleasure, and even on the second day he enjoys it. On the third day, he finds that it is always about the same thing, and on the fourth day he becomes impatient, and at the end of eight days he receives the wine with horror. It seems that the disgust persists, and that this homeopathic cure gives good results.

## JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S RETIREMENT.

Has Decided to Abandon the Stage—Some of His Successes—A "Herald" Interview—Talks of His Past, and the People He Met—A Much-Loved Man.

Regret over Joseph Jefferson's announcement that he has retired from the professional stage, is widespread. It is repeating an oft-repeated truth to say that Jefferson is the most beloved of American actors. To-day he could fill any theatre in any city in the United States, if he chose to appear as Rip Van Winkle, the part with which he has been so pleasantly associated for more than a generation, and for which he is most lovingly and tenderly remembered. He made Irving's drunken vagabond a poetic creation, a kindly ne'er-do-well, a character that inspired affection as well as laughter. And in the all years he played the part, it never grew stale. In the last performances that he gave of "Rip Van Winkle," he was as buoyant, as light of heart, as merry, and as droll as in his youthful days.

Jefferson is seventy-five years old now, and seventy-four years of that time have been passed upon the stage; for he was only a year old when he played the baby, spoiling a good scene by crying when he was expected to lie quiet upon his dying mother's breast. At four, blackened to represent a diminutive minstrel, he was nightly tossed from a bag onto the stage by T. D. Rice, who would make his famous declaration that he had a little nigger that would "dance Jim Crow."

Jefferson came of stage people. The first of his ancestors to adopt the mummery's career was Thomas Jefferson, who, about 1745, first appeared with Garrick. The sixth generation of Jeffersons is now on the stage. Success did not come suddenly to Joseph Jefferson. He roughed it in the by-gone days. He and his companies went from town to town, riding in carts, sitting on their trunks—"when," as Jefferson puts it, "we could get them safely away from the heartless landlords." He slept in barns, and he says that it amuses him to hear his now successful companions of those days complaining about Pullman accommodations.

The New York *Herald* recently contained a peculiarly sympathetic interview with Jefferson, written, evidently, by one who sincerely loved him. He was found reading a fishing-tackle catalogue, and surrounded by accoutrements for angling, preparatory to a trip to Florida, where he is to spend the winter. "Master of smiles and tears," writes the interviewer; "long had he angled for the hearts of the people and great had been his taking, and we were to chat over it all with the westerling sun lighting up the keen lines of his kindly face, the quick expression coming and going, the eyebrows lifting, and the corners of the mouth twitching with comic intent. Anon the fine lip lines were to grow tense and the eyes show forth the sincerity of a serious soul. It was all very sweet and satisfying."

They had a long talk in which Jefferson told of his success as a gardener, referred modestly to his landscape painting, which is excellent, and gave his views of the stage—and many things besides. He has plenty of faith in the future of the drama, though he thinks improvement will be slow. "It is a chromo-lithographic age," he says, so crowded with things to see and learn that the people have no time to perfect themselves as specialists. He stands up stoutly for stage decency, maintaining that an actor has no more right to inflict coarseness upon the people in front of him, than he would if they were in his parlor or he were in theirs, and he thinks that this feeling is constantly growing more prevalent.

The interview contained some interesting reminiscences. Jefferson knew Artemus Ward in London, and pronounced him "a delightful fellow, and superb company." He told him, "beware of the stage door and the men waiting to carry you off to supper at Evans's. It's not so much that they'll put you under the table as under ground." And they did," he added. Jefferson was playing "Rip Van Winkle" at the Adelphi, then. He was thirty-five, and old Paul Bedford always greeted him with, "And how is my young transatlantic kid?" He talked of Dion Boucicault, and of what a stage magician he was, and told how the elder Sothorn so disliked the part of Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin," that at first he would not play it; but so built it up that it became the entire play. He acknowledges, of course, that Rip is his favorite part, and says that after that he likes Bob Acres and Caleb Plummer. He emphasizes the fact that his retirement is final, although he says that he may appear, if called upon (which he surely will be) for charity. It was his intention to make a farewell tour, but sickness came on just as it had started; and, although he is far from feeble, he does not care to face the rigors of another season. He cannot even enjoy witnessing performances now, for he has grown quite deaf.

Jefferson is earning the rest he is taking. The work he has done has been hard, and his life has been a noble and helpful one. His leisure hours have been spent, not with roistering companions, but with men of brains. Grover Cleveland is one of his closest friends, and there are numerous others of our great men who have been drawn to Jefferson by his high intellectual qualities, his sunny nature, and his loyal heart. They are all proud to know him.



## ITALIAN PALACES AND PENSIONS.

Quaint and Comfortable Dwelling-Places in Rome and Siena—The Poet Who Tramped the Garden—Uncommunicative Britons—The Linguistic Failings of Americans.

It is exceedingly gratifying to find one's self fittingly placed in a picturesque city. To live in, say Siena or Venice, in a modern, up-to-date hotel, with elevators and porcelain baths and electric lights, would be a crushing blow to one's sense of the fitness of things. I have just come from Siena, uplifted with the consciousness of having spent four days there in an antique little house with a garden overgrown with fruit trees, in the middle of which was a well, whence the maids drew water in battered vessels of copper. My sense of joy in these suitable surroundings would have been intensified if I had not had to sit at table with three English people who seemed to think I was a dangerous person for them to know. At least, that was the inference I drew from their chilly manner of meeting my friendly overtures. But of that anon; it belongs elsewhere in this letter.

Now in Rome it is pleasant not to lie mewed up in the musty bedrooms of half-opened hotels which give on the noisy life of squares. I am in somebody's palace—I forget what his name is—and my look-out is a thick-leaved, high-walled garden, with beyond that the magnificent, age-softened façade of the Barbarini Palace. The prospect has a curious suggestion of seclusion for a large city, perhaps because the house-fronts, which overlook the garden on two sides, show nothing but lines of fast-closed windows, tight-shuttered in the autumn sunshine. It is very quiet, too; the noises of the city come faint as from a great distance. There is a small fountain in the garden, and at night, with the window open, I can hear the soft tinkle of the falling water.

The garden belongs to some Roman nobles who live near by. It is evidently quite old. At its entrance there are two of the flat-topped pines that belong to this part of Italy, which have attained a magnificent growth. They must be hundreds of years old. The rest of the enclosure is close set with orange and lemon trees, the same evergreen oaks one sees in California, magnolias, and a few olives. It is much overgrown, thick-leaved and bosky, having a wild, untrimmed air that adds to its charm. Here and there through its tangled leafage a stone urn, mottled with rust-colored lichen, holds aloft the spikes of a cactus, and the white forms of weather-worn marbles stand out against backgrounds of green. All I can see of the fountain is a thin jet of water breaking into a shower of drops in the shade of oak trees.

Nothing short of a prince should have inhabited this romantic spot, and at sunset, as we were sitting out on our balcony, we heard his steps under the trees. The first view of him was somewhat of a disappointment. He was a tall, thin young man, smoking a pipe, and wearing a loose-hanging frock coat, a soft felt hat, and tan-colored shoes. He looked like the *jeune poète* in a French novel, and his manner of walking about the gravel paths, his head drooped in meditation, his hands clasped behind his back, was more suggestive of a poet's solitary dreams than of a prince's gilded musings. What, then, was our satisfaction when we heard from Giulia, the *femme de chambre*, that the gentleman who walked in the garden was indeed a *professeur poète*.

I have come to the conclusion that he is writing a long narrative poem. The muse seems to attack him late in the afternoon, and also very early in the morning, for sometimes before I am up, and almost before I am awake, the footsteps of the poet mingle with my dreams. But it is about sunset that his literary paroxysm reaches its highest point. Then the creative frenzy possesses him, and he places the leaves of his manuscript on a sun-dial, and walks feverishly round the garden, stopping when he reaches the sun-dial to inscribe one and sometimes two lines. It is the slowest method of composition I have ever seen. Sitting tranquilly on the balcony looking at the sky grow red behind the giant pines, and the circling of hundreds of birds round the hoary roofs of the Barbarini Palace, I can see that the poet has not covered one sheet of paper with writing, though he has been walking and inscribing for over an hour. When the dusk begins to creep out of the thickets, he gathers up his papers and goes, and the garden is left to solitude, brooded over by starlight, rustling as if with a mysterious, nocturnal return of nymph and dryad.

To be thus placed at Rome is even better than our old house at Siena, with the ancient well and the Florentine lamps with which you could light yourself to bed if you did not have the bad habit of reading after you got there. Besides, here at Rome our two companions at our meals are interesting and agreeable, an Italian professor of chemistry and a French lady from Marseilles, who is a cheerful, mettlesome old soul, with a cynical view of the catholic church (to which she piously goes, nevertheless), and not a word of any other language but her own. The point of view of this pair about their religion surprises me very much. I asked the lady if she supposed the chains preserved at San Pietro in Vincoli could by any chance be those worn by St. Peter during his imprisonment in Rome. She laughed, and looked at me ironically out of the corner of her eye, and without more answer gave

a very expressive French shrug. The gentleman appeared to agree with her, and I found myself in the position of quite hotly arguing that as St. Peter was known to have been imprisoned in Rome, as he was a great man in the new church, and as iron chains were more or less indestructible, I did not see why one should not accept the chains as genuine. They both laughed and shrugged, yet they are both apparently good catholics, who frequent the church.

The English trio at Siena are the only people we have met in our wanderings who were disagreeable, and they were so funny that it was worth while meeting them. We were put with them at a small table, making five—a select little party sitting round a neat little table illumined with a silver candelabra holding three tapers. It was all very delightful and picturesque. Even the smell of the tanneries coming in on the soft night air added to the effect, as it was this very smell which preserved that portion of Siena from depopulation by the plague in fourteen hundred or something or other. One of the Britishers was an old lady, queerly dressed, a trifle made-up, with a pompous manner and a great gusto for her dinner. To her, as the eldest, I addressed some polite commonplaces in what I thought was a most ingratiating style. She answered me with a chill brevity that would have crushed a less buoyant spirit. I don't know why she repelled my advances so haughtily, for I was under the impression that my appearance (in my oldest clothes) was most modest; and certainly I was not made up the way she was.

After that we sat at our little table, and a strange and deadly silence rested upon us most of the time. The three English talked together, and the two Americans talked together, and it was as though one party had no existence for the other party. The English began to get exceedingly uncomfortable. Three solemn *déjeuners* passed, and three oppressive dinners, and the old lady tried to talk about her food, and found that even that had lost its savor; and the young lady told how a train her mother was traveling in broke into a sewer and all the passengers sat for hours up to their necks in a London drain, and that sounded quite dull and flat. The third of their party was a man, young and good looking, and his condition was one of pure misery. He sat opposite me and used to pass me the salt, and every now and then I met a mild, friendly eye, charged with humor, as though he might go up to his room after dinner and die of laughter at the ways of womenkind.

Before we left we triumphantly felt that they had been reduced to a state of discomfort seldom equaled. The old lady could not even talk about the way to cook choice dishes. She sat at the head of the table, thickly powdered, under the light of the three tapers, bridling with pompous embarrassment. The young one had exhausted her fund of stories about the adventures of her mother, and the man sat drearily silent, eating stolidly through all the courses. Meantime, we prattled brightly and light-heartedly and told each other wonderful tales, and were altogether quite indifferent and happy. What would have happened if we had stayed there any longer, heaven knows! I could not have stood it for another day, and I don't think the English trio could for another meal.

In the large *pensions* (really small hotels and even at this season quite full), the American is in the majority. But the Italian *pension* is a gathering place for all nations. I would think two-thirds of the travelers in Italy go to *pensions*, where in other countries they frequent hotels. I don't know why this is, unless they have spent all their money before they get there, or unless they are beguiled by the cheapness and excellence of the *pensions*. One lives on the fat of the land for seven francs a day, and in small places for five and six. This includes three first-class meals, and in some of the English *pensions* tea, in all places "service," and in many lights. If one is going to make a long stop, special rates are made. You may stay for two or three months for seven dollars a week, being better fed and housed than you would be in a hotel for three dollars a day.

In the season the *pensions* show a fine crop of touring Americans. Even now they are beginning to come. We encountered the vanguard here and there, moving onward in small, determined groups, generally women, and almost always spinsters. The Italians must have an idea that half the females in the United States are single. They hardly ever see a married one, unless it may be a woman of middle age, sternly touring with a family for educational purposes. The unmarried ones are of all ages and types, ranging from women of over seventy to young girls in their teens. We several times met a party of four Southern ladies, two of them quite old, one a splendid, stately dame, with snow-white hair, and manners of a calm matronly dignity. Of the other two, one was a young girl of perhaps twenty, very handsome and charming; the other a small, middle-aged woman, gray-haired, and vivacious. We set them down as a mother and her young daughter, the widowed aunt, and a relative who had left her husband behind. We afterward learned that they were all unmarried and distantly connected, traveling in a party for company.

Compared with the other travelers, the Americans are more animated, less formal, and generally easy-going and amiable. Where they do not shine is as linguists. It is sad to have to admit that, compared to the English, the French, the Italians, and the Ger-

mans, they appear—in this particular—singularly uneducated. They are the only people one meets on the Continent who can speak but one language. Girls, upon whose education hundreds have been expended, can not form two grammatical sentences in French or German. All the well-to-do, educated English can speak French, with a bad accent, but at least with correctness and fluency. The Germans, of course speak several languages. In Italy *everybody* appears to speak French, and the upper-class Italians all speak English, not in a few stammering sentences, but easily and with little accent.

Alone among this polyglot society are the Americans knowing no language but their own, quite content apparently, to go through Europe talking the sort of French the Laird talked in "Trilby," or satisfied to be shepherded from point to point by Cook's interpreter. It is a rather humiliating spectacle, and one wonders what the Europeans really think of it. They are so polite, and the Americans bring in so much money that they are treated with unvarying consideration, but I am under the impression that the Italian has still the idea that the dwellers in the United States are a rich and easy-tempered race of barbarians.

ROME, October 4, 1904.

GERALDINE BONNER.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Forsaken Garden.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,  
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,  
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
A girdle of hushwood and thorn incloses  
The steep square slope of the blossomless hed  
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its rose  
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
To the low last edge of the long, lone land.  
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?  
So long have the gray hare walks lain guestless,  
Through branches and briars if a man make way,  
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
To the straight waste place that the years have rifled  
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.  
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;  
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain;  
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,  
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not:  
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry:  
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not  
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
Over the meadows that blossom and wither,  
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song.  
Only the sun and the rain come hither  
All year long.

The sun burns sear, and the rain dishevels  
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless heath.  
Only the wind here hovers and revels  
In a round where life seems barren as death.  
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping.  
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither."  
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea  
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"  
And the same wind sang, and the same waves whitened,  
And over the garden's last petals were shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?  
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?  
What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;  
Here change may come not till all change end.  
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;  
Till a last wind's breath, upon all these blowing,  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise, and the sheer cliff crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humbly  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.—A. C. Swinburne.

Mrs. Leiter, who sailed for England on the steamer *Loderland* to see her daughter, Lady Curzon, who is ill, received bulletins of her daughter's condition by means of wireless telegraph throughout the greater part of her voyage from New York.

The government date crop in Arizona has been harvested. There were eleven varieties of the fruit, and the quality was good.



## THE CHORUS GIRL.

Roy McCardell Depicts to the Life a Fascinating Creature Often Seen but Seldom Heard—Harry Trimmers's Tightness—Why She Went on the Stage.

Much as is the chorus girl—or, as she prefers to be called, the show girl—in the public eye, she has so far played a small part in books. The festive female stenographer figures in the slangy fables of George Ade; the horsey, "swift" young man; the commercial traveler; the pork-packing parent; the Chimmie Faddens, the Arties, and Pink Marshes—all these have regaled us with their special brands of slang, thanks to Billy Burgundy, John Henry, George Ade, and Ned Townsend. But, somehow, the show girl had escaped being impaled on the pen of any of these bright young men who are read and understood of the common people. How she lived and talked, and how she regarded the world when off the stage, had remained a mystery to all except the comparative few who have purchased their knowledge dearly until Roy L. McCardell began his truly scientific investigations, and wrote "Conversations of a Chorus Girl," last year. That book he now follows with "The Show Girl and Her Friends," which, if anything, excels it in vivacity.

The *Dramatis Personæ* of this little book of monologues are:

Lulu Lorimer, the Show Girl who is the real radium; Louie Zinsheimer, who has enlargement of the heart; Dopey McKnight, the human pianola, whose genius is great, but whose poverty is galling; Abie Wogglebaum, assistant to Louie Zinsheimer, as the Show Girl's meal ticket; Amy de Branscombe, who is a real pal; Mama de Branscombe, who has her faults, but, then, she's Amy's mother; Harry Trimmers, who would spend his money, only he can't get his hand open; Margie Montrossor, Della Fortescue, Trixie McGinnis, Amy and Lulu's lady friends; Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker; Vashti, the Vengeful, Dopey's wife, who is only out for alimony; actors, cabmen, waiters, wine-openers, feather importers, chorus girls, and supernumeraries. Time, the present. Scene, Broadway.

After viewing this "line-up" the reader ought not to be shocked to hear the show girl say:

"My gracious, if Harry Trimmers doesn't make me that mad sometimes that I'd break every pane of glass in his face if I wasn't a lady!

"Yes, I'd break every pane of glass in his face, for you know he's wearing eye transoms now. Is he nearsighted? Say, Harry Trimmers can see what's in it for him quicker than Louie Zinsheimer multiplied by Abie Wogglebaum can, and that's a pair of pacers that don't need no wind shield to getting first at a business proposition.

"No, Harry Trimmers thinks his eyeglasses look stylish without costing much to maintain, and, anyway, he found them somewhere, and that's why he wears them.

"His father's awful rich and makes him a big allowance, but Harry Trimmers is so stingy that he wouldn't eat a cold potato in the sunlight for fear his shadow would ask him for a bite.

"And you know how it is when you are out with a shell-bark. You let him tour you around town on transfers in the hope that some day he'll loosen up and buy you something nice.

"But all you get from Harry Trimmers is promises. Say, in the restraining of the impulse of prodigality he makes Russell Sage look like an understudy.

"He'll cruise around with the fleet from dusk till dawn, but every time the waiter starts to tot up what it comes to, he hurries away to wash his hands.

"Say, Harry Trimmers has the cleanest hands you ever saw: you never see any dust on them.

"After Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum and Diamond Dan Brennan have cut into their coin and distributed blonde bills like as if they were circulars sent second class, Harry runs up the elevated railroad stairs first, and hollers, 'I'm going to pay!' and then makes us miss two trains while he argues angrily with the ticket-seller over a Canadian quarter."

"I'm tired of New York. I'm sick of the stage," says the Show Girl in another place, and she thus celebrates the delights of a small town, and, incidentally, tells why she went on the stage:

"Give me a medium-sized town, where a city councilman's daughter gets socially ostracised for putting on her brother's Sunday clothes and going up in the gallery to see Bessie Bell's Boisterous Blonde Burlesquers.

"That's why I went on the stage, if you want to know. For, three weeks afterward, there was a picture of me, drawn beautiful, with striped stockings—only it didn't look anything like me—in the *Police Gazette*, and a whole lot of people who knew me in Altoona and who had always cut their own hair up to that, went to Tony's Elite Tonsorial Parlor just to see it.

"I couldn't stand the disgrace, and I ran away and went on the stage. But when we played that town with the Ideal All-Star Stock Company, we had crowded houses for a week, and even the paper that had always opposed my pa, politically, spoke of me as 'One of Altoona's fairest daughters, now displaying her undoubted histrionic talents at the opera house.'

"But there's nothing in a theatrical career. I wish I had stayed home, where the only social relaxation was going down to the depot to see the trains come in; or, getting engaged to commercial travelers, who borrow a ring from you for a keepsake, and promise to send you a better one from the next town, and don't."

"I'll be homesick for a week, and yet, I know, if I went back home on a visit I'd get sore because the only place to go out at night is to an ice-cream parlor, with oil-cloth on the floor, that closes up at ten o'clock, except during the week the Knights of the Golden Eagle are holding their annual hazaar.

"Think of ice-cream and oil-cloth this weather! The memory of it is enough to give me a toothache.

"There hasn't been a scandal in town, my married sister writes me, since my last visit, except that Stella Johnson, whose father keeps the livery stable, is back home, expelled from boarding school, and is supposed to be teaching some of her closest friends in Altoona's younger set to smoke cigarettes, which has society in Altoona on the qui vive."

We get an echo of the bad times in the theatrical profession of last year in the skit entitled, "A Typical Broadway First Night:"

"After the show was over [says the Show Girl] the furnace flues were found choked with ice, and Louie Zinsheimer

said that instead of the basket of roses he sent in to me, it should have been 'Gates Ajar.'

"Now, they're holding the inquest and trying to place the blame."

"Gagger and Shine, who wrote the piece, claim it was the interpolated song of the hacker's brother-in-law; the star says it's because the comedian hogged her scenes, and the show-girls were stalling friends in the audience, and the management overdressed 'em; and the comedian says it's because they wasn't featured, and the selling-plater star couldn't get away with a part that a vaudeville sketch team-feeder would have eaten up."

"All I know is that I don't understand what's the matter with the public. Wasn't me and Amy de Branscombe, and Trixie Maginnis, and Della Fortescue, and Bella La Rue, and Goldie McGee, and Irene Murphy, and Clara Melrose on eight times, a change of costume for each octet, and you know everybody is just crazy about octets?"

"Wasn't there three handsome tenors in uniform as naval lieutenant lovers, each with a ballad bellow, and covered with calcium?"

"Why, the costumes cost \$40,000, and the scenery and props cost \$20,000 more, and Gagger and Shine got \$200 for the hook and music."

"The comedians was all allowed to gag about medicated mush and almost oats, and all them breakfast food wheezes that is sure for a laugh, and didn't Larry O'Cohen, as the Chinese Swede, do his specialty of playing the piano with his feet, in the sand storm in the Sahara scene? And that hit has been good for five hundred a week for him for the past twenty years in vaudeville."

"But that's what you get trying to educate the public."

"Why, Billy Bacon—you know the old Tony Pastor turn of 'The Breakfast Brothers, Liver and Bacon?' Liver is in a sanitarium, but Bacon's with us. Why, Billy Bacon did their big bit of putting out Larry O'Cohen's cigar with a seltzer siphon, and then doing back-somersaults off, while O'Cohen gave him the slap-stick, and it never got a hand!"

"For ten years that bit has been good for three recalls, and it was done in the great cathedral scene, too."

"Of course, the ushers, and the friends of the manager, and those interested in the production, who had only been paid something on account, stamped splendidly for us. But no matter how hard they hit their hands, it wouldn't do. And when the musical director gave the star and our octet, in our amethyst ten thousand-dollar gowns—they really did cost three hundred dollars apiece—a sixth recall—when a man in the gallery dropped his cane, because the ushers had fainted from exhaustion—why, a lot of the people actually hissed."

After noting that the recall of the octet song, "We're the Dandy Little Daisies of the Dingle," had been genuine, "with scarcely any help from the house employees, who were saving themselves for the hard work later on," the Show Girl continues:

"Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum and Diamond Dan Drennan and Mama de Branscombe had the stage box, and Mama de Branscombe kicked off the French heels from her opera slippers before the first act was over, and had to be carried to her cab."

"Of course, Louie and Abie helped give us a reception—and the funny thing was, the star thought it was for her. But that was because the manager had given them the box and kept his eye on them; but my, how Louie and Abie has knocked our show in the downtown wholesale district!"

"Then, at the end of the show, the other managers on Broadway closed early, and sent their ushers to help our first night wind up in an ovation, and they lined up fresh as daisies at the back, and hollered, 'Speech!' 'Speech!' and made the star and the manager and his nine brothers thank each other for spending so much money, and Gagger and Shine for writing the book and music to fit the costumes and scenery in three days."

"Then the flowers was passed over the footlights, and taken off and out through the stage-door and around to the front of the house and down the aisle and on to the stage in and endless chain for fifteen minutes."

"We could see the audience fighting its way out through the ushers and those interested in the production, like bulldogs."

"All the critics had jumped out at the fall of the first curtain to get new handles in their hammers, and I knew the manager and Gagger and Shine, and the star, and the comedians would be rapped till they rattled, and our stay on Broadway would be only until Gagger and Shine could write another musical comedy."

"I could see the icicles forming on the fresco, but I hollered, 'It's a hit,' and congratulated the manager, like everybody else did before they hurried out to grab people they knew and tell them how rotten the show is."

"Of course, Gagger and Shine say the show was knocked because them newspaper men is jealous because they can't get their things produced, and our manager and his nine brothers say the syndicate has all the critics on salary to put him out of business, but he has the exclusive use of Gagger and Shine, who can write words and music quicker than any other two men in their line; and look what a hit their 'King Kafozelium' was fifteen years ago."

"And will I go on the road if the show is taken off?"

"Ask me!"

"Say, I rather be a show-girl on Broadway than a star with a gilt-edged guarantee that plays brick-yard metropolises."

Vulgar the Show Girl, as presented by Mr. Cardell, certainly is. But the book may serve to rub off some of the glamour that attaches to the Show Girl as seen and not heard. If so, it will certainly have served a beneficent purpose.

Published by Street and Smith, New York; 75 cents.

The animal kingdom in British East Africa looks upon the 2,190 miles of telegraph wire strung through that region as an innovation to be utilized. The wires arouse curiosity and stimulate experimentation. The latest official report speaks of monkeys as incorrigible. They have ceased to pay much attention to the locomotive, and even the shrieks of the whistle are not permitted to interfere much with the fun of swinging on the wire. Three wires are strung on the same line of poles for 584 miles between the Indian Ocean and Victoria Nyanza, giving an opportunity for more complicated performances. The Kikuyu forest is mentioned as a place where monkeys, in their evolutions, sometimes succeed in twisting the wires together. The gentle giraffe is also a source of annoyance. He sometimes applies enough muscular energy to the bracket on which the wire is fastened to twist it around, stretching the wire and causing it to foul with other wires. The hippopotamus is also a nuisance, because he rubs up against the poles and sometimes knocks them over.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Kuropatkin's salary is \$100,000 a year. He is earning it.

According to an account recently published in a Buda-Pesth newspaper, General Stoessel, the brave Russian defender of Port Arthur, is of Jewish origin.

Oscar Lovell Triggs, who sued the New York *Sun* for libel, has won his suit, the decision of the lower court having been reversed. Triggs was a Chicago University professor, and the *Sun* made fun of his views on Shakespeare and Longfellow.

The little Prince of Piedmont, unlike his sisters, the Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda, is being nursed by his mother. Queen Hélène reluctantly gave the other children up to the nurse, but when the long-hoped-for heir to the throne arrived, she absolutely refused to let any other than herself give him nourishment.

It is related by the enemies of Sir William Harcourt, the great English statesman, whose death occurred recently, that six friends once agreed to dine together, each bringing with him the most disagreeable man of his acquaintance. Twelve covers were laid, but only seven diners appeared, for each party to the original compact had invited Sir William Harcourt.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has just sailed for home after an extended visit to this country, was the only guest, at the banquet of the Pilgrims' Society, in New York recently, to smoke a cigarette. It was of the Turkish variety, and was smoked with apparent enjoyment. Bishop Potter puffed a long black cigar between his toasts, while J. Pierpont Morgan, who sat a few chairs distant, demolished four cigars during the speeches.

"Nan" Patterson, the "Florodora" actress, who is a prisoner in the Tombs Prison, charged with having killed "César" Young, the California bookmaker, has been given by Roland Molineux the rabbit's foot which he kept with him during his imprisonment on the charge of murder by poison. Molineux has taken great interest in the Patterson woman's case, and gave her the rabbit's foot in order that it might cheer her imprisonment as it did his. She wears it night and day.

Pension Commissioner Ware is keeping up his reputation as a humorist. The other day, when he had been more than usually abused by men who want pensions and ought not to have them, he sat down and wrote the following epistle to the *Montgomery Advertiser*: "DEAR SIR: In your editorial of September 7th, 'The Pension Business,' you say: 'There has never been a popular pension commissioner and there never will be.' Your head is so accurately level that alongside of it a billiard-table is a steep and perilous declivity. Yours truly, E. F. WARE, commissioner."

Mayor McClellan, who has been at the municipal wheel for nearly a year, registered at a voting booth, the other day, without being recognized. He was put through the usual examination. After he had given his name, age, and residence, he gave his birthplace as Saxony. "Where's that?" demanded the registry man. "In Germany," volunteered a watcher. "When were you naturalized?" was the next question. The mayor explained that he was born of American parents and was a citizen of the United States by right of birth. The inspectors did not seem satisfied, but after a brief discussion they agreed to accept the registration. He went away without any of the inspectors realizing with whom they had to deal. This is cited as an instance of New York's remarkable ignorance of faces. Judge Parker, who spends days at a time in the city, takes long walks on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, sometimes without, it is said, being recognized by a single one of the hundreds who pass. Russell Sage walks up and down Wall Street unknown, except by a few put and call brokers. John D. Rockefeller practically is a myth. Of all New York's public men, Chauncey M. Depew is said to be the only one generally recognized when he walks abroad.

"Michael" Smolka, a woman, Cossack, interpreter, and scout, with General Graf Keller's army, now campaigning in the mountains about Liao Yang, is the subject of a sketch by James F. J. Archibald, who is well known in San Francisco. He says that the girl's rightful name is Miss Elena Smolka. She is not playing at soldiering for notoriety; she is just a plain, hard-working, strong-minded young woman. Her father, an old soldier, had no son to send, and so he sent his daughter. She was able to obtain special permission from the Czar to be enlisted. She had been taught to ride like a Cossack, and to shoot with unerring aim. As she speaks several dialects of the Chinese language, as well as Korean, Japanese, French, and German, she makes a most valuable member of the staff. In personal appearance, "Michael" Smolka would pass the most critical observer as a handsome boy of about twenty-five, and no one not knowing the secret of her sex would ever suspect that she was a woman. Her own orderly served her for three weeks before he became aware that she was not a man. In every detail she dresses in the regulation uniform of the Siberian Cossacks in the field, which, in summer, is really the regular undress uniform of the army. She carries a regulation sword, a pair of field-glasses, a heavy calibre revolver, and the inevitable Cossack whip.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Curious Facts About Words.

One of the most interesting little books that has been published lately is Henry Bradley's "The Making of English." The author is one of the editors of the "Oxford English Dictionary," is president of the British Philological Society, and takes his Ph. D. from Heidelberg. There is nothing unintelligible to any reader, however, in the little volume that he has published. Profound as is the learning of its author, he writes clearly, lucidly, and without the slightest affectation. We think that no better account of the history of the language is in print.

In the various chapters there are many bits of interesting information. It is curious to find, for instance, the learned author regretting that the form the language has taken compels us to say: "This is his book," and "This book is his," using the same pronoun in each case, while we are able to say: "This is my book," and "This book is mine," using a different pronoun for the attributive and absolute possessive. Mr. Bradley expresses the opinion that it would, perhaps, have been better if the literary language had accepted *hism*, *hern*, *yourn*, and *theirn* which survive only as vulgarisms, but, theoretically speaking, are as logical in form as *mine*, and *thine*. So people who say: "This book is *hism*," may console themselves with the thought that they are using a locution logically superior to that which their grammatical betters employ.

Dr. Bradley shows that a great deal of history is enshrined in many words that English has adopted from other tongues. Thus, *oboe*, *opera*, *piano*, *travolo*, *aria*, *mezzosoprano*, *studio*, and *terra cotta*, remind us that the Italians have been our teachers in music and the fine arts; the fact that the Dutch were masters of painting explains the presence in the language of *landscape*, *sketch*, *casel*, and *mantelstick*, and the fact that they were masters of the sea explains why Dutch words like *boom*, *dock*, *hull*, *skipper*, *rover*, *aloof*, *arast*, and many others are in use on British ships. It is small credit, however, to the Portuguese, that we derive from them *auto-da-fé*; from the Turkish we have two strangely contrasted words, *coffee* and *horde*. The number of Malay words in English is surprisingly large, the list including *gingham*, *gong*, *gutta-percha*, *lory*, *ourang outan*, *amuck*, and *ketchup*. The word *daisy* does not reveal to the casual reader that it is simply *day's eye*, a poetical designation, and the running together and altered pronunciation of *Christmas* quite disguises the fact that it is *Christ's Mass*, and that *holiday* is simply *holy day* may not have impressed itself upon every one.

It is curious to note that while the old English *stan* is now *stone*, and *tun* is now *town*, in some place-names there is no change. Thus, *Stan tun* is not now *Stonetown*, but *Stanton*. It is interesting that Spenser's "Rosy-fingered Morn," a famous poetic phrase, is simply a literal translation of Homer's *rhododaktulos Eos*. Not every one realizes that the surname Wilkins is composed of the suffix *kin*, meaning little, and the Christian name Will, otherwise Little Will, and was originally a nickname. In the same way were formed Jenkins (Little John), Atkins, and Dawkins. The word *beggar*, curiously enough, is thought to be derived from the name of a religious order, called Beghards, the members of which supported themselves, like the friars, by begging. People who have tried hanting to reduce corpulence may be interested to know that the word is derived from the name of a gentleman, a Mr. Banting, who invented the method.

The verb *malice*, meaning to indulge in noisy demonstration of patriotic joy, and suggested by a facetious journalist on the occasion of the uproarious rejoicings in London, upon the news of the relief of the town of Mafeking, in the Boer war, is a word of such recent coinage as to be familiar to most. Quite a number of new words have been formed by jocular shortening of old ones. Thus, *omnibus* and *bus*, *bicycle* and *bike*. Sometimes the abbreviation has ousted the longer form, as in the case of *reig* for *periwig*. *Cab* though it was originally a shortened pronunciation of *cabriolet*, is now a distinctly different word. A cab and a cabriolet are not the same kind of a vehicle at all. So, too, *Miss* a title given to an unmarried woman, and *Mrs.*, are now quite different in meaning from each other, and from *mistress*, from which both are derived by shortening. A special edition of a newspaper was at one time called "an extraordinary," and, by shortening, became "an extra," which is now used without any consciousness of its origin. *Tend* was originally the same word as *attend*, and *mend* as *amend* but the short and long forms are no longer synonymous in meaning. The word *culprit* has a strange history. Its origin is to be found in the strange, corrupt Norman French once used in British courts of justice. When a prisoner had pleaded not guilty, the Crown's reply was "culpeable, prest." This meant "guilty, [we are] ready [to prove it]." In the reports the phrase was abbreviated into *culprit*, and finally came to mean simply "guilty man."

In the chapter on the makers of English,

Dr. Bradley notes that the word *beautiful*, common as it is now, is not known to have been used by any one before the translator of the Bible, Tindale, in the seventeenth century. Tindale also invented *elder*, the noun, and he made the singularly felicitous word, *scapegoat*, it being suggested by the misinterpretation of a Hebrew proper name. A striking instance of word-making, through misunderstanding, is *helpmeet*. In the Bible of 1611, the Hebrew words of Genesis, second chapter, eighteenth verse, were literally rendered "an *help meet* [i. e., fit, suitable] for him." Readers mistook the two words *help meet*, for a compound; and so *helpmeet* became current as a synonym for one's "partner in life." The poet, Edmund Spenser, introduced into the language the word *braggadochio*, the phrase, "squire of dancs," the adjective *blatant*, and he also seems to have invented the word *clink*. It is odd to read that the grave, reverend Milton enriched the language with the phrase, "the light fantastic toe"; he also invented *gloom*, *pandemonium*, *anareh*, *horrent*, *impassive*, and *irresponsible*. Swift gave the world *Lilliputian*, *Brobdingnagian*, and *Yahoo*. Many obscure writers have given to the speakers of English, phrases in common use. Few persons have read, or even heard, of Rowe's "Fair Penitent," Mrs. Centlivre's "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," or Morton's "Speed the Plough," but everybody knows the expressions "a gay Lothario," "the real Simon Pure," and "Mrs. Grundy," which are thence derived.

In the two hundred and fifty pages of this book, Dr. Bradley touches upon many other interesting topics connected with the history of the language, of which there is no space to speak in this review.

Published by the Macmillan company, New York; \$1.00 net.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

On the Macmillan's list of fall books is "The Principles and Progress of English Poetry," by Charles Mills Gayley and C. C. Young. The literary activity of Professor Gayley is noticeable.

The announcement is made of the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Selden Bacon (Josephine Daskam), whose recent book, "The Memoirs of a Baby," aroused such a lively controversy over the naturalness of its small hero, "Binks." We wonder what effect her experience with the real thing will have upon her literary offspring.

A. M. Robertson will publish, on November 25th, "The Long Ago and Later On: Being Recollections of Eighty Years," by George T. Bromley. This volume by "Uncle George," as he is called by his numerous friends, is said to be full of anecdotes of many noted Californians.

Stewart Edward White is ending his honeymoon in the Sierras with a boar hunt. He expects to return to his home in Santa Barbara to take up his literary work. His latest story, "The Rawhide," will begin serially in the November *McClure's*. It is described as a story of the Arizona desert.

The *Century* publishes in its prospectus for 1905, under the heading, "Short Stories by the World's Great Story Writers," a list of forty-three names, British and American. It is interesting to note that eight of these, nearly one-fifth, are Californians, or persons who have lived in and are closely identified with the State. The eight are as follows: Jack London, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Gouverneur Morris, Miriam Michelson, Mary Hallack Foote, E. W. Townsend, Philip V. Mighels, and Bailey Millard.

Plans for the new New York building of the Hispanic Society of America have been completed by the architect, Charles P. Huntington. The Hispanic Society of America was founded a short time ago by Archer M. Huntington for the purpose of bringing into closer relations the people of the United States who are interested in Spanish history, art, and literature, with the Spanish and Portuguese people and their neighbors in

South America. As evidence of the purposes and aims of the organization, it may be said that in celebration of the tercentenary of the first publication of Cervantes's "Don Quixote," a new and critical edition of this work in seven volumes will be published by the society.

The extraordinary announcement is made that "The Testimony of the Suns," by George Sterling, has passed into a second edition. In view of the universal complaint that "poetry doesn't sell," Mr. Sterling's success, commercial as well as actual, is distinctly remarkable.

William Heinemann announces that Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," to be published in London and in New York November 1st, will be issued the same day in eight languages, and that translations of the book in six more languages, making a total of fourteen languages (which is a great many), are in preparation. Heinemann is still the most successful London book "boomer."

George Ade presents a new book of his characteristic fables. He calls the collection "True Bills." Mr. Ade serves up, among others, the man who pays good money to be called a gentleman and the innocent who acts as banker in a family poker-game.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Meriman.
3. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
4. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.
5. "Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.
2. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
3. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.
4. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.
5. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.
3. "Vergilius," by Irving Bacheller.
4. "Old Gorgon Graham," by George Horace Lorimer.
5. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Meriman.

José Echegaray, the popular Spanish dramatist, a translation of whose moving story, "La Madrecita," appears on another page of this issue of the *Argonaut*, was born in 1832, and is essentially a romantic writer. He published his first play in 1874, after a life dedicated to politics, mathematics, and revolutionary oratory. His "El Gran Galeoto" is, perhaps, his most famous work, and is strong and gloomy, quite in the old Spanish manner. His popularity in Spain has been enduring, and he has succeeded, in spite of hostile critics who have essayed to prove that he is not the legitimate successor of the old Spanish dramatists. Suffice it to say that the great average Spanish audience delights in Echegaray.

## November "Sunset."

Hopper's "Locomotive Jones" is a rattling good football story in November *Sunset Magazine*, the Thanksgiving number, just out. Other attractive stories and articles are by Elizabeth Grimell, Harriet Bates Calkins, Emily Grant Hutchings, Gelett Burgess, Bruce Porter, and others, including Sam Davis, who contributes a "sage-brush poem." It is a number crowded with good things, and beautifully illustrated. For sale by all newsdealers.

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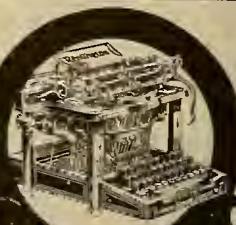
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## A Strong, Absorbing Story.

The publishers of "The Masquerader," a novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston, affirm that the editor of the American magazine in which the story appeared serially, received the following letter during the course of its publication:

You may, and I hope you have, some little remembrance of my name. But this will be the very oddest letter you have ever received. I am reading that most clever and wonderfully well-written novel, "The Masquerader." I have very serious heart trouble and may live years—and may die any minute. I should deeply regret going without knowing the general end of that story. May I know it? Will be as close as the grave itself if I may. I really feel that I may not live to know the unraveling of that net. If I may not know it for reasons good and sufficient to yourself and by no means necessary to explain, may I please have the numbers as they come to you, and in advance of the general delivery? I congratulate you on the story—it is to my mind the very best and most intensely interesting story I have read for many and many a year; indeed, I can not think of any book I have ever read which held my attention so utterly. I have my own theory of the end. I think Loder is in some way the real Chilcote. . . I just felt that (I have had so many troubles) it would be just my luck to die, and not to know the end.

It is interesting to know that the lady read the end of "The Masquerader," which is, indeed, a remarkably absorbing story. As a study in character it has, perhaps, no particular merit. It displays in the author no especial insight into human character. The situations, when analyzed, may appear to be tinged with artificiality. But there is given to this tale of a double, a sufficient semblance of reality so that, once caught in the current of interest, the reader is swept breathlessly to the end. It is emphatically a book to sit down with for "a night of it." To be stopped in the middle would be (as the letter quoted rather indicates) a harrowing experience. We predict that nobody who really gets well started on "The Masquerader" will fail to finish it.

The problem of "The Masquerader," as it is outlined in the opening chapters of the book, is something like this: John Chilcote, member of Parliament, enormously wealthy, married to a beautiful woman, has fallen under the spell of morphia. One foggy London night, he wanders out of the House and rambles aimlessly through the streets. The fog thickens, he loses his way, and at length collides with another pedestrian. They stop and talk and something of Chilcote's misery is apparent to the stranger. To light their cigars a match is struck and each finds himself looking into a face absolutely identical with his own. They talk further and then separate but not before Chilcote has learned the address of his double Loder who it appears, is a man of good family, whose fortune has been swept away, the members of whose family are no longer alive, and who is known to only a few people in England, having traveled during the six or seven years preceding. Next day, Chilcote meets Loder and proposes to him that, when he finds himself breaking down, Loder shall take his place in Parliament and in his home, while Chilcote becomes John Loder, and indulges himself in the drug in the latter's rooms. This project is aided by the fact that Chilcote is noted for eccentricity, often not recognizing his best friends, and by the further fact that he and his wife have for years lived separate lives, though in the same house. After much debate, Loder agrees to the proposition. Chilcote coaches him in all details. When the time of probation has passed, John Loder, dressed in the frock coat of Chilcote, M. P., mounts the steps of the mansion, opens the door with a key, and passes into a new life. In the two weeks succeeding, Chilcote's friends note a new vigor in the man, the leader of the party commends him, and, most interesting of all, Eve, Chilcote's wife, suddenly feels strange stirrings of affection toward the man for whom she has felt so long a mere cold dislike. Then Loder goes back to his dreary rooms, and Chilcote returns to his old life again. But he is nervous, indecisive, flighty, and Eve and his associates are disappointed in their budding hopes. The next time Loder takes the reins, a crisis in foreign affairs compels him to make a speech, and he makes a great one. His associates crowd about him with congratulations, and Eve waits for him.

The place was not brightly lighted, and she was standing in the shadow; but it needed only a glance to assure his recognition. He could almost have seen in the dark that night, so vivid were his perceptions. He took a step toward her, then again he stopped. In a second glance he realized that her eyes were bright with tears, and it was with the strangest sensation he had ever experienced that the knowledge flashed upon him. Here, also, he had struck the same note—the long-coveted, note of supremacy. It had rung out full and clear as he stood in Chilcote's place dominating the House; it had besieged him clamorously as he passed along the lobbies amid a sea of friendly hands and voices; now, in the quiet of the deserted gallery, it

came home to him with deeper meaning from the eyes of Chilcote's wife.

Without a thought he put out his hands and caught hers.

"I couldn't get away," he said. "I'm afraid I'm very late."

With a smile that scattered her tears, Eve looked up. "Are you?" she said, laughing a little. "I don't know what the time is, I scarcely know whether it's night or day."

Still holding one of her hands, he drew her down the stairs; but as they reached the last step, she released her fingers.

"In the carriage," she said, with another little laugh of nervous happiness. . .

Loder leaned close to her. She was conscious of his nearer presence, of his strong, masterful personality. With a thrill that caught her breath, she felt his arm about her shoulder and heard the sound of his voice.

"Eve," he said, "I love you. Do you understand? I love you." And, drawing her close to him, he bent and kissed her.

This is the problem. Does Chilcote come back, reform, and oust Loder from his place forever? Does the world discover that there are two John Chilcotes, and spoil the scheme and the romance? Or does Chilcote die miserably, and Loder supplant him utterly? Does Lillian Astrupp, Chilcote's mistress, who knows the truth of the matter, whisper the secret to be revenged on Eve? How does it all end, how is the skein untangled?—these are questions that hold the absorbed attention until the very end.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York: \$1.50.

## Lafcadio Hearn.

"The recent death of Lafcadio Hearn," says *Harper's Weekly*, "adds interest to the following hitherto unpublished letter written by him several years ago to a friend in New York, who expressed an interest in his literary work":

DEAR MR. —, I have done so little, and am so painfully conscious of the imperfections of what I have done in a literary way, that I feel unworthy of the kindly attention you propose to give me.

I am not an American by birth, but a Greek. My father was an army physician—Charles Brush Hearn, surgeon-major in the Seventy-Sixth British Infantry. My father passed most of his life in India; but married in the Ionian Islands, his regiment being stationed there during the English protectorate. My mother was a native of Cebigo;—I was born in Santa Maura, in 1850. I was educated partly in Ireland, partly in England, partly in France, and soon forgot my mother's language. After my father's death in India, and a business failure at home which swept away the fortune of relatives on whom my future depended, I came to the United States alone, at nineteen years of age. A good old English printer, named Henry Watkin, of Cincinnati, taught

me the rudiments of his craft, and my first practical lessons in earning a living. After holding various situations as proof-reader, as subordinate mailing-clerk in a printing office, as a writer for weekly newspapers, I began my apprenticeship in journalism on the *Enquirer*, then controlled by Mr. John A. Cockrill, afterwards editor New York *World*. Subsequently Mr. Murat Halstead employed me for several years on the *Commercial*, as reporter, and occasionally as traveling correspondent. I went south for the first time on a vacation journey; but I left sleep and gloom to sail into the warmth and perfume of a Louisiana autumn day—into a blaze of violet and gold. The sharp contrast affected me as it has many another; I resolved never to go back North, and I had no reason to regret the decision. In New Orleans I obtained not only editorial work of a more agreeable sort, but work as a specialist in certain directions that enabled me to cultivate literary tastes I could not gratify without the greatest difficulty elsewhere.

Still, I had found time to study a little even while employed upon Western journals. It was during intervals of night-work on the Cincinnati *Commercial* that I attempted a translation of Théophile Gautier's most powerful short stories. Part of the MS. found a publisher some years after; it was issued by Worthington, under the title "One of Cleopatra's Nights" ("Une Nuit de Cléopâtre" being the original French title of the opening story of the collection).

The observation uttered by Baudelaire,—*Quel est celui de nous qui n'a pas, dans ses jours d'ambition, rêvé le miracle d'une prose poétique, musicale sans rythme et sans rime*—baunted me, and inspired me to attempt something in another direction, after having made various translations which never found a publisher because they never deserved it. Oriental literature had always had a strong charm for me; gradually, in the course of years, I had built up a tolerably extensive library of exotic poetry and legend; and while studying the singular beauties which one finds in these writings, I began to rewrite such of the myths as most impressed me in a style which represented an attempt at poetical prose. In this way I formed a collection of oddities, "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature." I had only begun, however, to learn that good work requires care and time; my production bore a few evidences of hasty execution. But I found I had the power to please—this encouraged me. My next effort resulted in the production of another little volume of exotic stories, entitled "Chinese Ghosts." This little book represents, I think, a much better effort in the direction of poetical prose, and much more serious study than "Stray Leaves." I do not wish to appear as one proud of what he has done,—only as one full of hope regarding what he will do. With best regards, LAFCADIO HEARN.

"From Crypt to Choir" is the title of a new volume of poems by Louis A. Robertson, which is soon to make its appearance.



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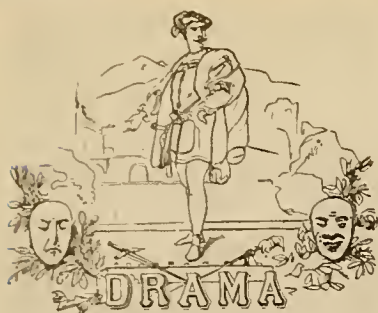
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It seems to have become a settled thing that one big name and quantities of fine costumes are all that are necessary to float a musical comedy to the top wave of a San Francisco success. William T. Carleton, at one time, used to bring out companies equipped with handsome prima donnas with fine, well-trained voices. He was generally careful to bring along a presentable tenor, always had a very good comedian, and, frequently, his companies were reinforced with one or two other singers or players above the ordinary. Besides this, he always undertook the baritone rôles himself. We have heard Emma Abbott, Zelda Seguin, Alta Norman, Tagliapietra, Perugini, and quantities of other operatic singers, whose names it is impossible to recall in a moment, augmenting, by their presence, the already strong attractions offered in the bouffe or comic operas which have since been displaced by musical comedy.

Nobody recalls the names of Frank Daniels's fellow-players in "An Office Boy"; next week, nobody will remember who were James T. Powers's associates in "San Toy."

Now, "San Toy" is a very pretty little affair, beautifully mounted, superbly costumed, satisfactorily sung, as regards the chorus, and provided with any quantity of melodious lyrics and pleasing choruses. But we are fairly stuffed, crammed, surfeited, with beautiful mountings, superb costumes, and melodious lyrics. When I look back upon the long, long list of musical comedies that I have seen at the Columbia Theatre during the last few years, there is a deadly sameness about them which prevents any one from standing apart, by any salient or original features, from the others. I do bethink me of a delicious little comedienne, named Toby Claude, in "The Silver Slipper." I remember being charmed by Marguerite Sylva's beauty in "The Strollers." Beyond these two impressions, all is a vague, shifting, glimmering phantasmagoria of enormous pompadours, silken legs, rainbow brocades, jigs, jokes, and general gorgeousness.

What we want are personalities. These men and women are all tarred by the same stick, all turned out of the same mill. They look alike, dress alike, walk alike, talk alike. The women are pretty butterflies, like Mina Rudolph, fluttering, during the heyday of their youth, in the brief sunshine of public favor. What has Mina Rudolph but her youth, and the *beauté du diable* that goes with it? Like all the rest, she has a little thread of a sweet, childish voice, that squeaks like her art—if art it can be called. Beyond the appeal made to the eye by the purely external beauties of the production, there is not the ghost of an impression left from "San Toy" that will last over a week, except the recollection of Powers's Chinaman.

It has taken four men to compose the book and music of "San Toy." Edward Morton, the man who made the book, has not departed from the comfortably established traditions that rule the making of musical comedies. Why should he? he might, with real or apparent reason, ask, "San Toy" is a success. The houses have been full, the audiences acclaim, money comes rattling in. Go to, you grumbler—do you want the earth? Here is a show with pretty girls, pretty clothes, pretty music, and a funny comedian. What more do you want?

But again I say, give us personalities, or give us bright, light, merry operas that will have the tang of satire and that will permit the play of individuality. There is nothing so interesting to people as people. Else why do we crowd into large cities, and, when we find ourselves in country solitude, immediately hunt up companionship?

But, says the manager, there were a hundred people on the stage in the production of "Tra-la-loo in Skyland," two hundred in "Princess Kissinissima," three hundred in "Sadie Girls All in a Row."

But, man alive, these are not people! They are dummies, puppets, living clothes-horses. When they speak, they utter disconnected jokes, and dime-novel endearments. In spite of its name there is never a glimpse of real comedy in musical comedy.

However, we must submit to the fad of the day until its novelty is exhausted. We will continue, with varying degrees of patience, to listen to gauzy fabrications about spangly Orientals in countries peopled by hours and peris, who are leagued in a general conspiracy to convince the public that they can sing. We will patiently put up with their songs about nothing in particular,

and ceaseless dances that are tediously similar. We will laugh at the funny men, because, thank heaven, they are generally funny, but we will continue to speculate as to how long their brains can stand the pressure—or lack of it. And, some day, somebody will do something in the musical-comedy line that will be original and enormously lucrative. And then all the librettists and merry-music composers will multitudinously follow new, and, let us hope, not false, gods, and we will have a change—a blessed change; and upon its speedy coming may Providence turn a favoring eye.

"The Wilderness" affords another instance of H. V. Esmond's tacit protest against the elegant cynicism of the modern drama. He believes in the worthier qualities of human nature, does this doughty champion of the simpler virtues, and he proposes to show that they pay better in the long run. In doing so, Mr. Esmond has been skillful enough not to cut his public entirely off from the society of worldly people, and a sinner or two. And he has been equally skillful in putting Jack Kennerly, the worst offender against good morals, in a particularly poor light beside the hero. Those scenes of the play in which Jack figure, are really among the best. Sir Harry Milanor, on a second acquaintance, does not wear so well. He is certainly a good fellow, and as safe as a church to marry; but he places an exaggerated estimate on the moral beauty of some matters that other good fellows would be quite able to contemplate with a stolid lack of appreciation: the sight of children, for instance, offering up a sacrifice of mouldy fish-bones to the unseen fairies of the fairy-ring. And then, why does Sir Harry hable so much, and to so little purpose, in the woodland scene? I confess to sympathizing somewhat with his elderly relative's impatience, when that much-tried cosmopolite curtly requested his nephew not to "Uncle Joe" him so much.

The fact is, Sir Harry does seem a little foolish, in his utter remoteness from literal people; for literal people form an ever-present factor that always has to be considered, especially in the drama. When we meet Sir Harry in his own drawing-room, however, and safely away from the fish-bones, he is certainly an uncommonly nice fellow.

It does not strike me as a rôle with which Mr. Craig is in perfect sympathy. He could not quite grasp that mood of deliberately foolish fantasy to which the world-weary owner of £30,000 a year abandoned himself. Nor, pretty and dainty as she looked, was Miss Lawrence quite girlish enough, in manner or spirit, for a hnd of nineteen. She had the easy pose of experience, and her coquetties seemed not those of a young girl, but of a woman of the world, skilled in the amenities of the drawing-room.

It seems to me that dramatists are unnecessarily rash in so often specifying the age of their heroines. Under average circumstances, it would be advisable merely to refer in general terms to their youth. It is generally safe to calculate that the age of the leading ladies floats in a delightfully indefinite haze, anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five. Sometimes, when they are famous, they have rounded that mysteriously shaded bluff which leads to forty. Indeed, within a couple of years, I have, with sorrow and sympathy, sat out more than one love scene, on the stage, in which the years of the officiating high priestess numbered half a hundred. How frightfully risky, then, to specify nineteen summers as the age of the heroine. Managers, after due consultation with their leading ladies, ought to take liberties with the text, under such circumstances, and lift the heroine bodily out of her teens to her twenties. It would be a ticklish business, though—very. They would have to be pretty sure of their ground before they tried it.

The Alcazar company made a very good appearance in "The Wilderness," Luke Connors doing particularly well in the part of Jack Kennerly. Mr. Connors fits in well with the newcomers, all three of whom appear to advantage in society comedy. Like them, he makes his points quietly and effectively. I fancy he is striving to conquer a certain crudeness of accent, which always becomes more noticeable in the atmosphere of an English play; a difficult task, but always worth while. It is one of the number of things

which make the newcomers at the Alcazar so particularly acceptable. All three have made a good impression at each appearance. Both the ladies have personal attraction and style, and all three give the impression of having had their experience in a good school. Their emotional scene in the last act, Mr. Craig and Miss Lawrence acted out extremely well. Sir Harry becomes rather uproarious in his final burst of joy, but, perhaps, there is a touch of nature in it. At any rate, the audience seemed to feel so.

Mr. Esmond has shown the skill of the born playwright by the natural and orderly progression in which he has cast his three acts. The play, for one in which so much occurs, is very compactly put together. I rather missed a particularly neat touch in the third act, which I remember having appreciated when the Henry Miller company appeared in the piece; it was that little game of cards in which Sir Harry and his wife engaged in a *dégage* manner, as if to evade an unwelcome companionship, while an acid mother-in-law vexed the cosiness of the home atmosphere by distilling a few drops of the vinegar of worldliness. It was a pretty scene, this first glimpse we had of hisslful marital domesticity, and it was a real comfort that the children were not drawn into it. Children are a mistake on the stage. All their charm of unconsciousness is stripped away from them, and they are strait-jacketed, mentally and physically, in frills, starch, and stage deportment. Someone should always be appointed to censor the hefrizzlements that break out on the heads of the blessed youngsters whose fond, but mistaken, mothers generally turn them out all crimps, flounces, and knees.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The second costume reading by Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, will be given at Lyric Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, at three o'clock. The reading will be from "Macheth." Mrs. Buckingham's first reading, on Monday night, was heard by a large and fashionable audience, and she thoroughly demonstrated her ability to interpret Shakespeare.

C. H. Markham has resigned from the general management of the Southern Pacific Company, and will take a similar position with the Guffey Petroleum Company, of Texas. Mr. Markham will remain with the Southern Pacific Company until a successor for him is found.

Maxine Elliott has started on her Western tour, presenting Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way." George Ade's "The Sultan of Sulu" will be seen here about holiday time.

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One week, commencing Monday, October 31st, first San Francisco production of Franklin Fyles's great play of Montana mining-camps, Cuban battle-fields, and New York society.

-- DRUSA WAYNE --

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c. Monday, November 7th—Prince Karl.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Two weeks only. Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, Arthur C. Aiston and J. Emmett Baxter present JANE CORCORAN, supported by Andrew Robson and splendid company, in

-- PRETTY PEGGY --

By Frances Aymar Mathews. The most notable dramatic success of recent times. Popular prices.

**CENTRAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533 BELASCO & MAVER, Proprietors  
Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall

Week beginning October 31st. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. First San Francisco production of the melodramatic success,

THE WORST WOMAN IN LONDON

Thrilling situations. Exciting climaxes.  
Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinee, October 30th. Effluent Vaudeville. Watson, Hutchings, Edwards and Company; the Misses Delmore; Halley and Mehan; Patching Brothers; Sullivan and Pasquelena; Harvey Comedy Four; Owsley and Randall; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of the Three Dumbonds  
Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c, and 50c.

**MISS A. K. WILSON**  
Graduate of Dresden Royal Conservatory.  
Piano Instruction. SUPERIOR METHOD.  
Classes in the Wagnerian drama. Studio, Hotel Sutherland, Sutter Street, corner Jones.

### LOUIS H. EATON

Organist and Director of the Choir Trinity Church  
Teacher of Voice, Piano, and Organ  
Studio, 1676 Broadway  
Phone East 571.

### BOUND VOLUMES

— OF —

## The Argonaut

Those desiring the latest bound volume of the Argonaut, Volume LIV, covering the six months from January 1st to July 1st, 1904, should send in their orders at once to the office of this paper, 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone James 2531.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Isadore Rush in "Glittering Gloria."

"San Toy" will have its final production at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night. Messrs. Fisher and Ryley, who are responsible for the production of "Florodora," and other musical comedy successes in America, will present "Glittering Gloria," at the Columbia, for two weeks, beginning Monday night. This piece, which is by Hugh Morton, author of "The Belle of New York," had a long run at Wyndham's Theatre, London. It is said to be one of the most amusing comedies presented in years. Isadore Rush will be presented for the first time as a star, and the rôle of Gloria gives her a good opportunity to show her comedy ability. Many other well-known people are in the cast, including George Parsons, Wilton Heriot, Edward M. Favor, Burt G. Clark, Channez Olney, Lulu Loudon, J. Gunnis Davis, Thomas A. Kierman, Irma Davis, George Jackson, and W. S. Freeman. Among the scenes shown are a Bond Street jewelry shop and the Euston Station. "The George Ade comedy, 'The County Chairman,'" comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, opening on election eve.

## "Drusa Wayne" at the Alcazar.

Beginning Monday night, Franklin Fyles's drama, "Drusa Wayne," will be presented at the Alcazar Theatre. The story begins in a Montana dance-hall, and shifts from there to a Cuban battle-field. The principal characters are a dance-hall girl, Drusa Wayne, and a rich young Easterner, Clarence Colgate. There are many dramatic incidents in the play, and the love interest is prominent, while there is a good comedy vein throughout the piece. Lillian Lawrence will play the title-rôle, while John Craig will have the part of Colgate.

## "Pretty Peggy" at the Grand Opera House.

Jane Corcoran will be seen at the Grand Opera House in a two weeks' engagement, beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinée, in the first presentation here of Frances Aymar Mathews's "Pretty Peggy." The comedy has been well received in New York, where it ran for almost an entire season. Peg Woffington is the central character of the play, and the critics say that, in portraying her, Miss Corcoran shows both comedy and emotional ability. Andrew Robson is the leading man, and the supporting company is adequate.

## New Show, with Large Cast.

On Monday evening, at the Tivoli Opera House, "The Messenger Boy," by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Moncton, authors of "The Toreador," will be given its first San Francisco production. "The Messenger Boy" was first produced at the London Gaiety Theatre, where it ran for two years, and it had a six months' run in New York. In costuming and scenery, it is more elaborate than "The Toreador." The scenes are laid on the River Thames, on the quay of Brindisi in Cairo, and in Paris. The cast is one of the largest ever seen at the Tivoli, and will include Willard Simms, William Schuster, Alexander Clark, John P. Kennedy, Karl Formes, Addison Braidwood, Harry Wiegand, Ben Dillon, George Chapman, Edward Nettleton, Teddy Webb, Dora de Filippa, Aimee Leicester, Bessie Tannehill, Marie Young, and Annette Barman. A long run is expected.

## English Melodrama.

"The Worst Woman in London," is the title of the melodrama to be presented at the Central Theatre, commencing Monday night. The play has many thrilling climaxes, and is lightened by sprightly comedy. Hyde Park, shown in the minutest details, will be one of the scenes. Several equipages, drawn by handsome horses, will appear upon the stage during this act.

## Great Variety at the Orpheum.

Watson, Hutchings, Edwards and Company, an aggregation of fun-makers, will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week, in a sketch entitled "The Vaudeville Exchange," having for its theme the business doings of stage folk. The Delmore Sisters will return with an entire novelty. One sings character songs, introducing many changes of costume, and the other plays on the violin. Halley and Meahan will give a few samples of Southern singing and dancing. They come with a good reputation for entertaining powers. The Petching Brothers will provide varied harmonies on all kinds of instruments in an act which they call "A Musical Flower Garden." The stage settings represent a beautiful garden, and, as the musicians go about with sprinkling cans and various garden tools, they bring out harmonies from different instruments that are, to all appearances, plants. William J. Sullivan and Clarice Pasquelena will continue "The Newsboy's Appeal"; the three Dumonds, the Parisian minstrels, will change their selections. The Harvey Comedy Company will present, for the first time here, "Billing and Cooing"; Owley and Randall,

the comedy jugglers, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## Shaw Commends Shaw.

George Bernard Shaw, in an interview with a London Mail reporter, confesses that he is writing a new play to be produced by William Butler Yeats at the Irish Literary Theatre. Mr. Shaw also confesses: "Like all my plays, it is a very good play, of first-rate workmanship and material, and meant only for people who can appreciate such workmanship and such material. It is calculated to make the ordinary free-lister wish himself dead; and it will wound and bore and irritate the romantic play-goer beyond endurance. But as the free-lister will not be admitted, and the romantic play-goer will soon learn to stay away and not attempt feats of play-going that are beyond his powers, . . . no harm will be done."

Mr. Shaw adds that all the people in the play are Irish except the hero and his valet, who are English, and that none of the Irish characters exhibit a spark of humor. He says that the play has no particular ending, and consists largely of political, social, and religious discussion—and the women in it are perfectly respectable. It has "no misconduct, no champagne, no diamonds, no dukes—in short, nothing to make intelligent people yawn, and everything to keep them wide awake."

Mr. Shaw's parting shot is that six performances will probably be enough to accommodate the small number of people intelligent enough to appreciate the play.

## Musical Notes.

The date of the first musicale by the St. Francis Musical Art Society, has been definitely set for December 29th. Mme. Galski will be the artist, and she will have the assistance of an eminent European pianist. The membership of this society is rapidly filling. Those who wish to become members should apply to Will L. Greenbaum, St. Francis Hotel.

Henry W. Savage's company, presenting grand opera in English, will visit sixty-seven cities in the United States the coming season. The company will appear here from February 27th to March 9th. The repertoire includes the standard operas.

De Pachman will give a series of concerts here in January, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum.

Creator and his Italian band will appear at the Alhambra Theatre early next year.

The first "Parsifal" performance, which was to be given in New York during the third week in October, has been postponed to November 7th.

## Artistic Photographic Studios.

The advance that has been made in photography during the past few years, is no more remarkable than the corresponding advance that some photographers have made in the attractiveness of their studios. The barn-like appointments, that once sufficed, have given way, in some cases, to gaudy, garish surroundings; but once in a while a studio is found that is fittingly equipped for the reception of people who are used to, and appreciate, the refinements of life. J. C. Rasmussen, of 135 Post Street, has paid particular attention to this phase of his work. His waiting-room might be taken for a reception-room of the best class, so good is the taste displayed in furnishing it. The studio proper, too, shows the same discrimination. A few good paintings adorn the walls, giving it the air of a corner of a select art gallery. It is a restful place, conducive to the frame of mind in which any subject of the camera should be.

Mr. Rasmussen, in striving for suitable surroundings, has not neglected the practical side of his art. During the thirty years he has been in the business, he has kept just a little ahead of the march of improvement. An evidence of this is the recent installation, in his studio, of a prism light (the only one in town) which gives effects in light and shadow that could not otherwise be obtained.

It has been Mr. Rasmussen's aim to attract only the most exclusive family trade. He has established himself in the best shopping district, and has so equipped himself as to turn out work that will satisfy artistic, intelligent, and discriminating patrons.

Burton Holmes, the traveler, has just returned from the British Isles, and among the subjects for his next course of "Travelogues" will be "In London," "Round About London," and "Beautiful Ireland." He comes in January next to Lyric Hall.

Sarasate, the great violinist, was once asked the secret of his success. "Six hours' practice a day since I was twelve," was his reply, which means that he has fiddled for one hundred thousand hours since his early boyhood.

—ALL YOU NEED FOR THE TRIP CAN BE OBTAINED at the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. Cut this ad. out. It will obtain you 10% discount.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## JOHN G. ILS &amp; CO.

—MANUFACTURERS—

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# THE CREAM OF SAN MATEO El Cerrito Park

Never before offered except in large acreage pieces

SMALL HOLDINGS NOW AT ACREAGE PRICES

OPENING DAY, OCTOBER 31st

Get map and prices and first choice at office.

HOAG & LANSDALE, 108 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNEY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Ign. Steinhart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlandt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presds.  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....250,755.03  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

## MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-Up Capital.....300,000  
Surplus.....235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.  
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Boqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.

Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,486

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid in Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. MC CORRIN, Secretary and General Manager.



## VANITY FAIR.

The "Ladies' Cabinet," an innovation of Mrs. Roosevelt which is composed of wives of Cabinet members, held its first meeting of the season at the White House, the other day, and established itself on a firm business basis. Mrs. Roosevelt proposes that her cabinet shall be to social Washington what the President's Cabinet is to official Washington. During the coming season she intends that the rule of her cabinet shall be absolute in all social matters. The members will meet at the White House every Tuesday morning, and their discussions will be as serious as those of the President and his Cabinet, which will be in session at the same time at the executive offices, and of greater importance to Washington. Mrs. Roosevelt and her advisers will arrange for all social events given by the official set, so that there will be no conflicting dates. Their supervisory control will even extend beyond the wives of senators and representatives, for there are many society leaders whose husbands are not in Congress, and they will not care to send out invitations to receptions unless they are sure they will not run counter to some official or quasi-official affair. Consequently, all who are "in society," as society is recognized by the autocrats, will be compelled to consult with the "Ladies' Cabinet" in regard to "open time" before making any entertainment arrangements. Mrs. Roosevelt's cabinet will also pass on all invitation lists, and will decide on who are and who are not "in society." The decision of Mrs. Roosevelt's cabinet will be final in all social matters.

By an overwhelming majority a compromise canon on the remarriage of divorced persons was adopted by the House of Deputies of the Episcopal General Convention, in Boston, on October 20th, and as it has been concurred in by the House of Bishops, the most important issue that has come before the present convention is disposed of for at least three years. The compromise measure permits the remarriage of the innocent person, in a divorce for the cause of infidelity, but further provides that no remarriage shall be allowed within one year after a decree has been issued by a civil court. Satisfactory proof of the innocence of the applicant for remarriage must be furnished in the shape of court records, and, after the consent of the bishop is obtained, a clergyman may refuse to perform such a ceremony without subjecting himself to censure or discipline.

It will be recalled that, three years ago, at San Francisco, the Episcopal General Convention defeated a canon to make the divorce rules of the church more stringent. Since 1859, the Episcopal church, of which the most wealthy and aristocratic of American people are communicants, has sanctioned the remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce suit during the life of the other partner to the old marriage, whereas infidelity was the ground of the divorce. The present compromise canon, it will be seen, is a slight movement toward a more hostile attitude toward remarriage. Under the old canon, a clergyman of the Episcopal church might remarry the innocent person as soon as he or she desired after the decree of divorce had been granted. Now, a year must elapse, and the examination of the court records to determine the legal innocence of the person who desires to remarry is a prerequisite to the performance of the ceremony. Furthermore, any clergyman who has moral scruples against performing the ceremony, even then, may refuse without incurring censure from his church. The action of the most distinguished body of ecclesiastics who meet in conference in the United States is significant, since it shows that the churchly bias is against a liberal view of divorce. Some 175,000 divorce decrees have been granted in this country during the past three years. The number of divorces is increasing. Various States have laws that are remarkably liberal. Louisiana grants a decree for "public defamation of the other party" to a marriage, and Kansas for "any gross neglect of duty," while California grants for desertion, cruelty, etc. Yet the Episcopal church resolutely sets its face against the current, and shows a tendency to assume the attitude of the Catholic church, which does not recognize divorce. Indeed, the Remanization of the Episcopal church, which has been continuing for some time, is credited with the change of attitude. It is interesting to note that a substantial number of the bishops at the conference argued that no sanction is given by Scripture to divorce for any post-nuptial act whatsoever, these bishops holding that the permission granted to "put away thy wife" was solely for unvirginity discovered after marriage. The public discussion of divorce, aroused by the ecclesiastical one, has taken a wide range, and the press seems pretty evenly divided on the question. One noted newspaper takes the view that the action of the church is most unjust to women, who are more in need of the spiritual comfort of the church. Other newspapers, notably the *Argonaut*, controlled by Jewish influence, in which

race the idea of the sanctity of the family is firmly fixed, applaud the action of the clergy, and express the wish that they might have gone further. Of course, the influence of the church is only moral, and any one who pleases can be remarried by civil officers or by clergy of less strict denomination.

The country journalists' descriptions of weddings are a joy forever. Listen to this from the *Appleton Post*. "At the outset of this paragraph the pen falters at the task of describing so much sweetness. Imagine, if you can, a bride of statuesque pose, gowned in dreamy white chiffon, through the filmy mystery of whose veil glowed a mass of pale gold hair, like a sun-kissed cloud at morning. It was no wonder that the guests crowded each other and craned their necks to look."

The inconsistencies of tipping are discussed by a noted New York judge in a recent interview in the *World*. He says: "Did you ever stop to think how queer it is that we tip the man who gives us food, and yet never tip the man who gives us drink? We tip the waiter, but who has the nerve or the desire to tip a bartender, except by offering him a drink or one of his own cigars? And even that sort of treat is never offered to a bartender who is not also an acquaintance. Yet, why should the waiter get a tip when the bartender doesn't? Then, too, we give the barber a ten-cent tip with our fifteen-cent shave (a tip, by the way, aggregating 66 2-3 per cent of the real purchase), and yet we hand over not one single penny when we buy our fifteen-cent cigar. A messenger boy delivers a note some time during the same day it is given him, and he gets a quarter for his speed. But the postman who delivers our regular mail promptly to the very minute, gets not a penny except at some such season as Christmas. The cabman who gets a mortgage on your house for carrying you from the Flatiron Building to Herald Square also expects a circular segment of silver as a reward for not killing you during the trip, but a man who would give a trolley-car conductor an extra nickel for remembering to stop at the right corner and helping the whole family to alight, would be thought crazy. If we must tip, why not be consistent? Why not either stop feeing the waiter, the barber, the messenger boy, and the cabman, or else begin tipping the conductor, the bartender, the cigar man, the clerk, the newsboy, the 'L' train guard, the grocer, the ash man, and a few of the other worthies upon whom we are more or less dependent? If a man from some country where tipping is unknown (if so hilly a hounse exists) should come to Manhattan and ask us to explain our tipping system—its origin, its cause, its logic, its limitations, and the reason for those limitations—is there a man in all New York who could give any sort of an explanation that would not be an insult to a gorilla's intelligence?"

"Co-eds" of Lawrence University went to the football field at a recent game wearing their college colors where they had no chance to flutter. Stockings—one blue and one white—twinkled radiantly from beneath abbreviated skirts. As the legion of patriotic girls appeared on the field, the band played *legato* music, and a new legend in college history began to be written. Inspired by the spirit of the fair students, the football stars played like masters of legerdemain, running ends and hucking the line with such bewildering rapidity that it is alleged the eye could not follow the ball from point to point. This unique method of displaying university colors was devised by several daring "co-eds" a fortnight ago. Others took up the fad, and from long skirts there was a gradual transformation to short dresses and a pride in wearing variegated hosiery. "It is a legitimate way for us to show our loyalty," said one pretty "co-ed"; "our example will be handed down as a legacy to generations of girls who come after us."

Mme. Réjane, who arrived in New York recently from France, brought with her a novel idea that may appeal to society women who spend fortunes for gowns. Réjane has one gown that she carries about with her sealed up like a can of tomatoes. She carries the garment in a leaden cask. The gown is a wad of silver cloth, and is of such texture that if exposed to salt sea air it would blacken. Mme. Réjane, before leaving France, had a thick lead lining made for one of her trunks. The silver cloth gown was placed in this, and then the lining was soldered up just like canned goods. That was to keep the air out and preserve the silver shimmer of the gown.

How ancient is the servant problem? A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, referring to a letter from the Duchess of Ormonde, written in 1668, quotes from an epistle dated North Yarmouth, Me., March 26, 1785, as follows: "I have been without any but Betsy about a fortnight, and am determined to continue so rather than endeavor to hire one of this country. The pride of

independence is so prevalent here, that the people had rather slave at home than live in my kitchen in plenty. Were I to take them to my table, they would have no objection to oblige me. The want of good domestics is general, therefore I have less reason to complain, but I wish a method could be found to render us less dependent upon them."

"The Mothers' Club is to discuss an important question to-morrow afternoon." "What is that?" "Is one justified in promising the moon to a baby who cries for it?" *Brooklyn Life*.

## Nutritious and Palatable Cereal Foods.

In almost every family nowadays a cereal is one of the breakfast dishes. Some constitutions readily assimilate these various foods, while others rebel against them. There are many people with delicate digestive organs who can not eat cereal foods, and it will repay all those so afflicted to write to Messrs. Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., for samples of their noted cereals and a copy of their pamphlet, which gives full information regarding the following health foods that they manufacture: "Gluten Flour," "Special Diabetic Food," "K. C. Whole Wheat Flour," "Barley Crystals," and "Gluten Grits." These various foods are for sale by grocers, and they can be easily recognized by the criss-cross lines on the face of each package.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
October 20th.....	78	60	.00	Clear
" 21st.....	78	60	.00	Clear
" 22d.....	76	60	.00	Clear
" 23d.....	68	54	.00	Clear
" 24th.....	70	54	.00	Clear
" 25th.....	60	54	.00	Clear
" 26th.....	70	54	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, October 26, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%.....	15,000	@ 80 3/4-81	.....	81 1/4
Contra Costa Water				
5%.....	3,000	@ 98-99	.....	99
Hawaiian C. S. 5%.....	8,000	@ 100	.....	99 3/4
Los An. Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 116	.....	116
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5%.....	48,000	@ 117	116 3/4	117
MV. Mt. Tamalpais				
Ry. 5%.....	2,500	@ 110	.....	110
Oakland Transit				
5%.....	5,000	@ 112 1/2	112 1/4	112 1/2
Oakland Transit				
Con. 5%.....	10,000	@ 103-103 1/2	103 1/2	103 3/4
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%.....	10,000	@ 121 3/4	120 3/4	121 1/2
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.....	64,000	@ 101-102	102	102
S. F. & S. J. Valley				
Ry. 5%.....	7,000	@ 118 1/2	118	118
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909.....	7,000	@ 108 1/2	108 1/4	109
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%.....				
Stpd.....	61,000	@ 110 1/4	110 1/4	110 1/2
S. P. Branch, 6%.....	10,000	@ 135	135 1/2	135 3/4
S. V. Water 6%.....	15,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	104 3/4
S. V. Water 4%.....	13,000	@ 101	101	101 1/2
S. V. Water Co.				
Gen. 4%.....	91,000	@ 99	99	99 1/2
United R. R. of S.				
F. 4%.....	77,000	@ 85 1/2-85 3/4	85 3/4	86

	STOCKS.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Water.				
S. V. Water 5%.....	375	@ 38 1/2-40	39 1/2	39 3/4
Banks.				
American National	50	@ 127 1/2	126	130
Anglo-California.....	115	@ 86	85	86
Bank of California.....	30	@ 425	420	430
Powders.				
Giant Con.....	80	@ 63 1/4	63	64
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.....	70	@ 65-66	64	66
Honokaa S. Co.....	170	@ 14 1/2-15	14 1/2	15
Hutchinson.....	190	@ 9 1/2-9 3/4	9 1/2	10
Makaweli S. Co.....	145	@ 28-28 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2
Onomea Sugar Co.....	100	@ 28 1/2-28 3/4	28	29
Pauuhau Sugar Co.....	750	@ 14 1/2-15 1/4	14 1/2	15
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,705	@ 55 1/2-59 1/4	56	56 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers.....	870	@ 96 1/2-107	96	96 1/2
Cal. Fruit Cannery.....	10	@ 99 1/2	99	99 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn.....	75	@ 80 1/2-80 3/4	80 1/2	80 3/4
Oceanic S. Co.....	550	@ 3 1/2-3 3/4	3 1/2	3 3/4
Pacific States Tel.....	175	@ 113-113 1/4	112	113

The market has been one of general decline in prices. The sugar stocks have been weak, and on sales of 1,455 shares there were losses made of from one-quarter to two points.

Alaska Packers Association, on sales of 870 shares, sold off eleven and three-quarter points to 95 1/2, closing at 95 bid, 95 1/4 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weak, selling off two and three-quarter points to 55 1/2, closing at 55, 56 1/2 asked.

Spring Valley Water was steady at 39 1/2-39 3/4 on sales of 375 shares.

California Wine Association was quoted at 80 1/2-80 3/4; Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone at 113-113 1/4.

## INVESTMENTS.

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BOMBYRET—Pure Silk  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The dislike for him that President Roosevelt's popularity has excited in some people, causes a correspondent to an Eastern paper to draw a parallel between the President's situation and that of the ostracised Aristides. One mao, when asked for his reason for voting for ostracism, and if Aristides had done him an injury, answered: "No; but I am tired of hearing him called 'Aristides the Just.'"

During the trial of the postal grafters, R. J. Wynne was violently attacked in court by the attorney-general of Maryland, who said that the assistant postmaster-general was a "high-roller," who lived on canvasback duck and green peas. The President, who read the speech, asked Wynne what he was going to do about this assertion regarding his epicurean diet. "I have concluded," gravely answered Wynne, "to cut out the peas."

An Indiana physician tells this story on himself: After writing a prescription for a patient, the physician told him that the drug-gist would probably charge him sixty cents for filling it. Then the patient asked the physician to lend him the sixty cents. Thereupon the physician carefully scratched out a part of the prescription, and handed it back with ten cents, remarking: "You can get that filled for a dime. What I scratched out was for your oerves, but you need nothing for them."

A lawyer in a Western city once went to another part of the country on business. On arriving at his destination, he found he had forgotten the name of the firm he had come to see, and had left all enlightening memoranda in his desk. After wasting valuable time in useless efforts to remember, he telegraphed home to his partner for the necessary information. He got it, and more. "Your business is with Smith & Jones," his partner's message ran; "your name is Brown."

Ex-Senator Thomas Carter, of the St. Louis Exposition Company, tells a story of a Chicago family visiting the fair who were asked by one what had impressed them most at the big show. "Well," said the eldest girl, who took it upon herself to be the spokesman for the party, "I rather think we liked that picture of Adam and Eve, along with the apple and the serpent." "So that struck you most forcibly?" the friend asked. "Yes, indeed, we found it most interesting. We knew the anecdote, you see!"

The late Senator Quay, who was afflicted with insomnia, one day announced that he had found a cure for it. "If you go to bed and find that you can not go to sleep," said he, "the thing to do is to get up and take a big slug of old rye whisky; then retire. After a proper interval, if you are still awake, get up and take another drink. If a half hour goes by and you are still awake, get up and take a third drink, and then if you are still awake take another." "And after that," queried a bystander, "what next?" "After that," said Quay, with a broad smile, "you won't care whether you go to sleep or not."

The town of Perkins, Me., has ten voters, who at the last election all voted the Republican ticket. Years ago the vote was larger, being twelve Republican and one Democratic. Upon one occasion, however, there was an announcement of a Democratic gain, which for a time excited some surprise. The votes were being counted at headquarters, and when the returns from Perkins were reached, the man who had charge of the counting, remarked: "Perkins, a Democratic gain of one hundred per cent." The Democrats yelled vociferously. Then the speaker proceeded: "Last year, twelve Republicans, one Democrat; this year, eleven Republicans, two Democrats."

Ysaye, the violinist, is a shy and quiet man, except when ruffled or annoyed, when he becomes sharp of tongue. Recently he was playing at a private house, and an elderly woman, a passionate lover of music, drew closer and closer to him as he continued to play. She was interested in the score, and to read it the better she put her head almost against his. Ysaye, who had been growing angrier every moment, suddenly ceased playing, and, whipping out his handkerchief, wiped the woman's nose with it. She was furious, and grew more so when the violinist said: "I beg your pardon; but your nose was so close to my face that I thought it was my own."

On Senator Depew's last speaking trip he was greeted by a large, unsympathetic crowd at Cobleskill, N. Y., and when he was conveyed to the town hall and attempted to address the gathering, he was rudely inter-

rupted. In referring to the incident, Senator Depew said: "I think I offended the crowd at Cobleskill on that occasion by saying to them, during the brief interval that I could make my voice heard, that they were trying to interfere with free speech, and that they were using the same weapon that Sampson used against the Philistines. 'That's a lie!' shouted one man in the crowd; 'it wasn't Sampson, it was Schley.'"

## Real Conversations About the Ten-Year Marriage.

I—AT A SUBURBAN BREAKFAST-TABLE.  
WIFE—Don't let your fish get cold, dearest. You can read the paper in the train, you know.

HUSBAND—All right, dear. I wonder whether anything will come of all this correspondence about marriage.

WIFE—Oh, are they still going on with that? Of course, nothing will come of it.

HUSBAND—I'm not so sure. May I have some more coffee, darling?

WIFE—Pass up your father's cup, Madge. I think the whole thing's too ridiculous for words. Just as though any woman would consent to be married for seven or ten years, and then be left to look after herself.

HUSBAND—You don't quite understand the matter, dearest. The husband, you see, would make some provision for the wife and the children.

WIFE—I should think he would, indeed! Besides, how could the wife be certain of that?

HUSBAND—Well, the law would insist on it.

WIFE—And suppose the separation broke the woman's heart? Would the law mend it?

HUSBAND—The separation, I suppose, would be by mutual consent as far as possible. In any case, hearts—

WIFE—Rubbish! If the man wanted to go, he'd just go. The whole arrangement would be for the benefit of the man. Trust him to take care of that! You've spilt something on your pinafore, Madge, dear.

HUSBAND—I'd no idea you felt so strongly about it. You ought to write to the paper and put the matter from the point of view of the wife.

WIFE—We won't discuss the question any further, if you don't mind. It's hardly an edifying conversation for Madge, especially when her father makes it so evident that—

[Rises abruptly.]  
HUSBAND—What's the matter, darling? Don't be silly. I was only joking. [Rises.]

WIFE—You've only got ten minutes to get to the station. Get your father's hat and coat, Madge.

HUSBAND—I shan't go till you say you forgive me.

WIFE—Of course, I do, you dear old boy. [They kiss.]

## II—IN A MEN'S CLUB.

YOUNG BACHELOR—I must say, I think that when a man marries a woman he ought to be prepared to live with her all his life.

OLD BACHELOR—Quite right. Serves him right for being such a fool as to marry her.

YOUNG BACHELOR—Oh, I didn't mean that. I don't look at marriage from the cynic's point of view.

OLD BACHELOR—That means you're in love, I suppose. Every young man is either head over heels in love or a misogynist.

YOUNG BACHELOR—As long as I don't develop into a crusty, selfish old beast like you—

MARRIED MAN—Now, then, what are you two fellows quarreling about?

OLD BACHELOR—We're not quarreling. We're merely congratulating ourselves and pitying you.

YOUNG BACHELOR—We were discussing George Meredith's views on marriage.

MARRIED MAN—But neither of you know anything whatever about the subject.

OLD BACHELOR—Don't we, though! You forget, my dear friend, that on-lookers see most of the game. In my opinion, no married man should be allowed a voice in this discussion at all. He's sure to be prejudiced. If he signs his letter in the paper, he defends oatrimony; if he doesn't sign it, no expression of condemnation is too strong for him. Bah!

MARRIED MAN—The amount of heat that you display makes me suspicious. I believe that, if you could have your time over again, you'd get married like a shot.

YOUNG BACHELOR—So do I.  
OLD BACHELOR—You're a couple of fools. What d' you want to come disturbing me just after my lunch for? I might as well be a married man with a large family.

MARRIED MAN—Well, I'll leave you to your cigar and your indigestion. Personally, I haven't time for such luxuries.

OLD BACHELOR—There he goes, boy. Take warning!

YOUNG BACHELOR—By you?—Kebble Howard in London Daily Mail.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Fruitless.

I know a maid, she is a peach.  
With her I made a date;  
She is the apple of mine eye,  
But here I sadly state  
She does not care a fig for me;  
Alas, my cruel fate.

The dainty maid has cherry lips  
And lemon-colored hair;  
She wears a bright burnt-orange gown.  
But, ah, to my despair  
She will not answer yes to me,  
So we may be a "pear!"

—Chicago Chronicle.

## "Another Pair of Sleeves."

Time was, not very long ago,  
When Mahel's walking skirt  
Trailed half a yard behind to show  
How well she swept the dirt.  
But "short and sweet" are in again;  
No more the grievance rankles,  
For Mahel's new curtailed her train  
And shows her dainty ankles.  
But Mahel has a thrifty mind  
To supplement her charms;  
The frills that once she wore behind  
She fastens on her arms.  
Her sleeves are made in open bags  
Like trousers in the navy;  
No more she sweeps the streets, but drags  
Her sleeve across the gravel.

—London Punch.

## Dollars Versus Art.

Schumann-Heink, the huxom frau,  
With the massive, metric smile,  
In a comic opera now  
Chants in elephantine style.  
Shades of Siegfried, this is fierce!  
Dost thou utterly forget  
How they warbling used to pierce  
Topmost perches of the Met?  
Why desert the classic lore?  
Ortrud sure contains more art—  
Lina's somewhat of a bore—  
Than is in your present part.  
Heard above surrounding din,  
Softly doth the diva speak:  
"Wagner neifer bringt mich in  
Umty-umfig blunks a veek."

—The Iconoclast in Town Topics.

## Woe.

A foolish young woman, named Clara—  
The rest of her name was O'Hara—  
Just worried and worried,  
And kept herself flurried,  
Because she was tall—and sn snarra.

—Cleveland Leader.

## Leasehold Marriages.

[Mr. George Meredith, in the Daily Mail, states that in the future marriages will probably be allowed for a certain period, say ten years.]

This leasehold plan would bring about  
Some awkward points as time increased;  
For instance, when their lease ran out,  
How many wives would get released?

—London To-Day.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

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A man steps into your office, draws up his chair, and talks right into your face. His breath is offensive. Your only thought is how to get rid of him and his business. You cut him short with, "I am not interested."

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is essential to one whose breath is not pure and sweet. Penetrating the little crevices, it deodorizes, sweetens and purifies them, and makes you feel genteel and clean-cut.

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New York, Nov. 19, 10 a m | Philadelphia, Dec. 3  
\*Calling at Dover for London and Paris.  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Merion, Nov. 19, 10 a m | Friesland, Dec. 17, 10 a m  
Haverford, Dec. 3, 10 a m | Merion, Dec. 31, 10 a m

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis, Nov. 12, 9 a m | Min'to'ka, Nov. 26, 7:30 a m  
Menominee, Nov. 19, 10 a m | M'saha, Dec. 3, 10 a m

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada, Nov. 12—Southwark, Nov. 19

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(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 a m.  
Finland, Nov. 12 | Kroonland, Nov. 26  
Vaderland, Nov. 19 | Finland, Dec. 10

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Cedric, Nov. 9, 10 a m | Baltic, Nov. 30, 11 a m  
Oceanic, Nov. 16, noon | Cedric, Dec. 7, 5:30 a m  
Majestic, Nov. 23, 10 a m | Oceanic, Dec. 14, 10 a m  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric, Nov. 12—Nov. 17  
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TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AZORES.  
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.  
From New York.  
Republic, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March, 18

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S. S. Coptic, Saturday, November 26  
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S. S. Doric, Thursday, February 2, 1905  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
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S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Nov. 25, at 11 A. M.  
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**Political Announcements.****FOR CONGRESS****E. A.****HAYES**REGULAR  
REPUBLICAN  
NOMINEE**FIFTH  
Congressional  
DISTRICT**Election Tuesday, No-  
vember 8, 1904**FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE****Daniel W. Burchard**REGULAR REPUBLICAN and  
UNION LABOR NOMINEE**MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin expect to depart on Wednesday for a short visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Pease, and Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., are expected to return from Portland, Or., during the coming week. Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mr. R. W. Huntington, Jr., arrived in New York from Europe, recently.

Mr. John Parrott and the Misses Parrott have returned from New York, and are at San Mateo. They will come to town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark have returned from Arizona.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies is expected home from the East next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young and Miss Bertha Young, of Oakland, have gone to Honolulu for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sarah Coffin, have returned from Ross Valley, and are at their residence, 2515 Broadway.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood expects to leave within a fortnight for a six weeks' tour of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hewlett (née Fore) have taken apartments at St. Dunstan's for the winter.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and Mrs. Ashton Stevens go, shortly, to Coronado, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley, who are in New York, will spend the winter here. They expect to arrive about November 15th.

Mr. C. F. Runyon and Mr. and Mrs. George Fasheira have returned from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and Miss Elizabeth Mills were recent visitors to Del Monte.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is expected home from the East within a few days.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard and Mrs. Edward Houghton have returned from the East.

Among the week's visitors at Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Frohman, Dr. and Mrs. Ohrwall, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Mott, Mrs. G. L. de Walt, Miss Girvin, Miss S. M. Fritch, Miss E. M. Mott, Mr. R. Girvin, Mr. M. J. Brock, Mr. C. S. Plant, Mr. F. B. Anderson, and Mr. E. H. Kinney.

Among the week's arrival at the Hotel Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. F. Roosevelt and Mr. C. S. Norris, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rowley, of England, Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Miller, of Japan, Dr. and Mrs. Lawson Allen, of Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. Hambleton, of Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Wheeler, of St. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Brigham, Dr. Oronhyteka, of Toronto, Mr. Alfred Andrae, and Mr. W. C. Osterlachs, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Mr. Kulenkampff, of Bremen, Mr. J. B. Murphy, Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. Harry Coleman, Mr. H. M. Black, and Mr. H. G. Hinckley.

**Army and Navy News.**

Major William Stephenson, U. S. A., who was in command of the Post Hospital at the Presidio, has been ordered to Fort Snelling. Captain Frederick P. Reynolds, U. S. A., succeeds Major Stephenson at the Presidio.

Commodore J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been ordered from the Monterey to the naval station at Cavite.

Captain Parker W. West, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, D. C., on leave of absence.

Lieutenant John S. Chambers, U. S. N., was a recent arrival at the Occidental Hotel. Ensign Frank O. Branch, retired, U. S. N., and Mrs. Branch (née Simons) will spend the winter at San Diego.

The second squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, Major C. H. Murray, U. S. A., in command, has arrived at the Presidio from Fort Leavenworth, Kas.

Mrs. Crimmins, who has been in New York, has joined her husband, Lieutenant Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., at Fort Leavenworth. Captain Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., has returned from his tour of the Department of the Columbia, where he has been inspecting the target ranges.

A new comic opera, "My Lady Teazle," by John Kendrick Bangs and Roderick C. Penfield, the music by A. Baldwin Sloane, is to be produced in New York about Christmas time. Lillian Russell will play the title rôle.

The new California Jockey Club will inaugurate the racing season, on November 12th, with a fine card. The opening handicap, with \$2,000 added money, is expected to bring out a fine lot of horses.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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**Mexico's Vice-President Entertained.**

Ramon Corral, vice-president of Mexico, has been the recipient of many attentions during the week. On Saturday evening he was given a banquet at the Palace Hotel by the Citizens' Committee. On Monday he was a luncheon guest of Dr. G. E. Goodfellow at the Family Club. On Tuesday he was given a dinner at the Family Club. On the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Corral and party were entertained by Rear-Admiral Bowen H. McCalla and Mrs. McCalla, at Mare Island. On Monday evening a reception was given in their honor at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. I. Rivas, on Octavia Street. In addition, many people, notable in military and civil life, have paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Corral in their apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

The McCreery Library Building, built by A. B. McCreery, at a cost of \$50,500, was presented to the city, on Tuesday. In the absence of the donor, the presentation speech was made by James D. Phelan. The new library building is a handsome structure, situated in Eureka Valley, on a fifty-vara lot, fronting on three streets—Noe, Pond, and Prospect. The building is square, two-storied, and of pressed brick and terra-cotta. The lower floor will be devoted to store-rooms and lavatories, while the library proper will be on the second floor.

Baldwin & Howell will sell at auction thirty-eight boulevard lots, property of the late Alvinza Hayward. The lots are situated on Lombard, Octavia, Greenwich, and Laguna Streets, and all of them afford a fine marine view, as well as a view of the country surrounding the bay. This is an administrator's sale, and an opportunity will be afforded to secure some very good property, all improved and ready for buildings. The sale will be held at noon on Thursday, November 3d, at the offices of Baldwin & Howell, 25 Post Street.

The Merchants' Association will give its seventh annual banquet at the Palace Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, November 16th. The speakers and their topics will be as follows: "The Citizen's Duty to the State," James D. Phelan; "The Citizen's Duty to the City," H. D. Loveland; "Practical Politics," Gavin McNab; "Primary Experiences," Fairfax Wheelan.

Miss Corinne Hutton, a member of the editorial staff of the *Chronicle*, died, on October 21st, of appendicitis. Miss Hutton was a daughter of Captain James A. Hutton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hutton. She was a native of Nevada, twenty-five years of age, and was graduated, with the degree of M. A., from the University of California last year.

There is no short trip out of the city that affords more genuine pleasure than a trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, from which the finest view in California can be seen. The ride over the crooked road is delightful, and the Tavern of Tamalpais is as hospitable and comfortable an inn as can be found.

**Refined Home for Students in Paris.**

Two cultured French ladies, understanding English and holding French diploma, residing close to Tuileries, will take as boarder—child or student—in their refined and comfortable home. Board and French tuition, for child, 250 francs per month; adult, 300. Apply Box 100, this office, until November 1st; after that to Mlle. Guillard, 25 Rue de l'Université, Paris, France.

**The Innovations at the  
Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.**

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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Trains leave and arrive to arrive at  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**  
FROM OCTOBER 23 1904  
FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street)

LEAVE — MAIN LINE. — ARRIVE

7:00A Vacaville, Winters, Ukiah, etc.	7:30P
7:00A Benicia, Elmira and Sacramento.	7:20P
7:30A Vallejo, Napa, Callisto, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon, etc.	8:20P
7:30A Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	7:20P
8:00A Santa Express (Via Oakes, Williams, Willow, Fruit, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, etc.)	7:50P
8:00A Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	7:50P
8:30A Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	4:20P
8:30A Port Costa, Modesto, Hanford, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	4:50P
8:30A Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millton), Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, etc.	4:20P
8:30A Oakes, Chinese, Jamestown, Sonoma, Yuba, and Angels, etc.	4:20P
9:00A Atlantic Express (Via Oakes, etc.)	5:20P
9:30A Richmond, Martinez and Way Stations	8:50P
10:00A The Overland Limited—Stockton, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, etc.	6:20P
10:00A Los Angeles, Pasadena, Port Costa, Millerton, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa	12:20P
10:00A Hanford, Lemoore, Visalia, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, etc.	7:20P
12:00M Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	3:30P
1:00P Sacramento River Steamers.	11:10A
3:30P Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and way stations.	10:50A
4:30P Hayward, Niles and Way Stations.	7:50P
5:30P Port Costa, Martinez, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Berkeley, Fresno and Way Stations beyond Port Costa	12:20P
4:00P Martinez, Sausalito, Vallejo, Napa, Callisto, Santa Rosa, etc.	9:20A
4:00P Niles, Tracy, Stockton, etc.	10:20A
4:30P Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	11:50A
6:00P The Owl Limited—Stockton, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Tulare, Hanford, Los Angeles, etc.	8:50A
6:30P Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	7:20A
6:00P Hayward, Niles and San Jose.	9:50A
6:00P Eastern Express—Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, Sparks, Montello, Oakes, etc.	12:50P
6:00P Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.	7:50P
7:00P Vallejo, Sunday only.	7:50P
7:00P Richmond, Pacific, Port Costa, Martinez, and Way Stations.	11:20A
7:00P Reno Passenger—Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Dixon, Davis, Sacramento, Sparks, Tonopah, Keweenaw and Way Stations.	7:50A
8:05P Oregon & California Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	8:50A
8:10P Hayward, Niles and Way Stations (via Oakes).	11:50A

COAST LINE (Narrow Gauge). (Foot of Market Street.)

5:15A Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations.	6:55P
12:15P Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Olivos, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	11:05A
4:15P Newark, San Jose, Los Olivos, etc.	11:55A
9:30P Hunters' Train (Saturday only)—San Jose and Way Stations.	7:25P

COAST LINE (Broad Gauge). (Third and Townsend Streets.)

6:10A San Jose and Way Stations.	8:50P
7:00A San Jose and Way Stations.	5:40P
8:00A New Almaden (Tues., Frid., only).	4:10P
8:00A The Coaster—San Jose, Sausalito, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Gaviota, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, (Sanard, Barbanks, Los Angeles, etc.)	10:30P
8:00A Gilroy, Hollister, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Surf, Lompoc, San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Sausalito, San Luis Obispo and Principal Way Stations.	4:10P
10:30A San Jose and Way Stations.	1:20P
11:30A San Jose and Way Stations.	7:30P
2:15P San Jose and Way Stations.	8:38A
3:15P Del Monte Express—Santa Clara, San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, etc.	12:15P
3:00P Los Gatos, Wright, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, via Santa Clara and Narrow Gauge.	11:45A
3:20P Valencia St., South San Francisco, Burlingame, San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, etc.	10:45A
4:20P San Jose and Way Stations.	18:00A
16:00P Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	18:00A
16:10P San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	18:40A
5:45P Sunset Express—Redwood, San Jose, Gilroy, Sausalito, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Bellingham, El Paso, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, etc.	8:10A
5:45P Palmar, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castroville, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, etc.	10:30P
6:15P San Jose, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	18:40A
6:30P San Jose and Way Stations.	8:38A
8:00P Palo Alto and Way Stations.	10:15A
11:20P San Jose, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, etc.	18:45P
11:30P Sunset Express—San Jose, San Luis Obispo, Santa Clara, etc.	19:45P

A full morning and afternoon service is maintained on all lines.  
All transfers made at the depot.  
The Union Transfer Company will handle and check baggage from hotels and residences.  
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21 Boulevard Montmartre,  
PARIS, FRANCE.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Pa, what is a repartee?" "Oh, merely an insult with its dress-suit on, my son." —Puck.

Mr. Flush—"Have you change for a five?" Mr. Broke—"No; but I would like to have a five for a change." —Ex.

Judge Knorr (in the court-room—"I've lost my hat." Attorney—"That's nothing. I lost a suit here yesterday." —Ex.

Slykyns—"Gayboy has a new typewriter." Flykyns—"Did he break the old one?" Slykyns—"No, she broke him." —Toren Topics.

"I'm sure he said he was out of politics for good." "You must have misunderstood him. He's out for the goods in politics." —Philadelphia Press.

Edith—"When I accepted Jack he said he was in the seventh heaven!" Ethel—"Quite likely; he's been engaged to six other girls this season." —Jester.

"My kingdom for a horse!" cried Richard the Third. And a moment later he was seen slowly emerging from under his balky automobile. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just too lovely: "Yes," said the first actress. "I've got a lovely new play for this season." "What is it?" asked the other. "A society drama in four acts and five new gowns." —Ex.

Kissing-bugs: He—"Let us sit out on the lawn and watch for shooting stars." She—"Oh, somebody might see us! Let's sit inside the grape-arbor and watch for lightning-bugs." —Judge.

Salesman—"How was it you asked Grimes only \$10 for that coat when the usual price is \$15?" Proprietor—"Well, you see, he had the coat charged, and it is doubtful if he ever pays. Better lose \$10 than \$15, don't you see?" —Boston Transcript.

Instructor (at night school)—"What are the chief curses of American civilization?" Shaggy-haired pupil—"Bout the same as the English, only we use 'em more freely in our common talk than they do. You don't expect me to blurt 'em out, do you?" —Ex.

Burly party—"Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?" Little Bifferton—"Very careless of me, I'm sure! I wondered what became of it, and— Would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?" —Tit-Bits.

Young lady—"You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear." Professor von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—"I play accompaniments sometimes." Young lady—"Accompaniments to singing?" Professor von Spieler—"Accompaniments to conversations." —New York Weekly.

Uncle George—"I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality." Arthur—"Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it." Uncle George—"I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling." —Boston Transcript.

Weary Willie—"I'm a victim o' police persecution, lady, dat's what I am. Why, de first time I was arrested I wasn't doin' nothin' at all." Mrs. Goodart—"Poor fellow! Here's a dime for you. And what charge did they trump up against you?" Weary Willie—"Vagrancy." —Ex.

Willie—"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday-school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday." Mother—"H'm! And what did you say to that?" Willie—"I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked right off and left him." —London Tit-Bits.

It was on the old camp-ground. "Pass de hat," suggested Bruddah Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. "No, sah," he shouted, "dere'll be no hats about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah it nevah came back, and I had to go home barheaded." —Chicago News.

Senior partner—"What title shall we give our new beauty book?" Junior partner—"How would 'How to Become Beautiful' do?" Senior partner—"Don't believe that would make a hit with most women." Junior partner—"Then we'll call it 'How to Continue Beautiful.'" Senior partner—"Ah, that's the stuff!" —Pittsburg Post.

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

He—"It's hard to keep a secret sometimes, isn't it?" She—"I don't know; I've never tried it." —Detroit Free Press.

Dr. E. O. CHURMAN, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a.m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, and 6:30 p.m. Thursday—Extra trip at 11:30 p.m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:50 and 11:30 p.m.  
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a.m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, and 11:30 p.m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.  
WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 7:50, 9:20, 11:15 a.m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p.m.  
Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p.m.  
Sundays—8:00, 9:40, 11:15 a.m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:25 p.m.

Leave San Francisco.	In Effect Oct. 2, 1904.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays. Week Days.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Ignacio.	9:10 a.m. 8:40 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.		10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.		6:05 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Novato.	9:10 a.m. 8:40 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	Petaluma.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
5:10 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	Santa Rosa.	6:05 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Fulton.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Windor.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	Healdsburg.	7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Geyersville.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	Cloverdale.	7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Hopland.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	Ukiah.	7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Willits and Sherwood.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Guerneville.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.		6:05 p.m. 6:20 p.m.
7:30 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Sebastopol.	10:40 a.m. 10:20 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.		7:35 p.m. 6:20 p.m.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyersville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hullyville, Orr's Hot Springs, Hall-Way House, Comptech, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Heart and Sawyers; at Sherwood for Fort Bragg, Ukiah, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbard, Fruitland, Dyer, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.  
Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates.  
On Sunday round-trip tickets to all points beyond San Rafael at half rates.  
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**FOR SAN RAFAEL**  
**ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc.**  
Via Sausalito Ferry.  
DEPART DAILY, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 1:45, 3:15, 4:25, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 9:00, and 11:35 P. M.  
ARRIVE DAILY at 7:40, 7:35, 8:15, 8:50, 9:35, 10:50 A. M., 1:30, 2:55, 4:25, 5:05, 5:42, 6:22, 6:57, 7:40, and 11:12 A. M.  
DEPART FOR FAIRFAX, daily at 7:45 A. M., also 3:15 P. M. Saturday and 5:15 P. M. daily, except Saturday and Sunday.  
† Daily, except Sunday.  
THROUGH TRAINS.  
7:45 A. M., daily for Cazadero, Point Reyes, etc.  
3:15 P. M., Saturdays only, for Cazadero.  
5:15 P. M., daily, except Saturday and Sunday, for Tomales, etc.  
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MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY			
Wk. Days	Sundays	Ar. San Francisco	Wk. Days
8:25A	1:30P	10:50A	
9:50A	2:55P	2:55P	
11:00A	4:25P	6:22P	
1:45P			
Saturdays 4:35P		Saturdays 11:12P	
*Via Gravity Car			
TICKET (650 MARKET ST., (North Shore Railroad) OFFICES) and SAUSALITO FERRY, FOOT MARKET ST.			

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

**Santa Fe**  
**ALL THE WAY**  
**CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS**

Trains leave Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, as follows:

**7.30** A M—"BAKERSFIELD LOCAL": Due Stockton 10:40 a.m., Fresno 2:40 p.m., Bakersfield 7:05 p.m. Stops at all points in San Joaquin Valley. Corresponding train arrives 8:55 a.m.

**9.30** A M—"THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p.m., Fresno 3:10 p.m., Bakersfield 5:50 p.m., Kansas City (third day) 2:35 a.m., Chicago (third day) 2:15 p.m. Palace sleepers and dining-car through to Chicago. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives 10:50 p.m.

**9.30** A M—"VALLEY LIMITED": Due Stockton 12:01 p.m., Fresno 3:10 p.m., Bakersfield 5:50 p.m. No second-class tickets honored on this train. Corresponding train arrives at 10:50 p.m.

**4.00** P M—"STOCKTON LOCAL": Due Stockton 7:10 p.m. Corresponding train arrives 11:10 a.m.

**8.00** P M—"OVERLAND EXPRESS": Due Stockton 11:15 p.m., Fresno 3:15 a.m., Bakersfield 7:35 a.m., Kansas City (fourth day) 7:00 a.m., Chicago (fourth day) 8:47 p.m. Palace and Tourist sleepers and free reclining-chair cars through to Chicago, also Palace sleeper which cuts out at Fresno. Corresponding train arrives at 6:35 p.m.

\* Daily. † Mondays and Thursdays.  
‡ Tuesdays and Fridays.

Personally conducted parties for Kansas City, Chicago, and East leave on Overland Express Monday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.

TICKET OFFICES at 641 Market Street and in Ferry Depot, San Francisco; and 1112 Broadway Oakland.

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LAW LIBRARY—CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.  
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.  
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.  
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.  
SPANISH AND FRENCH LIBRARY (DE FILIPPE'S), 1018 Post St. Established 1871; 7,000 volumes.  
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THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.  
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. LV. No. 1443.

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Here are ten reasons, each good and sufficient, why you should cast your ballot in favor of Theodore Roosevelt and Charles W. Fairbanks for President and Vice-President of these United States during the next four years:

1. Because, first of all, Theodore Roosevelt is a man distinguished by all those prime and elemental virtues that make men admirable. He is honest; he is courageous; he respects women; he hates lies, meanness,

greed, disloyalty, and sham; he is straightforward and direct in all his ways.

2. Because he has executive ability of the highest order, of the rarest type; he is in the full flower of physical and mental vigor; and to perform the arduous duties of chief executive of a nation of more than eighty millions of souls, such vigor, such genius for accomplishment, are more and more necessary.

3. Because Theodore Roosevelt stands for Republican policies and principles—the principles of Lincoln and McKinley, of Grant and Garfield and Hayes—to which the country owes its steady progress in wealth and power, and its present abounding prosperity alike for him who works with his hands and for him who works with his head.

4. Because the people of Europe—their great newspapers, their public men, the intelligent citizen—who judge things American in a large way, unswayed by the prejudices of party and the bickerings of faction, universally recognize that in Theodore Roosevelt the United States has a chief executive of rare genius, a representative of what is best in American ideals, one of the world's great men, risen to meet the manifold emergencies that confront the nation at the beginning of this new century.

5. Because Theodore Roosevelt's ideals of public service are of the highest; throughout all his career he has labored for purity in office and the extension of the civil service; but his idealism is not quixotic and utopian, but practical and in accord with common sense; he seeks "the middle path of practical efficiency."

6. Because Theodore Roosevelt, largely through his own personal initiative and sound judgment, made possible the realization of an interoceanic canal, "the dream of centuries"—made it possible (in the words of John Hay) without defiance of the Constitution, violation of international law, or the firing of a hostile shot, and was supported in his bold, yet safe, course of action by the Senate of the United States, many Democratic members of which distinguished body, rising superior to petty policies of would-be leaders, gave Mr. Roosevelt the support of their voice and vote.

7. Because Theodore Roosevelt is the President of the whole country; in his veins runs the blood of the South and East, and, temperamentally, he is a son of the West—in sympathy with the Spirit of the West, with its aspirations and desires, its wants and needs, as no President that has filled the executive chair since Abraham Lincoln.

8. Because during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt more vigorous steps have been taken against criminal trusts than during the administration of any President whatsoever; but the checking of the rapacities of organized wealth is a great task; four years more is none too much for the accomplishment of real and lasting results; we should give him credit for the much he has achieved, and the opportunity to press on with the mighty work.

9. Because, despite the wild outcries of his opponents, Theodore Roosevelt is essentially a man of peace, so recognized by the leaders in the world's peace-movement, the supporter and reviser of The Hague Tribunal, and is even now moving toward a second Peace Congress, while an arbitration treaty with France, cementing our ancient relations of friendliness, comes at the moment as a precursor of other arbitration treaties with other nations, which shall bind us firmly in bonds of amity.

10. And, finally, because the statesman with whom Theodore Roosevelt surrounds himself as counselors and advisers—William H. Taft, John Hay, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge—have no equals among those with whom his opponent advises, and who would in all

likelihood continue in that capacity, official and unofficial; the country can not afford to risk getting a D. B. Hill in exchange for a John Hay.

And here are ten reasons, each good and sufficient, why you should not cast your ballot in favor of Alton B. Parker and Henry G. Davis for President and Vice-President during the next four years:

1. Because the Democratic National Platform, which Alton B. Parker declares "admirable," denounces "protection as robbery," thereby repudiating the principle of protection, the beneficent operation of which, during the years when the Republican party has been in power, has brought the country to its present condition of wealth and prosperity.

2. Because Judge Parker, by voting for Bryan and silver in 1896 and 1900, when silver was popular, and in expressing his preference for the Gold Standard in 1904, when gold is popular, being influenced thereto by the outcry of the newspapers of New York City on the morning of July 9th, exhibits a lack of stability of principle upon the most vital of questions—the national currency—that makes him a dangerous man to place in the White House for the ensuing four years with all the changes and surprises that they may bring forth; Judge Parker is a "gilt standard man," and we want none such.

3. Because Judge Parker's reckless and ill-considered utterances during the past few weeks, wherein he has made elementary blunders regarding not only the cost of the acquisition and retention of the Philippines, but even in matters of national finance supposed to be familiar to every person of ordinary intelligence, reveal him as a man lacking the mental grasp, the knowledge of large affairs, requisite in the executive head of a great nation.

4. Because Judge Parker has chosen to surround himself, as advisers and friends, with men distinguished for political adroitness rather than by statesmanly qualities of mind and honesty of purpose, giving rise, inevitably, to the fear that, were he elected to the Presidency, base and sordid influences would control—or at least affect—his public acts.

5. Because the party whose nominee Alton B. Parker is, in the words of Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, "has not seized firmly, or made adequate use of, any important issue," and is "not committed to any reform"; it is "a fortuitous concurrence of unrelated prejudices," and were its nominee an angel of light, he would be unable to pursue a determined, consistent, and sane policy in defiance of the discordant influences that would surround him.

6. Because Alton B. Parker, by reason of his judicial temperament and training, his utter lack of executive experience, is unfitted for the position of high executive responsibility to which he has been nominated.

7. Because the influences which surround Mr. Parker, and his public utterances, in which he has expressed the opinion (since proved ill-based) that the common law provides an effective remedy against trusts, give no evidence (rather the contrary) that he would pursue an aggressive policy against criminal corporations.

8. Because Mr. Parker's policy of silence and subservience to the will of the party until he had received the nomination, and then his sudden showing of his real colors, when it was too late for the party to cancel the nomination, was a tricky and too-adroit act, unworthy of a man who aspires to the highest office in the gift of the people.

9. Because Henry G. Davis, the Democratic nominee for Vice-President, is eighty-one years of age, and would, in the event of Judge Parker's death in office, become President, which, considering our



great age, would be disastrous to the general welfare of the country, if, indeed, serious dispute did not arise regarding the office of President itself; when it is considered that five Presidents in twelve have died in office, the voter can not afford to ignore such a contingency.

10. And, finally, because the retention of John Hoy in the office of Secretary of State makes for the national welfare; his supersession by D. B. Hill would be a national calamity.

When you vote on Tuesday next put an "X" in the space opposite the words "For the San Francisco Seawall Act." It is a matter of prime importance that this proposition, so vital to the welfare not only to the City of San Francisco but to the entire State of California, should be carried. The only reason that could cause it to fail of carrying is that the voters do not, will not, understand the nature and intent of the proposition. It imposes no burden upon the taxpayer. The \$2,000,000 in bonds that are to be issued for the extension of the San Francisco seawall some 4,400 feet, and for the construction of thirteen concrete piers to replace the present battered bulkheads, are to be paid, principal and interest, out of the harbor and water-front dues collected at this port. If San Francisco is to hold her supremacy on the Pacific Coast, more and better piers are a necessity. The development of Pacific commerce is just beginning. We shall have to fight for our share with ports to north and south. Without adequate facilities for the speedy loading and unloading of the cargoes of ships, we shall be at a sorry disadvantage. Even at the present time, vessels have to lie in the stream, waiting for dock room so that they may discharge their freight. Vote without fail for this proposition.

The first constitutional amendment on the list is Senate Amendment No. 2, described as "relating to the judiciary, and establishing courts of appeal." Four years ago, the *Argonaut* opposed the somewhat similar amendment providing for the creation of three new appellate courts. At that time, also, some prominent lawyers of the State, and judges whose opinions have weight, also opposed the amendment. At the present time, however, it is alleged that objectionable features have been eliminated. In particular, Judge Beatty, the chief justice of our supreme court, has published an open letter, in which he says that in his opinion "the people of the State would act as wisely in adopting the present amendment as they did in rejecting the amendment proposed four years ago." Judge Beatty points out that the supreme court is hopelessly behind in its work; that this fact results in absolute failure of justice in some cases; that the additional expense "may easily be kept within \$60,000 per annum"; and that since the present amendment is the result of twelve years of discussion and education, it is the best remedy that can be devised, and, "if defeated, leaves the situation hopeless of relief." Judge Beatty further says:

The objection that litigation would be protracted by second appeals from the district courts to the supreme court is, I believe, illusory. No doubt there will be petitions for rehearing in the supreme court after decision by the district courts, but there is no reason to suppose that such rehearings will be allowed in any larger proportion than in the cases decided by the departments of the supreme court. The experience of many years has shown that petitions for rehearing in this court are filed in somewhat less than one-third of the cases decided, and that they are granted in about one case in twenty. The unanimous decision of a district court will carry no less weight and command no less respect than a decision of a department of the supreme court, and if so there will be as few applications for review and as few granted; that is to say, a rehearing would be granted in about one case in twenty, and those, no doubt, would be cases of general interest to the people of the whole State.

This is the *craze* of the matter. If Judge Beatty says that "the objection that litigation would be protracted . . . is illusory," we are constrained to believe that he has carefully weighed the matter and deliberately reached this conclusion. If he is right, then the amendment ought to be adopted. For while the *Argonaut* is inclined to believe that the true remedy for congestion of litigation in the courts is a limitation of the right of appeal, especially in criminal cases, if speedier justice than we now have can be obtained by this amendment, by all means let it be obtained. We notice that the *Chronicle* takes somewhat the same view of the matter, and reluctantly favors the adoption of the amendment, though regretting the seeming impossibility of the more logical course.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 4, the second on the list, is of no great importance. It provides for the exemption from taxation of the California Academy of Science, founded by James Lick, and maintained as a free museum. It now pays taxes of \$7,000 a year. Similar institutions in other States are exempt from taxation. It will help the Academy

to do its useful work if the amendment passes. We express no opinion in the matter.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 11, the third on the ballot, is described as "relative to the exemption of shipping from taxation." The facts are that the present taxation on vessels here registered is one and a half per cent. per annum; that California is one of the few seaboard States of the Union where shipping is taxed; that the steamers of the Pacific Mail are now registered in New York to escape this taxation; that the people of the State of Washington will vote at this election on a constitutional amendment similar to this, and if it is carried and ours lost, Pacific Coast shipping will naturally seek Seattle as a port of registry. It is further urged that the harbor dues and dock expenses that vessels will have to pay in any event are onerous enough a burden without the additional taxation which it is proposed to remove. We think, everything considered, that the amendment ought to be adopted.

Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 20, the fourth on the ballot, has for its principal feature the lengthening of the legislative session from sixty to eighty days. That is enough for us. Vote against it.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 17, the fifth on the ballot, allows householders to select personal property in the amount of \$100, which shall be exempt from taxation. Its aim, apparently, is to help out the less well-to-do at the expense of those better off financially, and naturally voters will mark their ballots in accord with their personal interests, without advice from anybody.

Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 26, the last on the ballot, relates to the reenactment of the codes in a single act, the supreme court having decided that under the constitution, as at present formulated, codes can only be amended, revised, or reenacted each by a separate act of the legislature.

One of the conspicuous acts of President Roosevelt's career was his support of Blaine for President, though he did not by any means approve all that Blaine stood for.

In an open letter, written at that time, Mr. Roosevelt, then, of course, a young man in politics, said: "A man can not act both without and within the party; he can do either, but he can not possibly do both." Here is an expression of political principle that voters in California who intend to support Roosevelt, but may be inclined to vote for other than the Republican nominees for Congress, ought to weigh and consider. Is it worth while, because of personal liking or acquaintance sake, to vote a mixed ticket where national issues are concerned? Is it not better to stay within party ranks than to go outside them for trivial and insufficient reasons? Mr. Bell, the Democratic nominee in the second district, is undoubtedly a deserving young man; but since, during his term, he belonged to a minority party, he lacked influence with the powers that be, and was able to accomplish little for the people of his district and the people of the State. That he secured the Sacramento River allotment of \$22,000, and was instrumental in having a naval collier built at Mare Island, as alleged by his supporters, have been proved untrue. His term in Congress was of but very little help to anybody but himself. Mr. McKinlay is an abler man than Mr. Bell; as a Republican, he may reasonably be expected to have more weight with the Republican administration than Mr. Bell had or would have. Utterly insufficient are the reasons why any voter of the second district, who votes for Mr. Roosevelt, should refuse to vote for so able a man of the same party as is Mr. McKinlay. If this reasoning is good when applied to the second district, it is a hundred times better when applied to the fourth and fifth. Between McKinlay and Bell, it is conceivable that an honest voter might hesitate; between Kahn or Livernash, or Hayes and Wynn, it is inconceivable that a voter of intelligence and honesty of purpose could make the mistake of voting either for the ex-reporter or the unionist. The *Examiner's* attacks on Mr. Hayes on the ground that he is responsible for the fact that nickel-in-the-slot machines and gambling games are discoverable in San José are nothing short of ludicrous in a national election. They show how invulnerable is Mr. Hayes to any reasonable objection. Mr. Hayes is not only a man incomparably abler than Mr. Wynn, but as one engaged in large business enterprises, he is in a position to know far better what are the needs of California. The fact that he has never employed on his ranches Chinese or Japanese labor, and that he now advocates not only the continued exclusion of Chinese, but the exclusion of Japanese as well, indicates that he has always had the general welfare of the community at heart, even where such a course has caused him considerable private loss. In other districts than the third, second, fourth, and fifth, the failure of the voters to return Republicans to Congress would

be most regrettable. Mr. Needham's district, where there appears to be a faint doubt as to the outcome, ought to realize that a congressman who has served three terms is several times more valuable than a new man. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the Republican Speaker of the House, is reported as saying, only a few days ago, that he doubted whether the next House would be Republican. The change of only sixteen or eighteen districts will give us a House of Representatives antagonistic to the administration. If California fails to send a solid Republican delegation of eight to Congress, this State may have to bear the responsibility of entirely altering the complexion of the Lower House. As we have before remarked, unless eight Republican Congressmen are elected from this State, we shall be open to the charge that our loyalty to the administration of Theodore Roosevelt is only lukewarm and half-hearted, no matter how large may be the majority that the State gives the ten Republican electors.

The so-called "power of the press" has a fine chance to demonstrate, at this election, that it is not a myth, a figment of the imagination, an aerial nothing, a creation of the

stuff of dreams. Every newspaper in the city is of the same opinion on the subject of superior judges—with one slight exception. Every newspaper in the city has printed numerous editorials, presenting argument after argument, and reason after reason why every voter should vote in just one way. Judges Kerrigan, Trout, Murasky, and Seawell, says the *Chronicle*, are the ones to elect; Judges Seawell, Murasky, Trout, and Kerrigan, says the *Coll*, are all able men and ought to be kept in office; Judges Kerrigan, Seawell, Trout, and Murasky, reiterates the *Post*, are a credit to the superior bench, and the experience they have gained ought not to be thrown away; and the *Bulletin* echoes the same refrain in a different key. As for the *Examiner*, it advocates the reelection of three of these judges, but favors William E. White in place of Judge Trout. But practically the verdict is unanimous. We, ourselves, believe that the incumbents should certainly be elected. And now we have a chance to see just how much effect the good advice, with which the editorial fraternity is so lavish, really has upon the conduct of the voters of this city.

The risk of making guesses on the result of the election this year is less than usual. Also the *kudos* to be acquired by successful prophecy is of less account. For if the

opinion is expressed that Roosevelt will get about 314 electoral votes and Parker about 162, and the election turns out otherwise, we shall be able to point to the New York *Tribune*, *Harper's Weekly*, and that redoubtable prophet, Charles S. Grosvenor, and remark that they were also in error. On the other hand, if Roosevelt does in fact receive 314 electoral votes, there will be small credit in having predicted what every one else predicted also. The mere fact, however, that journals which differ widely in their political complexion are predicting the same thing is in itself significant. The *Tribune* is a thick and thin Republican newspaper; *Harper's Weekly* has maintained during the campaign an attitude of utter impartiality. Yet both arrived at precisely the same conclusions—both give Parker the Solid South with 151 votes, Maryland with 8, and Nevada with 3. This gives him a total of 162. Roosevelt is credited with the remainder. The New York *Herald's* poll does not reach definite conclusions. The *Herald* credits Mr. Roosevelt with 257 electoral votes, or 18 more than the necessary 239; it gives Parker 159; it puts 18 in the "probably Republican" column; it classes Nevada as "probably Democratic"; and declares that New York is "uncertain." The fact that the betting on the result in New York is 2 to 1 on Roosevelt appears to indicate that the *Herald* may have been overcautious in classing New York as "uncertain." At any rate, we see no good reason to dissent from the general prediction that the Solid South and a few scattering votes in the North are all that Parker will get. Should this view of the matter be correct, Mr. Roosevelt will receive the largest majority in the electoral college of any President since 1872, when Grant received 223 majority.

In one respect, the present election will be unique. In all human probability, the people of the country will know the result quicker than ever before. During the four years that have elapsed since the last election, amazing progress has been made in the extension of telephone systems in every State. Remote rural districts now are criss-crossed with telephone lines. Where once a solitary horseman would have splashed into the county

THE  
CONSTITUTIONAL  
AMENDMENTS.

EIGHT  
REPUBLICAN  
CONGRESSMEN.

GUESSING  
AT THE  
ELECTION.

QUICKER  
ELECTION  
RETURNS.



seat in the early hours of the morning with the returns from Squashville Township, or Pumpkin Centre, now the telephone will convey the intelligence many hours earlier. It is a real revolution in the conditions of rural life that the telephone has accomplished.

It was probably an inexcusable blunder that Admiral Rojestvensky perpetrated off Dogger Bank, in the North Sea, but the people of Great Britain have exhibited themselves in no very favorable light by going into a frenzied hysteria. For examples of yellow journalism, commend us to the London journals of this past week. For examples of frantic jingoism, commend us to the London public that writes letters to the newspapers. Just for example, listen to this choice bit:

As a regicide, I abhor Cromwell, but were a Cromwell on top in England to-day, that Baltic fleet would have been already rounded up, and what was left of it shepherded back to the Dogger Bank. There, naked and in chains, the surviving Russian officers would be solemnly knouted to death, and then hung by the heels to their own yard-arms.

This is a sample. From a public in which there are such individuals, it is not surprising that there come demands, couched in "wild and whirling words," that the government do all sorts of things which would be highly improper. Imagine, for instance, what would be the feeling in this country if some foreign nation, after some offensive act on the part of our North Atlantic squadron, should demand that it be allowed to determine what punishment should be meted out to Admiral Dewey, or "Bob" Evans, or Admiral Schley. What a wild roar would go up from press and public. Yet, in England, it is seriously suggested that the government should determine a punishment for the admiral of the Russian fleet. It shows how, in a way, futile are all the laborious efforts of those who are trying to bring about the abolition of war, when a great, and supposedly sensible, nation is thrown into utter hysteria by such an incident as the Dogger Bank affair.

If there is one virtue much needed nowadays it is moral courage. And if the dispatches concerning the expulsion of Lieutenant Tichborne from the San Diego plumbers' union because he refused to resign from the militia tell the exact truth, Adjutant-General J. B. Lauck, of California, lacks it. There never was a grosser outrage perpetrated than the outrage on the government when a plumbers' union branded a commission in the National Guard as cause for expulsion. It should have been resented promptly and vigorously by the State officials. One would have thought that Lieutenant Tichborne, who preferred loss of membership in his union and consequent financial embarrassment to surrendering his office under the State, would have been loyally supported by the National Guard. One would have expected the head of the guard to approve the determinedness of so trusty an officer. But California has been given to understand by Adjutant-General Lauck that the outrage upon the guard is "merely a local matter." Local it must be, if the high generals and office splendors are afraid of the unions when their oath is to the Constitution. But the people of this State would be better off if there were more local troubles like Lieutenant Tichborne. The militia is the safeguard of the State. It is made up of the citizens themselves, and it is the most democratic of all the departments of government. The unions have banned it, much to the disgust of unionists who are also citizens. And now Adjutant-General Lauck, brave and manly and fair of uniform, noble and resplendent warrior, says that an insult to his organization is merely a local matter.

Fortunately, above the feeble official apology of the adjutant-general for his own connection with the guard, comes the strong pipe of the district attorney of San Diego County, who wants to know who in — said a committee of the plumbers' union, sitting in a back room in Chicago, had a right to override the constitution of the State of California. Cassius Carter is the district attorney's name, and he seems to have forgotten the politician's fear of "offending the unions." No union need be treated so tenderly when it goes against the fundamental articles of our State and national government, Mr. Carter thinks. So we think also.

The trouble in Italy, which has resulted in almost martial law in some districts and threats of revolution in all, seems to be due largely to a feeling on the part of the working classes that their liberty of protest against unjust conditions is sadly curtailed by the presence of the military. This is the immediate result of the Italian effort at state socialism. The railways, in particular, have been the centre of strife. On Sunday, November

6th, the elections are to begin, and the present Chamber of Deputies will be dissolved. On November 13th the supplementary balloting will be finished, and the government hopes to have won the approval of the common people for its programme, which includes "liberty so far as may be."

Strikes, riots, and shooting have marked the course of Italian adjustment of labor difficulties, and, as several European papers remark, patriotism seems to have become degenerate into class feeling. The socialists are at work rousing this class feeling, and are making great capital out of it. But so extreme have they grown that the inevitable has occurred, and the advantage gained over the government has been dissipated in internecine strife. To this probably is due the choice of a new appeal to the people. A few months ago, when soldiers patrolled every road in Italy and the railways were "militarized," the present régime would have had much to contend with in an election. But the extremists now have gone so far in their denunciations and threats that the king, with an heir at last, is stronger than ever.

At the distance at which Americans are from the conditions now existing in Italy, it is hard to judge of the temper of a people which lives from hand to mouth. A strike in Italy means instant destitution. It means immediate loss of dwelling to the striker, and famine for his household. No banks disgorge savings and no central committees distribute money to get along on. Therefore, the advantage of the property-owners and the violence attendant on the quelling the disturbances. But to this same extremity is also due the present comparative peace. The government is prepared now to handle almost any trouble that may arise, and the workmen are too busily engaged in repairing the awful losses incurred in the general strike to do more than verbally protest against the soldiery in their midst. But the fact remains that for three days the principal cities of Italy were in a state of siege, railway service was paralyzed, newspapers ceased publication, steamships failed to depart, and every concomitant of daily life was disorganized.

Cecil Rhodes never ceased to look into the future. In all his life no woman or man and institution was allowed to stand between him and a clear view of his purpose. And when he established the scholarships at Oxford for American young men, it is certain that his half-cynical and coldly prophetic soul flung out this eagerly accepted largesse in the sure knowledge that those who picked it up would fulfill in some measure an ambition secret with himself.

The American young men are now at Oxford, and the periodicals are getting full of descriptions and eulogies of what these curious ones from the new world are learning in the ancient, respectable, and formal institution from which Cecil Rhodes went forth many years ago to twist an empire out of Africa as an Egyptian twisted mud and straw into bricks. But from one side and another comes the question which the *Argonaut* asked long ago: Will the American student become an Oxonian, or will Oxford become vivified, as we are fond of putting it, by fresh and Yankee ideas? Will the eager inquisitive mind of the Pennsylvanian and the Californian trim its shoots to the confines of a mold formed by ages of seclusive conformity, or will the mold be changed? Some time ago there was a warning went forth against the putting of new wine into old bottles, experience having taught that the old bottles usually broke and spilled the wine upon the ground. The corollary was that the bottles also were destroyed.

In the first place, Oxford is not a place of any but formal learning. Science and art and social history find new exponents among the dwellers in its cloisters, and fine as the life there is, it is British, insular, typically a product of one race divided from all other races by a sea. The Californian and the man from Illinois may learn a little culture, he may drop a few of his mannerisms and find a little more pleasure in the softer pursuits, but it may well be doubted if he will profit to the extent of a fuller knowledge of the conditions of his own life in America, or of the necessities of his own national ideals. Oxford is wholly and preëminently a school for Englishmen. The alien is an alien, and will be and must be till the day of doom.

But just as good people frequently get a French nurse for their children in the hope that the said infants may absorb a little of the French tongue, so Cecil Rhodes thought it cheap to teach a nation made up largely of colonies a few things about colonists by introducing to it in pleasant guise the very hottest of Americans, young men full of Yankee notions, of Yankee warmth, and Yankee reasoning. The greatest colonist of the British Empire, the man

who joked coldly with kings, did his last colonization in his last will and testament. In the very centre of English life he planted a colony of Americans. He did it nicely, without flourish of his banners, without awakening any suspicion. But it may be fancied easily that his austere soul looks down on Oxford humming drowsily with the sounds of its formal and facile existence, and smiles, seeing among its sons the sons of England's great colony from across seas, teaching the Englishmen a few things about English blood transfused. Cecil Rhodes cared nothing about the American. He knew something of what was needed in English training, however, and he applied the American as one applies a plaster to a weak member. But there are a multitude who think it is going to do the plaster endless good. The ancients cured certain diseases by opening the breast of a live dog and placing the beating heart on the seat of the affection. But there is no record that this treatment was good for the dog, whose vital organs had to perform their functions in foreign surroundings.

Certainly nothing could be more important to a man than his name, the sweet metonymy of the rose to the contrary notwithstanding. Fancy how the course of history would have been changed if George Washington had been christened Alton Parker. Imagine the disastrous results if the mother of Abraham Lincoln had not been firm and spurned the more euphonious name of Algernon.

So well understood is the potential force in a name that the law allows those unlucky wights whose names have ceased to fit, or never did fit, to change them. Every day sees some eager seeker for appellative elegance going forth among his people and saying, "I am no longer Gustavus Adolphus Rojestvensky, but Baron Karl Ludwig Amadee von Munchausen." A day later the world has forgotten the previous name and with it all that it stood for. If one would seek oblivion, let him eschew death, which is too often immortalizing, and change his name by act of legislation.

On the other hand, the warrior has always been acquisitive of new names. The knight painted no device on his shield until he had won it. But to change one's device was thought ill-omened, unless by Royal Patent. Therefore to the nub: The San Francisco Verein, long known and honored of San Francisco, has changed its name to the Argonaut Club, as more American and more expressive of its character. With our Own Royal Hand we accept the new device, jealously permitting a little of our Majestic glory to shine upon these new seekers for the Golden Fleece.

The farmer is again in trouble, this time over the decrease in the wheat crops. His brother, the fruit-grower, is dissatisfied, and is learning that under present conditions there is little money in raising fruit for the market. That the wheat crop has fallen off in the past four years something like one hundred thousand tons is due, of course, to failure to practice economy. The land has been simply impoverished. The fruit man makes his complaint against the railways and the refrigerator charges. But the wise man, when he finds a stone wall of circumstance between him and prosperity, usually climbs the wall, if he is in a hurry, or goes around if he has the time. It is expensive to let things go, and spend all one's time in knocking a hole in the wall. So the wheat farmer has one recourse: he can raise beets for sugar, cattle for the butcher, who is willing to pay good prices for good beef, and by diversification of his products, make them average well. The period of the vast ranch is past in California, and the sooner the farmer adapts himself to the new conditions, the sooner he will regain his former satisfaction at good profits.

#### LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

The next issue of the *Argonaut* will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain an extended, profusely illustrated article, by Jerome Hort, entitled "St. Petersburg and Moscow." In addition, it will contain the usual miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy coated paper, handsomely illustrated, and will consist of forty pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers do well to send their orders in advance.

AMAZING  
BRITISH  
HYSTERIA.

BRAVE MEN  
IN  
NATIONAL GUARD.

AMERICANS  
AT OXFORD,  
AND THE DOG.

THE  
RANCHER  
TURNS FARMER.

STRIKES  
AND ELECTIONS  
IN ITALY.



## A MIX-UP WITH CUPID.

How the God of Love Worked in Disguise.

"Bear huntin' don't always pan out just the way you've got it figured," volunteered Jack Gordon from his perch on the top rail of the horse corral. "Sometimes you hunt the bear, and sometimes the bear hunts you—and once in a while extraneous circumstances, as the Professor calls 'em, hops in and mixes things up in good shape."

Jack deftly twisted paper and tobacco into a brown cylinder; the touch of a match sent blue spirals of smoke curling up above his head. He leaned back against a post and breathed a deep sigh of content.

Across the bottom of the cañon a cozy cabin nestled close under the brown earth-wall that slanted back toward the hills. Snowy lace curtains and pots of green-leaved, flowering things in the windows proclaimed a feminine presence. At one end of the cabin a brown bear paced ceaselessly to and fro with the stealthy, noiseless tread of his kind.

"Why is it," I queried, plaintively, "that when I ask you anything about that bear you always appear to be struggling with some strong emotion? And yesterday, when I remarked to Tony that 'Cupid' was a rather peculiar name for a creature as ungainly as a bear, he got as red in the face as a turkey gobbler. What's the joke?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jack, "and you can judge for yourself. Last spring they had a big horse round-up along the river here. Three or four outfits threw in together and ran a wagon for about a month. There was lots of stray horses in this country then, and one or two outfits in the Judith basin sent men down to ride with us. Tony was workin' for the D-Cross, and they sent him down because he was familiar with this country."

"There was quite a bunch of us—fourteen riders, I guess. The Professor was runnin' the layout, and the way we got over the country wasn't slow. One day we moved down and camped on the mouth of the Musselshell; there was a little bunch of wild horses running on the river ten miles or so below there that the Professor wanted mighty bad. So next morning he tells Tony and me to mount our ridge-runners, for he wanted us to ride the river bottom and get that bunch of broom-tails."

"You never was on a round-up with the Professor was you, Kid? Don't ever go! Life aint worth livin' then. He forgets about bugs and beetles and rock formations long enough to send you out on herd or on circle, and then goes to meditatatin' about things that would give a Powder River horse-wrangler the lock-jaw to talk about. Petrified things—trees and fish and shells—which is common as dirt in this country, has a horrible fascination for him. Once he set Bud Wilkes and me to hold a herd, and then clean forgot us till it was time to set the night guard. We come in pretty hostile, but when the Professor fixed his mild gray eyes on us kind o' reproachful, we faded away, and looked around for a prairie-dog hole that we could crawl into."

"That was his way, so we had to figure on getting those horses without any help from him. After starting us out, he'd forget we was on the earth, and if we run our horses down and got afoot, we knew we'd have to walk to camp—which was against our religious principles, to say nothing of the way the rest of the crowd would roast us."

"We poked along slow, keepin' an eye open for horses. We'd rode along the ridges till we come to the lower edge of Sun-Dance Flat, where this particular bunch was supposed to be. As we was amblin' down the hill into the river bottom, I sees something pokin' around among the sagebrush, which grewed like young trees along there. I could see it wasn't no horse and it didn't much resemble a cow. I was tryin' to figure out what it was before I said anything, when Tony—who's got an eye on him like an eagle—blurts out, 'A bear, b'gosh!'"

"And it was, sure enough; a big brown cuss, nosin' around in the brush like he'd lost something. We loped down toward him, Tony cussin' considerable as we went along."

"I might a-knowned," he growled, "that if I strayed down into this God-forsaken country without a gun I'd meet some varmint that needed killin'. Aint even got a pistol—and I don't suppose there's a sheep-camp within ten miles where we could get one."

"Tony seemed to be real distressed about it. He looked as sorrowful as a cow-puncher caught in a storm on day-herd with his slicker in the bed-wagon. I tried to cheer him up, but it wasn't any use; he seemed to have a grudge against that bear right from the start."

"We went on till we got right close to him, and he didn't pay any more attention to us than if we'd been a couple of jack-rabbits out for a morning stroll. Pretty soon Tony pulled up and started to unbuckle his rope strap."

"What in thunder you going to do now?" I asks. I know well enough, but it seemed like a fool thing to try."

"I'm going to take a fall out of that coyote-faced reptile if it's the last thing I do on earth," he snaps. "Are you game? A bear aint got no business prowlin' around this country so bold, nohow. I'm goin' to get the onto him for luck."

"You'll raise hell with him—I don't think," I says. "He looked at me like I'd insulted him, so I didn't say no more. Only I thought to myself, 'Old boy, there'll be something doing around here when you do get your rope on him.'"

"You see, I hadn't figured on doing any fancy work with a rope when we started out that mornin'. I'd picked me a horse that could get out and hit the trail with the best of them, but he wouldn't stand for any rope work. I guess he thought it was degradin' to be made a snubbin' post of. He was a flea-bitten gray, with a Roman nose and big, bulgin' eyes. He had a way of humpin' his back and side-steppin' when things didn't go to suit him. Once or twice he's used his influence to try and remove me, and the motions he made was such that all I could do was to pull leather and pray for the end to come quickly. He was sure a corker, and his name was Pop-Eye."

"Tony was ridin' a chunky little chestnut—a mild-eyed little beggar that paced along with his eyes half shut—but he was there with the goods, all right, all right, when it came to doing the tie-down act."

"Tony got his rope fixed and says to me: 'You ride around that way and attract his attention, and when he gets to watchin' you, I'll run in and rope him.'"

"So round I goes. Mr. Bear didn't take notice of me till I got around so that he was right between me and Tony. Then I lets a ki-yi out of me, and he come alive. He looked up, and when I let another yell he started for the river, smashin' through the sagebrush like one of the Great Northern Moguls buckin' a snow-drift; but Red swooped down on him like a hawk after a chicken. Tony got him first throw—you've seen him rope—and turned off sideways. The bear went to the end of the forty-foot rope on a high run, and the jerk he got turned him head over heels. He hit the ground with a thump that should have knocked the life out of him, but it didn't, for he got to his feet a little the maddest bear you ever saw, and made for Tony. Twice old Red went to the end of the rope and put him down, and both times Brownie bounced to his feet lookin' for more."

"Tony began to think he was up against it I guess. He'd throwed a little too big a loop and the bear had got a front foot in it, so he couldn't choke him like he aimed to do; he'd likewise tied his rope hard and fast—bein' from Texas, where such is the fashion—and couldn't turn him loose. They was sure connected up in good shape: red horse, white man, and brown bear all on one string."

"Finally Tony hollers to me: 'For God's sake, try and get your rope on him, Jack. He'll jerk Red down if he keeps up this lick, and it'll be all off with me then.'"

"All right," says I, 'I'll try,' and starts to take down my rope. Now you know most all horses is scared to death of a bear. You can't get any ordinary horse near a bear if he's on the windy side, where he can get the scent. Red didn't seem to mind, but then he was an old rope-horse, used to goin' up against all kinds of formations. But old Pop—he didn't have no more sense than the law allowed him, nohow—was sure stirred up. As I said before, he had a constitutional aversion to any monkey business with a rope, so when I took mine down, he concluded he had business further up the river, and started to go. I'd a big spade bit on him, though, and managed to persuade him that his business wasn't so extremely pressin'."

"I spurred him up as close to the bear as I could. Brownie was fightin' the rope, yankin' Tony's horse this way and that, clawin' up the earth, and raisin' quite a disturbance. His mouth was all bloody froth from bein' jerked down so much, and he had a savage look in his eye. After considerable dodgin' about, I run old Pop up pretty close to him. Brownie raised up on his hind legs kind o' quick, and I let the rope fly and took my turns around the horn—there was no tyin' in mine, you bet! Old Pop-Eye went by him like a shot. If my rope had been a cable I guess it would 'a' broke—he hit the end of it at about a mile-a-minute gait. It snapped like a piece of twine, and one end whacked him across the rump like the lash of a four-horse whip."

"The things he did to me was a caution. I'd slacked the reins when I took my turns, and he'd got his head. The Hoochee Coochee and the Boneless Man's performance wasn't a circumstance to the motions he went through. Say, I was beat across the back with the cattle! The horn flew up and poked me in the solar plexus, hard! I was slammed around like a salt-shaker that won't work. Finally my feet come out of the stirrups and I sailed through the atmosphere much the same graceful way a sack of potatoes does when you chuck it out of the mess-wagon. Then the earth rose up sudden and put me out of business."

"When I came to I was layin' in the shade of some cotton-woods, somethin' wet droppin' on my face. I was kind o' dazed at first, and then I remembered the bear. I looked up and Tony was standin' over me, jigglin' water out of a tin can on to my head. There was a girl standin' there, too, lookin' at me sort of anxious. I couldn't make it out at all."

"Where in blazes did she come from?" thinks I.

"Then I says to Tony, who'd quit sloppin' water on me when I opened my eyes: 'Well, what about it? How'd you make out with that bear?'"

"The girl giggled then, and Tony's face looked like he'd slapped it—it got so red."

"I sat up then and looked around. I thought I was

dreamin'. Tony's horse and a couple of other cayuses—one of 'em with a side-saddle on—was standin' near. A little piece away—not more than fifty feet—was our bear, sittin' contentedly on his haunches watchin' us; a little kid about ten years old sprawled on the grass holdin' the end of Tony's rope, which was still around Brownie's neck."

"I began to ask questions then, and there was explanations till further orders. The girl's folks had settled on the lower end of Sun-Dance that spring. One day there comes a Dago down the river with a dancin' bear and a hand-organ on a scow. He was headed for North Dakota, but his plans and his scow was both upset when he struck Sun-Dance."

"The rapids was too much for him. He and his bear got out, with the assistance of the girl's father and brothers, but the scow and the hand-organ stayed in. Havin' lost part of his stock in trade he sold the bear to the girl's father and went overland; he didn't hanker to keep his hand-organ company."

"The bear was a regular pet—just like a big overgrown dog. They used to let him run around most of the time, and once in a while he'd ramble off up the flat huntin' roots and berries. It was him we'd been havin' such a rip-roarin' time with; and that's him you see now, sashayin' around at the end of the house."

"Tony rounded up old Pop while I was recoverin', and then we hit the trail for camp. We told the Professor a little tale of woe about not findin' any horses, and how my horse got mean and fell with me—to account for me bein' skinned up so. It went all right at the time, but that little brother of her's—measly little cuss!—gave the whole deal away to one of the boys who strayed down that way a few days after. Maybe you think them horse-jinglers didn't guy us! The roastin' we got was somethin' to be remembered."

"Tony took his horses home when round-up was over, and then come back and went to work for the Professor. He like to rode a good string of horses to death runnin' down to Sun-Dance; but he got the girl, all right, all right. She says she married him out o' pure sympathy; he felt so blamed mean about ropin' a tame bear—a bear what was called Cupid at that!"

"It seems to me," I ventured to suggest, "that you deserved a little sympathy yourself."

"I did," Jack assented, mournfully, "but Tony—the son-of-a-gun!—he beat me to it."

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1904.

## LATE VERSE.

## The Wood of Silence.

In the Wood of Silence everything goes wrong,  
Very deep the shade is, and hushed with joyous song;  
The heart sings on the highway and in the field of sheaves.  
Who could lift a song to such a roof of leaves?

In the upland valley the lovers danced and sang,  
Down beside the river still their laughter rang.  
Then they crossed the cornfield, passed the white barred gate,  
And knew the Wood of Silence where the shadows wait.

Once within its darkness came the sudden change,  
Each, quick glancing sideways, found the other strange.  
They forgot the wind there and the sun above:  
In the Wood of Silence comes the end of love.

Out upon the roadway with the Wood behind  
Still they felt its magic hold their spirits blind;  
Though they strove with laughter to mask each hidden thought,  
Nothing could unravel the spell the shadows wrought.

Not the falling sunset nor the falling light,  
As the hill they mounted, brought so deep a night.  
Darkness all about them, darkness in the heart,  
Hand in hand they journeyed, all a world apart.

Nevermore together to stand as they had stood  
Watching for the dryads in the Enchanted Wood;  
Or to tread the winding road and hear the lark above:  
In the Wood of Silence came the end of love.

—E. C. in the London Athenaeum.

## In a Mission Garden.

White roses clustered thick behind the old gray mission,  
High clambering the streaked adobe wall,  
And sweetening the air too musty with tradition—  
The days of earlier buds can you recall?  
Indeed you must, for though your present scented treasures  
To this dear warmth of sun to-day are new,  
They spring in turn from buds that bloomed to transient pleasures,  
And fell, and died, and live this noon in you.

Did not the holy fathers often seek this garden  
To spade your earth and train your rebel sprays?  
Did no young friar, ere cloistered years his life could harden,  
Tell you of hopes and fears of freer days?  
Did no devout and earnest brother, deeply delving  
The loose black loam, speak bright-eyed of the times  
When all the vale and all the uplands shelving  
Green to the bay should heed the mission chiming?

Ah, yes, you were their joy amid their sterner meditation,  
And oft you saw them walk within your ken;  
Then, as they passed, your pure heads bent in salutation  
To touch their robes, for they were holy men.  
They were your friends,—so now, fresh roses, are you  
Friendless

That thus your dead leaves thickly strew the ground,  
That your wild tangle holds the wall in mazes endless,  
That your wild sprays no more by wall are bound?  
Not friendless you, for, as the fearful children whisper  
Who laugh at noon hut run at close of day,  
Those stately gray-clad forms, approach at hour of vesper  
To note your blooms, to smile, and glide away.

—Chauncey S. Goodrich in the Yale Courant.



## A SUNDAY SPENT AT TIVOLI.

A King's Palace and a Cardinal's Gardens—A Town of Many Waters—Luncheon Between a Pagan Temple and a Wire Fence—Cigarettes in Public Unrebuked.

We spent our last Sunday in Rome at Tivoli. When one is a stranger in a city, Sunday is a day of preternatural length and dullness. There are no people to come and call on you, and no relatives to go and dine with. On the Continent it is not quite as bad as in England, because most museums and galleries are open, at least for part of the day. In London everything is tight shut but the churches, the hotels, and the National Gallery. Sunday in London, when you don't know anybody, is an experience not to be lightly contemplated.

Having at length, after a long and patient summer, revolted at galleries and absolutely refused to enter another church, I welcomed the idea of the day spent at Tivoli. A day in the open air, in the first weeks of autumn, with the Roman Campagna floating like an embrowned sea beneath one's eyes, and the music of the fountains in the Villa d'Este gardens soft on one's ear, is worth snatching from the passing file. We had rain and long hours of overcast, leaden skies, but our Sunday came, clear as a diamond, the air like wine, the mountains cut in gem-like sharpness against a sky of the faintest blue. The Campagna unrolled before us in tawny undulations, clad with a fleece of sun-burned grasses and wild flowers. Here and there a broken line of aqueduct crossed it, the sky showing pale blue between the arches. The brown, ancient walls of castles, crowded on the top of eminences, flashed by as the train sped along.

Tivoli is across the Campagna on a spur of the Alban Mountains. It is a town with a history. Once it was Roman, and was called Tibur, and the great nobles of the empire had their villas on the slopes about it. Hadrian built his just below on the plain. A pile or two of formless ruins, a few broken walls and lines of arches, are all that remains of it now, dark spots among the juicy green of vineyards. Somewhere in the middle ages Tivoli had a second boom, and more villas sprung up about it. It was in the sixteenth century that Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, one of the prince prelates of that sumptuous day, built for himself the Villa d'Este, and surrounded it, being a man of taste, with the finest gardens that ingenuity and money could devise. It is to see these gardens that the world still goes to Tivoli, experts having pronounced them among the most beautiful in Europe.

Nothing could be more picturesque than this ancient town clinging to the outlying spurs of the mountain, and riven and split by furious water-courses. The waterfalls of Tivoli have been famous since the beginnings of the place. They spout and leap from rocky heights, and shoot down narrow channels that seem to undermine the town. From breaks between the houses you hear their jubilant note, and looking down you see, far below, a stream all a lather of white foam, rushing through a gully cut in the living rock. They sing and bubble and boil below the houses; the sound of water is in your ears all the time. Tivoli's narrow streets, stone-paved and full of stony echoes, pass over a network of wild streams, hurrying and jostling in their rush to the Campagna.

It was because of this plenitude of water, easily accessible and practically inexhaustible, that the Villa d'Este gardens are unique of their kind. They are *congeries* of fountains and pools. Water, running and falling, or still and glassy, is their predominating feature. In all Italian gardens they have fountains in many ponds, but in this particular one the sound of water is never out of one's ears, nor the sight of it absent from one's eyes. On the series of terraces that rise like steps from the garden to the villa, there are fountains of every sort. At the end of clipped alleys of ilex trees one sees a shower of crystal drops shooting up behind a marble figure. In the centre of each terrace, a large basin, brown and patched with chrome-colored lichen, sends up a commingling of thin streams. A *baroque* pile of imitation rocks and figures has a white sweep, broad and glassy as a veritable waterfall, dashing over it. One of the terraces is edged along its entire length by a mossy, encrusted stone basin, into which, from the fern-fringed bank above, jets fall at regular intervals. We even found that the stone stairways had had streams flowing down beside them, the bed cut in the stone for them, interrupted by a series of carved shells, over which the current must have made a graceful leap.

At the base of the terraces, where the land is flat, there are four large pools, the water an opaque, jade-like green, and still as a mirror. Each is edged by a mossed and lichened wall of stone, which, at intervals, holds aloft an urn worn by wind and weather. Near by a group of large live oaks mingle their branches, in a black mass, and under this and between their trunks the vivid country beyond shines like bits of green and blue and gold mosaic fitted into the black framework.

From a wall under the oaks one could look out on a vast panorama, still and sun-bathed, on this crystal Sabbath morning. The Campagna rolled away to the horizon, rusted with autumnal grasses, at the sky line turning into a mother-of-pearl sea, swimming in a vaporous distance. Nearer by the rich, golden-green of a vineyard ran up the hill slope, and finally stopped at the wall of the villa. The vines were all trellised, acres

of them, and under the green roof one could hear the chuckling and chinking of the water in the irrigating ditches. Olives crowned the tops and spurs of the higher hills, and rose silvery and delicate from the grapes' lusty green. A peasant woman carrying a bundle on her head walked up the road between them, singing. Her voice was loud and clear, a voice of the outdoors and the soil, untrained, resonant, filling the silence. You could hear it after she had passed out of sight, rising and sinking with the turns of the road.

You have your lunch at Tivoli on the top of a cliff, with a pagan temple just behind you, and in front of you a wild, downward fall of rock and boulder, clothed with green and broken by the white filament of a waterfall. Behind you there is a hotel with a French name, then comes the pagan temple—there seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether it was dedicated to Vesta or to Hercules—and then a line of dining-tables on the gorge's verge. A wire fence prevents you from feeling unsafe; a canvas stretched over your head keeps the sun off. Turning to the one hand you may study the antique fluted columns of the temple, most of which are standing, forming a semicircle. Enclosed within this is another equally antiquated-looking little edifice, which was an early Christian church.

Turning the other way you may look into the airy spaces of the gorge, and then up at the hills opposite. Roman villas once dotted these hills. The temple behind is all that remains of that dead time, and it has long sheltered, on the spot where its altar once stood, a church of the religion those very Romans so persecuted and despised. Rome is a city in which to muse on these strange changings of the old order. But our Sunday was too fine a day for philosophic musings. It was more interesting to watch the cobwebs floating across the gulf below us, and to drop our cigarette ashes on to the tops of trees that were growing far beneath.

You get a good lunch in all the Italian places of this kind—generally the same things everywhere. First macaroni, and then veal, and then a vegetable, like a small cucumber sliced and boiled, and served with a red, spiced gravy. Cheese is accompanied by a roll of that rock-bound Italian bread, which is incased in a crust of an iron-like consistency. The fruit goes with the cheese, both on the same plate. We have been having figs for our after-dinner fruit all through Italy—smaller than the California fig, but with a more delicate flavor. At Tivoli they gave us those long, pale-green grapes peculiar to Rome, crisp to bite, almost seedless, and very sweet. Then we had black coffee, and then cigarettes. We sat long over this end of our lunch, the sun wheeling till it disappeared behind one of the columns of the temple, the air, with the noise of tumbling waterfalls stirring it, growing cooler with the progress of the afternoon. The Germans at the table beside us, and the people we took to be Servians, just behind, rose and departed, and we sat on, lazily conversing and dropping our cigarette ashes over the railing.

Italy is the only country I have been in where women can smoke out of doors and excite no notice or comment. It is evidently quite convenable and usual in certain places. On the *terrasse* at the Lido in Venice, for example, one often sees it. At the crowded hour there—from four to six of a summer's afternoon—there are people from all the nations of Europe, and among these many women and girls are puffing lightly at their cigarettes. One afternoon in August, I noticed a lady at the next table. She was alone, and had taken for her *consommation* a cup of black coffee. Having finished this she took out a paper novel from her reticule, a cigarette from a box at her elbow, and settled herself for a peaceful smoke over her book. She was neither particularly young nor pretty, was simply and almost shabbily dressed, and certainly had the air of being a quiet and respectable person.

A good many of these perfectly unconscious smokers are Russians. In the depot at Bologna I saw a pretty young girl, sitting beside a pile of baggage marked with Russian names, smoking a cigarette which she had rolled herself with professional expertness. Some of the feminine smokers at the Lido used amber holders, quite long, and very handsome. One exceedingly stylish-looking woman, with an old lady and a blonde-bearded, youngish man, smoked incessantly throughout the tea hour, fitting cigarette after cigarette into her long amber holder, and tossing them away after a few puffs. Englishwomen, who smoke a good deal, are chary of doing it in public, and I do not think Americans ever do, unless under the shelter of the Temple of Vesta, above the waterfalls of Tivoli. GERALDINE BONNER.

Rome, October 7, 1904.

An American army officer, recently returned from the Philippines, says that the Filipino invariably emits a snake-like hiss before he strikes. This seems to be just as instinctive with him as it is with a snake. There is a sharp, indrawn breath that comes as a warning, and gives a man a second's time to drop flat, or to throw up an arm if the antagonist is within striking distance with a knife.

Work commences in German factories at six, half-past six, or seven o'clock in the morning, and usually stops at the corresponding hour in the evening. The workman has a quarter of an hour for breakfast, from an hour to an hour and a half at noon for dinner, and a quarter of an hour in the afternoon for tea. The average length of the day's work is ten hours.

## WHISTLER'S PEACOCK ROOM.

Wonderful Panels Soon to Be Brought to America—Quarrels that Marked the Progress of the Work Immortalized in Paint—Spoiling Spanish Leather.

The fact that the artist Whistler's famous Peacock Room is soon to be brought, in sections, to this country, makes interesting an account of this wonderful work of Whistler's eerie genius. Many descriptions of how the room came into being have been written—in books about Whistler, and in various art journals, but the best is that of an anonymous writer in the New York *Herald*, from which we quote at length:

The house was the property of Mr. F. R. Leyland, and stands at Princess Gate, London. The dining-room originally was in the early Norman style, with drop ceilings and much woodwork. On the whole it was rather a gloomy interior. The dominant color tone was supplied by the walls, which were covered with old Spanish leather, a very costly but somewhat gloomy decoration.

With the intention of lightening the room, Mr. Leyland called upon the famous artist to paint a panel to occupy one side of the room. The price arranged for this single panel, incidentally, was twenty-five thousand dollars. The painting, which Whistler completed in due time, was entitled "La Princesse du Pays de Porcelain." It was in his best manner, and has been greatly admired. The central figure of the painting is that of a girl dressed in light pink robes, the general effect suggesting strongly a Japanese painting.

It soon became evident to the owner of the house that the painting, with its delicate Japanese color effect and treatment, did not harmonize with the darker decoration of the room, and Whistler was called in to advise. Whistler suggested that he might lighten the room in the vicinity of his painting with a little gold leaf, and received the owner's permission to go ahead. He began to lighten it with gold and Antwerp blue. Whistler, according to his own confession later, had no idea of making any great alteration in the room, but the spirit of the work took hold of him, and he attacked the project with enthusiasm.

The wall which furnished the setting for his original painting grew much lighter by the addition of blue and gold. In his enthusiasm he did not take the time to remove the leather, whereas the bare walls might have served his purpose better. Finally Whistler, foreseeing objection, told Mr. Leyland that he must work alone and undisturbed if at all, and requested the proprietor of the house to leave London for a month. Mr. Leyland objected, and Whistler thereupon refused point blank to go on with the work. He was finally left alone in the dining-room.

Immediately Whistler and a pupil supplied themselves with an unlimited quantity of Antwerp blue and gold leaf, and attacked the room as a whole. The vast expanse of Spanish leather quickly disappeared under the new covering. The ceiling was next treated, and afterward the woodwork, until every part of the room was resplendent with blue and gold. Great fans of brilliant peacock feathers spread themselves over the great ceilings. In place of the sombre ancient leather, which had cost thousands of dollars, the walls shimmered with the delicate shades of blue and gold. There were gold peacocks on blue grounds, and blue peacocks on gold grounds, with great expanses of peacock eyes, and feathers in gold and blue crowded into the remotest corners of the wonderful room, yet all in the most perfect harmony.

It was in the midst of the work and while the room was in a state of wild disorder that the owner of the house suddenly appeared and demanded admittance. Whistler imperiously refused him. A few days later, however, Mr. Leyland stole into the room unexpectedly while Whistler and his pupil were at work. Leyland was furious. The rare woods he had gathered at such cost were hidden beneath paint and gold leaf. The leather was apparently defaced. The work had gone on quite without his permission, and already many thousands of dollars' worth of material had been ruined. He asked Whistler angrily what he had done with his leather.

Whistler, without turning from the work he was busy with, replied: "Your leather is beneath my peacocks, and an excellent ground, too, it formed to paint on."

Mr. Leyland was furious, and asked Whistler how much he was indebted to the artist for having wrecked his room. "One thousand guineas," Whistler replied instantly.

"But you have ruined more than that much in leather already," said Mr. Leyland. "I will give you that many pounds."

Whistler readily agreed to this on condition that he be allowed to finish the room uninterrupted. The application of gold and blue was continued. But the incident was responsible for perhaps the most striking decoration of the remarkable room. Whistler immortalized the quarrel with Mr. Leyland on the remaining panel. In the same style, suggestive so strongly of the Japanese art at its best, Whistler proceeded to paint a fantastic group of two great peacocks. One of the birds caricatured Leyland. It was smothered in golden eagles, while all about it on the floor were silver shillings, commemorating the difference between the sovereign and the guinea which Leyland refused to pay him. The second peacock represented Whistler himself, and struts about prancing and triumphant. The quarrel over the extra shilling is thus recorded for all time.

In some respects Whistler's greatest conquest in this work is his decoration of the inside window shutters. The shutters when closed formed a comparatively smooth face, and on each Whistler has painted a marvelous conventionalized peacock, with tail feathers extended in successive fans until every part of the shutter is covered. So carefully has this been done that the detail of the shutter is completely lost in the design. The hinges, for example, are skillfully worked into the shadings of the feathers, so that they can only be discovered on the closest inspection. Each of the panels formed by closing the shutters contains a different design, although all are similar. The plumage of a single peacock suffices in each case to fill the panel.

The room was originally intended to reproduce the old Norman interiors, and the walls accordingly are lined with a series of bracket-like decorations, with many slender uprights of dark wood. The wooden uprights presented unusual difficulties. Whistler overcame these by covering them with brilliant peacock feathers, shaded from dark to light downward. An unexpected effect was thus obtained. Not only do the walls and ceilings, once covered with sombre leather, shine resplendent, but the hundreds of additional feathers thus introduced, as it were, in relief, lend a certain air of animation to the whole.

The ceiling of the peacock room harmonizes well with the whole, which is perhaps the highest praise it can have. The drop ceiling of the Norman room is naturally divided into a series of triangles by the arches. Whistler attempted no general designs in these panels, but filled the entire surface with a series of great fans of peacock eyes, in blue and gold. The peacock's eye has been conventionalized to form a regular design. Needless to say it is extremely original, both as to its lines and color scheme. The labor of painting this ceiling alone must have been enormous. The entire room, must be considered, was done by Whistler and a single



## PINERO'S PULSATING PUPPET.

The Figure It Cuts in His New Play—A Naughty Farce That Is Agitating London—Seats in Demand—Stead and Shaw Give Their Opinions

All London is laughing, blushing, or scolding over Arthur Wing Pinero's latest play, "The Wife Without a Smile." Also it is going in droves to Wyndham's Theatre to see it. The press is divided. Some journals are inclined to look upon the matter as a pretty good joke, and scoff at those who do not find the play exactly nice. Others see some subtle meaning, some message, that the author wishes to convey to the public; and still others unqualifiedly condemn the farce, and print editorials upon maintaining a high moral tone in our theatres. William T. Stead, who has just resumed a theatre-going career, after keeping away from play-houses for fifty years, saw "The Wife Without a Smile," and not only smiled, but laughed over it—and continued to laugh after reaching home. But he says he is ashamed of having given way to mirth, and that the play is distinctly bad. And all this fuss is raised over the antics of a mechanical doll, suspended by a string.

I saw the play a few nights ago, and am convinced that Mr. Pinero is deliberately guying the public. He has not had the success with his serious and really good plays that he deserved, and has evidently made up his mind to give theatre-goers what they want—utter foolishness; and I believe it was more by accident than deliberate intent that the play exceeded utter foolishness, and raised such a storm of comment. Even now, Mr. Pinero asserts that if there is anything offensive about the piece, the public is altogether to blame for being willing to see coarseness where it is not intended. But I have not yet told you what all this fuss is about.

Mr. Rippingill has married a wife who, he thinks, has no sense of humor. He believes this because she refuses to smile at his witticisms and practical jokes—for he is distinctly a humorist, one whose conception of a joke might be putting fireworks under the hearse-horses at a funeral. He is in despair because his wife takes such a solemn view of life, and resolves upon a practical joke that shall be a triumph of subtle and delicate foolery.

In the Rippingill house, occupying the floor above the Rippingills, is a young and newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Webbmarsch. This husband is a book-reviewer, but Rippingill suspects that spooning occupies much of his time. So he attaches a cord to the sofa in their room, drops it through a hole in the floor into his own room, and then fastens to it a mechanical doll, so delicately arranged and adjusted that even a kiss wafted from Webbmarsch's finger-tips to his wife will cause the doll to vibrate perceptibly. He feels that he will not only convince himself that the couple above do more love-making than reviewing, but will be able, if his wife has the least appreciation of a joke, to break her apathy.

Mrs. Rippingill continues grave of mien. The doll vibrates, but she does not see anything amusing about that. As though to make her laugh, it dances, but still she is solemn of face. Then the doll, as though in league with Rippingill to break the spell, works harder than ever, and still no laugh—from Mrs. Rippingill; but the audience is divided between guffaws and silent protest.

Well, this sort of thing goes on every time the Webbmarsches go into the room upstairs, and at last people get tired even of it. The Webbmarsches's endearments have ceased to interest the audience. So that the author (anticipating this) again shows his genius by introducing a new incident. The Webbmarsches are seen to pass by the window overlooking the lawn, and, while they are known to be out of doors, the doll begins to kick and jump violently. Rippingill is amazed when he sees it. He calls the butler, who appears in sight, and the following extract from the play then comes off. I quote from memory:

RIPPINGILL—Any one in the room above?

BUTLER—Yes, sir.

RIPPINGILL—Who?

BUTLER—Mrs. Rippingill, sir.

RIPPINGILL [startled]—Er—anybody with her?

BUTLER—Yes, sir. [RIPPINGILL gasps.]

RIPPINGILL [staring wildly]—Er—Who?

BUTLER—Mr. Trood, sir.

Rippingill dashes to foot of stairs and disappears, to reappear in a couple of minutes (during which the doll suddenly stops, and the audience sits in silent suspense), followed by his wife and her old sweetheart, both of whom look awkward and conscious, while the husband marches in like a heroic preserver of conjugal rights. Well, there isn't any more of the play after that—that is to say, of the doll, for it has now grown stale. But the action still goes on. And by it the audience learns that Rippingill has discovered that, through his solicitors' neglect, he actually married his present wife before the decree of divorce from the other was made absolute. So he is not married at all, except to his first wife. He is much cut up at this, and thinks it will be a great shock to his young wife. But she, apparently delighted, bursts out into peals of laughter. At last she has been made to smile—a thing he has been trying to accomplish hitherto unsuccessfully, for 10 days and the doll have failed to amuse her. So it is an ill wind, etc. An old friend of Rippingill, who had come to stay and help him to get his wife to

smile—a very fat man, named Pullinger, who comes on every now and then in a huge fur motoring-coat and leather mask (a bit of business already done to death on the stage), does the only funny business there is in the play. He talks in a very fat voice, and makes very thin jokes. But now and then he says something that, in ordinary life, would not be said before ladies. Here is one instance: He is telling Mrs. Rippingill of her husband's divorce, and begins by calling the case by its legal title, Rippingill *versus* Rippingill, and (here come the names of three co-respondents). He then stops. Mrs. Rippingill impatiently says, "Go on!" "My dear madam," he replies, holding up his hands, "there are no more. Aren't three enough?" Then follow a lot of farcical situations, at times besmirched with suggestion. Rippingill sleeps in the boat-house on Saturday night—this after three months of marriage—and on Sunday finds his wife has become engaged to Trood.

This would be rather tragic, in a serious play, but Mr. Pinero has chosen to make a farce of it by having Rippingill decide, now that his wife is willing to desert him, to marry Mrs. Lovette, who has helped break the sad news to the wife. But the latter does not relish the idea of Mrs. Lovette taking her place, and comes back to her husband. The whole play ends in a maze of improbabilities—and the audience leaves, nudging, grinning, whispering furtively, or looking stonily disapproving, according to temperament or convictions.

The question is, would this play, without the doll, be a success? Would the public crowd the theatre night after night, and engage every seat in the house for many weeks ahead—as it has done—if this doll merely carried the messages that Mr. Rippingill expected? The lines are bright, but not such as will stick in the memory, or be quoted. In short, the play is a frothy, transitory French farce, dealing lightly with the marriage vows, but in such a preposterous way that no offense could be given. The acting is not extraordinary. Dion Boucicault plays Rippingill without any particular distinction. C. M. Lowne acts well the dull Webbmarsch, and Lettice Fairfax is graceful, easy, and pleasing as Mrs. Rippingill. The best one in the cast is Henry Kemble, who, as Pullinger, the busybody friend, causing a tangle, then trying to straighten it out, is really fine, and convulses the audiences by the humor he contrives to inject into his part. Yet all this is not enough to cause a theatre to be besieged by people going dotty over their chances of getting seats. From a commercial standpoint, Mr. Pinero is wise in refusing to alter the play in the slightest detail. In this he has the censor on his side, for George Redford, who passes upon all plays, says that "The Wife Without a Smile" is perfectly proper and inoffensive. George Bernard Shaw has managed to make himself heard in the matter by saying that, as Mr. Stead denounces the play, he is also denouncing Mr. Redford, the censor, who represents the king—therefore Mr. Stead should be indicted for high treason.

I don't mind hazarding the opinion that Mr. Pinero, in creating the character of Rippingill, intended to convey his idea of the London public—a body that thinks it knows real humor, but has proved, in this case, that it does not. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, October 20, 1904.

When the war between Japan and Russia broke out, the Japanese Government did not desire the assistance of foreign nurses. A certain number of American nurses went to Japan. They were received with courtesy and compliments by the polite officials at Tokio. But the New York *Medical Record* says that "the medical department of the Japanese army has been frightfully embarrassed by their attentions." It declares that their ignorance of the Japanese language, their inability to eat Japanese food, or to live in Japanese style, have proved an almost complete bar to their usefulness. The London *Hospital* unfeelingly remarks: "Nurses should show more discipline when wars occur, or they may come to be classed with the 'plague of women' type."

One of the latest British blue books contains official correspondence on the subject of the outrages in Armenia last spring. From this it appears that the Armenian patriarch, when asked by the British ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, for his authority for his statement to newspaper correspondents that between 6,000 and 9,000 persons had been massacred in the Sasun and Talori districts, frankly confessed that he had not any. He had simply repeated current reports. Captain Tyrell, British vice-consul at Van, after a personal investigation, reported that perhaps 900 persons had been killed.

In *Die Bevölkerung der Erde*, Dr. Supan gives the results of the latest censuses and estimates concerning the population of America, Africa, and the polar lands, the changes of figures in parts of Europe that have affected the European total, together with the latest results in Asia, Australia, and New Zealand. He then sums up his estimates of the population of the world as follows: Europe, 392,264,000; Asia, 819,556,000; Africa, 140,700,000; Australia and Polynesia, 6,483,000; North America, 105,714,000; South America, 38,482,000; polar lands, 91,000; total, 1,503,290,000.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

A noted anti-imperialist, President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, will vote for Roosevelt. "The Democrats," he says, "have not succeeded in identifying the party with any important political principle or measure."

Princess Elizabeth Carolath, the beautiful woman with whom the late Prince Herbert Bismarck eloped in the early seventies, and whom he abandoned by order of his father, is living at present in Venice. She occupies a small palace, her income being rather limited.

The Marquis of Anglesey (who, the *Bulletin* says, is dead) is residing at the Grand Hotel, Dinard. "I am really very happy, though I suppose none would believe it," he told a reporter last week; "I drive and am writing a book on myself. It will probably consist of a series of essays on humanity as I know it."

Having successfully passed an examination before the United States steamship inspectors, Miss Jane Morgan, daughter of Randall Morgan, of Philadelphia, is now entitled to rank as a "master mariner," and to command, not only her father's steam yacht, but even an ocean liner, should she so desire. She is one of the five women in the world to gain this distinction.

The Crocker lawsuit has been a sort of blessing in disguise to Dr. Doyen. Medical students cheer Dr. Doyen when he appears in the Latin Quarter, and the Montmartre music-halls are drawing full houses, with facetious songs and burlesques in which figure in song and repartee Dr. Doyen, Mr. Crocker, Dr. Pozzi, and Dr. Poirier, who is Dr. Doyen's bitterest opponent, each presented to the public in Pickwickian attire.

Patrolman Plischke, of the Los Angeles police force, is a man of resources, as he proved one evening not long ago. He belongs to the bicycle squad, and was walking along a handsome residence street when he observed a suspicious stranger, who was unable to give a good account of himself. The officer found on the man a porch-climber's outfit, including dark lantern and coil of rope. Plischke did not think he could handle his prisoner and at the same time take care of his wheel, which he feared to leave behind. So he made the man put his hands on either side of a lamp-post and handcuffed him there. Then he went for help.

Field-Marshal Oyama, who is in command of the Japanese armies in Manchuria, was once a pupil in the Temple Hill school at Geneseo, N. Y., and Walter G. Patterson, one of Geneseo's leading residents, remembers Oyama, and relates many amusing experiences of the young Japanese, whom he describes as an undersized boy of fifteen, heavy set, but bright-eyed and keen-witted. "I am perhaps the first man who saw Oyama under fire," said Mr. Patterson, the other day; "one Saturday morning a crowd of students started afoot for a peach orchard belonging to 'Tomp' Campbell, which was a favorite place with the boys. While climbing a fence, Oyama was the last over. Suddenly Mr. Campbell appeared with a shotgun. He took aim at Oyama, and fired a charge of rock salt into his body. Oyama stood the pain stoically as one of the fortunes of war to be encountered when raiding peach orchards."

A British clergyman, who spent a few days at the little town of Montélimar, where President Loubet lives, gives a very pleasant little picture of France's chief executive: "As I looked out from my window at six in the morning," he says, "the sight of a top hat in the midst of many white caps naturally stood out, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the features of the president of the French Republic under the said tall hat. Presently, a little market cart drove up, in which were seated a very little old woman, and beside her a country fellow in a blue blouse. M. Emile Loubet approached the cart, and lifted the old woman down and kissed her. She and the countryman unloaded the cart of its greenery, poultry, and butter, and then the president gave his arm to the old woman, and led her to the stall, which the countryman piled up with the stuff, and with his own hands, M. Loubet put up the umbrella which was to shield his mother from the sun. The president stayed chatting to her a few minutes, and then turned and walked toward his house."

The French professor of Prince Henry of Prussia, says London *Truth*, one day read to him the following exercise for translation: "Sovereign ladies have not merely an air of majesty, but a gracious deportment peculiar to them." The prince laid down his pen and raised his hand. "Have you any remark to make?" asked the teacher. "Only this: do you or do you not wish to teach me to be truthful?" "Certainly, I wish to teach you truthfulness." "Let me tell you, then, that I have known sovereign ladies all my life, and never noticed in them any majesty or peculiar grace of deportment. Quite the contrary. Ought we not, therefore, to omit the phrase you have just read?" The professor said that he respected the scruples of his pupil. He could not, however, correct an exercise book which had been carefully inspected before being set down on the list for study. Besides, the taste of a boy of twelve differed from that of an adult. He might hereafter see majesty and grace where he now sees none. Henry took up his pen and wrote out the phrase in French. He then uttered a groan, and observed: "It's an awful shame to foist such books upon us."



## LAFCADIO HEARN'S "JAPAN."

A Masterly Work by a Philosophical Thinker—  
The Japanese Character—Contempt  
for Foreigners.

We have no hesitation in saying that Lafcadio Hearn's "Japan: An Interpretation," is the most profound and suggestive work yet written about the people of the island kingdom. We have had about Japan many superficial hooks—many hooks describing the alien customs and ways of the Japanese as they appear to the Occidental eye, but without even an approach to understanding of the causes that underly them. Lafcadio Hearn, of all Occidentals, perhaps understands the Japanese best. The hook embodies the results of fourteen years of residence and association, and, as the last work of many, being printed only a few weeks after the lamented death of its author, it has a peculiar interest. We think that of all Mr. Hearn's hooks, it is the most profound. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is the most distinguished work in the domain of philosophy, religion, and ethics that the year has brought us.

Readers of the *Argonaut* will not be astonished at a sentence which will not be found on the first page of the hook—"I can not yet claim to know much about Japan." Further:

Long ago the hest and dearest Japanese friend that I ever had said to me, a little before his death: "When you find, in four or five years more, that you can not understand the Japanese at all, then you will begin to know something about them." After having realized the truth of my friend's prediction—after having discovered that I can not understand the Japanese at all—I feel better qualified to attempt this essay.

The intellectual gulf, as wide as the Pacific, which separates even so sympathetic a Westerner as Mr. Hearn (the husband of a Japanese wife) from the people of Dai Nippon, has its parallel in the difference between the Occidental and Oriental manner of doing even the simplest things:

The blacksmith squats at his anvil, wielding a hammer such as no Western smith could use without long practice; the carpenter pulls, instead of pushing, extraordinary plane and saw. Always the left is the right side, and the right side the wrong; and keys must be turned, to open or close a lock, in what we are accustomed to think the wrong direction; . . . the Japanese speak backward, read backward, write backward; . . . instead of putting the thread through the eye of the needle, the Japanese maiden slips the eye of the needle over the point of the thread. . . . The Japanese swordsman, delivering his blow with both hands, does not pull the blade toward him in the moment of striking, but pushes it from him. He uses it, indeed, as other Asiatics do, not on the principle of the wedge, but of the saw; yet there is a pushing motion where we should expect a pulling motion in the stroke.

But these differences between the East and West are merely superficial. The psychological strangeness is much more startling. "You begin to suspect the range of it," writes Hearn, "after having discovered that no adult Occidental can perfectly master the language." He adds:

The ideas of this people are not our ideas; their sentiments are not our sentiments; their ethical life represents for us regions of thought and emotion yet unexplored, or perhaps long forgotten. Any one of their ordinary phrases, translated into Western speech, makes hopeless nonsense; and the literal rendering into Japanese of the simplest English sentence would scarcely be comprehended by any Japanese who had never studied a European tongue. Could you learn all the words in a Japanese dictionary, your acquisition would not help you in the least to make yourself understood in speaking, unless you had learned also to think like a Japanese—that is to say, to think backward, to think upside down and inside out, to think in the directions totally foreign to the Aryan habit. . . . To be able to use the Japanese tongue as a Japanese uses it, one would need to be horn again, and to have one's mind completely reconstructed, from the foundation upward.

To gain the slightest understanding of the Japanese character, one must, as Hearn shows us, understand the Shinto religion, which, despite the strength of Buddhism, is the underlying strata upon which the whole social structure of Japan is erected. If one does not understand that the family, not the individual, is the social unit, he has not the key to the thousand and one things that are otherwise explicable. Once understand a little of the importance of the family, and the unimportance of the individual, and it begins to become intelligible why it is the greatest possible calamity to die without leaving a male heir; why, anciently, men abandoned the house after a person had died in it, and emperors abandoned their capital after the death therein of a predecessor; why, anciently, no distinction was made between the wife and the concubines; "they were classed together as women." Further, on this point, Mr. Hearn says:

The ancestral cult permitted no individual freedom; nobody could live according to his or her pleasure; every one had to live according to rule. The individual did not even have a legal existence; the family was the unit of society. Even its patriarch existed in law

as representative only—responsible both to the living and the dead.

While the above paragraph refers more particularly to conditions that are passed, Mr. Hearn believes that the change that has come over the nation during the past thirty years is mostly superficial. Deep down, the Japanese character, customs, and traditions are the same as they were before Meiji.

The ordinary traveler in Japan is charmed by the politeness of the people, their smiling ways, their orderliness, and apparent happiness. This seems to prove to the ordinary man that he is among a morally superior people. Mr. Hearn shows how he would be mistaken:

For the trained sociologist it would prove something different, and suggest something very terrible. It would prove to him that this society had been molded under immense coercion, and that the coercion must have been exerted uninterruptedly for thousands of years. He would immediately perceive that ethics and custom had not yet become dissociated, and that the conduct of each person was regulated by the will of the rest. He would know that personality could not develop in such a social medium—that no individual superiority dare assert itself, that no competition would be tolerated. He would understand that the outward charm of this life—its softness, its smiling silence as of dreams—signified the rule of the dead. He would recognize that between those minds and the minds of his own epoch, no kinship of thought, no community of sentiment, no sympathy whatever could exist—that the separating gulf was not to be measured by thousands of leagues, but only by thousands of years—that the psychological interval was hopeless as the distance from planet to planet.

In discussing the laws of Japan, Mr. Hearn cites one statute which, in this country, would seem tyrannical as well as foolish; but which, in Japan, is in accord with all traditions:

An aged and childless widow, last representative of her family, is not permitted to remain without an heir. She must adopt a son, if she can; if she can not, because of poverty, or for other reasons, the local authorities will provide a son for her—that is to say, a male heir to maintain the family worship.

This subordination of the individual to the family cult is not the only subordination to which he is subjected. He is also subject, if he is a workman, to his guild, or craft, and the employer of labor is far more in the power of the guild to which the laborer belongs than any American employer to the most tyrannical of labor unions:

Let us suppose, for instance, that you wish to have a good house built. As a general rule, you will apply to a master-carpenter. You can not select and hire workmen; guild-regulations forbid. You can only make your contract; and the master-carpenter, when his plans have been approved, will undertake all the rest—purchase and transport of material—hire of carpenters, plasterers, tilers, masons, screen-fitters, brass-workers, stone-cutters, locksmiths, and glaziers. For each master-carpenter represents much more than his own craft-guild. He has his clients in every trade related to house-building and house-furnishing; and you must not dream of trying to interfere with his claims and privileges. He builds your house according to contract; but that is only the beginning of the relation. You have really made with him an agreement which you must not break, without good and sufficient reason, for the rest of your life. Whatever afterwards may happen to any part of your house—wall, floor, ceiling, roof, foundation—you must arrange for repairs with him—never with anybody else. Should the roof leak, for instance, you must not send for the nearest tiler or tinsmith; if the plaster cracks, you must not send for a plasterer. The man who built your house holds himself responsible for its condition; and he is jealous of that responsibility; none but he has the right to send for the plasterer, the roofer, the tinsmith. If you interfere with that right, you may have some unpleasant surprises. If you make appeal to the law against that right, you will find that you can get no carpenter, tiler, or plasterer to work for you at any terms.

An interesting fact about these guilds is, that the men who compose them are excellent workmen. In this country, it has been held that a workman's knowledge that he can not be discharged without causing his employer trouble with the union to which the workman belongs, makes him careless in the performance of his task. In Japan, after hundreds of years of such conditions, the artisans remain among the most skillful in the world. But probably it is dangerous to argue from an Oriental analogy. Indeed, in some other departments of activity, the rigidity of labor-union regulations is a serious hindrance. Mr. Hearn cites this instance, furnished by the code of the *kurumaya* or *jirikisha* men:

According to its terms, one runner must not attempt to pass by another going in the same direction. To take advantage of one's own superior energy, so as to force competition, is an offense against the calling, and certain to be resented. You engage a good runner, whom you order to make all speed. He springs away splendidly, and keeps up the pace until he happens to overtake some weak or lazy puller, who seems to be moving as slowly as the gait permits. Therewith, instead of bounding by, your man drops immediately behind the slow-going vehicle, and slackens his pace almost to a walk. For half an hour or more, you may be thus delayed by the regulation which obliges the strong and

swift to wait for the weak and slow. An angry appeal is made to the runner who dares to pass another; and the idea behind the words might be thus expressed: "You know that you are breaking the rule—that you are acting to the disadvantage of your comrades! This is a hard calling; and our lives would be made harder than they are, if there were no rules to prevent competition!"

One would think—we had indeed supposed—that so acute and sympathetic a thinker as Mr. Hearn would have succeeded in breaking down, in some slight degree, the barriers which, as the *Argonaut* has repeatedly pointed out, are, for the average Occidental, absolutely insurmountable. It seems, however, that in this we were mistaken. The same patronizing contempt, so noticeable in Japanese officials toward other foreigners (unless modified for reasons of policy) has been accorded Mr. Hearn by the educated Japanese with whom he has come in contact as a teacher in the Imperial University at Tokio. He writes:

The gentle boy who, with innocent reverence, makes his visit of courtesy to the foreign teacher, brings for gift a cluster of Iris flowers, or odoriferous spray of plum blossoms—the boy who does whatever he is told, and charms by an earnestness, a trustfulness, a grace of manner rarely met with among Western lads of the same age—is destined to undergo the strangest of transformations long before becoming a haccalaureus. You may meet with him, a few years later, in the uniform of some higher school, and find it difficult to recognize your former pupil—now graceless, taciturn, secretive, and inclined to demand, as a right, what could scarcely, with propriety, be requested as a favor. You may find him patronizing—possibly, something worse. Later on, at the university, he becomes more formally correct, but also more far away—so very far away from his boyhood that the remoteness is a pain to one who remembers that boyhood. The Pacific is less wide and deep than the invisible gulf now extending between the mind of the stranger and the mind of the student. The foreign professor is now regarded merely as a teaching machine; and he is more than likely to regret any effort made to maintain an intimate relation with his pupils. . . . No matter what the foreigner may do, in the hope of finding his way in touch with the emotional life of his students, or in the hope of evoking that interest in certain studies which renders possible an intellectual tie, he must toil in vain. . . . Few incidents of

Japanese life are more surprising than the metamorphoses of the gawky student into the dignified, impassive, easy-mannered official. His long, hard schooling has taught him more than hooks can teach, and more than a stupid person can ever learn; how to read minds and motives—how to remain impassive under all circumstances—how to remain, even when most amiable, secretive and inscrutable.

In view of these extracts from the most thoughtful work of the man who understood the Japanese character best, it may not be amiss to put again the question, with whose general tenor the readers of this journal are—perhaps tiresomely—familiar. If individual Japanese are patronizing and contemptuous toward sympathetic foreign teachers, toward whom, in earlier years, they were humbly courteous, and charmingly receptive, how will the Japanese nation, now young and in trouble, and eager for the sympathy of America, requite us in later years when she is strong? Will it be similarly—with arrogant contempt and patronizing insolence?

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.00 net.

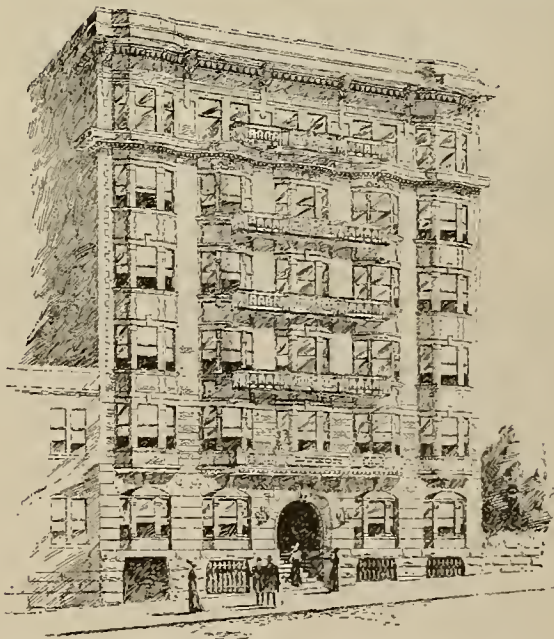
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San Francisco is truly becoming a city of palaces, the latest of which to be thrown open to occupancy is THE LUXOR. To visit this beautifully appointed home of all that is best in architecture, plumbing, furnishing, together with the very latest devices for convenience and labor saving, is to have revealed to one the comforts of the world's highest civilization. Fortunate, indeed, are they who can afford to make this palace of true elegance their abiding place.

The owner and designer, Mrs. Lee, is a woman who has made many friends during her connection with the Hotel Granada. Through her practical experience in the latter hotel, Mrs. Lee learned just what wealth and culture demand of convenience and refinement, as well as richness in their dwelling apartments. That knowledge she has crystallized in THE LUXOR.

It is six stories in height, and its front of cream pressed brick and stone is truly a fine piece of architectural beauty. Then it is so built that every room in the building has abundance of sunlight and fresh air. On entering, one is at once struck with the grandeur of the wide hall with its white and gold pillars. The apartments, five or six rooms in a suite, have commodious reception halls. The dining-rooms are finished throughout in weathered oak, with massive beam ceilings, and are fitted with leaded glass china closets. The servants' room in each case is connected by electric bells with every room in the apartment. Floors and walls of the bath-rooms are tiled.

The ground floor of the structure is fitted up for the main dining-room. It also is furnished in weathered oak, and is especially adapted for receptions and halls, as well as dinner-parties. A THOROUGHLY MODERN GRILL will be run, which will be no small item of convenience to guests. From the grill-room, radiating throughout the house into every apartment, runs a system of dumb-waiters, run by electricity. This feature is a decided novelty, and alone costs the sum of sixteen thousand dollars. The complete system of telephones enables guests to order what they desire and have it delivered quickly to them by means of the ever-ready dumb-waiters. As to heating, the steam-heat system is pronounced superb.

THE LUXOR is epoch-making in the history of apartment-hotels in San Francisco, and the *Argonaut* predicts much good will result to our city from the high standard it sets for others. San Francisco now vies with the large cities of the East in the luxuries she offers the lover of refined elegance.

Many of the apartments have already been engaged by leading people of the city. Any one who is looking for elegantly appointed apartments should not fail to visit this hotel, THE LUXOR, 857 Sutter Street, near Jones.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Seven Books by Californians.

If Idah Meacham Strobbridge's book, "In Miner's Mirage-Land," contained only the one story of Old Man Berry, it would be worth the price. Herself a daughter of the desert taught to ride a horse, to rope a steer, and to shoot before she was taught to read and write, Miss Strobbridge speaks as one having authority of desert folk and their ways. By camp-fires on lonely trails she has sat and listened to gaunt old prospectors—the most appealing figures in the life of the West—as they told her with convincing detail of the ill luck that was theirs in the past, and of the fabulous good luck which (they knew) was in store for them in the future. Among all these prospectors Old Man Berry is the most picturesque—gaze upon this picture of the "outfit" of the veteran of eighty-four as he sets out for the thousandth time to find the "Giant Ledge of the World":

Originally intended for a small delivery wagon, it had long borne no likeness to any sort of a vehicle whatever. There was no dashboard. There was no seat. The double-trees were home-made; and the tongue was a cottonwood pole. Missing spokes in the wheels were replaced by the limbs of the quaking asp; and the reach itself was pieced with a pole used as a splice. The tires were wired on with baling wire—wound round and round with the wire, till the tire itself was scarcely to be seen. Wire all over the wagon; wire to mend the harness. The reins were of bits of old straps fastened together. He had a dry willow switch for a whip. One of the horses was too old to have been properly apportioned to anything in this world, except to the filling of a grave in a horse graveyard. The other was a half-broken colt. Again, he was starting off for Black Rock. Alone, of course; there he was—more than eighty-four years of age, and yet able to climb cliffs and peek away at the rock that lies at the tops of the mountains. Why, they told me he would ride this unbroken colt—and did, often—if the men would help him mount.

He nodded "good-by" to us then—"Ready!" and a pause. "Let them go!" he said, and the man at the young horse's head pulled off the blind and jumped back. The colt reared on his haunches—pawed the air with his hoofs, and leaped forward—almost jerking the old buckskin horse off his feet as he went. Old Man Berry sat there—his feet braced far apart; his gray hair blowing back in the rush of wind that came up the cañon, his knotted bands gripping the reins, and that grin look on his face that made you feel that he, after all, was master of whatever he undertook.

So, down the steep cañon, through a cloud of alkali dust he went. And every instant I expected to see the old wagon go to pieces. "God! but he's got pluck!" said one of the cowboys.

This book of sketches from Miss Strobbridge's pen is also from her bindery, and is neatly printed with a very striking frontispiece. *Argonaut* readers may recall that Miss Strobbridge has contributed some very good stories to this journal. Most of the chapters in this book, however, have appeared in the daily newspapers.

Published by the Artemisia Bindery, Los Angeles; \$1.50.

"Business Law for Business Men," by A. J. Bledsoe, has passed into its third edition, a very tangible proof of its popularity. As Mr. Bledsoe (who is a successful attorney of Humboldt County, which he represented for three terms in the legislature) says in his introduction, "business men usually go to a lawyer when they are in trouble and want to get out of it." The purpose of this book is to assist in keeping them out of trouble entirely. "Vexatious and expensive controversy," observes Mr. Bledsoe, "might be avoided if business men had the means of ascertaining at the moment what their rights and liabilities would be." Among the subjects prominently treated are the making of contracts, agreements for sale, sale of personal property, installment sales, stoppage in transit, warranty of personal property, auction sales, deposit of personal property, storage of personal property, storage in warehouses, liability of hotel-keepers. The rights and obligations of landlord and tenant, employer and employee, master and servant, principal and agent; of wholesalers' agents, manufacturer's agents, commission merchants, real-estate agents, architects, physicians and surgeons, oculists, dentists, and teachers, are clearly dealt with. The work has been commended by several supreme court judges, among them Lucien Shaw, who wrote of it, after a careful examination: "It is concise, the style is clear, and the matter generally accurate and complete. It is the best work of the kind I have seen."

Published by the author, Ukiah, Cal.

"Yosemite Legends," by Bertha H. Smith, is a book so handsome in appearance, so charmingly illustrated, and so beautiful in its marginal decorations, that the text, had it not rather unusual merit, would be over-awed. However, the author has a graceful and dignified style, and these retellings of old Indian tales are quite worth while. Miss Eunice Lundborg's drawings in colors are together successful, and the volume should be popular during the holiday season as

a gift for friends to whom it is desired to send "something distinctively Californian." Published by Paul Elder; \$2.00 net.

There are a vast number of yearning souls, disciples of Blavatsky, Tingley, Helen Wilmans, Annie Besant, and all the rest of the "occultists," who will be interested in "Balthazar the Magus," by A. Van der Naillen. Here science and pseudo-science, religion and pseudo-religion, fiction and facts, are neatly dove-tailed together. There is an "Appendix" with cuts showing the forms that powder and paste take when spread upon a vibrating plate. There is also a fine portrait of Professor Van der Naillen, wearing his decoration as Chevalier of the Order of Léopold of Belgium. To all "students of the occult" we recommend the book, which is the third of its sort that the author has written. In many ways it is suggestive. But persons in search of merely a good story, an interesting romance, are advised to steer clear of "Balthazar the Magus."

Published by R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.50.

The taste of publishing the letters of Mrs. Nelly Gore, who was shot to death in the apartment of a Russian baritone in Paris about two years ago, is questionable. The matter is not bettered by the illustration of the book with pictures of the dead music student's grave, etc. However, undeniably, one is interested by these frank, unstudied epistles, written to her intimate friend by this unfortunate woman who, though she had no literary ability, was evidently a person of intelligence and education, with an overwhelming ambition to succeed as a musician. The letters are in nowise sensational, and bear out the intimation of the preface by Mabel Wagnalls that Mrs. Gore was in the Russian singer's rooms on a purely sympathetic mission, and that the shooting was an accident. Mrs. Gore formerly resided in Alameda. Musical folk will be especially interested in the book. It appears under the title "Your Loving Nell"—the signature of most of the letters.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.00.

Among juvenile books of the year, we find one by Jessie Juliet Knox, entitled "Little Almond Blossoms." It contains a dozen stories about Chinese children in San Francisco, and is evidently designed to please little readers of seven or eight. The author, we believe, is a resident of San José, and some of the stories have appeared in the *Call* and some in Eastern newspapers. The book is handsomely bound, is printed in large type for little eyes, and profusely illustrated from photographs of Chinatown scenes.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Another book, of far greater pretensions, dealing with the Chinese, is "As a Chinaman Saw Us: Passages from His Letters to a Friend at Home," by Henry Pearson Gratton, and dated San Francisco, May 10, 1904. But no such name appears in the city directory, and no information about any such person is obtainable from people who would be likely to know. And some suspicious readers think that Miss Donaldine Cameron could tell something about the origin of "As a Chinaman Saw Us." A few quotations will give an idea of the nature of the comments which the "Chinaman" makes about us:

In their stories the Americans spare neither age, sex, nor relatives. The following was related by a general of the army. He said he took a friend home to spend the night with him, the guest occupying the best room. When he came down in the morning, he turned to the hostess, and said: "Mrs. —, that was excellent tooth-powder you placed at my disposal. Can you give me the name of the maker?" The hostess fairly screamed. "What?" she exclaimed. "The powder in the urn?" "Yes," replied the officer, startled; "was it poison?" "Worse, worse," said she; "you swallowed Aunt Jane!" Conceive of this wretched taste! The guest had actually cleaned his teeth with the cremated dust of the general's aunt. Yet he told the story before a dinner assemblage, and it was received with shouts of laughter.

I have alluded to the craze for joking among young ladies in society. At a dinner a reigning beauty, and daughter of —, who sat next to me, talked with me on dancing. She told me all about it, and, pointing to a tall, distinguished-looking man near by, said that he had received his degree of D. D. (doctor of dancing) from Harvard University, and was extremely proud of it; and, furthermore, it would please him to have me mention it. I did not enlighten the young lady, and allowed her to continue, that I might enjoy her animation and superb "nerve" (this is the American slang word for her attitude). The gentleman was her uncle, a doctor of divinity, who was constitutionally opposed to dancing; and I learned latter that he had a cork leg.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane.
3. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.
4. "Lady of Loyalty House," by Justin Huntly McCarthy.
5. "Martyrdom of an Empress," Anonymous.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rivers.
2. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.
5. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "Old Gorgon Graham," by George Horace Lorimer.
3. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.
4. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
5. "The Simple Life," by Charles H. Wagner.

## The Astounding Popularity of Silas K.

Judged by the number of his books sold, says the London correspondent of a Boston paper, the most popular living writer of fiction in England is the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, whose latest novel, "Meadowsweet and Rue," has just been published. Critics pay little attention to him; his name never figures among those of great authors; his works are not read in Belgravia, and fashionable book-shops do not stock them, but for all that they have a larger circulation than those of Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope, or any of the conspicuous stars of the literary firmament. Happy in the knowledge that a big sale awaits every fresh book he writes, Mr. Hocking pursues the even tenor of his way, turning out a new novel every year with unflinching regularity. His first was published in 1878, and he has now twenty-seven volumes to his credit. As he is only fifty-four and in vigorous health, it is probable that he will write many more before he lays his pen aside and gives better-known competitors a chance to catch up with him. He does not belong to the strenuous school of writers; he shocks nobody; he sees to it that virtue is always rewarded and vice punished, and thus enjoys the advantage, which may account for no small measure of his success, of being regarded by middle-class persons as an eminently safe purveyor of mental pabulum for the young person. He has held no regular pastorate for eight years, but he still preaches frequently and chastises sin in a fashion that affords much satisfaction to non-conformist audiences.

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## THREE BOOKS READY TO-DAY

## OFF THE HIGHWAY

By Alice Prescott Smith

A bright love-story with plenty of dash and good spirits in it. Mrs. Smith is at home in California, and her picture of the free life of the fruit farms on the Sierras is capital. \$1.50.

## JEWEL'S STORY BOOK.

By Clara Louise Burnham

Jewel is a most lovable little girl, whose life is made happy through Christian Science. These stories form a sequel to the earlier chapter of her life in "Jewel," and are written with the same fascination, naturalness, and good cheer. Illustrated. \$1.50.

## HEROES OF THE STORM

By William D. O'Connor

Wonderfully graphic accounts of the most famous rescues from shipwreck by the crews of the United States Life-Saving Service, with an introduction by O'Connor's friend and associate, Superintendent Kimball. \$1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston and New York



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Geraldine Bonner's new book, the title of which is not yet decided upon, is to be brought out by the Bobbs-Merrill Company early in January. It deals with life in San Francisco and Virginia City before and during the great days of the later discoveries on the Comstock. It contains descriptions of the moribund foothill mining-camps, the San Francisco of the early seventies, and finally of the feverish activity and excitement of Virginia City at the opening of the Bonanza days. Miss Bonner has just returned to New York after a stay of three months in Italy.

In his latest novel, "The Prodigal Son," now nearing its end as a serial, Hall Caine not only pushes the gates ajar but elbows his way in, carrying his leading characters to the very door of death and a step beyond. The story will be published in book-form on November 15th, and the publishers say, will contain over fifty thousand more words than it did in the magazine.

Curtis Dunham and Oliver Herford have collaborated as author and artist, respectively, in the production of a cleverly humorous little volume for children, entitled "Two in a Zoo." The hero of the story is a poor little boy named Toots, with an iron-bound leg, who interprets the sayings of the iron-bound beasts to a rich little girl whom he calls the princess.

Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop has just died at Edinburgh, the author of quite a little library of books of travel. She was only twenty-two when she set out on her first journey, and four years later (in 1856) she published her first book, "The Englishwoman in America." In 1873, she issued in volume form the letters which she had sent to her sister describing her experiences during a seven months' stay in the Sandwich Islands. "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains" (1874) was another account of American experiences. In 1878, she started upon the first of a number of journeys she made in the Far East, the result of which were many interesting books.

Hounded by the fear that death will overtake him before he can finish his last literary effort (a novel), and burning with a desire to see his maiden play staged, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the colored poet, whom consumption has marked for the grave, lies at his home in Dayton, O., nursing his little remaining strength so that he may dictate bit by bit daily to his stenographer the remaining part of his last work. Dunbar is the author of seventeen books.

The world will learn with very great regret that December next will mark the final retirement from public life of the eminent detective, Sherlock Holmes. In an interview in the London *Daily Mail*, Conan Doyle is reported as saying: "A man must retire some time. He can't go on forever. Yes, his [Holmes's] retirement is now absolute and final. So far as I know there is not the slightest intention of his ever again entering on the work of the detection of crime. His last adventure will be a strenuous one, and will, I think, be on a level with some of his higher achievements. After it, he retires for good."

G. K. Chesterton is hard at work on his book on Charles Kingsley for the "English Men of Letters." His fantastic tales in the *Idler* will shortly be published in book-form.

Samantha Allen (Marietta Holly), who first came into prominence through her widely read book on "The Centennial at Philadelphia," more than a quarter of a century ago, is about to publish her experiences at the St. Louis exposition in a volume of some four hundred pages, written in her customary dialect.

Mary Johnston, author of "Audrey," has just returned to her home in Richmond, Va. She spent the entire summer in Sicily, where she went for a complete rest.

The largest sum ever given at auction for a printed book is £4,950, which the late Bernard Quaritch paid in 1884 for the Latin Psalter, printed in 1459 by Peter Schoeffer, a few years after the issue of the Gutenberg Bible. Quaritch priced it at £5,250. Two years ago it was sold by his son to J. Pierpont Morgan, but the price given by the banker is unknown. This is undoubtedly the costliest book in existence.

Among the autumn juveniles is "The Basket Woman," by Mary Austin.

Wolf von Schierbrand, whose work, "Germany," has recently been brought out in a revised and lower-priced edition, was formerly a correspondent of the Associated Press at Berlin. He had intimate access to high official orders, and at one time published some information about a certain plan of the Kaiser's, which caused the emperor to order his arrest. Von Schierbrand's house was surrounded by the police, who had seen him enter. Mr. von Schierbrand put a dummy with a mustache at his study window. The police, who believed him there, watched the

front of the house while he escaped through a rear door. He was the last man to write an interview with Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, six weeks before the Iron Chancellor's death, and secured the dramatic interview with Bismarck's successor, Count Caprivi, on the night he resigned the ministry.

## New Publications.

"Songs of Dreams," by Ethel Clifford. John Lane.

"A Pilgrim Jew: A Romance in Verse," by Charles Coke Woods. Richard G. Badger.

"Morning Thoughts to Cheer the Day." Selected and arranged by Maria H. Le Row. Little, Brown & Co.

"One Hundred and One Salads." Compiled by May E. Southworth. Paul Elder & Co.; 50 cents net.

"Twenty-Five Ghost Stories." Compiled and edited by W. Bob Holland. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company; 50 cents.

"House and Home: A Practical Book on Home Management," by Mary Elizabeth Carter. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"Synopsis of Dickens's Novels," by J. Walker McSpadden. Handy Information Series. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 45 cents net.

"Where Does the Sky Begin?" by Washington Gladden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25 net—religious essays by a noted preacher.

"A Short History of Germany," by Mrs. H. C. Hawtre. With additional chapters by Amanda M. Flattery. Map. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Captain John Smith," by Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. The Century Company; \$1.20 net—a short biography for young people and the casual reader.

"Little Folks Down South," by Frank L. Stanton. D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net—a book of verses, grave and gay, by this well-known poet of the South.

"Messages of the Masters: Spiritual Interpretations of Great Paintings," by Amory H. Bradford. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 65 cents net.

"The First Principles of Agriculture," by Emmet S. Goff and D. D. Mayne. Introduction by ex-Governor W. D. Hoard. Illustrated. The American Book Company.

"National Documents: State Papers so Arranged as to Illustrate the Growth of Our Country from 1606 to the Present Day." The Unit Books. Howard Wilford Bell. New York; 72 cents net.

"A History of the Ancient World," by George Stephen Goodspeed, Ph. D., professor of ancient history in the University of Chicago. With illustrations, maps, and plans. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

"Argumentation and Debate," by Craven Laycock, assistant professor of oratory in Dartmouth College, and Robert Leighton Scales, instructor in English in Dartmouth College. The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

"Hints on Revolver Shooting," by Walter Winans, chevalier of the Imperial Russian Order of St. Stanislaus, vice-president of the National Rifle Association, president of the Ashford Rifle Club. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.00 net.

"Twenty Famous Naval Battles: Salamis to Santiago," by Edward Kirk Rawson, superintendent naval war records, United States navy. Illustrated with plans, old prints, maps, and portraits. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2.00.

"Pitman's Commercial Speller: A Book of Reference for Stenographers, Commercial, Normal, and High Schools." With abbreviations, foreign phrases, table of foreign money, and directions for punctuation and the use of capital letters. Isaac Pitman & Sons; 35 cents.

"The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer: A Modern Rendering into Prose of the Prologue and Ten Tales," by Percy Mackaye. With pictures in color by Walter Appleton Clark. Fox, Duffield & Co.; \$2.50 net—a beautifully printed book, containing a modernized prose version of Chaucer; we object to this sort of thing; go to "the well of English undefiled" by Mr. Mackaye.

Luxembourg Edition. "Zenobia: A Tale of the Roman Empire in the Days of the Emperor Aurelian," by William Ware. "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer." "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. "Rienzi: The Last of the Tribunes," by Edward Bulwer-Lytton. "The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane," by Alain René le Sage. Translated by Tobias Smollet—a series of reprints of standard novels, each containing from thirteen to twenty illustrations, well printed and neatly bound; they furnish a handsome book at a moderate price; T. Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

## Parodying the Popular Magazines.

Some time ago Captain Mark Sykes and Edmund Sandars wrote a comic skit on pedantry in British military circles, calling their booklet "D'Ordel's Tactics." Now in "D'Ordel's Pantechnicon" they have published, with the same satirical intent, a manual on the "Art of Compiling Illustrated Magazines." The serial story which they give as a model is called "The Search for the Iron Toe," and here is a synopsis of it:

Grypula, cruel, stern, affectionate, repulsive, faithful, fascinating, and unscrupulous man of mystery, aged 2,003, accompanied by his gray stoat "Moloch," which he carries about in a diamond studded reticule, has employed Ralf Bunyan, a struggling young Australian chirpologist, as his amanuensis. The latter met his employer in the lions' cage at Jamrich's, and has since been commissioned by his master to record some sixteen hundred of his unique exploits. Ethel Liffey is the niece and sole heiress of the Duke of Dublin, a millionaire noble in Grypula's pay. Ralf has been ordered by his master to keep in touch with the duke, and contrives to obtain professional employment in the house. Ethel knows the secret of the Den. Grypula knows everything. Ralf knows nothing.

The story contains remarks like this: "For two miles we had ridden a dead horse," and it also gives us this description of a struggle between the two strong men, Grypula and Usk: "Slowly, steadily, and simultaneously each raised the other from the ground. They rose, inch by inch, until there were two clear feet of space between them and the earth they had trod." The editor of this masterpiece is "Prometheus d'Ordel, Gent."

The eternal interest of romantic love, even to dry-as-dust collectors of autographs, was shown when at the Toedteberg sale a love-letter of the poet Keats brought the top price of the session. A long letter of Abraham Lincoln on the Mexican question, written in 1848, sold for \$200; a whole correspondence of Garriek for \$180, notes by various kings for \$3.00 and \$4.00 apiece. Poe, Franklin, Edmund Kean, and Washington Irving letters ran from \$25 to \$55. But one of Keats's passionate outpourings of his heart to the stolid and commonplace Fanny Brawne, whom he idealized with all the virtues and graces of the mythology, represented \$210 in cold and calculating cash.

Thomas E. Watson's novel of the Civil War, "Bethany: A Story of the Old South," is largely autobiographical and reminiscent, the hero of the story being an uncle of Mr. Watson's.

## Harper's Book News

## The Masquerader

Most of you who read this have never heard the name of Katherine Cecil Thurston. But the name is going to become well known—very well known. Why? Because she is a born story teller, and there is no way of keeping that kind of thing quiet. Good novels, very good novels, get printed and go their way, but a good story—that is another matter. And it is the story of a strong man, a strong woman who dared to live their own lives. The book has been out only ten days and already

The bookstores have sold out. A new big edition has gone to press. It is already being made into a play in England, and into a different play in America. Requests have been received for translation into French and German.

The publishers rather expected wide interest in the book, but not quite so sudden an attack upon the supply.

Thus far—and this is unusual—every single review has been not only good, but almost feverishly enthusiastic.

## The Georgians

There is a vigor and freshness about the American types in Will N. Harben's new story of Georgian life. It is a typical American novel of the best class. Mr. Harben has given us a perfect picture of life in Georgia, as the Southern critics have remarked, Abner Daniel, who reappears in the story, is eccentric, quaint, and real.

## Vergilius

Nathan E. Wood, President of the Newton Theological Institution, Newton Centre, Mass., says of Irving Bacheller's new novel:

"I read Vergilius through at a sitting, which speaks much of its fascinating quality. It seems to me a singularly clean and elevating story. I am sure it will do good."

## The Memoirs of a Baby

Biographies are often dull reading, but Josephine Dodge Daskam's biography of a baby is enlivening and full of wit. A humorous light is thrown upon the baby's elders, and the youngster himself is drawn with the rare felicity that has made this author famous. The pictures by Fannie Y. Cory rival the text in interest.

## The Russian Advance

What are Japan and Russia really fighting about? To answer that question one must understand Russian policy, and the best way to do that is to read this absorbing book by Senator Albert J. Beveridge, which has become a recognized authority on the Eastern question.

## The Flower of Youth

Mr. Roy Rolf Gilson is the successor—not imitator—of I. K. Marvel. Critics agree that "The Flower of Youth" is even better than its predecessors in quaint sentiment and delightful reminiscence.

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If one may judge by Tuesday night's audience, there is a nipping frost at the Columbia. And the cause? Why, as it turns out, "Glittering Gloria" is not a musical comedy at all, but a comedy, or rather farce, sans music, except for one or two interpolated songs. What a tyranny there is about a vogue or a fashion, until it has run itself out. "Glittering Gloria" belongs to a class of stage entertainment that has, by the fury of its former vogue, exhausted the capacity of the public for further enjoyment. Some five years ago, farces were done to death. The managers had an obsession on the subject, and put their faith and their money into almost nothing else. Eventually, the most frivolous audiences became satiated, and real plays came to the fore once more.

In spite of its over-dignified cognomen, musical comedy is nothing but musical farce. The public has become accustomed to chorus-girls, dancing comedians, love-lyrics and topical songs, and a stage crowded with fine appointments and a multitude of gorgeous figures, and is apparently unable to exist without a recurrence of these attractions at stated intervals. The absence of music and showy accessories has apparently prevented "Glittering Gloria" from being a success, for it is a cleverly constructed farce, with plenty of amusing situations and abundant humor in the lines. Furthermore, there are five male comedians in the company, whose united ability foots up to a pretty strong total. The women, if we except Isadore Rush, do not count.

Miss Rush's strong points are her slenderness, her good clothes, her blonde hair, and her stride. She is a particularly well-groomed woman, every thread of her canary-yellow hair lying exactly in its place, and her figure retaining even in loose draperies a characteristic suggestion of trimness and trimness. Few women actresses are very abundantly gifted with humor, and although Miss Rush's engagements are always with comedy organizations, musical or otherwise, humor is not her natural *métier*. She gives a curiously mechanical effect with her smile, which is all on the surface, her peculiarly measured speech, her calculated attitudes, and her long swinging gait, which suggests that of the professional pedestrienne. I think she can easily cross the stage from front to rear in three strides.

This actress undertakes the rôle of Glittering Gloria, a lady of the stage, with a penchant for diamond necklaces. Except for the little detail of accepting jewels rather promiscuously from her many admirers, Gloria turns out to be a perfectly decorous person, her manners comparing advantageously with those of Mrs. Jack and Dorothy, two ladies who hail from the precincts of society, and who are disposed to make loud and vigorous outcries over the defections of the particular specimens of mankind which they possess.

I am firmly persuaded that the farce in which husbands do not lie themselves fluently out of scrapes with their womenkind, is as yet unborn, but in "Glittering Gloria" we were mercifully spared the mother-in-law, and the plight of the two men gave rise to situations that were much funnier than anything I have seen of late in musical comedy.

Much of the fun of these things, however, depends on the comedians, and as I have already said, the company is particularly well equipped in this respect. Apparently undismayed by the small house, the players carried the situations through merrily to the close. George Parsons and Wilton Heriot, who figured as the inventive pair who summoned a hypothetical customer to the rescue when they were caught red-handed buying diamond necklaces, are an attractive pair of young men, with the good address and the facile technique of experienced comedians. Burt G. Clark, who plays the enamored Texan, with his pistols and his hired somers, holds the centre of the stage with appropriate spread-eagles, and J. Gunnis Davis, as the nimble leaper into and out of prize predicaments, is funny at all times, whether meditating on the price of diamond necklaces, trying to dispose of a dog, or wiping his heated brow with Gloria's satin corset.

And after two acts of the usual acrobatic nonsense, in which the quartet just mentioned kept the hall merrily rolling, they suddenly spring a fifth comedian on us in the act of a Mr. E. L. L. L., who spoke in the best of brogues, and won the favor of the house by murmuring melodiously into a telephone a ditty full of soft nothings to an ab-

sent "Bedaylia"—a bit of business that pleased by its novelty.

There was a seventh personage on the stage, who, if he had not the soul of a comedian, had at least the physiognomy of one. This was a blooded bulldog, with a cynical and supercilious countenance of a strongly Hibernian style of architecture. The dog had been trained to his part, and entered into it with zest, showing a true bulldog tenacity in the grip of his formidable jaw when toying with the foot of the timid dog-fancier.

These are fat times for ambitious young players who aspire to star. How they manage it is hard to say, but somehow, somewhere, somebody backs them up financially, and almost before they have cut their second teeth they are heading a company and billed as stars.

So it is with a nice little actress at the Grand Opera House, who has been pushed forward to impersonate that many-sided siren, Peg Woffington, while her voice still retains the light, undeveloped note of adolescence. She has talent, has the little Corcoran—talent and charm; scarcely beauty, but youth and freshness enough to take its place, a pair of expressive eyes and a changeable face. She can speak a very racy and fetching hodge, too; almost as good as Ada Boshell's, which is the "rôle could art-icle"; and there is a freshness of feeling about her that prevents her from trudging along in that conventional rut in whose narrow confines files a long procession of young men and women who fill the leading positions in cheap stock companies.

But the play of lively wit and of quick and varied fascination, by whose aid Irish Peggy so easily subjugated her many admirers, calls for a greater equipment of the technique of comedy than the young actress as yet possesses. Nor is her strength adequate to the heavy emotional demand made upon it during Peg's conflict with her French rival, and her subsequent renunciation of Garrick. Miss Corcoran's light voice was cracked and strained in this scene, and although she might justly enough retort that a vocal weakness remained always Peg Woffington's most ineradicable fault, the defect is none the less disconcerting to her hearers.

"Pretty Peggy," the play in which she appears, is rather over-weighted by the conscientious intentions of Frances Aymar Mathews, the author, who has had it on her mind not to slight a single one of the numerous dramatic episodes handed down from Peg Woffington's varied career. David Garrick appears in the play during the Dublin days, a time when the real Peg was very much taken up by his predecessor. To preserve the unities and satisfy the sentiments, Garrick remains her first, last, and only love, even to the point when she falls dying upon the stage; an event that really happened when Peg Woffington had rounded forty, and she and Garrick had long since parted company.

But Peg is a strictly respectable person in this particular play, and, although "Margaret Woffington, spinster," was inscribed upon her tombstone, and neither she nor Garrick ever troubled their heads about matrimonial bonds, a conventional union is arranged between the two, and the proprieties are very much in the foreground.

The sensational Bellamy is rather dragged in by the hair, and Eva Sorel, the French dancer, energetically impersonated by an actress who plays pitch and toss with her French accent, serves as the mischief-maker who tips all the apples out of the matrimonial cart.

In spite of a rapidity of action, which leaves the spectator in a mentally breathless state, the play is antiquated in form, its earlier acts dull, and the situations heavily and improbably contrived. The finale, however, is quite effective; the real stage figuring as the mimic article, and the audience being called upon, in a way, to play its part.

Miss Corcoran is supported by Andrew Robson, an actor who has experience, but lacks inspiration, and by a large troupe of immature but ardent young Thespians, whose strength of lung is more noticeable than the polish of their work. With the majority of them, the enunciation is slipshod, the acting artlessly artless; one ingenious youth, who plays the part of a dashing captain making

love to Peg's sister, is obliged to visibly repeat the lines of his fellow-participants in each scene in order to bang on desperately to his cue. But youth and strong lungs scored heavily during the *émouvante* in the last act. Goodness, but how lustily the youngsters shouted; some of the audience, unprepared for the life-like manner in which the conspiracy against Peg was carried out, really felt a thrill of fear; and as our primary reason for going to the theatre is to capture the elusive thrill, no doubt they valued the sensation accordingly. Miss Corcoran's best work was during the last act, when Peg diverts the wrath of the mob, and later when the dying actress strives vainly to totter through her scene. She almost reached the point of genuine pathos there, and justly earned the plaudits which assured her that she had won the respect of her audience.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Judge Kerrigan's Record.

Of the candidates for election as superior judge, none should engage the attention of voters more favorably than Hon. Frank H. Kerrigan. He has now served a probationary term of ten years before the people as one of their judges—six years as justice of the peace, and four years as superior judge. His integrity, his ability, his impartiality, and his fairness are now all matters of record. Judge Kerrigan is no longer an experiment. It is a dangerous thing to experiment with your judges, because the courts are the bulwarks of our liberties. Therefore there should be no hesitation on the part of voters in selecting Judge Kerrigan to succeed himself as superior judge.

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Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Last week of JANE CORCORAN in Frances Aymar Mathews's play,

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The "County Chairman" for Two Weeks.

"The County Chairman," George Ade's first venture into the "legitimate" field of comedy drama, comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday, November 7th. The scene of this piece is laid in the town of Antioch, supposed to be located somewhere in the Mississippi Valley. There are four acts, the first taking place in front of Jimmison's general store, the second in the court-house grove, the third in the law office of Jim Hackler, and the fourth in the town hall on election night, when returns are being received. Love and politics form the dramatic material, the plot having to do with a contest for the office of State's attorney. Jim Hackler, the county chairman, brings about the nomination of Tillford Wheeler, his junior partner in the law business, and forces the young man to make the race against Elias Rigby, the father of the girl to whom Wheeler is engaged. Wheeler knows nothing of Hackler's plans until the nomination has been made, but is compelled to accept the nomination, although he has promised his sweetheart that he will not take part in any political opposition to her father. This promise he keeps until the father assails him in a public meeting. Then he becomes angry and replies in strong language. This results in ending the engagement with the daughter. The county chairman manipulates the political wires, however, so that Wheeler wins the election, and then he proceeds to straighten out the love affair so that the girl also is won. The cast is headed by Theodore Roberts as the county chairman, and includes George Thatcher, the minstrel, for whom Mr. Ade has written a special part, presenting him as a resourceful colored politician. Maxine Elliott, in "Her Own Way," will follow "The County Chairman."

Craig in a Mansfield Play.

"Prince Karl," a comedy in four acts, by Archibald Claverling Gunter, which was produced here for the first time at the Baldwin Theatre some years ago by Richard Mansfield, will be played at the Alcazar on Monday night, with John Craig in the title-role. The part is not new to Mr. Craig, as he starred in it for two seasons in the East. Prince Karl is a German noble, with a nobleness of character that appeals to the spectator. There are surprising situations, rich comedy, and a neatly threaded fabric of interesting incidents. The production will be staged with the usual elaborateness that characterizes the Alcazar productions.

Another Week of "Pretty Peggy."

Jane Corcoran, appearing at the Grand Opera House as Peg Woffington in "Pretty Peggy," will begin the second and last week of her engagement at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee. The play, which has met with success here, is well mounted, the eighteenth-century costumes being very effective. The mob scene is unexpected and well done. The melodrama, "The Fatal Wedding," comes to the Grand, beginning at the Sunday matinee, November 13th.

Second Week of "The Messenger Boy."

Teddy Webb, who scored high honors in the production of "The Toreador" at the Tivoli Opera House, is again the leading light there in "The Messenger Boy," making the name part, which he assumes, an original and decidedly funny creation, overflowing with vigorous, spontaneous humor. With Carrie Reynolds, a dancer of exceptional grace and ability, he has an immensely diverting scene in the first act, and manages, all through, to score a success. There is more comedy than music in this piece, which, however, contains some good airs and several songs destined to become popular. The roles are intelligently distributed and well sustained. Amy Leicester's impersonation of Mrs. Bangs falls little short of being a work of art, and John P. Kennedy, Ben Dillon, Edward Clark, Mary Young, Dora de Philippe, Willard Simms, Henry von Meter, William Schuster, and others acquit themselves creditably.

A Burlesque Star in Vaudeville.

John T. Kelly, last seen in this city with the Weber & Fields aggregation of stars, will make his first vaudeville appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this coming week. Supported by a competent company, he will present a one-act farce, entitled "Senator McPhee," in which he will appear as Roger O'Reilly, who, through no fault of his own, is forced to impersonate a mythical senator in order to subdue the jealousy of a refractory husband. "The Navajo Girls," twelve young ladies, come direct from New York, and will offer a distinct novelty. They are singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, changing their costumes several times during the act. Some of the principals of the dozen are Miss Lalla Rose, violinist, and Miss Clarissa Rose, "cellist," who were heard here two years ago under the name of the "Two Roses"; Miss Lillian Singer, cornetist, and Miss Ida M. Reiter, trombone soloist. John

Canfield and Violet Carleton, fun-makers, who have not been seen here for five years, will return with an original absurdity, entitled "The Hoodoo." Reed and Shaw will make their first appearance here, presenting a novel gymnastic specialty. Watson, Hutchings, Edwards, and company will appear for the last times; the Misses Delmore will change their vocal and instrumental selections; and Halley and Meehan, black-face comedians, and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme. Election returns will be read from the stage Tuesday night.

German Comedy to be Presented.

The Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble, the group of players who appeared in "Im Weissen Roessl" and "Als ich Wiederkam" at the Columbia Theatre last season, will give two performances in the near future at the same theatre. Preparations are on foot to present the comedy, "Grosstadtluft," at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, November 27th. This comedy is from the pens of Blumenthal and Kadelburg, and from all accounts will prove a very fine performance. On the following Sunday night, the company will present, by special request, "Im Weissen Roessl" ("At the White Horse Tavern").

New Melodrama at the Central.

"Her Marriage Vows," a melodrama that has met with success in the East, will be put on at the Central Monday evening. This will be its first local production. The scenic effects are realistic, one feature being a threatened collision between two trains on a mountain side. A battle for life between two men on the edge of a cliff will afford thrills. Myrtle Vane, the soubrette, will return to the Central for this production, and all the rôles will be in capable hands.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Child Pianist to Reappear.

Enid Brandt, the talented twelve-year-old pianist, who has not been heard in public for some time, will appear at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening. She has been devoting her time to hard study, and it is expected that Thursday night's concert will show vast improvement over her previous excellent work. The programme will be as follows:

Concerto, G-minor (andante sostenuto, allegro scherzando, presto). Saint-Saëns, second piano accompaniment, Mrs. Noah Brandt; theme and variations, F-minor, Haydn; (a) "Des Abends," (b) romance, F-sharp minor, Schumann; (c) étude, op. 10, No. 5, Chopin; (d) "Serenata" (presented to Enid by the composer), William Mason; (e) "Frühlingsrauschen," Sinding; theme and variations, Enid Brandt; tarantelle, Nicodé; polonaise, E-major, Liszt.

Part two of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be given at Trinity Church, Gough and Bush Streets, by the choir, on Sunday evening, November 6th, at eight o'clock. The soloists will be Miss Flynn and Mrs. Warshner, sopranos; Miss Fairweather and Mrs. Lawrence, contraltos; Mr. Rosekrans, tenor; and Mr. Oksen, baritone. Miss Grace Courtney Jenkins, violinist, will assist. Louis H. Eaton is organist and director of the choir.

"The Watch Book: A Brief History of the Watch from its Earliest Days," is one of the most artistic and attractive volumes that has ever come from a local press. The reading matter is full of the most interesting information, and the illustrations, picturing, among others, the first watch known, are as finely printed as could be desired, and most artistically mounted. The book is in two colors, red and black, with tasteful ornamentation, and beautifully bound. Two hundred and fifty copies of the book, each one numbered, have been issued by Shreve & Co.

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FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE

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Wells Fargo & Company Bank  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President, F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier, FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier, JMO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 5,173,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital..... 3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve..... 400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over..... 200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General M.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO.



VANITY FAIR.

"Hundreds of men who are fond of sport are compelled," says the London Mail, "to refuse tempting invitations to country houses because of the 'tipping terror' which is in them. Here is the little 'bill' which confronts the English country-house visitor: The coachman or chauffeur, ten shillings; the butler who smiles at him, one pound; the man who valets him, one pound; the head-keeper who 'places' him, one pound; the under-keeper who looks at him, ten shillings; total (\$20), four pounds. The above items are based on a three or four days' shoot. For a fortnight's stay the figures would be nearly trebled." In London itself as well as all over the Continent, the tipping evil is just as heavily felt, as is proved by the remarkable success of a "no-tipping" restaurant—the Lyons' Popular Café. To thousands of people on the first day the attraction of a four-course luncheon for 1s 6d, or an eight-course dinner for 2s 6d, with freedom from the yoke of tipping tyranny, proved simply irresistible. So great was the crush in the morning that the eager patrons had to be admitted earlier than had been anticipated, and by half-past eleven two thousand persons had begun their early lunch amid surroundings of surprising splendor. They reveled in the courses, swiftly and silently laid before them, and the waiters displayed an attentiveness and consideration which no prospective tip could ever have commanded. The scenes were as remarkable as anything that has ever been seen in shopping London. Everybody wanted to get in. Everybody wanted to eat four courses—or six—under the shadow of the marble pillars, attended by those novel curiosities of hotel life—waiters who on no consideration would accept a tip. "To judge by the crowds in the street," says the Express, "it might have been a great political meeting—or a circus. The rooms were incessantly full of diners, and the street was crowded with people who would like to dine, but could not get in, and had therefore to gaze upon the virtuous waiters and the marbled splendors from outside. By two o'clock ten thousand people had quick-lunched. The police were summoned to assist in controlling the entrance of the customers, and while one constable guarded the door another kept the order of the waiting queue." On following days the success of the first was repeated and excelled, and, of course, has started in the press a discussion on the never long dormant question of tipping. This has received a great fillip from a remarkable lawsuit which came up recently. A discharged cloak-room attendant brought an action against the Carlton hotel for £83, which he claimed as his proportion of cloak-room tips appropriated by the hotel management.

The evidence showed that the claimant received five shillings a week as wages, and his salary was made up by the weekly division of tips among the attendants according to their position and length of service. But before the employees of the cloak-room divided the contents of the cloak-room tip-box, the management each week deducted £13, to which it contended the employees had agreed. The claimant denied this statement, and the result was that the jury awarded him £50. The Carlton Hotel people are now very indignant at the revelations of the tipping system which prevails there. It seems that the management deducts a portion of all tips given to employees of the hotel, the same way as was done with the cloak-room tip-box. Counsel, after examining the books, estimated that the management had obtained in this way £9,000 during the eighteen months the claimant was in its service. Out of the deduction of cloak-room tips alone, the hotel staff was uniformed for one year at a cost of over £800. Even then there was enough left to enable a junior attendant to average over £2 weekly, and a senior is believed to have received as much as £8 a week. The amount of money distributed at the great hotels in the form of tips is almost incredible. Tips in the main restaurant alone of the Carlton are believed to have amounted to £16,000 in one year. The Carlton, however, is the only leading hotel that deducts from the employees any proportion of the tips. A pooling arrangement, which insures a fair division according to rank and length of service, prevails at all hotels.

Wolf von Schierbrand, a doctor of philosophy, and the author of several books on Russian and German affairs, lends the weight of his name to a most extraordinary story relating to the daughter of General Kuropatkin. Writing at length in the New York World, Mr. von Schierbrand, in substance, says that it is his belief that a daughter of General Kuropatkin, commander-in-chief of the Russian army in Manchuria, is in a convent in this country, safe and well, while General Kuropatkin has for five years believed her dead. This child was born to the general's first wife, while the latter was residing in Rome, June 20, 1873. Shortly afterward, the mother's faith

in the Russian orthodox church was shaken, and she became a Roman catholic. For this reason, she became persona non grata to the Czar and other officials of the Russian Government, who were under the dominance of the Russian church, and so, having great wealth in her own right, her stays in Russia become more and more infrequent, and she found solace in traveling all over the world. Meantime, during one of the brief sojourns in Russia, a son was born. In 1885, while the mother, daughter, son, several servants, a physician, and a lady who was known as a friend of Lady Kuropatkin, were traveling in America ("either in the Far West of the United States or in Mexico, I am unable to state positively which," says Von Schierbrand), Lady Kuropatkin suddenly fell sick and died. The symptoms were those of cholera or poison. It has never been determined for a certainty which of the two was the cause of her death. The doctor and lady friend brought back to Russia the two children, with the servants and nurses. A heavy metal casket some time after reached Russia, but it is believed that it did not contain the remains of Lady Kuropatkin. It was, however, buried unopened. Not long afterward, the lady friend of the deceased became the second wife of General Kuropatkin. Six years passed, the girl grew to womanhood, and then, for some reason utterly unknown, she secretly left Russia, and it was given out that she had been drowned, and the body of a young girl was, in fact, at that time taken out of the swift current of the Neva and identified as that of the daughter. Since that time the girl, now a woman, has been in the care of Catholic religious orders in this country. Mr. von Schierbrand says that he has been furnished these facts by Mother M. Joseph Hartwell, of the Five Wounds, superintendent-general of the order known as the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, under whose protection the girl, believed to be General Kuropatkin's daughter, was. This lady has written Mr. von Schierbrand (and he publishes parts of the letters) saying that in many conversations the girl has told her many things relating to her life, so that she is able to piece together the complete story, and though she believes the girl not desirous of returning to her father and friends, she desires to assist her to do so even against her will. According to the mother superior, the girl is very attractive, speaks, reads, and writes ten languages, and is a fine musician. Von Schierbrand does not give the name under which the girl is now known, nor her present place of residence.

"There have been many smart and amazing marriages in Paris within the last ten days, and," writes the Paris correspondent of M. A. P., "one of the smartest—certainly the most amazing—has been that of M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the fashionable Gaulois, and Mlle. de Turenne, granddaughter of the Duc de Fitz-James. Whereas the bride is a charming young lady of three-and-twenty, M. Arthur Meyer is well in the sixties; and, in spite of his wonderfully well-groomed appearance, the editor of the Gaulois, with his thin gray hair, gray side whiskers, and pronounced Jewish cast of countenance, looks something of a patriarch. However, ever since his conversion to catholicism five years ago—a ceremony observed with infinite pomp in the same church where the marriage took place—M. Meyer has been a prominent figure in Paris society.

"The Gaulois being quite the most fashionable Royalist paper, its editor was 'received' by his most 'exclusive' readers, and had to put up with a lot of chaff from his Republican confrères, who also attacked him roundly for his persecution of Dreyfus, Zola, and Colonel Picquart. As 'witnesses' to his marriage, M. Meyer had MM. François Coppée and Mézières, both of the French Academy; while the bride was given away by the aged Duc de Fitz-James. Since a civil marriage is also necessary in France, M. Meyer and Mlle. de Turenne had to appear before the mayor. But that part of the ceremony was hurried over, and the bride and bridegroom showed their indifference to the formality by driving to the mairie in a motor-car. The presents, of course, were 'magnificent.' And shortly after M. and Mme. Meyer had left the church, they received a telegram from Cardinal Merry Del Val, in which the Papal secretary stated that he had been commanded to convey to the newly married couple the Pope's blessing."

In view of the dispute about the Lippe-Detmold regency, it is interesting to note (says the London Sunday Times) that nearly all the reigning families of Europe have had married into their persons who were not of royal blood. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, Katherine, wife of Peter the Great, became Empress of Russia, though she knew neither her own parents nor her own name. Daughter of a peasant, she started as a domestic servant, and soon married a Swedish dragoon. Captured by the Russians at Marienburg, according to Prince Peter Dolgoruky, she became the mistress

of General Bauer, Prince Menschikow, and others, until Peter the Great married her. The blood of this woman flows to-day in the veins of nearly all the great rulers, as she is the direct ancestress of the Russian and German imperial houses, of the kings of the Netherlands, the grand dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Saxe-Weimar, and the heirs to the throne of Greece and Denmark. The family tree of the German empress has suffered through the marriage of one of her ancestors to the charming Countess Danenskjold-Samsøe. King Oscar of Sweden is the grandson of "Bernadotte," a French corporal, who was raised to the rank of a field-marshal by Napoleon the First, and was adopted by King Charles the Thirteenth as crown prince of Sweden. The Napoleons are descendants of a Corsican lawyer, and the King of Roumania is a grandson of one of the Princesses Murat of "no family," while the pedigrees of the Bavarian and Italian heirs to the throne are darkened by their ancestors' marriages with Polish families. These are only a few cases showing how illusory is the "pure blood" of these great families.

—EQUIP YOURSELF FOR THAT TRIP AT THE Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. Present this ad. and you will get 10% discount off everything you buy.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdee District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
October 27th.....	58	54	.00	Cloudy
" 28th.....	60	54	.00	Fl. Cloudy
" 29th.....	60	54	.00	Clear
" 30th.....	62	56	.00	Clear
" 31st.....	66	56	.00	Clear
November 1st.....	66	54	.02	Clear
" 2d.....	62	54	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 2, 1904, were as follows:

		BONDS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.					
C. T. 5% .....	9,000	@ 80 3/4-80 7/8	80 5/8	81	
Contra Costa Water					
5% .....	2,000	@ 98		99 3/4	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	9,000	@ 100-100 1/2			
Market St. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 116 1/4	116 3/4	117	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%.	1,000	@ 107	106 3/4	107 3/4	
North Shore Ry 5%	1,000	@ 99 1/2			
Oakland Transit					
Con. 5% .....	10,000	@ 104	103 3/4		
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%.	2,000	@ 104 1/2		105	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%.	8,000	@ 102-102 1/2	100		
S. F. & S. J. Valley					
Ry. 5% .....	6,000	@ 118 1/4-119	118 1/4		
S. P. R. of Arizona					
6% 1909 .....	7,000	@ 108 3/4	108 3/4		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%					
1905 .....	1,000	@ 101	101	101 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%					
Stpd .....	7,000	@ 110 1/2	107 3/4		
S. P. Branch, 6%.	10,000	@ 135	134 3/4	134 3/4	
S. V. Water 6% .....	5,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2		
S. V. Water 4% .....	10,000	@ 100 1/2		100 3/4	
S. V. Water Co.					
Gen. 4% .....	110,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2		

		STOCKS.		Closed	
		Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.					
Marin County.....	262	@ 60	58	61	
S. V. Water .....	435	@ 39-39 3/4	39 1/4	39 3/4	
Banks.					
Anglo-California...	10	@ 86	85 3/4	86 1/2	
Bank of California.	40	@ 424 1/2-424 3/4	423 1/2	425	
Powders.					
Giant Con.....	45	@ 63 1/2	63 1/2	63 3/4	
Sugars.					
Hawaiian C. S.....	305	@ 65-66 1/2	66	67	
Honokaa S. Co.....	275	@ 14 1/2-14 3/4	14 1/2	15	
Hutchinson .....	35	@ 9 1/2-9 3/4	9 1/2	9 3/4	
Kilauea Sugar Co.	100	@ 3-3 1/2	3	3 1/2	
Makaweli S. Co....	30	@ 27 1/2-27 3/4	27 1/2	28	
Onomea Sugar Co.	150	@ 20-20 1/2	20	21	
Paahau Sugar Co.	440	@ 15-15 1/2	15 1/2		
Gas and Electric.					
S. F. Gas & Electric	459	@ 57-57 1/2	56 3/4	57	
Miscellaneous.					
Alaska Packers...	920	@ 95 1/2-101	98 3/4	98 3/4	
Cal. Fruit Caniers.	120	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	100	
Cal. Wine Assn....	30	@ 80	76	79 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co.....	100	@ 3 1/2	3 1/2	3 3/4	
Pacific States Tel.	12	@ 110-110 1/2		111	

Spring Valley Water was in good demand, 435 shares changing hands at 39-39 3/4.

The sugar stocks have been in fair demand, and on sales of 1,435 shares made advances of from one-half to one and one-quarter points, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar.

Alaska Packers Association, on sales of 920 shares, sold up five points to 101, but at the close sold off to 98, closing at 98 3/4 bid, 98 3/4 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up one and three-quarter points to 57 1/2 on sales of 459 shares, but at the close sold off to 57, closing at 56 3/4 bid, 57 asked.

Sales of 40 shares of Bank of California were made at 424 1/2-424 3/4.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW, Member Stock and Bond Exchange. A. W. BLOW & CO. Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The perfect type of

The American Gentleman's Whiskey



Always Best Every Test

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO., 136-144 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal. Telephone Private 313.

PHENIX ASSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON

Established 1878.

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

Providence Washington Ins. Co. OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

PELICAN ASSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK

GEORGE E. BUTLER, General Agent,

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 1848)

200 PINE STREET.

THE AL-VISTA CAMERA

MAKES PICTURES LIKE THIS



5 x 12 Panoramic View.

You can take the whole view with one snap, or, with some models, stop the lens at five different places, and thus make five different widths of pictures, all depending on just how much of the view you wish. These are features no other camera possesses.

OUR CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

We now send you any camera described in our catalogue upon a small payment being made. The remainder you may pay in monthly installments while you are using the camera. Write us for full information about this.

MULTISCOPE & FILM CO.,

1301 Jefferson St., Burlington, Wis.

The Reason Why

So many San Francisco houses advertise in the Oakland Tribune is because it reaches thousands of families who depend entirely upon the Tribune for all the news of the day.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Your magazine is a good deal like the *Literary Digest*, isn't it?" asked a young woman who was dining with W. G. Bowdoin, one of the editors of the *Independent*. Mr. Bowdoin drew himself up proudly. "Not in the least," said he. Then he explained, "the *Literary Digest* quotes what people say, but we say what people quote."

District Attorney Jerome, however reformed he may be now, was a great card-player in his early days, so much so that his mother, who was a pious woman, said to him one day by way of remonstrance: "A great deal of time is wasted, dear, is there not, in playing cards?" "Yes, mother," he smiled in reply, "there is—in shuffling and dealing."

Miss Mary Manning, the author, while seeing Rome for the first time, was anxious to include a visit to the tomb of Caesar. Meeting a citizen on the street she inquired, in her best Italian, the location of the tomb. The man looked greatly embarrassed. "I am desolated, signorina," he apologized, speaking in excellent English; "I do not know. Caesar has been dead so long!"

"Will you kindly tell us," a New York reporter asked of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, "why you are so frequently cold and unresponsive to—our profession, don't you know? Have you any grudge against newspapers?" "Not a thing—except one," she replied; "they will, now and again, call me 'Mrs. Pat.' I can't stand that 'Pat.' It is the last straw that breaks the Campbell's back."

A Scotch doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysel'. Ye see, he died at twal o'clock."

Denman Thompson is beloved by the young members of his company, especially the little tots that figure in the scenes of "The Old Homestead." During a recent New York engagement he wanted to compliment a little fairy on her work, and said: "You've done so well I'd like to give you a big kiss." "Oh, Mister Thompson," answered the fairy, horrified, "you mustn't, really. Auntie doesn't believe in kissing." "Never mind, dear," replied Mr. Thompson. "I'm not kissing auntie."

It is told of the witty old French abbé, Père Monsahré, that on one occasion a lady sent a message to him just as he was entering the pulpit that she must see him. After much heating about the hush, she came to the point. Vanity was her besetting sin, and only that morning she had yielded to the temptation of gazing at herself in the mirror and thinking she was very pretty. Père Monsahré looked at her steadily for a minute, and then, in his soft, musical voice, he inquired kindly: "Is that all, my daughter?" "Yes, father, that is all." "Then, my daughter, go in peace. For to make a mistake is no sin."

"In course of a Southern tour," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "I attended church one Sunday morning in a quaint little wooden meeting-house where the pews were of unpainted pine boards. The minister was a good man, a sincere man, a really eloquent man; but he had an unfortunate habit of hawking. He hawked like a bull. His voice shook the rafters. The sound overwhelmed the sense, and it was often impossible, for very noise, to get at the man's meaning. He was especially loud during the prayer. I never heard such an uproar as filled the little building while this Southern minister prayed. After he was through, a little girl on my left gave a sigh of relief, and I heard her whisper to her father: 'Father, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?'"

Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) tells of a dog that travels with his shows, that is the most ill-tempered beast in the world. He has good reasons for his ugliness, according to what the narrator says: "He sleeps in the ticket wagon. Now every night before he is shut up the ticket-seller gives him a bone, which he promptly conceals in a hole dug beneath the wagon. Then he goes to bed, and failing to realize that almost every night his house is shifted over the road, he can't understand why the morning's search for the bone is futile. Then he's mad. He thinks some one has stolen it, and it isn't safe to go near him for several hours. Sometimes we stop several days in a place,

and then, of course, he finds the bone, and it's just enough incentive to keep him digging holes. He's planted bones all over this country and the greater part of Europe, and has lost 99 out of every 100."

Emperor William wrote a poem once, which he submitted to a great literary man who dined at the castle for that purpose particularly. The critic read it, and found his dual duties in conflict. He had to advise an amateur poet with an exceptional power for resenting a hostile comment. He yielded only a very little to the exigencies of the situation. "This verse, your majesty," he began, "seems to require alteration in certain respects." The author took the manuscript and conned it thoughtfully. Then his brow cleared. "Why," he cried, as one seeing a sudden light, "I have actually not signed the poem. Give me a pen!" And the only fault he saw in the work was forthwith remedied.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

It is.  
Is life worth living?  
Yes; you bet,  
For this one reason,  
It's coming yet  
To see what Parker  
Will really get.  
—Chicago Chronicle.

## The Knockers.

Knock, and the world knocks with you;  
Boost, and you boost alone!  
When you roast good and loud  
You will find that the crowd  
Has a hammer as big as your own!  
—Troy Times.

## Woman's Way.

He wrote a sonnet to her hair,  
And called it sunshine, woven gold,  
And voiced his impotent despair  
That all his charm could not be told.  
And now she's jealous, though she knows  
That he can not tell which is which;  
But still she wonders if he knows  
The one whose tresses made her switch.  
—Judge.

## Epitaphs for Political Gravestones.

Pause, stranger, when this mound you see,  
'Tis piled on William Jennings B.,  
Who still reviews those schemes of his  
And does not know how dead he is.  
Hush, friend, as near this grave you walk,  
For if you speak, by gad, he'll talk!

Here lies General Nelson Miles,  
Demo-Prohibitionist.  
Hopefully in death he smiles—  
He is on the waiting list.

Here the yellow daisies blow—  
Can you guess who lies below?  
Willie Hearst has gone to bless  
Higher realms of usefulness.  
Now the *Journal's* being sold  
Up and down the streets of gold.  
—Wallace Irwin in *New York Globe*.

## To Ham and Eggs.

Unto the vulgar eye thou may'st appear  
A simple, common article of food:  
Loved of plebeians, not by those imbued  
With gentle taste in what concerneth cheer;  
A combination wherein doth inhere  
Substance, perhaps, but never such as wood  
The stale palate from its sombre mood  
To new excess and deep potatoes dear.

So to the vulgar! But the poet thinks  
Of how the mind of man forever links  
You two together, an immortal pair!  
Even as Aspasia and great Pericles  
Are joined in fame: Abelard and Eloise,  
Paola and Francesca, in despair!

Which sprang to being first from out the void,  
Or ham or eggs? Which had the elder birth,  
And waited, dawning, on the desolate earth,  
With Ruth-like yearning sick, grief unalloyed,  
Until it saw, with spirit overjoyed,  
Come its affinity to fill the dearth,  
And make existence all the trouble worth,  
One grand, sweet song, with sorrow never cloyed.

Ab, no man knows and none shall ever know!  
But now should adverse fate with cruel blow  
Dissever you, how would you seek each other,  
As Sappho followed Phaon or as she,  
Th' Egyptian goddess Isis, tearfully  
Went searching for Osiris, spouse and brother!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## Japanese English.

The following extract from a business letter received by a prominent business house from Japanese correspondents, modified by changes of names, etc., is an interesting exhibit of the national spirit, as well as of the unfettered disposition of the islanders in tackling the idiosyncrasies of our language:

YOKOHAMA, July 30, 1904.

MESSRS. BLANK & Co., CHICAGO.—Dear Sirs: It is with the deepest regret to inform you that our goods shipped by you on the 20th April ex SS. *United States*, have sunk with the steamer in the sea near our country by the Russian War Ship, of which loss we have handed our claim note to the Insurance Co. at here.

We see such a poor fleet as refuses to get into their honorable fighting and always run away with their extreme speed as soon as our navy appears before their sight, now comes out to our gaudy side and intended to perform their barbarous transactions in preventing our trade with your country, at the same time to get an opportunity of taking their practice as a Pirate. This is their only object indeed, but nothing else, which render no effect against our fighting influence directly, but only a present commerce. We can be patient enough for such a tyrant fleet just a little while, as we can foresee how a keen punishment should be given to them in the near future unavoidable by our Navy. Still we must feel very sorry for Universal Commerce, especially for your country's, as to a great prevent. We hope and expect that these pirate will be washed off in short future.  
Yours faithfully, A. & Co.

Doubtless we would do much worse with Japanese.—Life.

Guttersnipe—"Please, muvver wants sixpence on this 'ere fryin' pan." Pawnbroker—"Hallo! It's hot!" Guttersnipe—"Yus, muvver's just cooked the sossiges, an' wants the money for the heer!"—Punch.

## Borden's Peerless

Brand Evaporated Cream is preserved without sugar. It is sterilized according to latest sanitary methods, having a delicate flavor and richness which makes it the favorite of the breakfast table for cereals, coffee, tea, and chocolate. Avoid unknown brands.

## BOOTH'S DRY GIN

FOR  
COCKTAILS,  
FIZZES  
AND  
RICKEYS

Commands the highest price in London and is recognized as the Best Dry Gin the world over.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.  
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## RICH OR POOR—YOU NEED TEETH

No one, old enough to know better, should be neglectful of that most vital and useful organ of the human system—the teeth—the very guards to the gateway of health.

SOZODONT  
TOOTH POWDER

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From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
\*Finland, Nov. 12, 10:30 a.m. | St. Paul, Nov. 26  
New York, Nov. 19, 10:30 a.m. | Philadelphia, Dec. 3  
\*Calling at Dover for London and Paris.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Merion, Nov. 19, 10 a.m. | Haverford, Dec. 3, 10 a.m.  
Minneapolis, Nov. 26, 7:30 a.m.

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minneapolis, Nov. 12, 9 a.m. | Mesaba, Dec. 3, 10 a.m.  
Menominee, Nov. 19, 9 a.m.

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada, Nov. 12 | Southwark, Nov. 19

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.

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\*Carries Steerage only.

## RED STAR LINE.

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(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Sailing Saturdays at 10:30 A. M.

Finland, Nov. 12 | Kronland, Nov. 26  
Vaderland, Nov. 19 | Finland, Dec. 10

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Oceanic, Nov. 16, noon | Cedric, Dec. 7, 5:30 a.m.  
Majestic, Nov. 23, 10 a.m. | Oceanic, Dec. 14, 10 a.m.  
Baltic, Nov. 30, 11 a.m. | Majestic, Dec. 21, 10 a.m.

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric, Nov. 17

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.  
TO THE Mediterranean VIA AZORES.  
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA,  
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From New York.

Republic, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March, 18  
From Boston.

Canopic, Nov. 19, Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
Romatic, Dec. 10, Jan. 28, March 11  
First-class \$6 upward, depending on date.

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Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904

S. S. Doric, Wednesday, November 9  
S. S. Coptic, Saturday, November 26  
S. S. Gaelic, Tuesday, December 13  
S. S. Doric, Thursday, February 2, 1905

No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
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S. S. Sierra, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, Nov. 10, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Nov. 13, at 11  
A. M.

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Nov. 25, at 11 A. M.  
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## SOCIETY.

## The Winship-Dillon Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Dillon, daughter of Mrs. Maurice Casey, to Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., took place on Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey, 2606 Broadway. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Father Ramm. Miss Caroline Fosgate was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Grace Spreckels, Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Sara Collier, and Miss Patricia Cosgrave. Major Planton Winship, U. S. A., acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant-Commander Robert F. Lopez, U. S. N., Paymaster Richard T. M. Ball, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. F. Balcock, U. S. N., and Dr. Reginald Knight Smith. A reception followed the ceremony. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Lieutenant Winship and Mrs. Winship will reside in San Francisco.

## The Tobin-Russell Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Russell, daughter of Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., to Mr. Clement Tobin, took place on Saturday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. de Sabla, Jr., 1016 Octavia Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by Father John Prendergast. Miss Vera de Sabla was maid of honor, and Mr. Robert Tobin acted as best man. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Upon their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin will reside at 1016 Octavia Street.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Stubbs, to Mr. Morgan Woodward Jellett. The wedding will take place before the holidays.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Y. Childress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Childress, of Brownsville, Tex., to Captain Dana W. Kilburn, U. S. A. The wedding will take place at Brownsville on December 7th.

The wedding of Miss Adele Mack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mack, to Mr. James Gerstley, of London, England, second son of Maurice Gerstley, Esq., took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 1809 Gough Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Jacob Voorsanger. Miss Edith Mack was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss May Lilienthal, Miss Irene Mack, Miss Olga Lebenbaum, Miss Florence Guggenheim, Miss Vera Colman, and Miss Emma Bisinger. Mr. Fred Gerstley acted as best man, and Mrs. Gerstley gave the wedding journey to "Violet Terrace," San Rafael, the country residence of Mrs. Louis Gerstley.

The wedding of Miss Alice Rutherford, stepdaughter of Mr. George Crocker, to Mr. J. Langdon Irving, took place on Thursday at the residence of Mr. Crocker, on Fifth Avenue, New York. Miss Beatrice Wright was bridesmaid, and Mr. Van Rensselaer Irving acted as best man.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl gave a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday in honor of Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Miss Carol Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore, made her formal debut on Saturday at a tea given by her parents at their residence, 2404 Broadway.

Miss Natalie Coffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, made her formal debut on Saturday at a tea given by her parents at their residence, 2550 Broadway.

Miss Elsa Draper, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. T. W. M. Draper, made her formal debut on Tuesday evening at a dinner and dance given by her parents at the Bohemian Club.

Miss Maizie Langhorne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Langhorne, made her formal debut on Tuesday at a tea given by her parents at their residence, 2419 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. F. J. Sullivan gave a luncheon on Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Helen Pettigrew.

Miss Isabel Glennon, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander James H. Glennon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Glennon, made her formal debut on Tuesday at a tea given by her mother at her residence, Mare Island.

Miss Charlotte Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell I. Wilson, made her formal debut on Wednesday at a dinner given by her parents at their residence, 2027 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford will give a dance this (Saturday) evening at their residence in San Mateo in honor of their niece, Miss Alfred Callahan.

Mr. Raphael Weil gave a luncheon at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Wilson.

Mr. Berthold W. Stone gave a dinner on Friday evening at his residence, 820 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Ursula Stone.

Miss Grace Spreckels gave a dinner on Friday evening in honor of Miss

Katharine Dillon and Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Spalding, Miss Patricia Cosgrave, Miss Gertrude Dutton, Major Blanton Winship, U. S. A., and Mr. Josiah K. Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson. Others at table were Miss Helen de Young, Mr. and Mrs. George Downey, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Constance de Young, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Ethyl Hager, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Richard Hotaling, Mr. Edward Mizner, Mr. William McLean, and Mr. William Downing.

Mrs. Clinton Worden gave a tea on Monday at her residence, 1101 California Street, in honor of Mrs. Frank S. Washburn. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. William H. McKittrick, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Welty, Miss Houghton, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Pearl Sabin, Miss Irene Sabin, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Hazel King, and Miss Pearl Landers.

Miss Pauline Fore will give a luncheon today (Saturday) at her residence, 1414 Franklin Street, Oakland, in honor of Miss Ethel Valentine.

Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson gave a card-party on Monday at her residence, 2310 Steiner Street.

Miss Edna Davis gave a tea on Wednesday at her residence, 2501 Scott Street, in honor of Miss Sibyl Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 1206 Post Street, in honor of Miss Gertrude Eells and Lieutenant John F. Balcock, U. S. N.

The first notable ball of the season was the Friday Night Club's first assembly, which took place at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who preceded the dance with a birthday dinner, at which he entertained over fifty friends.

During the winter season, artillery hops will be given at the Presidio on the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

## Helen Hyde's Japanese Paintings.

An exhibition of pictures, done by Helen Hyde, the well-known San Francisco artist, who for some time has been residing in Tokio, is being held at Vickery, Atkins & Torrey's gallery, 236 Post Street. Water-colors and drawings are shown. They are all of Japanese life—mostly studies of types with a characteristic background—and are remarkable not only for their technique, but for their fidelity to what they represent. They are soft and luminous in their coloring, and, especially in the case of the children, are truly Japanese in their interpretation. The titles of the studies, too, are happily chosen. One painting, for example, of two little Japs who look almost alike, being called "Tweedledee and Tweedledum." Inexpensive colored prints of the most of the originals have been prepared and framed in dainty woods appropriate to the subjects. Miss Hyde's pictures, as did her letters to the *Argonaut*, show her familiarity with Japanese life in all its phases.

## Benefit for the Woman's Exchange.

The Woman's Exchange announces a benefit performance to be given Tuesday evening, November 22d, at the Tivoli Opera House. The opera will be the one that is running at that time. The Woman's Exchange is a deserving institution, one which helps worthy women to help themselves, making a market for the things they have for sale. The administration expenses of the Exchange are heavy, and it is greatly in need of financial help, as the rent for its rooms has been largely increased, and its lunch-room supplies cost far more than they formerly did. It is not only urged that people help the Exchange by buying benefit tickets, which may be secured at headquarters, or from any of the members, but that they help its good work by becoming associate members.

Mrs. Mary Pollok, mother of Allan Pollok, Miss Mary Pollok, and Miss Jean Pollok, died at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday. She was a native of Scotland, seventy-four years of age. The funeral will take place from the First Presbyterian Church, corner Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street, today (Saturday) at one o'clock. The interment will be at Cypress Lawn Cemetery, the funeral car leaving Eighteenth and Guerrero Streets at half-past two o'clock.

The intercollegiate football game between Stanford and Berkeley students will take place at the University of California grounds on Saturday, November 12th.

Benjamin C. Blodgett, Mus. D., ORGANIST OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY, will receive a limited number of pupils in piano and organ playing and composition, at his studio in this city. Address box 240, Stanford University.

## Autumn at Del Monte.

This is written to remind you that every man or woman needs at intervals a change of scene and climate in order to feel well and to do one's best. It's to remind you, too, that, just after the early rains, the California country—and particularly the region about Hotel del Monte, "field and tree, and sky and sea,"—is most alluring:

"Then, if ever, come perfect days."

This is to tell you, also, that by reason of remarkable natural conditions, this present fall and winter season of 1904-05 is far advanced, so that the months of November, December, and January are sure to be like spring, with summer peeping around the corner. The golf links sweeping over the hill-sides that slope from blue Monterey Bay were never greener, meadow-larks carol among the live-oaks, palms and pines send forth young buds and branches, flaming dahlias wave in the breeze. This isn't the season for midsummer gayety, but it's just the time, and the best time, for you to take a week or so of idling rest, cheerfully mingled with sport on the golf links, on horseback, climbing the mountains that rise to the eastward, or angling for the game fish of the bay.

Remember this: that Hotel del Monte offers more natural attractions and more comforts and luxuries than any other resort in the world. Remember, too, that the climate here is delightful every day in the year, and should the warm rains keep you indoors, there's bowling for exercise, and miles of corridors and glass-enclosed porches. Remember, too, that this hotel is fashionable only because it offers the best; that it is popular because every one can here have a good time, any time, every time. Remember, too, that it's a home place, where the children can be happy, and families can enjoy themselves for months without disturbing household cares.

Why not plan to spend a week or two here? Get out your golf sticks and woo Mother Nature and good health on the luring links. Write for terms, or run down any Saturday or Sunday and see for yourself. Special Saturday-Monday rate from San Francisco, including railway fare and two days' board at the hotel, only \$10.00. Leave Third and Townsend Street depot at 3 o'clock (parlor car), reaching the hotel at 6:48. George P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

— PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BEARING THE NAME OF Rasmussen will never be cheapened by becoming an advertising gift of any dry goods, grocery, or vegetable store. The word Rasmussen stands for the best and most exclusive in Photographic Portraiture. Sittings by appointment. 139 Post Street.

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## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobile, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase and family expect to sail from New York for Naples on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin (née Russell) were among the week's visitors at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, and Miss Anita Harvey have returned from St. Louis and the East.

Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski have taken the apartment on the Rue Malakoff, in Paris, formerly occupied by Sibyl Sanderson Terry, and will spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Pope are expected home within a few days from Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel have returned from San Mateo, and are occupying their residence, 1830 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and Mrs. Ashton Stevens have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks. Mrs. Atherton will return here before her departure for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker have returned from Burlingame, and are occupying their residence at 1150 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned from St. Louis.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels have returned from Europe and are now in New York. They are expected home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson depart today (Saturday) for Europe.

Mrs. John F. Merrill is expected home from the East on Thursday.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman are among the guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Alice Sullivan is expected home from Honolulu within a day or so.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have departed for Chicago, to remain permanently.

Mrs. Ford, mother of Mr. Courtenay Ford, British consul, is expected here within a few days from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale arrived from Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies returned on Wednesday from her visit East.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have taken an apartment at the Luxor.

Mr. Robert S. Grayrigg has returned from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and Mrs. Edward Dimond have departed for a short visit to New York.

Judge Thomas King Leeder, of Sydney, Australia, was one of the arrivals at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mrs. Henry Butters and Miss Marguerite Butters, of Oakland, expect to sail within a few days for a visit of several weeks to Honolulu.

Mrs. Dusenberg and Miss Dusenberg are at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell have returned from "Sycamore Park," San Lorenzo, where they spent the summer, and are at 2293 Sacramento Street for the winter.

Mr. B. F. Dillingham and Mr. H. G. Dillingham sailed for Honolulu Saturday on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parmenter Martin, who have been at St. Louis, are now in New York, where they will remain for some weeks before returning home.

Miss Jane Crellin and Miss Ethel Crellin, of Oakland, have gone to Los Angeles for a few days.

Mrs. J. W. Conner has returned to town and is at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Curtaz were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Etelka Willard and Miss Mahel Watkins, of Sausalito, expect to sail on December 1st for the Philippines, where they will spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Hopkins are in New York for a few weeks.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Parmelee, Mr. T. F. Ruland, Mr. E. A. Mizner, Mr. E. H. Kinney, Mr. W. R. Pentz, Mr. J. P. Hickey, Mr. J. L. Dobbins, Mr. J. Eggers, Mr. L. T. Hickey, Mr. R. R. Clarke, and Mr. P. M. Cartwell.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Ross, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Gerritson, of Amsterdam, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Allen, of China, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Benson, of Georgia, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Simpson, of Los Angeles, Miss Huntley, of England, Mr. W. W. Wetherpoon and Mr. W. Jenkins, of England, Miss Quinlan, of Cape Town, Dr. Felix Friedenthal, of Berlin, Mr. Hummel Henri, of Paris, Mr. Henry S. Gane, of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Borlein Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bentley, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Greaves, Mrs. E. E.

Whitney, Miss F. L. Wadsworth, Miss Patton, Miss Chance, Miss Bridge, Dr. T. C. Burnett, and Mr. William L. Greenbaum.

## Army and Navy News.

Major-General William R. Shafter, retired, U. S. A., Mrs. McKittrick, and Miss Redman have returned to Bakersfield for the winter. Major George Rethers, U. S. A., has gone to New Orleans.

Commander Lucien Young, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the gunboat *Bennington*, taking the place of Commander Kossuth Niles, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the command of the cruiser *Boston*. Commander John Hubbard, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston*, and assigned as assistant to the chief of the Bureau of Ordnance.

Captain Charles Baker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Baker sailed on Tuesday for Manila.

Lieutenant C. E. Babcock, U. S. A., sailed for the Philippines on the transport *Sherman* on Tuesday.

Lieutenant-Commander R. F. Lopez is relieved from duty in command of submarine torpedo-boats at the navy-yard, Mare Island, and will continue other duties.

The fellow-officials of General-Manager C. H. Markham and Auditor George C. Klink, of the Southern Pacific Company, both of whom have tendered their resignations and are to retire shortly from the service of the company, tendered them a banquet at the Bohemian Club on Monday night. G. F. Richardson, superintendent of transportation, presided. In addition to responses to toasts by the two guests of honor, short speeches were made by P. F. Dunne, W. H. Mills, William Sproule, and Dr. Coffee.

The managers of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will give a rummage sale for the benefit of the nursery. The sale will begin to-day (Saturday), and will be held at 942-944 Harrison Street. Clothing of every description, dishes, toys, anything that can be sold, are requested from those who wish to help the work. Notify the managers, and they will send for anything you wish to contribute.

Tourists who leave San Francisco spread the word among other tourists that the most unique experience in California is going up Mt. Tamalpais on the crooked, picturesque railway, and seeing the magnificent view spread out from the top of the mountain. One and all, they speak highly of the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Next Saturday, November 12th, the annual racing season of the New California Jockey Club will be inaugurated. There are some good races scheduled for the opening day, and it is expected to make each day of the season notable.

Miss Maren Froelich will hold an exhibition of her summer sketches in water-color, oil, and pastel, at her studio, 609 Sacramento Street, from November 7th to November 13th. The pictures will be on view from ten to five each day.

The San Francisco Golf and Country Club will hold a bogey handicap tournament on Tuesday. Play, in morning or afternoon, first two rounds of nine holes played. A prize will be given for net score, also for gross score.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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## Ladies' New Creations.

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# The Argonaut.

Publishers' Fall Number.

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The Argonaut was among the first of American journals to indicate that a radical Democratic party would inevitably spring from the ashes of defeat of the "conservative" Democratic candidate at this election. On June 6, 1904—long before the Democratic convention—long before Mr. Bryan had said anything about "reorganizing the Democracy"—long before Parker was nominated—the Argonaut expressed the opinion that the eyes of Mr. Hearst and other radicals were fixed on 1908.

In an editorial leader expressing such an opinion we took occasion gratuitously to put the case in the form of a soliloquy by Mr. Hearst:

It is true [we imagined him as saying] that, should Mr. Bryan and I, with a couple of hundred delegates between us, walk out of the convention at St. Louis, I would undoubtedly be nominated on a third-party ticket. . . . But I should inevitably be defeated. A couple of million votes are all that I could expect. If, on the other hand, a conservative candidate is nominated this year, he will inevitably be defeated. I, by supporting him in my nine newspapers, will win the good will, at least, of the whole Democratic party. In 1908, as the most conspicuous candidate before the convention of 1904, and as

one who did not carry the fight to the point where it engendered bitterness, I shall be then the most available candidate for the nomination. The Republicans will then have been in power twelve years. The natural reaction against the party will have made its appearance. The country will . . . desire change. . . . I shall be preaching the evils of trust tyranny. . . . The defeat of their conservative candidate in 1904 will have convinced the Democracy that success lies not in that direction. I rely on the growth of socialistic sentiment throughout the country. Up to this time, the country has enjoyed great prosperity. It will not continue forever. Hard times will inject new life into the party of discontent.

Thus we wrote last June. Some of these things substantially predicted have come to pass. Mr. Hearst did not bolt the Democratic convention. He did have two hundred delegates out of one thousand. He did not carry the fight to a point "where it engendered bitterness." A conservative candidate was nominated. We used the phrase "will inevitably be defeated," and he is defeated worse than was Bryan. Socialistic sentiment has grown enormously. By apparently supporting Parker in his newspapers, Hearst has kept his party record straight.

It is therefore with no profound amazement, no shock of violent surprise, that we read, on the morning after election, an Associated Press dispatch with a New York date-line saying that, "in pursuance of plans agreed upon by Watson, William J. Bryan, and William R. Hearst, shortly after the St. Louis convention, a conference will be held in this city, probably next week, looking for the formation of a new party." The article goes on to say that the plans for 1908 are to control the radical and semi-socialistic sentiment in the West and East; that the fight will be for State ownership of public utilities, nationalization of railroads, and possibly of coal mines; and free silver will practically be dropped. Bryan himself has issued a long statement in which he emphasizes the necessity for the reorganized Democracy's making the trusts the paramount issue. Mr. Hearst's papers harp upon the same theme. Even Mr. Parker, disavowing any personal ambition, declares that he desires to help on with the good work. "The people will realize," he declares, "that tariff-fed trusts and illegal combinations are absorbing the wealth of the nation. The people will wish to throw off these leeches. The people will turn to the Democratic party for relief, and the party should be ready to work for the cause." And Mr. Hearst displays remarkable political astuteness by declaring in a signed statement that he thinks "loyal Democrats are quite capable of choosing their own leaders," manifestly referring to dispatches which denominate himself and Mr. Bryan the party leaders. And from other quarters comes the news that Clarence C. Darrow, George Fred Williams, Senator Pettigrew, General Weaver, and others expect to be among those who are to get together soon in the interests of the radical Democracy. All of which is not in the least astonishing.

In fact, it was inevitable. Not even the 133 electoral votes that Parker got represent the expression by the voters of their adherence to any principle. The popular votes he got are the votes of the South, cast for the Democratic candidate because of prejudice and through habit. The South takes no count of principles or issues. Parker stood for nothing. The so-called conservative Democracy—what there is left of it after the lambasting it has got—stands for nothing. It would seem as certain as anything can be that the reorganizers—Hearst, Bryan, Watson, and perhaps some others of the younger men—will gain control of the party, and the conservatives will have either to go over to the Republicans, or be partyless.

The possibility that such a party may become formidable gets support from the astounding increase in the socialist vote. In the City of San Francisco, it increased seven hundred per cent. In Los Angeles

County the Democrats had 5,920 votes, the socialists 2,194. In Pasadena the socialists cast 290 votes to 243 for the Democrats. In the City of Chicago the socialists polled for Debs 41,595 votes, against 5,115 four years ago, or an increase of eight hundred per cent. In this State it is estimated that Debs has 35,000 votes, against 7,000 in 1900, or an increase of five hundred per cent. The total socialist vote may reach 1,000,000, to which may be added Watson's several hundred thousand, making a total ultra-radical vote of almost a million and a quarter. But should a radical Democratic party put up a candidate in 1908 toward whom these ultra-radicals are favorably inclined, it may reasonably be expected that the larger number will vote for the candidate whom there is a chance of electing. Socialists in America are still opportunists to such a degree that no adherence to the abstract principles of socialism, when the opportunity offers for electing a semi-socialistic executive, will restrain them from taking the course more immediately effective.

There is another thing that will strengthen the radical party. The labor unions appear to the casual eye to be suffering a decline in power. The endeavor on the part of workingmen, through methods approaching coercion, to wrest from capital a larger share of the profits jointly earned by capital and labor, appears to be in a fair way to fail. Blocked in their progress in this direction, labor unionists will naturally, almost inevitably, seek to accomplish the same result through the ballot. And they think they have a friend in Mr. Hearst.

In short, the rise of a formidable radical Democratic party may, we think, be very safely predicted. There will then be between the two parties but one real vital issue. It will be the trusts. The revision of the tariff will be but a branch of the trust fight. Government ownership of railways will be contended for on the ground that it will put an end to freight discriminations. Nationalization of the coal mines will aim toward the same end. Then the two parties, we should say, might be compared to a quack doctor and a wise and learned physician.

The quack doctor bawls in the public ear: "Sure, quick cure guaranteed. Take my special secret patent brand of nostrum, and forthwith be well. I never fail. I always succeed. Trust me, and go it blind. I am the only one, and all others are fakery."

The radical Democratic doctor will say to the country: "Look how the trust cancer is gnawing into your vitals. I can cure you straightway. Take Bryan's National-Ownership-of-Railways Specific. It can not fail. Inject Hearst's Criminal-Trust-Prosecution Elixir. It is a sure cure. Don't think. Vote the straight ticket, and subscribe to the Examiner."

The wise and learned physician, on the other hand, tells his patient afflicted with malignant disease that he must not expect a quick cure. He tells him that physicians the world over have been studying long to find a sure specific, and that they have failed. He tells him that a cure is possible; that he has in many cases greatly mitigated the sufferings of patients, and that this one in particular will have the benefit of his best skill and most careful thought. He tells him further that much will depend upon the patient himself—upon his habits and mode of life.

So the Republican party. It tells the people of the country that there is no quick, certain cure for the disease of plutocracy. The disease is widespread—its ravages are to be seen in all civilized countries. Economists of them all have long been studying it, and have failed to find a certain cure. The cure is possible. But experiments must be made. Time will be required. The Republican party, Theodore Roosevelt at its head, tells the nation that along the lines upon which a



in trust regulation has been made, the party will unswervingly proceed. It is not proposed to undermine the foundations of property. It is not proposed to "expropriate" their lawful owners of either coal mines or railways. No secret quack remedies will be employed. And the patient himself—the people—has his part to perform. Laws can do much is the dictum of Theodore Roosevelt, but they can not do all; ultimately, the welfare of the republic rests upon honesty and good intentions of its citizens. "No one," he has said, "can too strongly insist upon the elementary fact that you can not build the superstructure of public virtue save on private virtue. The sum of the parts is the whole, and if we wish to make that whole, the state, representative and exponent and symbol of decency, it must be so made through the decency, public and private, of the average citizen."

The career of Theodore Roosevelt is a succession of extraordinary events. He has broken a thousand precedents. His extraordinary success at the polls is quite in harmony with the rest of his career. A precedent was broken when Theodore Roosevelt became President. He was the youngest American citizen who had ever been called to the head of the nation. A precedent was broken when Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the Presidency. He was the first "accidental" President to be nominated to the office to which death had brought him. A precedent was broken by the campaign. It was, perhaps, the most apathetic since the Republican party has been in existence. And a dozen precedents are broken by the result of the election. For the first time, the State of Missouri goes Republican. Even in 1872, when Grant had 286 electoral votes, and Horace Greeley only 66, Missouri's 15 electoral votes went to Mr. Greeley. All precedents except that of 1872 are broken by Roosevelt's majority (so it appears at this writing) in the electoral college of 210 votes. That is 73 more than McKinley's in 1900; 115 more than McKinley's in 1896; 78 more than Cleveland's in 1892; 145 more than Harrison's in 1888; and 173 more than Cleveland's in 1884. Roosevelt's popular plurality, estimated at about 1,000,000, is the largest ever received by a candidate for President. He carried 33 out of the 45 States. The States he carried had, in 1900, a population of about 55,000,000; the States he failed to carry had a population of 20,000,000. The States which gave him the largest plurality are Pennsylvania (494,000), Ohio (250,000), Illinois (240,000), New York (172,000), Michigan (164,000), Minnesota (125,000), California (112,000). In point of proportionate plurality for Roosevelt, it looks as if California might be the banner Republican State. In almost every State, if not in every State, Roosevelt's plurality is greater than that of President McKinley in 1900. McKinley's total plurality in that year was 849,790, or some 750,000 less than President Roosevelt's in this election. It is quite futile to spend time "explaining" this extraordinary success of the Republican party at the polls. If we were to attempt it, we should merely restate the ten reasons which we printed last week why voters should vote for Roosevelt, and why they should not vote for Mr. Parker. The people have approved of Mr. Roosevelt as a man. They have approved of his administration. They have approved of the principles and policies of the Republican party.

Scarcely any phase of the election is more sinisterly interesting than the increase in the socialist vote. Elsewhere we have printed some figures regarding it. In the cities, where a propaganda has been made, converts to socialism multiply. The coal strike of two years ago, which provoked discussion of the project of confiscating the coal mines, embodied in the New York Democratic State platform, was undoubtedly the chief factor in swelling the socialist vote from 98,000 in 1900 to 225,000 in 1902. The vote of 1904 is more than triple that of 1902. Henceforth, it would appear, the socialist party must be reckoned with. Hitherto the United States has been the stronghold of individualism. While in Germany the socialist party is well represented in the Reichstag, while in France it has a cabinet member in the person of Jaurès, while in Belgium and Austria the socialists are very strong, the United States has hitherto almost entirely escaped being influenced by this world-wide movement. The rise of trusts, such incidents as the great coal strike, the continued immigration of socialists from Germany, Austria, and other countries, have apparently brought about the change. Senator Hanna said before he died: "The next great issue this country will have to meet will be socialism." Before election, and in anticipation of the presentation of a charter amendment looking toward municipal ownership of public utilities by this city, the *Argonaut* pointed out the peril of such a course. We said that

we could not afford to give aid and comfort to the socialists in any manner. Some newspapers, in comment, appeared to think that we were frightened by a bogey. We trust that they, and in particular our friend, the *Post*, now realize the danger that lies in experimenting with any form of socialism. It must be fought in all its phases, in its every manifestation.

California will again have, as she had in 1900, before the short-lived Union Labor party mixed things up, a solid Republican delegation in Congress. The first district elects J. R. Gillett with a plurality of about 5,400; this is a gain of 4,000 votes. The second district elects Duncan E. McKinlay to succeed Theodore Bell, Democrat, by a plurality of about 1,000 votes. The third district elects J. R. Knowland by a plurality of about 17,400 votes, which is about 5,000 more than Metcalf received in 1902. The fourth district elects Julius Kahn by 7,204 plurality, which turns the tables on E. J. Livernash in pleasing fashion; he beat Kahn two years ago by 141 votes. The fifth district elects E. A. Hayes by a plurality of 6,598 votes; W. J. Wynn's plurality over Loud two years ago was 4,135. The sixth district re-elects J. C. Needham by a plurality of about 5,500 votes; Needham beat Gaston Ashe two years ago by 3,536 votes. The seventh district re-elects James McLaughlin by about 19,300 votes; McLaughlin was elected in 1902 by a plurality of 11,332. The eighth district elects S. C. Smith to succeed M. J. Daniels by a plurality of about 11,600. The next House of Representatives will be Republican by 110 votes. Returns from all the States show that the Republicans have elected 248 congressmen and the Democrats 138. Such a large working majority will not only enable the administration to carry out its policies unhampered, but will place upon the party unqualified responsibility for every law made or not made during the next two years. It is a situation that may have its perils. A vigilant, well-organized opposition has often a salutary effect upon legislators.

The fact that the State legislature will be almost solidly Republican is of special interest because the legislature will in February elect a senator to succeed Thomas C. Bard. The Senate will contain 35 Republicans and 5 Democrats. The assembly will have 75 Republicans and 5 Democrats. Of late little has been heard of the senatorship fight, all interest having centered in the general election. We may now expect, however, that George A. Knight, Frank P. Flint, Henry T. Oxnard, and Senator Bard, who have all declared themselves candidates for the honor, will begin an earnest campaign. Mr. Flint and Senator Bard have each about the same number of votes pledged, Bard, we believe, having 12, and Flint 13. Oxnard has, so far as known, no senators or assemblymen pledged to support him. Mr. Knight has several. So it is evident no one of the candidates for the senatorship has a lien on the toga. We may remark that there are a good many folks around these parts who would like to see this State represented in the United States Senate by George A. Knight.

In the matter of superior judges, the people did their duty. They voted with intelligence. The voters were apparently few who voted a straight Republican ticket simply because it was Republican. The largest vote was for a Democrat, Frank J. Murasky (38,868); the second largest was for a Republican, Frank H. Kerrigan (37,408); the third largest was for a Democrat again, James M. Seawell (32,837); and the fourth on the list was for a Republican, James M. Troutt (31,366)—all incumbents. It is to be regretted that Conlan, though he was defeated, should have received so many votes as he did (27,874). The *Examiner's* fight for William E. White appears to have been a hoodoo; he is the last on the list of candidates (save the socialists) in the number of votes received (16,204).

There are three States in which State issues in the election were of national interest. They are Missouri, Colorado, and Wisconsin. Regarding the first, we suppose few Republicans regret the election of Joseph Folk, a Democrat, to the governorship. His election means that his long fight against graft and boodle has received the indorsement of the people of Missouri. In Colorado, the election of Alva Adams, a Democrat, to the governorship, to succeed James H. Peabody, indicates that the labor unions and their sympathizers have gained the upper hand. If they use their power tyrannically, dark days would appear to be ahead for Colorado. In Wisconsin, the success of La Follette, in his contest for the governorship, is, generally speaking, the success of

a "people's candidate"—a man who is aggressively against corporations, especially the railways—and a defeat of "organized interests."

President Roosevelt's statement, made when the result of the election was certain, is of large importance:

NO THIRD TERM, SAYS ROOSEVELT.

I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence reposes upon me, and I shall do all that lies in my power not to forfeit it.

On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and these three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and, in no circumstances, will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

It has been intimated during the progress of the campaign that Mr. Roosevelt had said that he did not think the finishing out by him of McKinley's term ought to be regarded, if he should desire renomination in 1908. His present unequivocal statement dissipates all such rumors. It will go far toward establishing confidence in him in those few who have been impressed by the "militarism" and "man on horseback" argument. It makes absurd the cartoons and caricatures of Roosevelt wearing a crown. It is, indeed, an evidence of vast moral courage and great good judgment that Mr. Roosevelt should have made such a statement at this time. Intoxicated by the heady wine of so phenomenal a success, any President—any man—might almost be pardoned for wildly entertaining an ambition to retain the Presidential chair for two terms and a part of a third. To renounce such ambition in the very hour of splendid triumph was the act of a great man.

The last Oriental mail brings us a newspaper from a town that the Russian-Japanese War has given a sort of fame. The newspaper is the *Chefoo Daily News*, a journal which, as appears on examination, is devoted chiefly to notes on the war and shipping news, together with a few European telegrams. In the number that has reached us (October 1st), the *Daily News* reprints the *Argonaut's* editorial of August 29th, on the seizure of the Russian destroyer, *Reshitelnai*, in Chefoo Harbor. The *News* heads the article: "The American Attitude on the Incident," and remarks in a line of comment: "The *Argonaut* is in possession of the unembellished facts."

The same mail also brings us a letter from Mr. L. H. Smith, a banker, of Chefoo, in which he says:

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of the *Chefoo Daily News* of the first October, in which you will find your editorial of the twenty-ninth August with regard to the *Reshitelnai* affair. I happened to show my *Argonaut* to Editor McDermid, who promptly asked permission to publish this article, it being, in his opinion, the most correct statement and just opinion of the affair that had appeared in any of the home papers reaching Chefoo. It will no doubt be republished in all the North China papers. I am going to have a translation made into Russian for the Port Arthur *Novie Krai*.

We are also in receipt of an editorial from the *Japan Daily Mail*, in which it says, in commenting upon the *Reshitelnai* incident: "We know that one leading American journal described the affair (quoting from the *Argonaut*) as 'an affront to all civilized nations, and an evidence of Japan's bumptious scorn of Occidental opinion.'" The *Japan Mail*, continuing, remarks that it heard no strictures from this quarter on acts of Russian vessels, which acts, the *Mail* thinks, were equally in violation of international law.

The trouble with the proposition of ending war by international agreement is, that if two nations refuse to abide by the pacific dictum of the other nations, and propose to go ahead and fight it out between themselves, the only way they can be prevented from so doing is by armed and forcible intervention. And if such intervention be attempted, as likely as not the two belligerent powers will turn about and war upon the peace-makers. Such is often the result of intervention in fist-fights between individuals, and nations are only masses of individuals, moved by the same motives. International agreements might make war less frequent, but when war did come, it would probably be more awful, for the nations that endeavor to act as forcible pacificators, as well as the primary belligerents, would be involved in the bloody struggle. But there is a manner in which war might conceivably be brought to an end without the use of armed force. It is by withholding the sinews of war, by refusing to supply funds to the belligerents. Discussing the matter along these lines, *Collier's Weekly* says: "If the Rothschilds and the Bank of England in Great Britain, the Standard Oil people and Mr. Morgan in this country, and half a dozen similar potentates in France and Germany, were to agree to stop the war, they could

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DOLLARS AND  
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OF WAR.



send either Russian or Japanese bonds, to a figure which would render fighting impossible." This is a striking suggestion. Here is a chance for philanthropically minded multi-millionaires. Here is a chance for Mr. Carnegie—just let him use his vast influence with the financiers of the world to prevent both Japan and Russia from floating their next war loan. The wars of the past have laid the foundation for many vast fortunes. It would indeed be an evidence that the world improves, if now some of these fortunes should be brought to bear in putting an end to the present war. Such a happening we are not likely to see, but it is yet perfectly true, doubtless, that less than a score of individuals really could, if they had a mind, put a stop to a contest which involves two hundred millions of men. How vast is the power of money! What beneficent as well as maleficent possibilities have the vast aggregations of wealth which are a unique feature of our present civilization! When will war be cornered in the market? When will bloodshed be quoted on 'Change?

A correspondent, "X. Y. Z.," sends us the following protest against, and comment on, the rioting recently indulged in by certain students of the University of California:

It is a matter of congratulation for the community in general that Commandant Nance, of the State University, has taken so firm a stand in relation to the recent disgraceful mutiny among the students. The effect of this firmness in the maintenance of order and discipline will be felt in the preparatory schools throughout the State.

Per contra, any weakness in the administration of authority in our great institutions of learning has a most disastrous and far-reaching effect. Some of the young rebels may have lost their degrees as a consequence of their defiance of those in authority; but they will have learned a most valuable lesson on the power of the law.

It is to be hoped that the example set by Commandant Nance will be followed throughout the country where similar cases of insubordination arise.

Some generations ago, when this country was young and barbaric, schoolmasters were wont to preserve discipline among the "big boys" by thwacking them over the heads with sticks, fists, or anything that came handy. Some think that education was advanced thereby, and that modern methods are puerile and ineffective in comparison. But the enlightened know better; they know that schools and colleges are established more for the pleasure than for the enlightenment of the pupils; and it is gratifying to observe that at the University of California this spirit of rebellion against education by muscle and discipline has reached a stage that augurs complete emancipation of students from any of the rules that bind and gale.

The trouble at Berkeley started over the desire expressed by Captain John T. Nance, U. S. A., military instructor at the university, that the students who listen to his lectures should refrain from wearing their hats in the class-room, elevating their feet for the purpose of resting their bodies, spitting upon the floor, singing, whistling, and indulging in other little acts necessary to the preservation of that feeling of independence for which our forefathers fought and bled. The instructor's rebuke was not taken in good part. The very idea! Other instructors had not made the boys behave themselves as gentlemen should, and they revolted. There were clamors of discontent. And when the further order went forth that the pupils should march in an orderly body to the class-room, insurrection flared forth. These youngsters demonstrated their disapproval by assuming the attitude of hoodlums, and marching in disorder. A professor noddled the steps and began a protest. Then came a scene that showed what some college students are made of. It was an inspiring sight. Unafrighted by pedagogic eloquence, brave in the face of his bombardment of words, these mere boys, few of them over thirty, undaunted by the fact that a full-grown man opposed them, rallied around their leaders, and as "incensed with indignation Satan stood, unterrified," so did they not only hold their ground, but assaulted the enemy with dirt, tufts of grass, sticks, and stones. He was utterly routed, and his words were drowned by a song of triumph over tyranny. There is talk of expelling the rebel leaders; and some recommend the establishment of a kindergarten department at the university. It would be a wise plan to combine the ideas and do both.

The success of the new electric locomotive built for the New York Central terminal service, has been taken all over the country as evidence that steam will soon yield to electricity on railways. The new machine has twice the speed and four times the drawing power of its team brothers. According to the present contract, the New York Central will soon have 150 of these immense engines at work handling the 600 and 700 trains a day in and out of the New York station.

But another significant thing is that the railways

in the East, not content with preparing to transform their steam terminals into electric, are also buying up suburban electric roads by the hundred miles at a time. Wherever the steam road is rivaled by a trolley, the steam road is buying and then not shutting either down, but using them both, to the great increase of business. The Hudson Valley Railway, extending from Hudson to Warrensburg, 120 miles, is a good sample of the result—a line on which are strung scores of towns joined by speedy and frequent service to a larger centre.

The equipment of these improved lines is changing monthly almost. The trolley car of slang has almost disappeared, except within city limits. In its stead the smoothly running motor-cars, as big as Pullmans, glide across country at 40 to 50 miles an hour in trains of any convenient length. Statistics of the United States census give the number of miles of electric road in operation on June 30, 1900, as 1,262; on the first day of the present year the figure was 29,212. The latest engines are of the third-rail type and of 2,300 horse-power, or 700 horse-power more than the machine that draws the Empire State Express. They have large advantages in quickness of handling, and can start and stop at high speeds in a quarter the space required for the steam locomotive.

It is of record that a certain youth by the name of Jack Horner, whose permanent abode, so far as history has it, was in an angle of a room, was highly elated and self-gratulatory when, on introducing his thumb into a pastry, that member lit on and extracted a plum. We are told that he even went so far as to exclaim that his virtue was only to be expressed in ejaculation. This pleasure, of course, was due solely to the fact that, although conscious that a pie must have contents, he had been shrewd enough to know that it contained one particular and edible delicacy.

The Republican leaders have for some time been prophesying that the election pastry contained a great deal. But the thumb when withdrawn brought forth matter beyond even expectation and announcement. The plum was of a magnitude. Where it had been confidently predicted that California would give Mr. Roosevelt 40,000 majority, the returns indicate 112,000; New York was to give 50,000 and gave 200,000; Missouri was not hoped for, but became certain.

Like Master Horner the happy discoverers have cried aloud. Virtue was in them more than they were willing to tell. But after all they missed it. The finger on the public pulse missed its rhythm. We were deceived. We admit the opportunity for ejaculation, but we feel much as we felt in youth toward Jack Horner—he should have used more than his thumb, at best unprehensile. Even Mr. Cortelyou dared predict only 314 electoral votes for the Republican candidate, and he polled in all probability a popular vote which will give him 343.

When before did Republican politicians fail to claim enough? When before were the hottest hopes of partisans thrice heated by the event? When in past time have the leaders asked for bread and been deluged with cake? As Mr. Micawber said once about a very good person, we shall have to say of the Republican leaders: "They are, I dare say, of very excellent intentions; but they are—in short, they are obsolete."

With the curious perversity noticeable in the staidest of peoples, there seems to be a feeling in England that the public lottery might be a good thing. Even the *Westminster Review* has taken the cause of the lottery to itself, and weightily argued in favor of a government supervision of games of chance. The lottery is really out of good society less than a century. The British Museum was helped out by a lottery; Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, all strictly sectarian in their early days, employed the lottery as a praiseworthy and honest mode of getting funds. Germany to-day recognizes the public lottery, and here in San Francisco the five dailies print twice a month the drawings of foreign lotteries patronized on this Coast. The main argument for government lotteries is the fact that the speculative instinct is too strong to be quashed, and if not given a lottery, where the liability of the speculator is limited, people will rush off to the stock market, to the horse race, and eke the whist table. Some even see in them a method of trust busting. Possibly the excitement attendant of the drawing would be good for the complexion. But the great argument advanced is that England, between 1793 and 1824, realized profits of £346,795 from public lotteries. The *Westminster Review* writer is probably fighting for no very practicable project, but we may remark without offense that it might be better to buy tickets in a strictly honest lottery, upon which Uncle Sam would keep a paternal eye, rather than to be

robbed by Chinese lottery skin-games and by Central American sharpers.

The *Argonaut* may perhaps be pardoned for feeling some gratification in being able to present to its readers this week a literary supplement which, considering the number of book reviews, the completeness of its classified list of fall publications, and the interest and variety of its illustrations, excels the special literary announcement issues of any daily newspaper or weekly publication in the United States. Many journals, notably the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Mail*, the *Chicago Record-Herald*, the *Nation*, the *Dial*, and the *Boston Literary World*, publish semi-annually a book-publishers' number, but none so ambitious as that of the *Argonaut* this year. The leading article of the supplement is by Jerome Hart, being a letter entitled "St. Petersburg and Moscow." It is illustrated from photographs of Russian scenes. Following this are letters from London and Paris relating to the notable books being published this autumn in those two capitals. The classified list of books published this fall fills five closely printed pages, and is a valuable guide to both reader and book-buyer. Several score book reviews, each aiming not only to give an opinion of the work in hand, but a description of it, in order that the reader may judge whether it will be of special interest to him, are, in many cases, illustrated with portraits of the authors or reproductions of illustrations contained in the books. And, finally, the advertisements of all the leading publishers may often be suggestive to the book-buyer. The supplement consists of twenty-four pages; the entire issue totals forty pages, and contains more than sixty illustrations, but it is furnished to readers without additional cost. It may be interesting to readers to know that this number of the *Argonaut* contains as much reading matter as an issue of *Scribner's Magazine*.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

We Guess He is An Exception.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., October 29, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your paper has been a welcome visitor in my family for sixteen years, and never have I known it so partisan as this year. I am a Lincoln, Grant, and Blaine Republican, but I can't stand for Rooseveltism and the policies he represents. I doubt if there ever lived a man in this country who did more to dehauch the politics of the State and nation than Matt Quay, yet Roosevelt mourns his loss as that of a personal friend, and at the same time strengthens Addicks in his efforts to huy the State of Delaware, that he has already dehauched. Yet the *Argonaut* calls Mr. Roosevelt honest.

Miles, Dewey, and Schley are not tin soldiers, swash-bucklers, nor D'Artagnans, but gentlemen and gallant soldiers who have brought imperishable renown upon the American arms on land and sea. Yet the rudeness of the chief executive closes the doors of the White House to all of them. Yet the *Argonaut* calls Mr. Roosevelt a gentleman.

The *Argonaut* has always stood for law and order and the rights of nations. Yet we see the wielder of the "big stick" trample upon the rights of a people and deny to a weak republic the exercise of one of the inherent rights of sovereignty—the right to subdue rebellion, punish insurrection, and stamp out treason within its borders. The exercise of such a right denied us in '61 would have made the Southern States free and independent. Again the *Argonaut* is silent—not a word of condemnation against the man who has turned all the South American republics against us—fearing us, hating us, and refusing to trade with us.

A President is the chief magistrate of the nation and not of a section thereof. He has no right mortally and unnecessarily to offend the people of sixteen States by introducing into the White House his peculiar ideas of social equality and flaunting them into the face of an indignant and outraged people. Washington, Lincoln, Grant, or McKinley, not one of them, deemed it necessary to emphasize his ultra ideas of social equality by inviting niggers to dine with him. Lincoln, who freed the blacks and the greatest of all the Presidents, never hurled such an insult against the South, nor degraded the high office by such a disgusting exhibition of effrontery. Yet the flippant manner in which the *Argonaut* has treated this tin soldier and the hero of a little skirmish—like the king—can do no wrong. Now I served throughout the entire war of the Rebellion, in a Northern regiment, and therefore can not be charged with sectional prejudice, and do not think that in order to emphasize my Republicanism it is necessary to eat with a nigger or marry one.

I might go on giving page after page of reasons why Roosevelt is a misfit in the White House, give instances where he has usurped legislative and judicial functions, practically destroyed our trade with South America, raised the race issue in the South, degraded the army by the elevation of personal friends, whose only claim is that of a favorite or courtier to the king; insulted the men that McKinley and Congress honored; but why waste my time or the valuable space of an otherwise exceptionally fine paper, for the love of the *Argonaut* would have stomach for them all. I shall have to cut the *Argonaut* out, but shall always mourn for it as I would for the child who goes wrong. I love my idols, but when they cease to represent the best ideals, I remove them. What's the matter with the *Argonaut*, anyway? A DISGUSTED READER.

What the Election Proves.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: The magnificent result of Tuesday's election in a national sense attests the fact that the Democratic masses pinned their faith to Roosevelt, the "unsafe" and known, rather than to Parker, the "safe, sane," and unknown, and, that, to-day, Bryan and his "radicalism" is more in favor than Parker and his "conservatism," wearing the Belmont or Wall Street hall-mark. The masses have shown that they are "safe, sane, and conservative" men in conserving their own interests.

All hail! to the common sense and sound judgment of the "common people." Yours rejoicefully. JOHN AUBREY JONES.



## SULLIVAN, DETECTIVE SERGEANT.

His Sudden Rise and Untimely Fall.

Big Tom Sullivan, being a harness copper, the English of which is a policeman on a beat, was naturally ambitious to become a detective sergeant. For although the salary is not much larger, it is well known that any detective with ordinary wisdom can save enough money to buy a saloon with before he resigns. This is because prominent financiers and Pine Street stock operators give detectives so many tips on the market—probably. Moreover, detectives are in daily contact with the police reporters, and get their pictures in the papers quite frequently. And they tell the reporters interesting and exciting stories of arresting this man at the peril of their lives, and of trailing that man for years around the world; which stories are rarely true, nor do the reporters believe them, but they make good copy, and that's what the city editor and the public want.

Therefore, when the chief of police, in General Order No. 24, promoted Sullivan to be detective sergeant and assigned him to the Central Detail, Sullivan's heart was swelled with joy, and Mrs. Sullivan and the children rejoiced also and told the neighbors without delay. The chief had done this in recognition of Sullivan's bravery in rescuing some panic-paralyzed girls at a fire; and besides, it always aids the administration politically to reward bravery after it has been much commented on in all the papers, as Sullivan's had been.

At the Central, Sullivan was assigned to duty with Reardon, an old-timer, as a partner, and progressed uneventfully thereafter to his first pay-day. About that time a series of street robberies, which for ten days or so had been of almost nightly occurrence in the downtown district, reached their climax when an elderly woman, on her way home from cleaning up in one of the big office-buildings, was seized from behind as she passed a dark alley-way, struck on the head with a slung-shot because she attempted to scream, robbed, and left insensible on the sidewalk. The case would probably have followed the usual route of such affairs to oblivion, had not the *Examiner* placed the matter on the front page, and ascribed the outrage to the "two miscreants who have, with impunity, made it unsafe to walk the principal streets of the city at night." The "with impunity" reflected on the Central, and Captain Seiberger accordingly detailed Reardon and Sullivan, with four others, on the case, with instructions to bring in every suspicious character who in any way corresponded with the vague descriptions given of the robbers.

Sullivan and his new partner had scarcely gone a block, when Reardon stopped a youth on the street.

"Where you going, Potter?" said he.

The young man halted with some reluctance. "Western Union," he answered.

"For why?"

"I'm working for Hammond & Weiss now, and they want a message sent."

"Let's see it."

Potter exhibited a yellow telegram. Reardon read it, and handed it back. "You'd better come down to the station with me a few minutes," he said. "The captain wants to see you."

"But, Mr. Reardon, I'm working now. You know that. It'll cost me my job."

"I won't keep you only a few minutes, most likely," said Reardon. "Anyway, you've got to come along, so quit talking unless you want me to take you."

"I've done nothing. You've got no warrant for me. You've no right to arrest me. You'll lose me my position, and they're hard to get. Mr. Reardon, won't you wait till I get through work this afternoon?" said Potter, entreatingly. But Reardon took him by the arm, Sullivan fell in on the other side, and they walked back to the Central.

"I arrested him for larceny of a bicycle three years ago," said Reardon, in explanation to Sullivan. "He got ninety days in the workhouse then. That's how I know him."

"Hain't he been arrested since?"

"Not that I know of," said Reardon. "Still you can't tell but what he might know something of this stick-up business. We'll keep him where we can find him for a day or two, anyway."

Sullivan felt a little nervous at this, and so he asked Reardon if such unfortunate victims as Potter never sued for damages. Reardon laughed.

"They know better. They don't want the whole force down on them. But still most of the boys carry their property in their wives' names to make sure."

That night, thanks to the promiscuous efforts of the six detectives, the cells held a motley assortment of men who had, at various periods of the past, been convicted of crimes and misdemeanors ranging from the theft of a ham to safe blowing. One by one they passed through the ordeal of cuffs and kicks and searching catechism, known as the "sweat-box." Some, whom it was impossible to suspect of the robberies, were released at once. Others, though as obviously innocent, having assumed a defiant attitude, were remanded to the cells to cool off and to meditate upon the folly of considering that they had any rights when the police were bound to respect. The dailies printed long articles, which all closed by stating that Lieutenant Harriman was satisfied that he now had the

robbers in custody. It is to be regretted, therefore, that two nights later another robbery occurred, which bore all the trademarks of the previous one. The robbed one in this instance, however, a young woman, had seen one of her assailants closely, although it was dark at the time; and she described him as being of her own height, which was five feet four, with a short dark beard, and wearing a plaid cloth cap.

On this, most of the suspects were released to take up the thread of their existence where it had been last broken; and Sullivan and Reardon and many others were sent forth to bring in all persons whom it might be in any way possible to connect with the crime.

Now as Sullivan and Reardon were passing a livery-stable on Bush, Sullivan saw, cleaning a wagon therein, a man whom he had once caught burglarizing a house on his old beat. This man, Spencer by name, corresponded closely to the description of the bearded highwayman. Sullivan pondered the matter over for the next five minutes, and reluctantly realized that Spencer could not be the robber. For he had happened to see Spencer and his wife, who was a respectable woman, in a suburban grocery some nights since, at the very hour that a robbery had taken place down town. And, moreover, Sullivan knew that Spencer had been working steadily in these stables for at least a year. And successful robbers do not work for wages. Neither do the unsuccessful ones, for that matter, but then every one knows where to find the failures in crime. So, after walking a couple of blocks in the process of mentally digesting these facts, he spoke to Reardon of it.

"I passed a fellow back there that I pinched once. He's a dead split of the girl's picture of the stick-up man."

Reardon stopped. "You did?" said he. "Why the —!"

"Because I knew it couldn't be him," interrupted Sullivan.

"How did you know?"

"Because I saw him way out in the Western Addition Friday night when the stick-up was going on down here."

"Was there anybody else saw him?" continued Reardon. "How close to the description does he come?"

"Five feet six or so, dark scrubby beard, and plaid cloth cap."

"That's good enough to make a showing with," said Reardon. "We'll pull him and make the play. You keep your mouth shut."

And so Spencer was pulled. Sullivan didn't like it much, but after Reardon had exhibited his prisoner at the Central, and the other detectives had assured the violently protesting Spencer that they knew he was the robber, and the papers had run the affair on the front page under a scare head-line, with pictures of Reardon and Sullivan, and a short laudatory mention of the latter's career, he felt a growing sense of importance, and began to convince himself that it was some one else he had seen in the grocery. Besides, as Reardon told him, "It's a good chance to make a reputation, and you may be mistaken about the date. Most likely it was Saturday."

It was Reardon who was seen by the reporters.

"Got him at last," he announced, confidently.

"Who is he?" asked a scribe.

"His name is Spencer, an old-time burglar, and as smooth a crook as ever did work in the city."

"How did you come to catch him?" queried he of the copy-pad and the lead pencil.

"Well, my partner and I made up our minds from the start that Spencer was mixed in these hold-ups somewhere, because the work looked like his; and we've been on his trail ever since. It was a hard line to follow sometimes, but we've got him."

The cub reporter, that is a new and young reporter, looked admiringly at the human sleuth-hound; the older men yawned, but, nevertheless, they made a note of it. It makes space, and besides, if they didn't mention these things in their write-up, the detectives would be offended and might not tell them when a really good story came in, which would mean getting scooped by the other papers and jumped on by the old man, which is the city editor, and many other disagreeable things.

Reardon continued: "He was working in a livery stable to throw us off. We found him there when we made the pinch."

And so Sullivan got his first lesson in the science of being interviewed.

That night Spencer went through the "sweat-box," in Captain Seiberger's office. Reardon was there, and Sullivan, and the captain as chief inquisitor, and old Steve Goggins, who claimed to know every criminal in the country by sight, and who really did know quite a number, especially among the class which is anxious to pay for being left alone. Spencer sat in a chair by the captain's desk. When Seiberger had finished looking him over thoroughly, he turned to Reardon.

"Who arrested this man?"

Reardon recited the fact of the arrest. "He is an old-timer," he went on. "My partner pinched him once for burglary. We kind of lost sight of him since that, but as soon as we seen him this morning, we knew we had the right man. Why he fits the description to a dot. A blind man couldn't miss him."

"Well, Spencer," said Seiberger, pleasantly, "so you're the robber, eh. What have you to say?"

Spencer was cooler and more resigned now. "What

the officer says is true enough," he answered. "I guess I do fit the description pretty well, but I'm not the man."

"Where have you been since your last arrest?"

"Working in the livery where I was this morning."

"The dirty liar," remarked Goggins, who understood the business thoroughly. "Smash him in the mouth." Reardon made a move forward, but Seiberger stopped him.

"Don't you know we've got your partner arrested, Spencer, and he's confessed?"

Spencer sat straight up. "I've got no partner," he cried. "I aint the man. Why don't you go and get some of them guys that got stuck up to identify me?"

Seiberger struck him with his open hand. "Shut up," he said. "We know what we're doing. We'll put you in the pen for the next ten years. You've been identified; look at that description."

"I don't care for your description," screamed Spencer, brimming with a righteous but unavailing rage. "I aint the man. You can lock me up and beat me, but that don't prove anything. You've taken me away from an honest job and my family can starve to death. You don't care. Why don't you get some one to identify me? Why don't you send for some of these people that got robbed and let me go?"

Now it is necessary for a satisfactory and fruitful examination that the prisoner should be in a subordinate state of mind when he may be coaxed or frightened into confessing. It often assists the prisoner to arrive in this desirable mental state to pound him vigorously on the head, or to kick him, so the captain ordered Spencer to be taken "down stairs," and sent Reardon after Mrs. MacMechan, the charwoman, who had been robbed a week before.

Mrs. MacMechan was much elated when Reardon told her that they had finally arrested the robber, and that she was wanted at the Hall of Justice to identify him.

"And will I get my eleven dollars back?" she queried.

"We'll do the best we can about that," said Reardon, diplomatically.

"It was a long chase, but we finally found him," he said, as they got into a street-car. "He's often been arrested before."

"For robbery?"

"Oh, for everything pretty near. But this time he won't bother hard-working people any more for a while. Now you remember him well, do you?" he asked.

Mrs. MacMechan hesitated a little. "Pretty well," she said. "You see, it was dark, and I was so flustered like, and it was so quick."

"That's all right. You know he was short, about five feet six or so?"

"Yes," said Mrs. MacMechan.

"And wore a plaid cloth cap?"

"Well, I was so flus—"

"You don't remember the plaid, eh?" interrupted Reardon, hurriedly. "Well, you know, of course, it was a light-colored cloth cap?"

"Yes," said Mrs. MacMechan, who until then had had no idea of whether the highwayman had worn a light-colored cap, an Egyptian turban, or a fireman's helmet.

"And he had a dark, scrubby beard?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm glad you remember that," said Reardon. "You'll be a great help to us. Now your description just corresponds with the one the young lady gave who was robbed last night. Anyway, it doesn't matter much, as we know he's the right man. We can't be mistaken." At which assurance Mrs. MacMechan felt much relieved.

"Funny thing about identifying people," said Reardon, five minutes before they reached the Central. "People go out and get robbed and come in and complain about it. Then we go out and spend lots of time and money in finding the right man. Now, would you believe it, ninety-nine people out of a hundred, when we bring them down to identify the man, hesitate about it. They say, 'I think he's the man,' and 'he looks like the man, but I wouldn't swear to it.' And they are afraid to come out and say, 'Yes, that's the man.' Now the police do their part, but they can't identify him. The people who get robbed must do that. I was afraid you would be thick-headed like that."

Mrs. MacMechan didn't answer. She was hoping vigorously that when she saw the robber some forgotten peculiarity would positively identify him with her misty recollection of her assailant's appearance.

At the Central she sat, trembling with excitement, in Captain Seiberger's office; while Spencer was again brought upstairs. His lip was a little swollen where Seiberger had struck him.

"This is the robber," said Seiberger. "Do you know him?" Mrs. MacMechan sat with open eyes and mouth, and said nothing.

"You never saw me before, madam," burst in Spencer.

"That'll do," said Seiberger. "Take him out," and Sullivan took him out.

"She didn't identify me," said Spencer to the new detective, eagerly. "She couldn't. I aint the man."

Inside the room the captain turned to Mrs. MacMechan. "Well, what do you think of him?" he asked. And Mrs. MacMechan signified her complete happiness by lapsing into tears.



"Oh, I don't know what to say," she ejaculated between sobs. "It looks like him."

"Of course it does," said Reardon. "It is him."

"Does he answer the description all right?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mrs. MacMechan.

"Well, he's the man all right, is he?" said the suggestive Seiburger. "You recognize him?" But Mrs. MacMechan only wept.

"It was so dark," she wailed.

"Perhaps she'd recognize his voice," suggested Goggins. "Call Spencer." And Spencer was brought in.

"Talk," said Seiburger. "Say something. This lady wants to hear your voice."

"Well, how does his voice sound?" said Seiburger, when Spencer, harshly protesting that he "had never robbed the lady," was taken out. "Pretty natural, eh?"

"I think it's him," said Mrs. MacMechan.

"But we can't convict him on a 'think,' said Reardon. "Can't you remember for sure. We know he's the man, and he's a burglar, anyway."

"He does look like the man," said the anxious woman, "but it was so quick it's hard to say."

"You won't have anything to do, you know," said Seiburger, "just when you're asked in court if that is the man, you'll say yes; and don't let the lawyers talk you out of it. They'll think they can frighten you because you're a woman."

"They can't frighten me," said the charwoman, her sturdy Scotch blood rising.

"We'll send for you in a day or two, then, when we get some more witnesses against him. You can identify him all right, I guess."

"Is there some more witnesses?"

"Oh, a whole raft of them," said Reardon. "Lots of people have identified him; but we will need you, too."

"Well," said Mrs. MacMechan, doubtfully, replacing her handkerchief in her pocket, "he must be the robber. It's a shame for honest folks to be robbed."

Seiburger asked the crucial question. "Then we can depend on you," he said.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. MacMechan.

"She'll be quite positive in a day or two," said Goggins, after she had gone. And this thing from experience he knew well, for within a day the impressionable brain of Mrs. MacMechan had replaced the shadowy mental image she possessed of the highwayman with the definite appearance of Spencer, and she was thoroughly convinced that she did remember him. Wherein Mrs. MacMechan followed a path that has been worn smooth by the passing of many, more wise than she, as would be well known could some miraculous hand shew forth the unwritten records of any great police establishment.

An hour after her departure, Reardon had called at the boarding-house where lived Miss Kenny, the last victim of the robber, and when the skillful officer was through with her, she was quite certain that the man she had so faintly seen was the one with whom she had been confronted at the station.

And so the case of the State against Spencer progressed to the police court, that preliminary tribunal where minor offenses are judged and prisoners accused of graver crimes are, should the evidence be sufficient, ordered held for further investigation by the superior court.

Sullivan was the first witness. He detailed the arrest, and stated that he recognized Spencer from the fact of having arrested him before. Mrs. MacMechan told the story of her adventure, and unhesitatingly identified Spencer as the culprit. Miss Kenny also recited the circumstances of her misfortune, and when asked by the prosecuting attorney if she saw her assailant in the court-room, promptly pointed out Spencer.

"I'd know him anywhere," she said, convincingly, because she was herself convinced.

Spencer's wife, shawl-wrapped, and red-eyed from her grief, had brought her only witness, the suburban grocery clerk. The latter, a nervous and apologetic youth, being duly sworn, told the court that he remembered Spencer and his wife being in the Divisadero Street grocery store on Friday night about ten o'clock. This was the time that Miss Kenny was robbed down town, forty minutes' ride on the cars from the grocery.

"How do you know it was Friday?" inquired the court.

"Because they're Catholics, and came in to complain about my not sending some fish Mrs. Spencer had ordered that morning."

"How do you know it was ten o'clock then?"

"I know it was just about then, because I was closing up when they came in."

"Now are you positive that it wasn't nine o'clock when this man was there?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the man of eggs and butter, "I think so."

"It might have been nine, mightn't it?" pursued the court, honestly desirous of testing the value of the testimony.

"I'm pretty sure it was ten," returned the clerk.

"Now, are you sure that it was this man that was in there? You don't remember all your customers and when they call, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Well," said the court, after some reflection, "there is enough evidence submitted in this case to make it necessary for me to hold the defendant to the

superior court. I will make the bail two thousand dollars."

And Spencer was taken below to await for weeks the trying of his case, and a shyster lawyer was laboring with Mrs. Spencer, who sat dazed with grief, in an endeavor to get himself retained in the case, while two professional bondsmen offered to secure Spencer's temporary release on bail for two hundred dollars.

"I haven't got it," sobbed the woman. "I'd like to get him out even for a week, God knows, but I haven't the money."

"Haven't you any property?" asked a bondsman.

"No," said Mrs. Spencer. "We live in a rented house. And we've worked so hard."

"How much is your furniture worth? Perhaps I could go on your husband's bond and take a mortgage on the furniture," suggested another vulture. And so it went, until satisfied that even their catholic and unfastidious greed would find little of value in the Spencer house, the professional parasites of crime and woe withdrew.

At the Central, Reardon took his partner aside. "Now we're through!" he said. "He's bound over, and it's off our hands. We've made quite a reputation on the case, anyway."

Which was true. A detective's reputation rests, naturally, on his successful arrests. Arrests which are not sustained by the courts are held against him; and failure to make arrests shows inactivity. Wherefore, it is never safe for a crook, be his mission ever so honest, to pass an "elbow," which is a detective. For it may just occur to the detective that to bring in a well-known criminal would be timely. The charge is an unnecessary matter. The unfortunate outlaw can be merely detained for a day or so, and then released.

Mrs. Sullivan was much elated at the publicity which her big husband had attained, and the flattering comments of the newspaper had been duly clipped by her and filed away. But Sullivan did not enjoy it much. The miserable form of Mrs. Spencer, broken-hearted at this last misfortune, helpless and fear-stricken, attended him in all his leisure time. He stood aghast at the unrealized power of so subordinate an officer as himself, when backed unquestionably by all the mighty machinery of the city, the county, and the State. It seemed as though there should be some check somewhere; as though the hideous possibilities of a police department should be daily announced to all juries, who now regard a detective only as a sturdy, disinterested, and uncompromising enemy of crime.

And then he wondered who there was that would believe the oozy stories of pitiless blackmail and of theft and bribery and compounding of felonies and of perfect rottenness that make the unrecorded secrets of the preventive branch of justice. Who would believe the accusation? Who could make it except the culprits and victims, malefactors, men of no credence?

Mrs. Sullivan laughed when, unable to longer endure the mental spectre of Mrs. Spencer's sorrow, he told his wife that he really believed Spencer was innocent.

"What makes you think that now?" she asked. "Wasn't he identified as the man?"

"Yes," assented Sullivan, "but just the same I remember seeing him in the grocery store the night he claimed he was there."

"You did!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan. "Why didn't you say so before?" Sullivan scarcely knew himself.

"I guess it was Reardon," he said, apologetically, after a primitive mental analysis. "He was sure he could make out a case against Spencer, and the captain wanted some one pinched awful bad just then. It did us lots of good, too, but I don't like it much."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Sullivan, indignantly. "It didn't do poor Spencer much good. Go down and tell them at once, so he can get out."

"I can't," said Sullivan. "He's bound over to the criminal court."

"Can't you get a judge to give you an order or something?" asked his wife. Sullivan smiled.

"Not exactly," said he. "I don't know just how that would have to be. I think it will have to wait until the trial, and then if—"

"You won't wait for anything," said Mrs. Sullivan, who, understanding nothing of the regulations and routine that hedge about a court, stood in no awe of them. "You'll go straight to the judge and tell him he isn't the man, and to let him out at once."

But Sullivan finally compromised the case by agreeing to lay the matter before the State's attorney in the morning.

"Under the circumstances," said that official the next day to Sullivan, "I suppose we will have to abandon the prosecution. We had a good case," he added, regretfully. "It's most remarkable that you should reach such a conclusion at this stage of the case, but I suppose it's all right. I'll attend to it." So in a day or two he did. The case was quietly stricken from the calendar, and the hapless Spencer taken, wondering, from his cell.

When another robbery occurred, the reporters were informed by Captain Seiburger that it was certainly the work of a new gang, he having broken up the old one. And General Order No. 37 reduced Detective Sergeant Sullivan to be patrolman.

This was probably because of his stupidity.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1904.

A. C.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Henrietta E. V. Stannard, better, or at least more widely, known as "John Strange Winter," is the latest recruit to Christian Science from among the lesser notabilities of English society.

Thomas Yates, who believes himself to be the sole survivor, on this side of the Atlantic Coast, of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," immortalized by Tennyson, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary at Toledo, O., on October 25th. Yates was three times wounded in the famous charge of six hundred and forty officers and men, of whom only one hundred and ninety-three escaped.

Sipido, the Belgian, who attempted the life of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, has been released from the reformatory, and is now a member of the Eleventh Regiment of the line, at Hasselt. As for the attempt on the king, they say he never speaks of it without crying. "'I do not know how I did such a thing,' he said to me," said his father, "and he never ceases to ask my pardon for it."

According to the statement issued in Berlin, based on the returns of the Royal Forestry Office, Emperor William the Second, since his accession to the throne on June 18, 1888, has shot the following game: Two aurochs, 1 whale, 3 walrus, 17 bears, 1,825 deer, 1,053 wild boars, 822 stags and elks, 287 foxes, 156 wolves, 19 gazelles, 5 lynxes, 65 mountain sheep, 54 chamois, 6 ibexes, 12 seals, 17 herons, 3 eagles, 5 vultures, 35 hawks, 5,560 hares, 173 squirrels, 6 marmots, 76 capercaillies, 18 polecats, 23 weasels, 3,351 quail, 4,223 partridges. This is a total of 4,327 head of big game, and 13,590 head of small game.

A Chinese woman physician, Dr. Yamei Kin, who is well known in San Francisco, was one of the star speakers at the reception recently given in New York to the European delegates to the Peace Congress. She has also spoken on several other public occasions during the past two weeks, and in every instance has carried her audience away by her eloquence, her facile employment of English, and her charming personality. Dr. Kin was a ward of the late Dr. McCarthy, for over thirty years a medical missionary in China. She was graduated in medicine from the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary in the early eighties, and has practiced in Kobe, Japan, in Hawaii, and in this State. The New York newspapers devote pages to interviews with her.

Senator Fairbanks—pardon, Vice-President-elect Fairbanks—proved to be the hardest, most strenuous, campaigner of them all. He was told by national committeemen that he would be ready to quit after he made his California trip. But in Wheeling, W. V., he was still the picture of rugged health and contentment. Sometimes, after he had labored from 7 A. M. till 11 P. M., he stayed on the platform and grasped every hand extended toward him. Two stenographers and two conductors were compelled to abandon him, not being able to stand the terrific wear and tear, the irregular habits, loss of sleep, and the impossible nights on railway sidings with the noise of engines all about. But the tall man from Indiana managed to thrive and grow fat on the exercise. His weight increased.

Since old Geronimo, the noted Apache chieftain, now sixty-four years of age, became an attraction in the Indian Building at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, the old fellow has learned to spell and print his name, and is very proud of the accomplishment learned at the advanced age of sixty-four. He holds an informal reception every day in his little stall in the building, and his hand is out ready to be shaken by all who approach him. He is very fond of pie. Charles T. Lummis candidly describes him as having exceedingly cruel features; forehead low and wrinkled, eyes like blades of obsidian, mouth thin and sharp, without one softening curve. Geronimo has been petted, lionized and made so much of since being at the fair, that he is now sadly spoiled, childish, and petulant. He lives in a tepee by himself, and is easily irritated.

John Morley, the distinguished English statesman, and the biographer of Burke, Cromwell, and Gladstone, might easily be mistaken for Uncle Russell Sage, according to one of the reporters who greeted him on board ship on his arrival at New York. "Sage and he are," he wrote, "something of the same clean-cut features, with facial resemblances, threatened thinness of hair, shape of the forehead, and poise of the head. Morley might be about sixty-four years old. Mr. Morley is so tall that Mr. Carnegie stands beside him almost as a lamp-post would to a lighthouse. His smoothly shorn face is of such intellectual strength that he would be a marked man in a thousand. The eyes are blue and deep set. His whole appearance is that of great physical, as well as intellectual power. When he gave his declaration to the custom-house man, Mr. Morley wore a big gray surcoat, a flat-topped stiff hat, a rich, but not gaudy, neck-scarf gathered within a gold band, and the watch chain with the oval gold pendant, supposed in this country to distinguish the English statesman. A frock suit of dark tint completes the picture of the political philosopher as one would observe him among three hundred calvin travelers."



## A STAR AT EIGHTY-THREE.

Mrs. Gilbert Before the Public On Her Farewell Tour—Appears in New York in "Granny"—Cheers and Tears for Her.

Never, I believe, has a New York theatre been the scene of such a demonstration as that at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night, October 24th, when Mrs. G. H. Gilbert made her appearance in "Granny," the play that Clyde Fitch adapted for her from the French, and in which she is to make her farewell to the American public. I do not doubt that equal applause has greeted other players—applause inspired by admiration, by recognition of great talent; but no one else ever received such a testimonial of personal affection. Theatre-goers love Mrs. Gilbert, and on that Monday night they showed their love in such a spontaneous and heartfelt outburst that the old lady was all but broken up by it. She acknowledged her thanks over and over, but several minutes went by before she could speak her opening lines. Then, at the end of every act she was called out again and again; and when the curtain went down on the last act the ovation was more pronounced than ever. Mrs. Gilbert was overcome by emotion, and had to be supported by Mr. Fitch. In fact, several times during the progress of the play, collapse threatened, so enthusiastically did the audience show its approval of her. Even at the close of the play the people did not want to go, and when the orchestra struck up "Auld Lang Syne," the whole house joined in, and many a man objugated the cold that made his eyes so moist. There were old theatre-goers there who had seen Mrs. Gilbert when she was young—only fifty or so—and all the old memories—memories of their own lives, of by-gone associations, of those long since gone who had shared their joy in her acting—crowded upon them, and, added to the excitement of the moment, to the genuine affection felt for the woman who inspired it, overcame habitual stoicism, and brought such tribute as few can exact. Eighty-three years old, and for the first time a star—well, Mrs. Gilbert must have felt that it was all worth waiting for.

Mrs. Gilbert was twelve years old when she entered her stage career. She danced, and in time became a dancer's wife. In 1840, she and her husband came to America. From dancing they drifted into drama, playing in what was then the West. They worked East, and in time Mrs. Gilbert appeared in New York. Her debut there was at the Olympic, 622 and 624 Broadway, on Monday evening, September 19, 1864. The play was a comedy, "Finesse." Of all who appeared with her then, probably only one is remembered by even those whose memory carries them back forty years; and that is J. H. Sioddard, almost as great a veteran as Mrs. Gilbert herself.

Since that time Mrs. Gilbert has played with all the stars. She was with Augustin Daly for the thirty-six years of his career. She does not know herself how many parts she has played, but imagines they would run into the hundreds. Every female rôle in "Macheith" has been taken by her, and some of the male ones. And of all the parts she played, her favorite, she told a *Herald* interviewer, was a tiny rôle she had in "No Thoroughfare"—only one scene where she impersonated a mother going to an orphanage to identify her child. And Billy Florence considered the scene so insignificant that he cut it from the play.

Mrs. Gilbert's forte has been the impersonation of aristocratic, domineering, but, withal, kindly old ladies. Piquant and lovable have been her portrayals of some of these bland, wise old dames, and no one who has seen her as Nantippe Babbit in "A Night Off," as the Marquise of St. Maur in "Caste," as Mrs. Harcastle, as Widow Warren, or, in later years, as the dowager in "The Royal Family," can ever forget the keen delight that her work in these rôles inspired. It is in keeping with her career that in her last play she should impersonate a sweet, kind-hearted, sometimes wrong-headed, but in the end right-hearted, old lady.

Reminiscence has kept me away from this final play. Well, it isn't much of a play, anyway. Fitch had little to work on in his adaptation, but he didn't do much with what he had. It's a case, however, where the play is not the thing, but the players. Briefly, the central figure of this comedy drama, if I might call it such, is an old lady living with her widowed son and his young son. The widower, although his wife is only a few months dead, is attracted to a young woman who has divorced her husband, and announces his intention of marrying her. The mother rebels at this, having small opinion of the woman's character, and her opposition brings about a family rupture, she going away with the boy. She remains away six years, then, learning that she had been unjust to the second wife, and seeing the error of her way, she comes back repentant. Meanwhile the boy has gone away as a soldier, and she tells her that she will be forgiven when she brings him back. Heartbroken, she leaves the house, and outside, meets the

daughter, by the first husband, of the son's second wife. She conceives the plan of bringing about a match between her and the soldier-grandson. This, by means of telling the girl how grand the young man is, and by writing to him what an angel the young lady is, she accomplishes, as well as reinstating herself with her estranged relatives.

There are no brilliant passages in the play, and it is only by suppressing the imagination that many improbable and gauzy parts of it can be passed over. It is rather gloomy and tragic in parts, but in the third act it becomes lighter, and gives Mrs. Gilbert an opportunity to show her comedy ability.

Mrs. Gilbert ends the play by reciting an epilogue, of which, as regards its poetic qualities, it may at least be said that it rhymes. It was written by Mr. Fitch, which may be the reason it reads more like a bill-board than a poem. But it is interesting, nevertheless. It is as follows:

"Dear friends in front—the curtain must not fall  
Until a grateful woman says good-by to all.  
Just think of all the kindness that I've got of you!

I'd like to be the 'Granny' of the lot of you!  
"Old age to bear becomes a happy load  
When love and friendship line the lengthening road.

And as I've lived long years in this dear land,  
I've never lacked the pressure of your hand,  
Nor missed your smile the times I tried to jest,  
Nor wanted for a tear when tears were best.  
So when the curtain's down, the footlights out,  
Once and for all for me, I'll turn about  
And in my memories live again each day  
Your hands and hearts made glad for me my way.

"When with Augustin Daly I acted many parts!  
And Jimmy Lewis, bless him, played with me at hearts!  
And Ada Rehan, the dear creature, won her brilliant spurs!  
And John Drew, cheeky darling, stole my heart and hers!  
And charming Annie Russell, and more than I can name—  
But I'll keep them in my memory, every one the same!

"Dear days! so many, too, red-lettered ones,  
and gold!  
The curtain falls on all of them—I'm eighty-three years old!

Good-by, old friends, new friends, my children  
every one of you!  
Listen, for it's true, I love each mother's son of you!  
For wealth! for fame! my goodness! I don't care a fibber!  
If only in your hearts you'll keep old Mrs. Gilbert."

As to the star's acting: it is good throughout—not equal, all through, to the work she has done in the past, but excellent, nevertheless: for Mrs. Gilbert is an actress of wonderful talent, finished, polished, perfect as to method and technique. Every gesture, every movement, every intonation of her voice, show the thoroughly trained player. And whatever falling off can be noted in what she does, comes through physical failing. She is apt to forget a line now and then; and it is inspiring to note the tender regard with which, one and all, the members of her company keep guard over her to see that she does not fail.

I can not forbear quoting the following lines which William Winter, the *Tribune's* famous dramatic critic, inscribed on the fly-leaf of a copy of his "Life of Ada Rehan" that he sent to Mrs. Gilbert:

"The sunset beams that backward flow  
Illumine with their golden glow  
Life's glim'ring plain,  
And we, as side by side we wend,  
Look to the Past, where darkly blend  
Shadows of hopes and dreams, dear friend,  
Pleasure and pain.

"But there's no darkness on the track  
Where we have journeyed! Looking back  
O'er many a year,  
By loving fancy led, I deem  
I still can see the roses gleam,  
And, sweet by many a murm'ring stream,  
The violets peer.

"So be it till the light shall fail,  
And as we wander down the vale  
Our fate be blest,  
By fond affection holding fast,  
Only to think of pleasures past  
With grateful hearts, and so, at last,  
Find peace and rest."

As to the length of Mrs. Gilbert's farewell tour, I am doubtful. I am afraid, from the performances I have witnessed, that she is hardly able to stand the rigors of a season on the road. Still, she has been brought up to such hardships, and has undergone them so recently that she may still be equal to the strain. PLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 3, 1904.

## Refined Home for Students in Paris.

Two cultured French ladies, understanding English and holding French diplomas, residing close to Tuileries, will take as boarder—child or student—in their refined and comfortable home. Board and French tuition for child, 250 francs per month; adult, 300. Apply box 100, this office, until November 14th; after that to Mlle. Guillard, 25 Rue de l'Université, Paris, France.

## Ladies' New Creations.

Knox Fall Trained Hats just arrived. Eugene Korn, 746 Market Street.

## A MODEL APARTMENT HOTEL.

Many Innovations in Building and Fittings.

The day of the private kitchen in the apartment-hotel is passing. The apartment-houses proper, exclusively for housekeeping purposes, were found not to exactly fill the public's need, so they were followed by those in which, in addition to all housekeeping facilities, there was a public dining-room and a dumb-waiter service by which meals could be served in the private rooms. But this has proved unpopular. The smell of cooking from the kitchens on every floor pervades the halls, and in time becomes unbearable to sensitive people. So they are glad to remove to houses that are fitted up as apartment-hotels—kitchenless, odorless, and with culinary service so perfect as to make the trials of housekeeping veritable drudgery.

It is in keeping with this latest phase of city hotel life that the Buckingham, 655 Sutter Street, has been erected. And that the proprietors of the enterprise have struck the popular chord is evidenced by the demand for apartments, even before the house was ready for occupancy. Already some of the best ones have been engaged by the class that the managers expect to attract—people who want all the comforts and conveniences of the best modern hotels, with none of their publicity, and at prices lower than the hotels are accustomed to charging.

The Buckingham's entrance hall, with its mosaic floor, its red-leather finished mahogany furniture, its white ceilings and handsome electrolights, prepares one for the perfection of the upper stories. There nothing has been overlooked in the way of making the rooms inviting. They are single or in suites or two, three, four, five, and seven, each with bath, telephone, and immense closets. They are all steam heated, and have gas logs or coal grates—both in the larger suites. (This hotel, by the way, has one of the most perfect and complete steam and power plants in San Francisco). The rooms are finished in the most harmonious colorings—the latest shades, burnt orange, boiled-onion green, and soft brown being employed. It is found that these colorings, besides being restful, do not pall on one, as do some of the cruder shades heretofore used in such buildings. The chandeliers are of beautiful and artistic design, and all the fittings are such as are demanded by fastidious tenants.

There are many little innovations in the Buckingham that will not be found elsewhere. For instance, it is the first building of its kind in town built with steel partitions, steel lath, and hard plaster, making it thoroughly fire-proof. Each stair-landing—and the stairways connecting are not only plentiful, but spacious—is large and semicircular in form, fitted with window-seats, chairs, and writing-tables. There are times when one's rooms are in disorder, and when one has no place to receive visitors except in the public reception rooms. So these invitingly arranged landings are to be used as lounging-rooms and auxiliary reception-rooms. Their windows—as do the windows in the suites of rooms—command a magnificent view of the city and the bay. In fact, for outlook, the Buckingham is admirably situated and arranged. It is also flooded with sunshine to an unusual extent.

The main dining-room on the ground floor is large, beautifully tinted, with creamy ceilings, rug-covered floors of mosaic pattern, and electrolights that shed a soft, soothing light. A musicians' balcony is at the south end. There are also private dining-rooms, and the huge banquet hall on the floor below (capable of seating four hundred people) will also be utilized as a dancing-room. It opens into Golden Gate Hall, next door to the Buckingham. A buffet bar and a barber-shop are among the other adjuncts of the house.

One of the best features of the hotel is that there is an alley at the rear by which all supplies and furniture are taken in, and garbage taken out, thus eliminating all the less pleasant transactions connected with a public place.

The kitchen is most conveniently situated and arranged. The dumb-waiter system, which has been a source of complaint in apartment-houses, will not be used at the Buckingham, but instead the waiters will take meals to private rooms by means of an elevator connecting directly with the kitchen. There will be no extra charge for breakfasts served in rooms.

This new hotel has one hundred and eighty rooms, and those that are furnished by the management are done in fine taste and without regard for expense. This spirit prevails all through the house, as may be seen by the curtains for the windows of the main dining-room. They are of Arabian lace, and were done by W. J. Sloane & Co., the largest one of the lot being one of the most elaborate designs ever undertaken by that firm.

The Buckingham is to have an all-night service—twenty-four hours—so that anything that is wanted may be obtained at any time of the day or night. With telephones in every room, with plenty of servants, including valets, patrons will enjoy the perfection of apartment-hotel life.

## Harper's Book News

## The Masquerader

This is a great, big, stirring story—a story that brands itself upon the mind a story unforgettable. Published only two weeks ago, the public has run away with it, the book stores are begging for fresh supplies, and the volume has been in continuous process of manufacture. The lending libraries have bought liberal supplies, but, in spite of this, the chances of getting at the book there this side of Christmas are slim.

When it was running serially people kept writing to the editor begging for advance proofs, one man pleading that he had heart disease and feared he might die before it came to a close. A reader of the famous *Blackwood's* for sixty years says: "Not since I waited feverishly for Monte Cristo to appear, have I been so excited by a story."

The New York *Evening Mail* says of the novel:

"This is a story of a strong man and a strong woman and their high-handed grasping for happiness in the face of the moral law. The woman, magnificent in her love, rises above considerations of conventions, above fear, above conscience. Circumstances give her the right to follow the dictates of an overwhelming passion. . . . It will take rank with the few really good books."

Translations into French and German have already been undertaken. The novel is being made into a play in England and in America.

## The Sorrows of Sap'ed

Everybody likes to read now and then a really funny book like this one. The author—who, by the way, wrote that laughable tale, "Her Majesty the King"—describes the woes of an Oriental potentate with his successive wives. The story is peppered with witty quips, wise and otherwise; for example, "It sometimes happeneth that a thing of no intrinsic value may lend value to its environment, like an unobtrusive rock in a load of hay."

## The Cycle of Life

In these days most books on science are forbiddingly technical. Dr. Saleeby gives us the net result of the latest scientific thought in primer-like simplicity, and in a fascinating way, touching upon a wide range of subjects, from "Evolution" to the "Scientific Reason for Love."

## Mark Twain

This new little story—"A Dog's Tale"—has in it tears as well as laughter. The story begins: "My father was a St. Bernard, my mother was a Collie, but I am a Presbyterian." The book is daintily bound in holiday style, with illustrations in color.

## HARPER &amp; BROTHERS

Franklin Square, New York



LITERARY NOTES.

Jack London's Remarkable Book.

Perhaps no work of fiction has in late years attracted so much attention during its publication in serial form as Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," which began in the January number of the *Century Magazine*, and ends with the issue for November.

The most various criticisms have been passed upon it: some seem to have thought the story great; some perniciously immoral; some have simply choked at "the brutality," and refused to read further. All of which stimulates interest in the volume which is now from the press.

The scene, when the story opens, is a ferry-boat of San Francisco Bay, running from Sausalito to the city, on a January Monday morning. One of our characteristic heavy fogs blankets the bay, and there is a collision with another ferry-boat. Humphrey Van Weyden, artist and dilettante, rich, idle, feminine of manner, is one of those on board. He leaps into the water and is swept by the tide out to sea. Off the Heads he is picked up by the schooner *Ghost*, Wolf Larsen master, bound to Behring Sea to hunt seals. Larsen is short-handed, takes a fancy to the idea of compelling this soft-palmed rich man's son to work—work hard—and therefore refuses all offers to put him on shore. The book is the story of the voyage, of the ultimate escape of Van Weyden and a girl (who is rescued from a wrecked ship by the *Ghost*) in a small boat, their landing after many days on an island inhabited only by seals, the arrival at the island of the wreck of the *Ghost*, her sole passenger Wolf Larsen, and the final escape on the *Ghost* of the three persons.

This is the bare skeleton of the tale. But all its interest lies in a single character, that of the master, Larsen, well called of his men "Wolf"—an epic figure; an amazing personality; a unique character in literature. This was the unhappy Van Weyden's first impression of Wolf Larsen:

Pacing back and forth the length of the hatchway, and savagely chewing the end of a cigar, was the man whose casual glance had rescued me from the sea. His height was probably five feet ten inches, or ten and a half; but my first impression, or feel of the man, was not of this, but of his strength. And yet, while he was of massive build, with broad shoulders and deep chest, I could not characterize his strength as massive. It was what might be termed a sinewy, knotty strength, of the kind we ascribe to lean and wiry men, but which, in him, because of his heavy build, partook more of the enlarged gorilla-like order. Not that in appearance he seemed in the least gorilla-like. What I am striving to express is this strength itself, more as a thing apart from his physical semblance. He was firmly planted on his legs; his feet struck the deck squarely and with surety; every movement of a muscle, from the heave of the shoulders to the tightening of the lips about the cigar, was decisive, and seemed to come out of a strength that was excessive and overwhelming. In fact, though this strength pervaded every action of his, it seemed but the advertisement of a greater strength that lurked within, that lay dormant, and no more than stirred from time to time, but which might arouse, at any moment, terrible and compelling, like the rage of a lion, or the wrath of a storm.

Not only physical strength has Wolf Larsen, but mental and spiritual:

The face, with large features and strong lines, of the square order, yet well filled out, was apparently massive at first sight; but again, as with the body, the massiveness seemed to vanish, and a conviction to grow of a tremendous and excessive mental or spiritual strength that lay behind, sleeping in the depths of his being. . . . The eyes . . . they were eyes that masked the soul with a thousand guises, and that sometimes opened, at rare moments, and allowed it to rush up as though it was about to fare forth nakedly into the world on some wonderful adventure—eyes that could brood with a hopeless sombreness of leaden skies; that could snap and crackle points of fire like those which sparkle from a whirling sword; that could grow chill as an Arctic landscape, and yet again, that could warm and soften and he all a-dance with love-lights, intense and masculine.

It is this mixture of physical strength and intellectual power in a man born of Danish "peasants of the sea who sowed their sons on the waves, as has been their custom since time began," that makes Wolf Larsen a unique and compelling figure. "Cabin-boy at twelve, ship's boy at fourteen, ordinary seaman at sixteen, able seaman at seventeen, and cock of the fo'c'sle, infinite ambition and infinite loneliness, receiving neither help nor sympathy"—by such route did Larsen come to the study of navigation, mathematics, science, literature; to the reading of Spencer, Darwin, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, Tyndall, Browning, the Old Testament; to the evolution of a strange and cruel philosophy.

Absolutely tigerish is Larsen; the man who sulks or disobeys he kills unless he needs his labor, and then he (as in the case of Leach) "drives his fist into the other's stomach":

The cabin-boy—and he weighed one hundred and sixty-five at least—crumpled up. His body wrapped about the fist like a limp rag about a stick. He lifted into the air, de-

scribed a short curve, and struck the deck alongside the corpse on his head and shoulder, where he lay and writhed in agony.

"Life?" says Larsen; "I believe that life is a mess. It is like yeast, a ferment, a thing that moves and may move for a minute, an hour, a year, or a hundred years, but that in the end will cease to move. The big eat the little that they may continue to move, the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all."

Life is pigghishness; pigghishness is life, says Larsen, in another place; he denies immortality; he denies that life has sacredness; he denies that life has value:

Why, if there is anything in supply and demand, life is the cheapest thing in the world. There is only so much water, so much earth, so much air; but the life that is demanding to be born is limitless. Nature is a spendthrift. Look at the fish and their millions of eggs. For that matter, look at you and me. In our loins are the possibilities of millions of lives. Could we but find time and opportunity and utilize the last bit and every hit of the unborn life that is in us, we could become the fathers of nations and populate continents. Life? Bah! It has no value. Of cheap things it is the cheapest. Everywhere it goes heaving. Nature spills it out with a lavish hand. Where there is room for one life, she sows a thousand lives, and it's life eat life till the strongest and most pigghish life is left. . . . Why should I be parsimonious with this life that is cheap and without value? There are more sailors than there are ships on the sea for them, more workers than there are factories or machines for them. . . . The only value life has is the value life puts upon itself. And it is of course over-estimated, since it is of necessity prejudiced in its own favor. Take that man I had aloft. He held on as if he were a precious thing, a treasure beyond diamonds or rubies. To you? No. To me? Not at all. To himself? Yes. But I do not accept his estimate. He sadly overrates himself. There is plenty more life demanding to be born. Had he fallen and dripped his brains upon the deck like honey from the comb, there would have been no loss to the world. He was worth nothing to the world. The supply is too large. To himself only was he of value, and to show how fictitious even this value was, being dead he is unconscious that he has lost himself.

With such argument, Larsen beats down the arguments of Van Weyden wherein he talks of ideals, of altruism, of unselfishness, of aspirations. The reader feels that Van Weyden ought to be right; the ethical basis upon which he argues is the ethical basis upon which we all of us stand; but still Larsen, by sheer logic, argues him down, leaves him floundering in a sea of words and phrases, rapid, meaningless.

Where is the flaw in Larsen's logic? The answer is, There is none—from Larsen's point of view. Larsen's philosophy is the true philosophy for the Superior Man. His scheme of society is a scheme of society that would originate among a score of men, cast upon an island, where there was insufficient food and water. The strong man would inevitably prevail—not necessarily the physically strong—he would have to have brains, too. But the ethics of our society are not the ethics of the Superior Man; they are the ethics of the Under Man, who is in a numerical majority. Laws, conventions, ideals, are the huffers that the many little men—the Thomas Muggidges, the Humps, the Johnsons—have erected to protect themselves from the strong man—the Wolf Larsen. Strong men are proud; the ethics of the dominant theology condemn pride and laud humility. The Superior Man is strong and rudely exercises his strength; the morality of the weak many praises gentleness. The strong man robustly joys in life, and violently lays hold upon its good; the current ethical system honors asceticism and self-sacrifice. Larsen denies the utility of sympathy. "Sympathy," said a certain man, "preserves what is ripe for extinction. . . . it is the conservator of all misery. . . . chief instrument for the promotion of decadence."

Who said that? Frederick Nietzsche, the Mad Philosopher. And what is "The Sea-Wolf"? A vivid illustration of the philosophy of Nietzsche; a keen, subtle, brilliant satire.

Indeed, it is amazing the cleverness with which London has clothed the philosopher's skeletal idea in flesh and blood in the person of Wolf Larsen, has opposed to him exponents of "slave morals" in the persons of Van Weyden, Thomas Muggidge, and the delicate poetess, Maud Brewster, and has set the contestants in the most vital of all discussions apart from the world where debate and illustration of it go hand in hand. If he did it consciously, London must wake up at night and laugh to himself to think how he has "shoved off" on an innocent, unsuspecting world, under the guise of "a good story," the most damnable heretical of all philosophy.

This explains "the brutality" of the story. All this exhibition of tigerish instincts in the men of the *Ghost* is not mere wantonness on London's part. There's method in't. He is illustrating a theory. He is making real a vague philosophy.

And who is the hero of the book? Larsen!—Larsen, undoubtedly. Despite all seeming reason we dislike Van Weyden (such is London's art), and the deep, true-running instinct is to side with the strong man. When

he steps from the pages the book grows dull; when he returns—solitary, blind, head "bloody yet unhowed"—interest wakes and quickens; the book again thrills us. There are few figures in modern literature more greatly stirring to the imagination than the great, blind, brutal hero of the last few chapters.

In style, the book is even an improvement over the style of "The Call of the Wild." Phrases are tense. They seem to crack like whips. The movement of the story is irresistible; it goes forward like fighting men in line. There is nothing sinuous about London's style. He does not cajole the reader into being interested, as does Stevenson, for example. He compels.

As usual, Mr. London's work is weak where women are concerned. We suppose it could not have been avoided, but a young man and a young woman—lovers—in a boat together—many days—alone—is a crassly indelicate situation. Much of the "love talk" is infantile. As some French critic has said of Victor Hugo's Marius and Cosette, one sees the lovers, but not the man and woman. The washing out of all human characteristics in Maud and Humphrey while they are alone together is, we suppose, a concession *virginibus puerisque*; but they are too virtuous.

As a whole, "The Sea-Wolf" is a remarkable achievement. It is the strongest book London has yet given us.

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offers still a different phase of the talent which created three personalities so real and engaging as "Captain Kettle," the poaching lad in "Thompson's Progress" who made so much of a man of himself, and the graceless engineer "McTodd." His new book is quite as strong and vigorous in interest; and is even more full of what Kipling calls "the lore of men who have dealt with men in the new and naked lands."

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### Miss Gwendolen Overton's Captains of the World

is "a great realistic picture of a terrible labor struggle, in which, to sum it up, nothing is exaggerated, nothing is done for stage effect. . . . a mature masterpiece, intensely interesting."—PITTSBURG GAZETTE.

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### Mr. Upton Sinclair's Manassas

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"Its interest is strong and tense, gaining steadily as the plot unfolds."—NEW YORK TIMES.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

A Letter from Andrew Lang.

MARLBOROUGH ROAD, LONDON W.,  
October 17, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the *Argonaut* (October 3d), I read that I accept telepathy as the explanation of Mr. Rider Haggard's dream about his dog. Any one who read my remarks on the subject in *Longman's Magazine* must be aware that I advanced a normal theory of the dream. The coincidence with the death of the dog may, for all that I know, have been fortuitous. Nobody can base a theory on a single case. My reasons for believing in some hitherto undiscovered cause of apparently supernormal acquisition of knowledge, mainly rest on certain phenomena of crystal-gazing. "Telepathy" is only a word provisionally employed, and the hypothesis of some sort of "waves, rays, or whatever they are," reposes on nothing stronger than analogy.

Faithfully yours, A. LANG.

We regret that a writer in the *Argonaut* should have made the unequivocal statement that Mr. Lang "believed" in the telepathic explanation of Rider Haggard's dream about his dog. Mr. Lang's article, considered as a whole, does not warrant the statement, though he makes close approach to giving basis for such an inference in the following passage, which succeeds those in which he sets forth the facts as they were stated by Mr. Haggard in his letter to the *London Times*:

The man of common sense explains the dream, "veridical" as it was, by chance coincidence. It was a very minute and curious coincidence, to be sure; but then, says the man of plain sense, it would be still more curious if, in a world "so full of a number of things," curious coincidences did not occur. There the plain man leaves the matter, and, really, there is no absolute answer to his argument. It is only people who have studied the evidence for the number of coincidences between the death or other crisis of one human being (say, Smith) and the coincident impression of the events in dream or hallucination, on the mind of another human being (say, Jones) at a distance, who will look any further into the business. Such philosophers, however, incline to envisage these coincidences as the result of a sort of Marconi's waves, or rays, or whatever they are, always pervading space, but very seldom finding a hospitable cerebral recipient, very seldom producing a veridical corresponding dream or vision in a person at a distance. I do not deny that my own study and experience induce me to believe that such a process of occasional intercommunication, of which the method is unknown, does exist in the nature of things. "Thought leaps out to wed with thought," not by way of the normal channels of sight and hearing.

This passage seems to contain three propositions: (1) That plain men explained Haggard's dream as a coincidence; (2) that certain "philosophers" attribute "these coincidences" to "a sort of Marconi's waves or rays"; (3) and that Mr. Lang's "study and experience" leads him to agree with these "philosophers." Nowhere, however, does Mr. Lang express belief in the "wave" explanation of this special and particular instance.—EDS. ARGONAUT.

A "Complete" Shakespeare.

TACOMA, WASH., October 31, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I would like to have an edition of Shakespeare containing all he wrote in the original text. The so-called expurgated editions, I am told, do not always follow it closely. If you can refer me to an edition containing it just as he wrote it without the numerous changes, notes, additions, and so on by the Shakespearean editors, I would consider it a very great favor.

Yours very truly, SUBSCRIBER.

What you want is Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke's First Folio Edition, published each play in a little book—50 cents in cloth by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Any good book-store will have this edition in stock.—EDS. ARGONAUT.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack London has nearly completed a drama of the Klondike, which he is writing at the request of Ethel Barrymore. The play is an elaboration of Mr. London's story, entitled "The Sorn of Women," and Miss Barrymore will take the rôle of Freda, the dancing-girl. The play is full of humor.

James Hopper, late of *McClure's Magazine*, and at present at Berkeley, will leave for the Philippines on November 15th in search of "legendary local color." Mr. Hopper, in the opinion of some Eastern critics, is "doing for the Philippines what Kipling did for India." On Mr. Hopper's return, *McClure*, Phillips & Co. will publish a book of short stories by him. Most of these stories are already written.

Herman Whitaker, who is at present traveling in Mexico, has just closed a contract with Harper & Brothers for the publication, before the holidays, of a book of his short stories, the scene of which are laid in Managua. Mr. Whitaker will remain for several months in Mexico, and expects before his return to visit Central, and possibly South, America.

The title of the recently announced book by Albert Shaw has been changed from

"Commercialism and Morality" to "The Business Career in Its Public Relations." The publishers, Paul Elder & Co., announce that, through unavoidable delays, the publication date has been postponed to November 25th, first announced to be October 15th.

The following, in regard to Lafcadio Hearn's obsequies, is from the *Japan Weekly Mail*: "The great author's funeral took place on September 30th. The body was carried from the residence of the deceased at Okuho to Kohu-dera, and after a Buddhist service had been performed, the remains were transported to the crematory for ultimate burial at Zoshigaya in the Waseda suburbs. An address presented by his former students, accompanying a handsome gift of flowers, spoke of the pen of the deceased having been more powerful than Japan's victorious sword, and alluded to his love for Japan, as well as to the great honor that he had done the Japanese nation by assuming Japanese citizenship, and making this country his place of residence. Very few foreigners attended the obsequies, but the relatives of the great writer and many Japanese were present."

"Lays for Little Chaps," a successful book of child verse, by A. J. Waterhouse, has gone to a second edition, which will be issued at once by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

Gwendolen Overton, whose novel, "Captains of the World," is just out, is spending the autumn in New York.

André Castaigne, the artist-author of "Fata Morgana," "the new Trilby," as it is sometimes entitled, a tale of the Latin Quarter in Paris, is a self-made man of so-called "peasant origin," although his parents were really of a higher grade of intelligence than one usually finds among the peasant class. His father had a fairly good library, where the boy read and studied. But the life was simple and he had his own way to make in the world. Now he is very fond of going back to the old way of living on a farm which he owns in Southern France, where he has a studio in the top of the ancient windmill, to which all his friends in Paris consider it the greatest honor to be invited, and where most of the new book was written. It is illustrated with many sketches, and takes in all phases of the ever-shifting life of the boulevard, the ateliers—even the circus—with a little thread of romance hindering it all together.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanic Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
2. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.
3. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
4. "Old Gorgon Graham," by George Horace Lorimer.
5. "The Georgians," by Will N. Harben.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
3. "Traffics and Discoveries," by Rudyard Kipling.
4. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
5. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "Doughle Harness," by Anthony Hope.
3. "My Lady of the North," by Randall Parrish.
4. "The Napoleonic Empire," by R. M. Johnston.
5. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.

## Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

There was a large attendance at the first lecture of the season given by the San Francisco Art Association on Tuesday evening. Mr. Garrick M. Borden, who is well known for his work in the State University extension course, talked most entertainingly about that picturesque character of renaissance art, Michael Angelo. The lecture was supplemented with lantern views, which, in conjunction with Mr. Borden's pleasant familiarity with every phase of his subject, made the lecture most successful.

The next event on the calendar of the association is the autumn exhibition of water-colors and sketches. The exhibition opens to the public on Friday, November 18th, while the members will have an opportunity for a first view at a reception held on Tuesday evening on which occasion there will be a musical programme under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. Those who are qualified to speak, say that the works accepted by the jury will make the strongest all-around display of pastels, water-colors, black and white, and oil sketches that has been seen on the walls of the institute for many years.

Among recent gifts to the association is a beautiful bronze presented by Mr. Raphael Weill, which will attract unusual attention. It is by Edgar Walter, a San Francisco sculptor, who has been studying and practicing his art abroad for several years. Mr. Walter, although quite young, has exhibited in the Paris Salon a number of times, on one occasion receiving honorable mention. This particular work, which is entitled "Primitive Man," was in the Paris Salon of last year, and was most highly spoken of. It represents a rude, crafty wanderer of the primeval forests and plains, holding at arm's length a struggling bear cub by the scruff of the neck, and with the other hand about to cuff it into submission. The face and awkward pose of the savage are full of character, while the squalling cub is delightfully rendered. Mr. Walter studied in the Art Association's school of design, and Mr. Weill's generous idea in securing for the association this valuable work of its former pupil was a most happy one, and will doubtless be highly appreciated. The bronze will be on exhibition at the Thursday evening reception.

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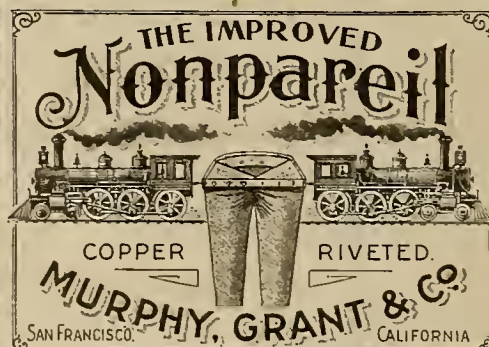
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## STORYETTES.

A country sexton in England officiated at a funeral clad in a red waistcoat. At the conclusion of the obsequies, the vicar gently remonstrated with the old grave-digger, saying: "Robert, you should not wear a red waistcoat at a funeral; you hurt the feelings of the mourners." Robert replied, placing his hand on his breast: "Well, what does it matter, sir, so long as the heart is black?"

Marshall P. Wilder tells this story of two little children of a Christian Science family who were taken for the first time to see a Punch and Judy show. They enjoyed it heartily until Punch finally, in a burst of anger, began to beat Judy across the head with a big stick. Whereupon the little girl, hastily covering her eyes with her hands, called out beseechingly to her brother: "Don't look, Teddy, don't look! It's error!"

The late Louis Fleischmann, who established the "bread line" in New York, always maintained that the poor were the most sensitive of persons and quickest to resent tactless sympathy. In support of his assertion, he told that one day, while an American was on a walking tour in Scotland, he met a tall and comely young woman, who walked barefoot. Surprised, the traveler stopped her, and inquired: "Do all the people about here go barefoot?" "Some of them do, and the rest mind their own business," was the reply.

Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, has a good collection of etchings, one of them being of the leaning tower of Pisa, which hangs over his writing-desk. For a long time he noticed that it persisted in hanging crooked, despite the fact that he straightened it every morning. At last he spoke to the maid, asking her if she was responsible for its lop-sided condition. "Why, yes," she said; "I have to hang it crooked to make the tower hang straight."

Senator John T. Morgan, who is quite near-sighted, while at dinner one evening in a hotel, experienced considerable difficulty in separating from the plate passed him by the colored waiter what he thought was a chocolate éclair. It stuck fast, so Senator Morgan pushed his fork quite under it, and tried again and again to pry it up. Suddenly he became aware that his friends at the table were convulsed with laughter, which much mystified him. But his surprise was even greater when the waiter quietly remarked: "Pardon me, senator, but that's my thumb!"

W. L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, was the subject, at a dinner last winter, of many jokes about the mistakes that the bureau was making just then in its predictions. He took it good-naturedly, giving apt answers to all the chaffing, and scored in particular against a young physician. "Professor," said the doctor, "I'm glad of one thing—you chaps will at least admit that you make mistakes. 'Oh, as to that,' responded Moore, carelessly, 'we must, necessarily. Now, with the medical profession it's quite different. You can bury yours, you know!'"

Ian MacLaren recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humor: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus: "Cauld?" "Ay." "Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'." "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ou, ay! he's in." "Can I see him?" "Na." "But a winted tae see him." "Ay, but we canna see him. John's deid." "Deid?" "Ay." "Sudden?" "Ay." "Verra sudden?" "Ay, verro sudden." "Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deed?"

John Lund, former president of the Norwegian House of Parliament, and a delegate to the recent International Peace Congress, can write English very well, but occasionally makes a mistake in rhetoric and the pronunciation of words. He made a rather funny break in responding to the address of welcome given by Secretary Hay. Mr. Lund was referring to the action of the United States in promoting the universal peace movement. As he strove to bring out the point of his argument, he said: "And last, but not least, first of all, we must interest all nations as much as the United States has been interested."

On the day after the rule went into effect that each free pass into a theatre must have a stamp showing that the holder had paid ten cents toward the Actors' Fund, a well-known actress presented passes at the box-office of the Harlem Opera House, and handed over with them twenty cents for stamps, which she received. The next in line was a fashionably dressed woman who had watched the proceedings with interest. She bought two seats, and after receiving her change, still lingered. The treasurer asked, politely: "I gave you your change, did I not?" "Yes," she said, "I got my change, but I don't propose to be cheated. I want my trading-stamps."

## FOOTBALL LYRICS.

## The Football Season.

Football season now is on,  
And the men of grit and brawn  
Line up in their fierce attire,  
All intent on doings dire.  
Rival rooters gather 'round,  
Making most discordant sound  
That is merged in one wild blast  
As the pigskin ball is passed.

Husky fellow breaks away,  
Putting all his strength in play;  
Other busky fellows fall  
Here and there or stand like wall.  
They against each other dash,  
Caring not whose bones they smash;  
Runner gets an awful hump,  
And all others on him jump.

Hair is flying through the air,  
Teeth are scattered here and there;  
There are broken legs and arms,  
And a lot of other harms.  
Those uninjured by the crush  
Line up for another rub;  
Often on the ground they roll  
Till at last some reach the goal.

Amhulances on the run,  
Busy till the game is done.  
Bear off each unfortunate  
To the place where doctors wait.  
Plasters, bandages, and splints  
Are applied while victims wince;  
Some for weeks will suffer pain,  
Some have need of crutch and cane.

But the rooters wildly root,  
All the tin-horn tooters toot;  
And the merry maidens smile  
At the players in a pile.  
No one cares for broken bones,  
No one cares for victims' groans:  
So, ye men of grit and brawn,  
Push the football season on.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

## The Players.

## THE CENTRE RUSH.

The centre is a powerful man.  
Whose anger it is fun to fan;  
At least, opponents think it so.  
As o'er the hall he hendeth low,  
They say things quite unlike a prayer,  
And pull out handfuls of his hair;  
They know he can not well resent it,  
Though he replies as if he meant it.

## THE GUARD.

This object has the guard, it seems.  
To send unto the land of dreams  
The fellow who opposes him.  
He acts with eagerness and vim,  
And lands full many a vicious punch  
Where rests his rival's frugal lunch.

## THE END RUSH.

He stands alone upon the wing,  
And crouches like a cat to spring  
Upon the man who tries to go  
Around his end. He tackles low  
And rubs the runner in the dirt,  
Depriving him of half his shirt.  
Look out! Don't fumble when you fall,  
Or he will drop upon the ball.

## THE QUARTERBACK.

Although diminutive in size,  
In him the combination lies  
That guides his team in its attack  
And drives the other side way back.  
He stands behind the busky line  
And shouts a cabalistic sign,  
His team is pretty sure to score  
When he yells "Six-eleven-four!"

## THE COACH.

The freshman thinks he is a god,  
And even seniors oft are awed  
When he snarls out his giant cbeest  
And tells the players what is best.  
'Tis he invents the hox of tricks  
That put opponents in a fix.  
And when the whistle calls to play  
He rages like a wolf at bay.

Well players know that nothing worse is  
Than being targets for his curses.  
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

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THE LUXOR APARTMENTS  
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San Francisco is truly becoming a city of palaces, the latest of which to be thrown open to occupancy is THE LUXOR. To visit this beautifully appointed home of all that is best in architecture, plumbing, furnishing, together with the very latest devices for convenience and labor saving, is to have revealed to one the comforts of the world's highest civilization. Fortunately, indeed, are they who can afford to make this palace of true elegance their abiding place.

The owner and designer, Mrs. Lee, is a woman who has made many friends during her connection with the Hotel Granada. Through her practical experience in the latter hotel, Mrs. Lee learned just what wealth and culture demand of convenience and refinement, as well as richness in their dwelling apartments. That knowledge she has crystallized in THE LUXOR.

It is six stories in height, and its front of cream pressed brick and stone is truly a fine piece of architectural beauty. Then it is so built that every room in the building has abundance of sunlight and fresh air. On entering, one is at once struck with the grandeur of the wide hall with its white and gold pillars. The apartments, five or six rooms in a suite, have commodious reception halls. The dining-rooms are finished throughout in weathered oak, with massive beam ceilings, and are fitted with leaded glass china closets. The servants' room in each case is connected by electric bells with every room in the apartment. Floors and walls of the bath-rooms are tiled.

The ground floor of the structure is fitted up for the main dining-room. It also is furnished in weathered oak, and is especially adapted for receptions and balls, as well as dinner-parties. A THOROUGHLY MODERN GRILL will be run, which will be no small item of convenience to guests. From the grill-room, radiating throughout the house into every apartment, runs a system of dumb-waiters, run by electricity. This feature is a decided novelty, and alone costs the sum of sixteen thousand dollars. The complete system of telephones enable guests to order what they desire and have it delivered quickly to them by means of the ever-ready dumb-waiters. As to heating, the steam-heat system is pronounced superb.

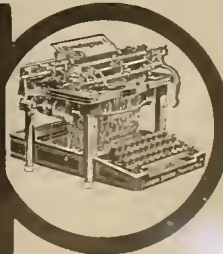
THE LUXOR is epoch-making in the history of apartment-hotels in San Francisco, and the Argonaut predicts much good will result to our city from the high standard it sets for others. San Francisco now vies with the large cities of the East in the luxuries she offers the lover of refined elegance.

Many of the apartments have already been engaged by leading people of the city. Any one who is looking for elegantly appointed apartments should not fail to visit this hotel, THE LUXOR, 857 Sutter Street, near Jones.

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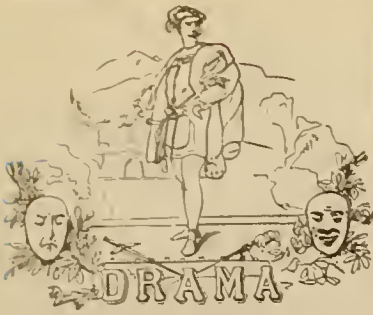
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Anything good in the dramatic line that is instinctively American never suffers for lack of appreciation. We have almost emerged from our once flaccid dependence on the foreign market for plays, and are becoming in some degree self-producing. Although we assimilate a large number of English dramas that are purely insular reflections of social conditions, in general what is chosen to put before the American public is chosen not because it is foreign, but because it is a good article. But there is now recognizable a pronounced and growing taste for native drama; a taste that pieces like "The County Chairman" go far toward satisfying.

Mr. Ade's play is called a comedy drama because underneath the externally cheerful comedy aspect of the piece motives are developed from strong, deeply rooted emotions which meet with universal sympathy. The malefactor of the piece is no luridly painted villain; he is merely a specimen of every-day, skulking rascality: the kind that blinds good women and befools good men, and that, working in secret, secures, often undetected, its own base ends, and walks through life to a final, respectable repose, under the decorous shade of a marble monument.

We do not know at first why the county chairman is so sternly resolved upon the undoing of his political foe, rather guessing it to be the temperamental antagonism of an open, honorable, generous nature toward one that is dark, devious, and unscrupulous; but when the moment of revelation comes, and the Honorable Jim Hackler, county chairman, gives free vent to a long-repressed thirst for reprisal against the man who, by deceit and lies, stole from him the trust and love of his boyhood's sweetheart, there is not a heart-beat in the audience but leaps in sympathy. There is but this one scene, however, in which the note of strong emotion is sounded. In all the others, comedy, shrewd, unforced, genial comedy, holds sway.

The atmosphere of the play is rural, the first scene disclosing the professional loungers of the Middle West village, Antioch, disposed in attitudes of luxurious if ungraceful ease, around the principal grocery store. Various rustic episodes transpire to fix the attention of the supine group. There is the typical drummer of the drama, dapper and self-confident, and effusively cordial to possible customers. The village milliner, who is reckoned by local haux as "the highest stepper in those parts," effects a diversion, and by a smile subtly suggestive of ice cream and soda-water, attaches a "Chicawgo" satellite to light up this trauoit of Venus. A hen-pecking wife makes a sortie, and drags a feebly recalcitrant partner from the masculine paradise to chop wood; and at last the five o'clock train draws the loungers in a consolidated group of inquisitive interest to the station; and Jim Hackler appears to announce with chuckles of mighty relish that he has secured the nomination of his young partner, Tillford Wheeler, as candidate for prosecuting attorney to run against Judge Rigby, skinkint and cheat, father of Tillford's sweetheart, Lucy, and pet aversion of Jim Hackler.

From this point the play discloses the several stages of a political campaign in a country town. The second act is taken up principally with a political rally, in which, toward a red, white, and blue wreathed platform the henchmen of Judge Rigby march, with drums beating and colors flying. All the hall-marks of the village political parade are there. There is a drum that booms joyously, a fife that plays out of tune, transparencies inscribed with campaign pleasantries, school children in white muslin representing the States, and an attably howling candidate.

Sarcasmic references are made in an ensuing scene to "the precocious infant nominated by the opposition." A deadly glare follows from the infant in question, who thereupon defiantly takes the stump, and the proceedings end in a free-for-all fight. For in Jefferson County it is a tradition that political hostilities engender life-long feuds and break up families. Except for the slight exaggerations and distortions incidental to the drama, it is all very real, human, and full of the spontaneous humor that seems incidental and springing from the situation of the moment, rather than composed in advance of a situation framed to meet it.

George Ade is a humorist of the genial but irritating type. One can imagine him regarding life with a keen, shrewd gaze, but with a twinkle in the eye. With Jim Hackler for a mouthpiece, he pokes many a good joke at

political methods, which the men in the audience, recognizing their aptness and the truth of the aim, appreciate with demonstrations of enormous delight. "The County Chairman," however, is not a play to the taste of men only. There are wives in it, young lovers, a suggestion of the unreserved social life of a small village, a pleasant, old-fashioned flavor of the simple, early times before railways, trusts, and billionaires grew on every bush.

And then there is Jim Hackler, the county chairman. Jim is an old bachelor, because he belongs to that luckless species who can love but once. There are a few like that—men, and women, too, with that concentrated power of attachment, that mastiff-like fidelity in love. If they marry, and jog along through life by the side of the chosen one, so much the better. But a disappointment to a nature in which the one love is a master passion, too deeply rooted to be displaced, is apt to do away with all possibilities of domestic happiness.

Jim, like many another old bachelor, has to pay a sort of tax for his lonely state, constantly propitiating with good will, good humor, and open-handed generosity all his little world of friends. The warm-hearted man who meets no welcoming smile on his own hearthstone, learns to depend on friendly regards and looks of kindness from the world outside. So Jim subscribes all but his last dollar for new uniforms for the town band, and resignedly parts with the remaining one to "Sass," the town mendicant, a darkey who grumblingly queries, "What's the use of being free if you have to work?" The character of Jim Hackler is one that, in its native manliness, its essential Americanism, and its rough-bewn humanity, is kindred to that of Canby in "Arizona," or Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson. Theodore Roberts, who has already been identified with Augustus Thomas's Canby, is peculiarly well suited to fill the part. He expresses so well the genuineness of the man, the shrewdness, the careless unvenomed pugnacity in the political struggle, that is so entwined with kindness and generosity as to have missed for him life's material rewards. Mr. Roberts conveys particularly well Hackler's characteristic of sharp-sighted geniality that is quick to detect frauds, but preserves itself unimpaired except when wrong has been inflicted and trust destroyed. His personation, so well sustained and made real by the careless dress of the country lawyer, the genial but piercing gaze, the deep-toned, mellow voice, will not fail to leave upon the mind an impression of strong reality.

A carefully chosen company of experts in this kind of work assist Mr. Roberts in maintaining the atmosphere of realism inseparable from true comedy. George Thatcher's sketch of Sassafras Livingston, "the local touch of color," recalled neat bits of darkey humor with which we were formerly regaled before vaudeville caused the deterioration and decay of negro minstrelsy. Mr. Lamp is just "an every-day young man," filling satisfactorily but with not quite such convincing art as his fellow-principals, the rôle of the young candidate, and Richard J. Dillon is apt in his personation of the crafty lawyer.

The female characters are assumed by actresses who are particularly suitable, either in appearance or through temperament: Florida Kingsley for her somewhat over-elaborate rustic uncouthness; Florence Smyth for a pretty face and intelligence subordination; Grace Romine for appropriateness of manner and appearance in personating the gentle, faded heroine of a dead romance. Zenaide Williams, who might be Annie Russell's sister, is a clever little comedienne, genuinely gifted in the line of humorous expression, and Florence Gerald, as the subduer of an indolently rebellious husband, has a voice and a dominating manner that are suggestive of prompt subjugation of her marital partner.

As may be seen, Mr. Ade has formulated nothing new or novel in sentiment or situation, but he has treated his theme so unerringly from the standpoint both of truth and humor that no one who loves a cheerful reflex of reasonable, every-day humanity can afford to miss "The County Chairman."

JOSEPHINE HART-PHELPS.

The polo and pony racing season at Del Monte will open November 21st.

#### Return of the Ben Greet Players.

The Ben Greet players will appear at the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, on Monday night, in "Everyman," and on Tuesday in "Twelfth Night." On Saturday, November 19th, "Hamlet" will be given at Stanford University. On Monday, November 22nd, the company will begin a week's engagement at Lyric Hall, giving "The Star of Bethlehem," the new miracle play compiled by Charles Mills Gayley. Matinees will be on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, and prices will be 75 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.50.

M. H. de Young has accepted the management of the Fairmont Hotel for the purpose of completing and furnishing it. Work on it has been resumed, and will be continued without delay until the hotel is completed.

The Union League Club has taken possession of its new quarters, those recently vacated by the Pacific-Union Club, at Post and Stockton Streets.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

Fitch Comedy at the Alcazar.

On Monday night the members of the Alcazar Theatre stock company will appear in Clyde Fitch's society comedy drama, "The Climbers." This play satirizes the foibles of fashion, and is full of humorous incidents. Besides this, it has a sentimental appeal, and is replete with dramatic incidents. John Craig and Lillian Lawrence will have the leading rôles, and will have able support in Elizabeth Woodson and others of the company. The play will be carefully and adequately staged. During Thanksgiving week, "The Postmaster," a comedy of American life in the fifties, will be presented.

Maxine Elliott Coming.

George Ade's play, "The County Chairman," which has made a decidedly good impression upon the public, continues for another week at the Columbia Theatre. The last performance takes place Sunday night, November 20th. On the following night, Maxine Elliott begins an engagement in "Her Own Way." This piece is said to be the cleverest of all Clyde Fitch's plays, and as played by Miss Elliott and her company is pronounced a treat. Seats go on sale Thursday.

Vaudeville of Every Kind.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week after a long absence. They will display their abilities in "Why Doogan Swore Off," by R. Melville Baker, author of "Foxy Grandpa" and "Sunny Jim." The three Ramoniers, athletes, two men and a woman, come direct from London, and, for the first time in America, will appear in their act. Their balancing and trapeze work is described as unusual. Augusta Glose will give her original musical monologue. She sings a few songs, accompanying herself on the piano, and then mimics the walks of various types of girls. Carlisle's dogs and ponies will be seen here for the first time. One of the horses counts, adds sums in four figures, tells the number of spots on cards chosen at random, and tells the hour to a minute by looking at a watch.

In Aid of Sick and Needy Players.

The sixth annual benefit of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco, in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy in the profession, will take place at the Orpheum, Tuesday afternoon, December 6th, at one o'clock sharp. This is a worthy cause, and the theatre should, and doubtless will, be packed on the occasion. The programme will be made up from the best people and acts then playing at the principal theatres in the city.

War Drama at the Central.

Beginning Monday night, the war drama, "Winchester," will be produced at the Central Theatre with elaborate scenery and equipments. The story of the play is of a Southern girl who puts devotion to the Confederate cause above an affair of the heart. She is sought by two men, and the one she favors is, through the scheming of the other, court-martialed and condemned to die. She secures a reprieve for him, and, despite pursuit, delivers it in time to save his life. Two new people will appear in this production—Millar Bacon and Price Mackaye.

New Songs at the Tivoli.

For the third and next to the last week of "The Messenger Boy" at the Tivoli Opera House, several new songs will be introduced. Edward Clark will sing "Cordelia Malone," a rollicking Irish song; Teddy Webb has a new number, "There's a Dark Man Comin' With a Bundle," which he sings in negro dialect. Willard Simms has a new specialty, and Carrie Reynolds sings the Indian love-song, "My Seminole," accompanied by a new dance. Following the present opera, the

Tivoli management will produce "King Dodo." Willard Simms will appear in the title-rôle. There will be a special matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

Melodrama at the Grand.

"The Fatal Wedding," a melodrama which has the interior of Grace Church, New York, as one of its principal scenes, with the shooting of the adventuress at the altar steps as a dramatic incident, comes to the Grand Opera House for a week's run. The first performance will be at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee. "The Show Girl," a musical comedy, comes next.

Artistic Whistling.

Ever since Mrs. Alice Shaw whistled herself into public favor, musical whistling has formed an important part of musical study. Whistling, singing, both are natural forms of musical expression—indeed of man-made instruments, freely expressive as the warbling of the birds. Singing employs the vocal chords; whistling the lips; they are twin arts. Whistling on the Pacific Coast has found its most talented and enthusiastic exponent in Miss M. Gertrude Judd, of San Francisco. Largely through the inspiration of her example and her tuition has the art progressed to its present high and growing favor.

When seen at her studio, the other day, Miss Judd talked interestingly on the subject of whistling. In many of the leading churches of New York and Chicago whistled offertories have been heard with much favorable criticism, and it is not unlikely that in the near future the God-given, flute-like notes of the whistler will be heard in San Francisco houses of worship. In the parlor, concert hall, and on the stage, the thrilling notes of the artist-whistler have long had a secure place of honor.

As for the technique of whistling, diaphragmatic breathing, relaxed throat, depressed tongue, and control of the lips (*embouchure*) form the essentials. The whistler's power depends upon the natural and acquired mastery of these points. The pitch of the whistle is one octave higher than the soprano voice; the range is about the same. Thin lips produce the higher pitch, while fuller lips produce the lower. It is very seldom that a contralto whistle is found. Whether the whistler be man or woman does not affect the pitch or quality of tone.

A knowledge of the rudiments of music, the art of phrasing, a true ear, and a musical temperament insure quicker progress. Artistic whistling, like artistic singing, requires much time and application. But, after all, it is worth while, as is apparent when one hears simple ballads and the world's best classical and operatic pieces rendered in the full, round notes of the cultured whistler.

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In New York, this season, there are other means of introducing a young girl to society than the afternoon tea. Sometimes a series of afternoon receptions, extending over a month, may be given exclusively for the women friends of the hostess who wants her daughter to have an opportunity to meet them, and knows that in the mere formal greeting of a crowded room anything like even the most casual acquaintance is impossible. Men are sometimes not invited at all to these functions, because they care nothing about them. Last winter, afternoon receptions of this kind were followed by dinners for young people, and in one or two cases informal dancing followed the dinners, more guests being invited in to make the number large enough.

Some of the young women who have recently come into society of the most modish kind have not been formally introduced at all, says the New York Sun. These girls, who were lucky enough to be assured of invitations to all the balls of the winter, simply began to go to them, with no warning or announcement of the fact that they were ready for society beyond the intimations which their mothers gave to their friends. These were luckily friends who were able to be of the greatest advantage to them, and they were guests at all the functions which marked them as being really in society.

Girls have been known to make their social debuts at a horse show, never having been allowed there in the evenings until it was time for them to take their place along with their elders in society. The presence of the girls who are just out is sought by all the entertainers. A hostess old enough to be the grandmother of some of the young women she asks must always have at her ball every winter the debutantes of that year. Without them her party would lack brilliancy, and she knows it. So her visiting list is always revised every year to include the young women just out of school. Some of these young girls are fortunate enough to have friends and relatives who make their debuts into social life especially brilliant. An uncle may give a ball, an aunt a large theatre-party, and other relatives a series of dinners. The mother who brings out her daughter in the more conventional way by clinging to the afternoon tea, has this year indicated an intention to use in her invitations the script which has been popular so long. Old English type is much smarter, but it is also much more costly, and the difference in price is so great that many persons are unwilling to pay for a plate that is never to be used again. Those persons who are most important in a social way are often most indifferent to the changes of fashion in such particulars. The annual ball of the winter, that is considered most important, is announced yearly to the guests by an invitation in script that has been used so long that part of the lines are all but obliterated. Yet this hostess will probably continue to use the same plate for some years to come. A woman whose place was not so well established would never be guilty of using such shabby-looking cards. A new kind of engraving for invitations has just been introduced, but is not making the progress its American sponsors hoped. It is now the vogue in Paris, and is called French script. To the average American taste it lacks both distinction and elegance, and resembles a kind of sublimated printing.

The present etiquette of afternoon teas permits a much more general issuance of invitations than social gatherings of any other kind. The hostess who wants a crush and does not know enough people to make one out of her own visiting list, may call on her friends. She may send cards to the friends of all the girls who are going to receive, and invite particularly all their visiting lists, and send cards on her account to persons she knows very slightly. This sort of free and easy mixing will pass in the case of an afternoon tea. It is more and more necessary for the hostess who wants a large crowd to send out numerous invitations. Every year New Yorkers are more and more shy of the afternoon teas, although that is the traditional means for putting the young girl into society.

A New York custom-house welcome described by an old lady: "The officer who meets you on the ship asks your name, address, what date you sailed from the United States, name of steamer, how many trunks you have, if you have bought any dresses or are taking any presents home. On the wharf the inspector opened my parcel of wraps, pulled out my night gown, hot water bottle, and leggings. He then opened my handbag, looked into the little box where I keep my hairpins, also the box with the corn plasters, took my comb and brush out of the paper, looked into my bag with sewing materials. Then my trunk was opened, and he asked if everything was my own wearing apparel and no presents. Took out some of the things on top, and everything wrapped in

paper he opened. He was very suspicious of everything wrapped in paper. He wanted to know what that beret was you sent to J., and I told him it was my golf cap. As I am nearly seventy, he looked a little surprised."

"The other day," writes Lahouchère in *Truth*, "I saw published the balance sheet of a limited liability milliners' establishment. If I remember rightly, the debts unpaid were set down at about £30,000. By the amount of credit in this one establishment, one can judge of the enormous sum owed to all milliners by their customers collectively. It is well known that heavy commissions are offered to ladies who introduce customers, and that many ladies are not above accepting them."

The remarks of the Dean of Norwich, on flirting in church, recall a similar protest made at a Hull chapel by a Wesleyan minister. Toward the close of an evening service he expressed regret that he had observed a couple of young people "spooning" throughout the service, and threatened, in order to protect the sacred walls from an irreverent use, to name the offenders publicly on the following Sunday unless they saw him at the vestry afterward and promised to amend their courting ways. On going to the vestry after the service, he was astonished to find not fewer than seven pairs of young people, all waiting to falter out apologies.

The Science of Face Culture.

To an interested and intelligent audience at the Academy of Science, recently, Dr. E. Noble delivered an address on physical culture and beauty. She has studied the Hindoo method of physical culture in India, has lectured on the subject in many parts of the world, and is an acknowledged authority on physical development and beauty culture. Under the head of beauty culture, Dr. Noble praised the scientific methods and wonderful success of Mrs. M. Ella Harris, of San Francisco. "I want to say," she remarked, "that Mrs. Harris's work in removing any facial blemish is a twentieth century wonder. While the great Edison believes there is a germ to make young the human body, we have here a woman, M. Ella Harris, who is able to rejuvenate the face to young and beautiful freshness. We have waited six thousand years to have some one show us the secret, and lo! a woman has revealed it by scientific study of natural laws, a secret which even the serpent in the Garden of Eden had learned—to shed its skin—but which Eve and her descendants have been these many years in discovering. I want to say emphatically that this is not a skinning or peeling process. The old cuticle comes off gradually after the new one has perfectly formed, thus causing absolutely no pain."

Mrs. Harris has had fifteen years of experience as a registered pharmacist and chemist, and during that time her sole aim has been to discover the natural means of restoring lost beauty, and of even creating it where it has never existed. Her method is a kind of bloodless surgery. First, she causes the old, wrinkled and discolored cuticle to be replaced by a new, clear one. Second, she builds up the wasted tissues by properly bringing the blood to the surface. Third, the muscles are restored to elasticity, tightening them, and thus renewing the youthful contour of the face. Her treatment arouses and assists nature. It is a natural process, face-culture, and the result is, therefore, natural. The treatment consumes from one to three weeks. Development and renewal of face tissue, both in skin and muscle, means youth, which will only disappear with the gradual process of time, say ten or twenty years, about as long as it took to get the wrinkles in the first instance.

Even the most skeptical can not gainsay the living proofs which Mrs. Harris voluntarily brings forth. Besides, she shows photographs of ladies, advanced in years, with all the seams of time upon their faces, and still other pictures of these same patrons, showing them transformed into women ten—nay, twenty—years younger. Other remarkable cases show how completely freckles, small-pox marks, and even birth-marks have been removed.

The results are truly astonishing, yet entirely in keeping with the advance in other lines of physical improvement through scientific aid. A healthy, youthful appearance is a priceless boon in these days when our tense civilization demands so much. No one can afford to display the marks of time or misfortune when such easy relief is at hand.

Mrs. Harris has removed her office from O'Farrell Street to 128 Geary Street.

—GOING HOME FOR THANKSGIVING? If so, you will doubtless need a new suit case—the best in the city at the lowest possible prices are to be had at the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery Street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colon Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

TEA

A trifle of tea in a dainty cup has in it a world of rest or of stimulant—what is the time o'clock?

Pointers for Men's Wear.

It has been a long time since such variety of designs in fabrics for men's wear, or such graceful lines in the modeling were shown as have been brought forward this season.

Browns in plain, self-plaids, and fancy mixtures, are the fad at present, alternating with the more lasting shades of plain and fancy gray. Tweeds and chevrons, popular and handsome as ever, vie with the genteel worsted in the modest, dressy diagonal weave and pin-check pattern. The latter especially have found favor in the present spirited style of colonial or English walking coat, but the sack, in its new and graceful lines, is for business wear in as much demand as ever. One particularly fetching and novel idea is the honeycomb waistcoat, with its broad binding of cloth, to be worn with day dress.

Dress clothes this winter allow more individuality than heretofore in such points as binding, fancy braids, and facings, and with the fancy waistcoat, ranging from a fancy gray to black or white silk, give these conventional garments more chic and character.

To see these ideas carried out in all their attractive possibilities one ought to visit Jacobi Brothers, at 413 Montgomery Street. There one has quantity to choose from, but aside from that the greater part of their patterns can be seen only there. Moreover, in addition to being restricted, they are the cream of the products of foreign mills. This means that the man who wears these patterns does not see garments of any description of the same design as his own every time he walks on the street.

Mother's Milk

alone, as a food for babies, excels in safety, nutriment, and convenience Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Its use for infant feeding is constantly increasing, as both physicians and mothers find it is just what the infant needs for health and normal increase in weight.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
November 3d. . . . .	66	52	00	Clear
" 4th. . . . .	60	54	Tr.	Clear
" 5th. . . . .	60	54	00	Clear
" 6th. . . . .	64	50	00	Pt. Cloudy
" 7th. . . . .	66	52	00	Clear
" 8th. . . . .	72	54	00	Clear
" 9th. . . . .	74	56	00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ended Wednesday, November 9, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed Bid.	Asked
Bay Co. Power 5%	11,000 @ 101%		102%	
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5%	18,000 @ 80%-82		82%	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	6,000 @ 100		100	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	6,000 @ 118%		118%	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	14,000 @ 105-105%		106	
North Shore Ry 5%	11,000 @ 93-94%		94%	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	3,000 @ 104%-104%		104%	105
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 100%		100	100%
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909	5,000 @ 109		108%	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905	2,000 @ 101		101	
S. V. Water 6%	1,000 @ 104%		104%	
S. V. Water 4%	9,000 @ 100%		99%	100%
S. V. Water Co. Gen. 4%	22,000 @ 99%-99%		99%	
United R. R. of S. F. 4%	39,000 @ 85%-85%		85%	
	STOCKS.		Closed Bid.	Asked
Water.	Shares.			
S. V. Water	183 @ 39-39%		39%	39%
Banks.				
Bank of California.	25 @ 421%		421%	430
Powders.				
Giant Con.	55 @ 63%-63%		64	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S.	440 @ 66%-67		67	67%
Honokaa S. Co.	1,155 @ 14%-15%		15%	16
Hutchinson	1,145 @ 10-10		10%	10%
Makaweli S. Co.	998 @ 27%-29		29	
Onomea Sugar Co.	100 @ 30%		30	
Paahau Sugar Co.	1,335 @ 15%-16%		16%	17
Gas and Electric.				
Mutual Electric.	50 @ 11		10%	11%
S. F. Gas & Electric	670 @ 56%-56%		56	56%
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers	505 @ 98-99%		97%	98%
Cal. Fruit Cann.	10 @ 100		99%	
Cal. Wine Assn.	10 @ 78		79%	
Oceanic S. Co.	250 @ 3%		3%	3%
Pacific States Tel.	50 @ 107		108	

The sugars have been in better demand, about 5,190 shares of all kinds changing hands. Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up two points to 67, Honokaa three-quarters of a point to 15%, Makaweli Sugar Company one and a-quarter points to 29, Paahau one and five-eighths points to 16%, the whole line closing in good demand, with small offerings.

Spring Valley Water was steady at 39-39%, 180 shares being traded in.

Alaska Packers sold off one point to 98 on sales of 500 shares, closing at 97 1/2 bid, 98 1/2 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weak, selling off three-quarters of a point to 56%, on sales of 670 shares, closing at 56 bid, 56 1/2 asked.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.

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109 Grant Avenue

Goodyear's "GOLD SEAL" RUBBER GOODS The Best Made

MACKINTOSHES and RAINCOATS For Men, Women, and Children. Any size, any quantity

RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES RUBBER and OILED CLOTHING RUBBER and OILED GOODS (FOR SPORTSMEN)

Fishing and Wading Boots, Hunting Boots and Coats.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

R. H. Pease, Pres. F. M. Shepard, Jr., Treas. C. F. Runyon, Sec.

573-575-577 Market St., San Francisco 61-63-65-67 Fourth St., Portland, Or.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original), Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The Reason Why

So many San Francisco houses advertise in the *Oakland Tribune* is because it reaches thousands of families who depend entirely upon the *Tribune* for all the news of the day.

LANGUAGES.

ANNOUNCEMENT—PROF. DE FILIPPE HAS REMOVED HIS ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES TO HIS OWN COZY BUILDING, 1018 POST ST.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

DEVELOPING PLATES and FILMS. WE HAVE a new and original process through which we are enabled to save over 50 per cent. of the pictures formerly lost by under exposure. Each film is developed separately, thus making it possible to assure the correct treatment for every exposure. There is no increase in cost; simply more satisfaction to our patrons. Let us develop your next roll. Kirk, Geary & Co., "Everything in Photography," 112 Geary Street, San Francisco.

ASTROLOGY.

LECTURES FOR PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENTS, etc. Reliable instruction in horoscope writing given at your home. Horoscopes accurately cast. Best references. All city inquiries and appointments by phone (9 a. m. to 6 p. m.) Black 3723; (evenings) West 3148. ROBERT REBERMANT HILL, 1606 Steiner St.

LIBRARIES.

FRENCH LIBRARY, 135 GEARY STREET, ESTABLISHED 1876—18,000+ volumes.

LAW LIBRARY, CITY HALL, ESTABLISHED 1865—38,000 volumes.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY, ESTABLISHED 1855, re-incorporated 1869—108,000 volumes.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 223 Sutter Street, established 1852—80,000 volumes.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, CITY HALL, OPENED June 7, 1879—146,297 volumes.

SPANISH and FRENCH LIBRARY (DE FILIPPE'S), 1018 Post St. Established 1871; 7,000 volumes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

If you are going to the Exposition, no doubt you will want trunks, traveling bags, valises, dress-suit cases to pack your belongings into. It will pay you to see our large assortment of these goods, and it will be a pleasure to show them. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.







## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Hiez, of Mill Valley, to Lieutenant Edwin Davis, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Alicia Duffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Duffey, of San Rafael, to Dr. David Friedlander, will take place on Tuesday at the residence of the groom, 2807 Jackson Street.

The wedding of Miss Helen Pettigrew, daughter of Mrs. Charles S. Pettigrew, to Mr. William T. Lemman, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 2230 Pacific Avenue. The ceremony was performed by Father Ramin. Miss Alice Sullivan was maid of honor, and Miss Ruth Morton and Miss Arthur Deamer were bridesmaids. Mr. Percy L. Pettigrew was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Earl Cummings and Mr. Robert Dudley White. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Lemman have gone East on a two months' wedding journey, and at their return will occupy their residence at Jackson and Buchanan Streets.

Miss Etelka Williar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Williar, of Sausalito, made her formal debut on Monday at a tea given at the Hotel St. Francis by Mrs. Williar and Mrs. W. Grayson Dutton.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, made her formal debut on Saturday at a tea given by her parents at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn and Miss Maud Bourn gave a dinner and dance on Monday evening at their residence, 2350 Webster Street.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith gave a dinner on Friday evening in honor of her daughter, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith.

Miss Maud Payne, daughter of Mrs. Eugene Freeman, made her formal debut on Wednesday at a tea given by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Freeman at their residence on Broadway.

Mrs. James A. Robinson gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Mrs. Charles Deering gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2023 Broderick Street, in honor of Miss Lillian Reis.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, gave a luncheon on Sunday in honor of Judge W. N. Gilbert, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and Judge A. S. Rhodes, of San José. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, of New Orleans, and Mrs. Barton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Chesebrough gave a dinner on Monday evening at their residence, 3508 Clay Street, in honor of Miss Gertrude Eells and Lieutenant John F. Babcock, U. S. N.

Miss Florine Brown gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 1389 Jackson Street, Oakland, in honor of Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf.

Messrs. H. W. Dunning & Co., of Boston, Mass., have opened an office at 701 Starr King Building, San Francisco, for the booking of foreign tours and steamship passages. Dr. H. W. Dunning is a well-known Oriental traveler and scholar. For several years he was instructor in Semitic languages at Yale University, and in 1897 received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from that institution. In 1899, Dr. Dunning resigned from the Yale faculty so that he might devote his whole time to the tourist business, in which he had been engaged for some years. Reeve Chipman, manager of the San Francisco office, is a member of the Princeton class of 1899, and a graduate of the University of Colorado. He has traveled abroad extensively.

The managers of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society will hold a reception at the home on Franklin and Geary Streets on Saturday, November 19th, to commemorate the fiftieth year of its existence. The home has gone on its way under the guidance of the prominent men and women of the city, sheltering, helping, and finding homes for all children of whatever creed, color, or condition.

Winter does not lessen the travel to the top of Mt. Tamalpais. In fact, the air is particularly clear now, and the view from the top of the mountain is more beautiful than ever. The trip up the crooked, picturesque railway is always interesting, and the Tavern at Topolow is inviting and hospitable.

Miss Gertrude Partingit will leave this week for Philadelphia, where she will do "pen and ink" work for one of John Wanamaker's papers.

## China and Glassware for Thanksgiving.

Nothing can be richer nor more appropriate for Thanksgiving than the new designs and coloring in china and glassware that are shown this season by the S. & G. Gump Co., 111 Geary Street. This house has surpassed all previous efforts in importing from the Old World the most exclusive decorative effects in color and style, in Thanksgiving china and glassware. The reputation for high class goods, together with the fact that the S. & G. Gump Co. sell at reasonable prices, ought to make all lovers of art ware to see these and beautiful lines.

## Historical Drama at Santa Clara College.

"The Light Eternal," a new historical drama by Martin V. Merle, author of "Nazareth," the passion play, will be given its first production at Santa Clara College on Thanksgiving Eve. The time of the play is during the Emperor Diocletian's reign over Rome, and deals with the persecution of Christians. The central character is Pancratius, the hoy-martyr, who is finally killed in the arena. It is said that the arena scene is to be particularly effective, and that all through the play shows not only great literary ability, but high dramatic talent. The piece will be elaborately mounted.

The winter racing season will be inaugurated to-day (Saturday) at the Oakland Track by the New California Jockey Club. A fine card has been arranged for the opening day, the principal number of which is the "Opening Handicap," for three-year-olds, with an added purse of two thousand dollars.

An excellent exhibition of oil paintings and pastels by Giuseppe Cadenasso is being held at Paul Elder & Co.'s art rooms. It is a remarkably good display, embracing some fine new work by the artist.

Milton Jacobi, pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, will give a piano recital at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening.

## Sunday Dinner at the Buckingham Cafe.

A high-class café outside the strictly business part of the town is an innovation that will be appreciated by diners-out who like quiet and exclusiveness. It is with this class of patronage in view that the Buckingham Hotel, 655 Sutter Street, has made its café one of the principal features of the establishment. A specialty is the Sunday evening table-d'hôte dinner, served from six to eight. The dining-room, beautiful in finish, is made still more attractive by its exquisite table linen, its glittering silver and glassware, its dainty china, its softly shaded lights, and music from a carefully chosen orchestra. Naturally, in keeping with such surroundings, the guests will be attended by perfectly trained servants. This café is open to the public as well as to the regular patrons of the apartment-hotel. It seemed as if our first-class dining places, already the cheapest in the United States, had reached the limit as regards low prices for the best viands; but the Buckingham's one-dollar Sunday night table-d'hôte dinner sets a new mark, as will be seen by the following menu for Sunday evening, November 13th:

## Toke Points.

Cream of Chicken à la Reine.  
Consommé Puntanière Royal.  
Salted Almonds. Stuffed Dates.

Turban of Sole à la Normandie.  
Potatoes Duchess.

Terrapin à la Newburg en Cases.  
Baked Virginia Ham, Champagne Sauce.  
Mixed Fruit à la Parisien.

## Frozen Egg Nogg.

Prime Ribs of Beef, au Jus.  
Roast Turkey, Celery Dressing, Cranberry Jelly.  
Spinach en Cream.  
Asparagus, Sauce Hollandaise.  
Mashed Potatoes. Fried Sweet Potatoes.

Broiled Squab, Maitre de Hotel.  
Julienne Potatoes.

## Waldorf Salad.

Apple Pie. Coconut Custard Pie.  
Charlotte Russe. Neapolitan Ice Cream.  
Assorted Cakes.

## Café Noir.

Water Crackers.  
American Cheese. Roquefort Cheese.

## Fashion in Champagne.

Speaking of champagne, our New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering-places, is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon-vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet, but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life.—*The Caterer*.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BEARING THE NAME OF Rasmussen will never be cheapened by becoming an advertising gift of any dry goods, grocery, or vegetable store. The word Rasmussen stands for the best and most exclusive in Photographic Portraiture. Sitings by appointment, 139 Post Street.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## TEA

We look through your grocer to you; beyond, but through your grocer, to you.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best

## Autumn at Del Monte.

This is written to remind you that every man or woman needs at intervals a change of scene and climate in order to feel well and to do one's best. It's to remind you, too, that, just after the early rains, the California country—and particularly the region about Hotel del Monte, "field and tree, and sky and sea,"—is most alluring:

"Then, if ever, come perfect days."

This is to tell you, also, that by reason of remarkable natural conditions, this present fall and winter season of 1904-05 is far advanced, so that the months of November, December, and January are sure to be like spring, with summer peeping around the corner. The golf links sweeping over the hill-sides that slope from blue Monterey Bay were never greener, meadow-larks carol among the live-oaks, palms and pines send forth young buds and branches, flaming dahlias wave in the breeze. This isn't the season for midsummer gayety, but it's just the time, and the best time, for you to take a week or so of idling rest, cheerfully mingled with sport on the golf links, on horseback, climbing the mountains that rise to the eastward, or angling for the game fish of the bay.

Remember this: that Hotel del Monte offers more natural attractions and more comforts and luxuries than any other resort in the world. Remember, too, that the climate here is delightful every day in the year, and should the warm rains keep you indoors, there's howling for exercise, and miles of corridors and glass-enclosed porches. Remember, too, that this hotel is fashionable only because it offers the best; that it is popular because every one can here have a good time, any time, every time. Remember, too, that it's a home place, where the children can be happy, and families can enjoy themselves for months without disturbing household cares.

Why not plan to spend a week or two here? Get out your golf sticks and woo Mother Nature and good health on the luring links. Write for terms, or run down any Saturday or Sunday and see for yourself. Special Saturday-Monday rate from San Francisco, including railway fare and two days' board at the hotel, only \$10.00. Leave Third and Townsend Street depot at 3 o'clock (parlor car), reaching the hotel at 6:48. George P. Snell, Manager, Del Monte, California.

**CURTAS**  
IS THE NAME WE ASK  
YOU TO REMEMBER  
WHEN ABOUT TO  
PURCHASE A PIANO  
16, 18, 20, O'FARRELL ST. S. F.

# Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

Sold in town and village

## Artistic DECORATING

Do you wish your home decorated for a wedding or reception—any social function in which artistic effects are desirable? Do you want original designs in menu-cards, favors, candle-shades, or flower gifts?

*Charlotte F. Williams,*  
Artist-Decorator.

121 POST STREET

Tel. John 1911

**XMAS SEASON  
SHREVE & CO.**

announce extensive and varied new importations in Precious Stones, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Silver Ware, Cut Glass and Objects of Art. All articles are of the highest standard, both for taste and quality. "Shreve" prices are as low as those of any reputable Jewelry Establishment in the United States and the "Shreve" mark stands for "reliability"

**POST AND MARKET STS.**

## ON SPECIAL DISPLAY Our Thanksgiving Tables

We extend a cordial invitation to view our elaborate display of China and the latest in table appointments on exhibition in our

### NEW ENGLISH ROOM

Showing the separate tables set for Fish, Game, Roast, Dessert, and Midnight Supper.

**Nathan=Dohrmann Co.**

122-132 Sutter Street



## MT. TAMALPAIS CEMETERY

San Rafael, Marin County

A Rural and Permanent Burying Ground for San Francisco

Begun June 2, 1878. Consecrated August 10, 1879. Incorporated June 2, 1880.

This cemetery has natural beauty, and is conducted under the Lawn system. Family plots can be purchased from 50 cents up to \$1.25 per square foot, according to location.

Owing to this cemetery being a permanent place for burial, this feature alone should appeal to the people of the City and County of San Francisco.

Any and all inquiries regarding prices and lots will be supplied on application to

MT. TAMALPAIS CEMETERY,  
San Rafael, Marin County

or at 617 Parrott Building,  
San Francisco.

## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

## A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.

## THE BUCKINGHAM

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## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. W. H. Taylor departed on Tuesday for New York, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase have postponed their trip to Europe on account of Mr. Chase's illness.

Miss Ardella Mills expects to depart during the coming week for New York, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin sailed from New York for Europe last week. They will spend the winter in the south of France.

Mrs. Charles Wehh Howard will remain at Newport until the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Miss Maylita Pease, and Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., have returned from Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tohin (née Russell) are at Santa Barbara.

Miss Ethel Hager has gone to St. Louis, where she will spend several weeks.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding arrived from the East last week for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee have gone East, and may go to Europe before they return.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brett arrived from Japan on Wednesday.

Judge and Mrs. Oscar F. Henshaw have taken apartments for the winter at Van Ness Avenue and Austin Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear have been spending a few days at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker, Mrs. W. A. Havemeyer, and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald departed last week for New York, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Ethel Valentine, of Oakland, departs next week for the East.

Mr. Allan Pollock, Miss Margaret Pollock, and Miss Jean Pollock have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit of several weeks.

Miss Metha C. Peterson has returned to this city after a two years' absence in Europe.

Mrs. James Jerome and Miss Stella Jerome arrived from New York on Monday, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Alice Sprague has gone to Southern California for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Morris Meyerfield, Miss Meyerfield, and Mrs. S. B. Schloss are in Paris for the winter.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing has returned from Alameda, and is at the St. Dunstan for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger are spending the winter in Paris.

Mr. Horace G. Platt was a recent visitor to the Hotel del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn have returned from abroad.

Judge James E. Fenton, of Nome, Alaska, was a recent arrival at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. H. D. Pillsbury was among the recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Hon. Victor H. Metcalf arrived in Oakland from Washington, D. C., on Sunday, and will remain for a few days.

Mr. W. W. Carson has taken apartments at the Buckingham Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. H. S. Crocker has returned from Sacramento.

Miss Lucy Bancroft has gone East, and will spend some months with relatives and friends in New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. O. H. Phelps has engaged an apartment at the Buckingham Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent departed on Monday for Washington, D. C., and New York.

Rev. Frederick W. Clappett has returned from Boston.

Mrs. J. E. Merritt, of Alameda, will spend the winter at the Buckingham Hotel.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. F. Berlin, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Norton, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Rumsey and Mrs. W. K. Marwin, of Riverside, Miss Loubier and Mr. G. Loubier, of Berlin, Mr. A. Berlinsky, of Russia, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cooke, Mrs. J. E. Hitchcock, Mrs. G. F. Duffy, Miss N. J. Miller, Miss T. S. Miller, Mr. C. Grovener, and Mr. F. E. Booth.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Porter, of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. G. Forbes, of Boston, Miss Siehling, Miss Strauss, Mr. J. P. Sousa, and Mr. J. R. Barnes, of New York, Mr. A. W. Taylor, of Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Silverberg, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGona, Mr. and Mrs. O. Suto, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lange, Mr. A. A. Fisher, Mr. H. R. Baker, and Mr. E. H. Kinney.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## TEA

When we say "we," we mean your grocer. He's we and we're he. Moneyback does it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

## Army and Navy News.

Commander C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., will be detached from the navy-yard at Mare Island on December 15th, and will proceed to Samoa, where he will assume the duties of commandant of the naval station at Tui-tuila and as commanding officer of the United States cruiser *Adams*. Commander E. B. Underwood, U. S. N., who will be relieved by Commander Moore on January 15th, will return home and await orders.

General George B. Rodney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rodney will return from St. Louis in December.

Major Blanton Winship, U. S. A., judge-advocate of the Department of the Lakes, has departed for his station in Chicago.

Lieutenant Henry S. Kierstedt, Medical Department, U. S. A., arrived from Fort Myer last week on his way to his new station at the Monterey Presidio.

Lieutenant Verge E. Sweazey, U. S. A., is relieved from duty as assistant surgeon at the Presidio, and ordered to report for duty at Fort Mackenzie, Wyo., where he will relieve Lieutenant Henry H. Rutherford, who will report to the Presidio for duty.

## Shopping Commission.

Household and personal shopping done in New York City. Orders carefully and promptly attended to. Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City.

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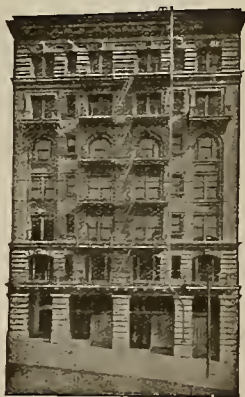
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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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## TEA

Fine tea brings-out conversation if anything will; it compels to a little leisure

## Schilling's Best Crown Tea

What the outside of the package says

## TEA

Tea has more to do with your thoughts at table than anything else of your fare

§ § § § §

TRADE MARK

**Schilling's**

§ § § § §

**Best**

§ § § § §

**TEA**

§ § § § §

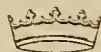
**Oolong**

**\$3 00**

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

WHAT THE CROWNS  
MEAN IN TEA

Schilling's Best



(one-crown)

is the same four types of tea, a little finer at double the prices.

Schilling's Best



(two-crown)

is the same again, finer yet, and the prices double again.

Two Grades of  
EXTRAVAGANT TEA

ONE-CROWN



TWO-CROWN

Four Types of  
each grade

Japan \$1 20 \$2 40

English Breakfast \$1 20 \$2 40

Ceylon \$1 20 \$2 40

Oolong \$1 50 \$3 00

## WORTH THE MONEY

These teas cost one or two cents a cup: very high for tea; very low for coffee. Is there any good reason why tea should cost less than coffee?

The extra money is for a little more flavor; the tea is no stronger. The case is precisely the same with wine: fineness goes far.

Fine tea is favorable to social indulgence, invites the tea mood; prolongs the tea feeling; and leaves no sting.

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Drink some — quarter or half and if not satisfied tell us so and do not pay

When ordering if you give the name of your grocer we'll send him his profit

one Crown  lb	Japan \$1 20	English Breakfast \$1 20	Ceylon \$1 20	Oolong \$1 50
two Crown  lb	2 40	2 40	2 40	3 00

Schilling's Best one Crown Teas are double the price of Schilling's Best Standard Teas  
Schilling's Best two Crown Teas are double the price of Schilling's Best one Crown Teas

You needn't pay in advance — wait until you've used some of it — be sure you like it  
We want you to judge if Schilling's Best Crown Teas are worth the price

To sell Schilling's Best Crown Teas adds lustre to Schilling's Best Standard Teas — that's why we do it  
They're only a little finer — the cost of a little extra fineness is considerable  
To serve Crown Teas is to invite your family and guests to linger long about the table

The highest priced Crown Tea — Oolong double crown — is only two cents a cup  
Not much to pay — fine thoughts and noble sentiment are worth more

Only opportunity you ever had to get such fine teas — order to-day

## TEA

Of all the drinks that we drink, a nice cup of tea is the daintiest.

**A Schilling & Company**

San Francisco

## TEA

Is there a better way to keep the family longer at table, to keep it together?



# The Argonaut.

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## ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW.

By Jerome Hart.

We steamed up the Gulf of Finland in a canal marked out through innumerable shoals. In Europe "canal" and "channel" are interconvertible terms, or, rather, Europeans use the term "canal" for a waterway for vessels either on land or sea. A way which has been dredged for boats through a broad, shallow, and sluggish river, is called a canal. A way which has been dredged for deep-water vessels through a shallow bay or gulf, theretofore non-navigable for ships, is called a canal. Such a "canal" may—and often does—run through a shallow arm of the sea, thence across a peninsula of sand or clay, thence as a tunnel through solid rock, thence along the bed of a river, and then be carried high in air as a viaduct over a railway or a lower level canal. What we call "the English Channel" the Germans simply call "Der Canal."

Thus, then, it will be understood when I say that we steamed up the Gulf of Finland in a canal.

The famous Cronstadt, said to be an impregnable fortress,

Gigantic cranes and derricks extended their arms, which, impelled by powerful hoisting engines, picked up ponderous cannons from the quays and swung them aboard the ships. Long rows of colliers were moored near at hand, while coal-laden barges were being towed here and there by innumerable tow-boats. Everywhere, on land and sea, on dock and ship, on deck and quay, were men—thousands of men—mechanics, sailors, coal-heavers, all as busy as bees. While we were watching this horde of workers, signals began to flutter from the tall mast ashore. The cryptic bits of bunting, yellow, red, and blue, spelled out a mysterious message—what, we did not know. But following the direction of the glasses pointed from the ships down the Gulf, we saw a stately squadron approaching. It was the far-famed Baltic fleet, the fleet which had not sailed. As these grim engines of destruction steamed slowly by us, our ship's band saluted each with the Russian national anthem. Then we saw more men—thousands of them. On the decks, forward and aft, on the gun-turrets, in the tops, there were lines and lines and rows and rows of men. As each ship swept by us, every man, from admiral to powder-monkey, stood stiffly at attention, each officer with hand at cap, until the anthem ceased.

As the Baltic fleet passed on, we not only counted, but photographed it. There were five battle-ships, six cruisers, and some ten torpedo-boats and destroyers. We saw their evolutions when we overtook them later, but at a distance, for our prudent skipper believed in giving warships plenty of room to manœuvre in.

And then we steamed away from Cronstadt, leaving behind these thousands of workers, passing these thousands of fighters in their scores of fighting and auxiliary ships. What an amazing spectacle! What enormous, yet useless, power! Here was a mighty empire of which we were only on the western fringe. From north to south, from the Arctic to the Euxine, it extends for nearly two thousand miles. From west to east it extends for more than five thousand miles. And yet this mighty empire, with its limitless area and its swarming millions, has for months been held in check by a puny island power off its Asiatic coast.



Sacred Gate of the Kremlin. Every man who passes through this gate must uncover. Strangers who fail to do so are liable to insult or injury.

is on an island, part of which is devoted to the military and naval stations and another to the town. Cronstadt, the town, has some sixty thousand inhabitants.

As the fortress is not usually accessible to visitors, and some formalities were required before we could proceed, we came to anchor off the naval station.

Considering the record of naval defeats which Russia has experienced in the Far East, the naval sights at Cronstadt were indeed surprising. Before us was a vista of great ship-basins holding vessels of ten or twelve thousand tons; monstrous floating-docks, enormous cranes, and ways for launching ships, of which there were several in the stocks; this was the incomplete stage. In the waters of the Gulf were other warships, some at anchor, some moored to buoys bow and stern, some lying alongside of stone piers. These quays or docks, by the way, all seemed to be constructed of massive masonry, with numerous basins. Each quay is numbered and lettered, like the documents in a filing cabinet, and they extend around the island for what seemed miles. Among the vessels were great battle-ships, with their stumpy military masts and fighting tops; trim cruisers, lighter and more graceful than the grim battle-ships; troop-ships and transports, numbered, not named, and row on row of torpedo-boats and destroyers.

On our way from Cronstadt up the Neva, we saw the imperial yacht lying off Peterhof, and saluted her not only by dipping our colors, but by playing the Russian national hymn. In fact, our band played the Russian national hymn for about twenty or thirty miles up the Gulf and up the Neva, it seems to me, obsequiously saluting everything Russian from a cruiser to a torpedo-boat. Still, it was interesting thus to pass ship after ship, and to see all of the uniformed sailors and marines at salute. Between Peterhof and Petersburg, we passed one vessel for which our band did not play. It was a sinking steamer. She was going down by the head, and was surrounded by a fleet of barges and tug-boats trying to save her.

As we approached Petersburg harbor, the number of steam yachts flying imperial pennants so surprised me that I asked concerning the ownership of each, and received the reply, in each case: "It belongs to the Grand Duke Blankovitch." Considering his job-lots of grand-ducal relatives, the Czar might easily make up a grand-ducal flotilla for the war. But whether the grand dukes would be more deadly to Jap or Russ is a matter of conjecture.

As we neared the Nicholas Bridge, off the quay where our moorings were, we noticed great clouds of people clustering along the river side. On ship and shore, on boats and quays, there were crowds of human beings. Across the many freight-boats moored alongside the piers, there came fiercely bearded yet simple-faced moujiks, bounding over the barges to gaze at some extraordinary sight which had brought this mass of people to the river-side.

What was it? What could it be? It looked like a dog swimming in the water, for the crowd were apparently staring at the surface of the river on which a small black object moved rapidly up and down, describing lines and circles. As it neared us, it paused, wavered, came up close under our quarter as if to discharge a ghostly torpedo, and silently sped away. The little black spot went back to the float by the side of the big battle-ship; then, as the thousands of eyes were glued to the water, there slowly rose to the surface the deck of a submarine boat. What we had seen was the top of the conning-tower, just showing above the water, and the crowd watched with breathless interest while the crew came up through a man-hole in the deck.

There must be few English-speaking tourists in Russia, for there is no English Baedeker's "Russia." This is significant, for Baedeker's hand-book to Russia is issued both in French and German. Thus the maps and plans are already prepared, the editorial work is accomplished, and nothing remains but the simple task of translating; therefore the absence of an English Baedeker can be accounted for in no other way.

FACTS AND GUIDE-BOOKS IN RUSSIA.



way than this—that there is no demand for it. Baedeker's clientele I imagine must be made up of the English-speaking peoples and mainly of Americans. The French have the "Guide Joanne"; the Germans have the "Meyer Reisehandbuch"; the English still cling to "Murray's Guide," although Baedeker is supplanting him. But American tourists almost all rely on Baedeker. They are not familiar with Murray, and few American guide-books are published now. The old Harper Handbook to Europe—an excellent one, by the way—has long been out of print.

A London bookseller told us that there is no "Murray's Guide to Russia" obtainable in England. Thus both Baedeker and Murray being non-existent, it would seem as if there were no complete traveler's hand-book to Russia to be found in English. At least, we could find none in London.

Considering the scarcity of English guide-books about Russia, a few practical notes of general information may prove of interest. Russia covers an area of 8,660,395 square miles. From the northern coast to the Black Sea the distance is about 1,600 miles. From the Baltic to the Pacific, about

to eat it—not because it is poor, but because it is cheap. So in Maryland, a hundred years ago, hard-hearted masters were forbidden by law to feed their slaves on terrapin more than twice a week because it was so cheap.

A single portion of caviare—a tight fit for two—appeared on the St. Petersburg bill at \$2.00. I never cared for caviare, particularly, but I found that I cared for it much less at \$2.00 per portion.

But although the restaurant prices were high, in St. Petersburg excellent *table-d'hôte* dinners are served for two rubles (about a dollar).

\*\*

Returning to statistics for a moment, it may surprise many readers to know how large Moscow is, and how it compares in population with St. Petersburg. The population of the ancient city in 1902 was 1,173,000. The population of the modern city in 1901 was 1,490,000. St. Petersburg is distinctly modern. It was founded by Peter the Great.

POPULATION AND  
PRINCIPAL SIGHTS  
OF PETERSBURG.



View of the Kremlin from the Moskva River. Said to be one of the most picturesque points of view.

5,000 miles. Within Russia's boundaries is the greatest river of Europe, the Volga, 2,272 miles long. At the last official census, nearly eight years ago, the population of the entire empire was close to 130,000,000; it is estimated now at nearly 150,000,000.

As a military power, Russia's grand total for land forces is 70,000 officers, 7,800 guns, 300,000 horses, and 5,200,000 men.

On our arrival we experienced no difficulties over passports or customs officers. Our passports were examined on entering the country; we delivered them to each hotel keeper when registering, and they were returned to us by him on our departure. Doubtless the Russian customs officers are at times severe; we found them lenient. Their examination was absolutely formal. It was of the most perfunctory nature. They opened nothing. Thus we found once more that the only custom house which can compare with our own in disagreeable features is that of Turkey.

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It is well to warn travelers entering Russia about the marked difference in money there and elsewhere. From whatever direction you come, the money is on a smaller scale. Pfennigs, centimes, centesimi, centimos, öre, heller—all of these, roughly speaking, run four or five to a cent. The Russian kopek is worth about half a cent. It makes a great difference. The twenty and fifty-kopek pieces look very much like the French, Swiss, and Italian coins worth two and one-half and five cents. They are insignificant, punky little things, and do not look their value. If the traveler is not careful he will discover with a shock, about the third day, that he has been giving away ten and twenty-cent pieces as gratuities, under the impression that they are worth only one or two cents.

Those intending to visit Russia will find that the prices there are not low. Everything is dear. The hotels charge high rates. The good restaurants are expensive. The prices for imported wines, spirits, and cigars are much higher than in other European countries. There are excellent hotels to be found in Petersburg and Moscow, but they charge in accordance with their excellence. Even at those most frequented by strangers, the traveler will not find English and French spoken as he will in Western Europe. Most of the servants speak nothing but Russian. Sometimes even the head-porter who in other lands is frequently a linguistic marvel—can speak nothing but Russian, with, perhaps, a little German. At our hotel in Petersburg the Europa, the head-porter spoke a little English; his subordinates none. At the New National Hotel in Moscow even the head-porter spoke no foreign language; only in the office was any foreign language spoken; there the manager spoke some French, the head-clerk French-English; the rest of the staff nothing but Russian. At the Moscow hotel, called "The Slaviansky Bazaar"—the next in importance to the New National—I was told that the employees spoke no foreign language at all.

By the way when we were leaving the New National Hotel in Moscow we did not feel called upon to tip all of the servants, for most of them were slow, stupid, and could not understand our orders. This tip-defection created an incipient riot. They were almost threatening in their demeanor when they realized the dreadful fact that they were to be left un-tipped. It was a queer experience to listen to the snarling of this rabble of *salubrité*—an expressive French term for which we have no exact synonym in English, unless it be our feeble "skeddy."

As an item showing the prices charged in the first-class restaurants in St. Petersburg, a single portion of sturgeon, for two, appeared on the bill at \$3.50. This fish, of course, is so cheap in San Francisco that servants refuse

about 1703. It is a handsome and magnificent city, but its magnificence is monotonous. Moscow, on the other hand, is magnificent and picturesque. The two capitals are about four hundred miles apart, and the railway runs as straight as a crow flies. The story runs that Czar Nicholas looked with disdain on the cautious profiles and meanderings of the railway engineers' plans, and, laying a ruler on their map, drew a straight line, saying: "Run the railway thus." And so it was run. The trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow is made in one night—eleven hours—in a vestibuled train with comfortable sleeping-cars. The line is patrolled by soldiers day and night.

St. Petersburg is divided into twelve quarters, of which the Admiralty quarter is the centre. From this quarter radiate three great streets, of which the Nevsky Prospect is the principal one, and the one on which are the finest shops and public buildings. The main streets are broad, well paved, and well lighted, but many of the minor streets are paved with cobblestones. The Cathedral Kazan is the leading church of St. Petersburg; its exterior is a copy of St. Peter's, at Rome, with its fine Bernini Colonnade. In front of the altar there is a railing,



The "King of Cannons." One of the great guns at the Arsenal in the Kremlin. Its calibre is 39 inches, and it weighs 42 tons. It was cast in 1586; its ornamentation is rich and chaste.

said to be of solid silver, weighing 3,500 pounds. Gigantic candlesticks, made of silver, were so common that one merely gave them a languid look, but a solid silver fence was indeed an eye-opener. Over a hundred French flags and eagles, taken from Napoleon's Grand Army, are hung around this church. The keys of twenty-eight cities, such as Hamburg, Leipzig, and Dresden, are also found there, together with the biton of Marshal Davoust, who captured some of these cities, and whose name, to this day, is never mentioned in them except with curses.

The Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul contains the tombs of the sovereigns of Russia; part of this building, oddly

enough, is used as a fortress and a prison. The interior of the Cathedral of St. Isaac is beautifully finished with malachite, porphyry, and lapis lazuli. This building rests upon thousands of piles, for the city is built upon a marsh, and when Peter the Great founded the city, scores of thousands of peasants were for years employed in filling up the swamps. The Winter Palace, which is also built on a marsh on the Neva's edge, has not a striking façade, but its interior is magnificent; there are few, if any, royal palaces in Europe which surpass it. In addition to its many canvases, there are frescoes and mural paintings done by such famous artists as Horace Vernet. The Jewel Room, with the Imperial Crown, Sceptre and Regalia, has no equal outside of the Orient.

There are many palaces in Petersburg, the most notable among them being the Turida Palace, the Initchkoff Palace, the Michael Palace, the Marble Palace, and the Admiralty. There are also a number of art museums, one of the most interesting of which is the Hermitage, containing a gallery of some eighteen hundred pictures, and, among the list, some of the most famous of the Old Masters. The Hermitage collection is considered by connoisseurs remarkable as possessing such a large number of masterpieces of the various schools; thus, for Spanish pictures, it is surpassed only by the Prado Museum at Madrid; for French pictures, only by the Louvre; for the Netherlandish school, and particularly for Rembrandts, it is said to lead all the galleries. World-wide as is the fame of those priceless collections in the Louvre, the Uffizi, the London National, the Dresden, and the Prado galleries, no art-lover can afford to ignore the Hermitage.

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While we were in St. Petersburg the great Hermitage gallery temporarily yielded in interest to the modern paintings of Verestchagin. The recent death of the artist had shocked and strongly moved the nation, and crowds were filing all day long before his paintings in both the Russian capitals. The largest collection of this famous artist's paintings is to be found in the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. There is, however, a restricted collection of his pictures in the Alexander III Gallery in Petersburg, nearly all based on Napoleon's Russian campaign. Verestchagin's work is so well known through exhibitions of his pictures in New York and other American cities, and by their reproduction by various graphic processes, that I will not touch upon them here.

The Tretyakov Gallery, in Moscow, contains a large number of his studies and sketches, as well as finished pictures. Room after room is filled with his work. This gallery contains over two thousand canvases; nearly all are by Russian artists. These pictures and the magnificent buildings containing them were presented to Moscow by the brothers Tretyakov, two rich merchants of that city.

A notable thing about the work of these Russian artists is that they show no trace of the "impressionism" fad which has raged so virulently of late years. In France it is most acute in the Salon of the Champ de Mars; you even see it in the Luxembourg Gallery, although there the "impressionist" pictures are by able men who some day will recover. In the National Gallery of British Art (the Tate Gallery) in London, you see many "impressionist" pictures; so in Berlin, Dresden, and lesser capitals. But not in Petersburg or Moscow. The Russians are realists, not "impressionists," in the modern sense of the term—the "greenery-gallery-Grosvenor-gallery" sort of impressionism. Verestchagin, Makovsky, and the rest, are grim and forthright realists, but not "impressionists." It is another proof of how impervious to outland influences is the Russian type.

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When we were on our way to Russia I was so much impressed by the stories I had heard of the Russian censorship over newspaper mail, the "blacked out" passages in periodicals, and the "Black Cabinet" which opens and inspects letters, that I felt some hesitation in having our mail addressed to Russia. Not that we had any nihilistic letters

THE RUSSIAN  
NEWSPAPER  
CENSORSHIP.



to weaken the confidence of his army and his navy in their leaders. In short, there were scores of excellent reasons for an arbitrary monarch to do exactly as his enemies said he did—to wit, stop or expurgate all unfriendly foreign publications when they crossed his frontier.

Fancy my amazement, therefore, when, on the first day of our stay in St. Petersburg, during which time I had seen only Russian papers in the reading room of the Europa Hotel, to stumble on another newspaper-rack in a distant corner of the room. I jotted down the names of some of the foreign papers it contained. Among them were the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Berliner Borsen-Courier* (which was then expressing doubts as to Russia's ability to float her war loans favorably), the *Kölnische Zeitung*, the *Nord Deutscher Zeitung*, the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, the *Neue Frei Presse*, the *Indépendance Belge*, and other Central European papers. I was not surprised to see the *Paris Figaro* and the *Paris Gaulois*, for they are friendly, nor the *Paris (N. Y.) Herald*, for it is neutral. But I was surprised to see the *London Mail*, the *London Times*, and other hostile English papers! I looked them over carefully. There was nothing "blacked out"—it looked as if not only the censor

horses' stalls were arranged in groups, as they were driven, in pairs, in fours, and in threes. For in Russia the *troika* is a common way of driving—a trotter in the center, with a running horse hitched on either side of him.

There were openings in the ceiling of the stable, down which the grooms and hostlers descended in a hurry when the emperor wanted anything turned out rapidly. They had an apparatus arranged as at the San Francisco fire-patrol.

While we were in the imperial stables, Prince Henry of Prussia and Prince Louis of Battenberg entered, escorted by a brilliant suite from the British and German embassies. They made the round of the stables and lingered long, seeming much interested in the fine horses. Prince Henry could have truthfully said that Kaiser William's stables in Berlin are far finer than those of Czar Nicholas at Peterhof, but the Kaiser has not such fine horses as the Czar.

In the imperial carriage-house, in addition to the usual variety of state carriages, there is the vehicle that was occupied by Alexander II when he was blown up by the assassin's bomb in 1881. The first bomb thrown shattered the carriage; Alexander alighted unhurt, only to be blown to pieces by a second bomb before he had gone half a dozen steps. This

bearskin shakos. I have always thought of them as fighting, eating, and sleeping in their shakos. I have always believed that Grenadier La Tour d'Auvergne not only bivouaced in his hoots, but used his shako as a nightcap. But I never before thought of a regiment of grenadiers in a high wind. If the wind blew in Napoleon's days it is sometimes does in ours. I think his grenadiers in their bearskins must sometimes have been howled over like nine-pins, with no enemy in sight.

Once, on landing in Constantinople, what most struck me was the breeks of the Turks—the multiplicity and variety of nether garments worn by the subjects of the Sultan. On entering Russia I was similarly struck by the Muscovite hoots—the universality of hoot-wearing and the variety of boots worn by the subjects of the Czar.

As the breeks of the Turks vary, so do the Muscovites' boots. At the top of the social ladder we may put the young officer of Cuirassiers. He is young, rich, handsome, oiled, curled, perfumed, a lady killer, and evidently well pleased with himself, from his glistening helmet to his varnished hoots. For the young cuirassier officer wears tall patent-leather hoots rising above the knee, set off with silver spurs. At the other end of the social scale comes the moujik, with his greasy cap, his matted hair, his filthy belted blouse, and his unmentionables—unmentionable for more reasons than one—thrust into a pair of hoots—shabby ox-hide hoots, perhaps, wrinkled, gaping, splay-footed, and clumsy, but still boots. Below him in the social scale comes the man who possesses no boots, but only shoes—an impossible person, presumably a tramp. Probably there are no barefooted persons in Russia—the climate forbids it. For when the country is not in winter a sea of ice, it is often in summer a sea of mud. Therefore, we may assume that polish—I mean social polish—and civilization stop with the hoot. Below that comes the outcast, the pariah, the hootless one—the man who wears shoes.

At times the Muscovites' hoots give them a comic aspect. When a Muscovite has put into his mouth an enemy to steal away his brains, one of the first resultant symptoms seems to be loss of control over the locomotor muscles. The acute and obtuse angles formed by a Muscovite's hoots when the Muscovite is loaded defy description. Sometimes it seems as if the hoot-clad part of the Muscovite were entirely rigid and all the superincumbent portion entirely flaccid. Thus we are apparently presented with the curious spectacle of a man whose lower one-fourth is sober, the upper three-fourths drunk. This sounds fantastic, but it is not so. One Sunday evening we were returning to Moscow from a visit to the Novo Dievitchy monastery, when we met long lines of moujiks coming along the road. I said "lines"—I must correct that: they were not lines, they were zig-zags. I said "coming"—I must correct that: they were staggering, wobbling, reeling. Occasionally one would fall down; being unable to rise, a comrade would endeavor to assist him—he, too, would fall. A second and third would endeavor to help them, but would also lose their legs. Every hundred rods or so we would see a writhing, tangled mass of moujiks, out of which would protrude three or four pairs of Muscovite hoots.

I have seen a great many drunken men in various parts of the world, and I may, somewhere, have seen more drunken men at one time; but I never before saw so many men at one time so very drunk.

Every man waved a vodka bottle in his hand, most of them full. (I mean the bottles.) It seemed unnecessary for men so very drunk to provide for further intensifying their intoxication—it would have been like painting the lily. But then, perhaps, they were afraid they might accidentally get sober before they reached home.

I observed that some of these men wore no hoots, but had on shabby shoes or slippers. I wondered at this, for it seemed strange to me that a hootless Muscovite should have money enough to buy liquor. I interviewed our guide, and he briefly replied that they had probably sold their hoots to buy vodka, having been temporarily shod by the liquor seller.

What a dreadful hold liquor has upon the race! I have heard of liquor causing men to gamble away their homes; of its leading them to beat their wives; of its instigating sheep-herders to steal their own sheep and bite them. But



Tower of Ivan-Veliky, or John the Great. The large bell in the bell-tower weighs 72 tons, and is ornamented with portraits of Alexander I. It is rung only twelve times a year.

had not read them, but that nobody else had read them either. I sat down and perused with a grim smile a long English leader, grudgingly paying to the Czar bitter-sweet compliments on the birth of his son, and then savagely attacking him for trying to "placate" England by his cordial telegram to King Edward in reply to one from the English monarch. And so it was that I read this article abusing the Czar—not in London, on the banks of the Thames, within sound of Big Ben, but in the Czar's capital, with the bells from the Kazan Cathedral on the Nevsky booming in my ears.

As if to cap the climax of these curious contradictions, I read an article in the *London Daily News*, telling how the Russian censors "blacked out" whole columns in every copy of the *London Daily News*. Yet this I read in a fair, clean copy of the *News*—read it in Russia. Could anything be more droll?

I must not be misunderstood as saying that Russia does not exercise a censorship over books and periodicals. We purchased books in Russia in which many passages were "blacked out," and whole pages cut out. For that matter, for a long time there has hung on my office wall, in San Francisco, a "blacked-out" page of the *Argonaut*. It was sent us by an *Argonaut* subscriber in a sealed envelope, requesting that a fair copy of the canceled page be sent him in the same fashion. He was curious to see what had been blacked out. So I am not maintaining that Russia is liberal in her supervision of her own and other people's letters and papers. She may be more so now than in the past—I don't know. But I do know that all the newspapers above mentioned were on file in the principal hotel reading-room of St. Petersburg, unmarked and unutilized.

I am inclined to think that the Russian censorship over newspapers and newspaper correspondents has been much relaxed since the appeal to the Czar of Melville B. Stone, manager of the Associated Press, some months ago. Every day that we were in Petersburg, dispatches of Russian reverses—there were no other kinds—were published in the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* and the *Petersburger Zeitung*, the only papers that I could read. If they were published in them, why not in the other dailies?

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One of the things the observant stranger may note in the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow is the excellence of the horses. Not only the chargers of the army officers and the carriage-horses of the rich, but cart-horses, cah-horses, droschky-horses, even car-horses and hus-horses, seem to be of good breed and in fine condition. I saw only stallions; there are few mares to be seen, and no geldings. The horses wear little harness, which fashion is admirably designed to show off a handsome animal, and they are driven with very light snaffle-bits; although the Russian horses seem full of spirit, these simple bits control them, for they are thoroughly broken. We did not see a whip on a private carriage or a hackney cah while we were in Russia.

The horses have intelligent eyes, and seem to be better trained than ours: but that is not saying much, for we have more thousands of miles of railways in the United States, and more thousands of horses that take fright at the thousands of railway trains, than any country in the world.

We visited the Czar's stables at Peterhof. They are very plain buildings, but they are filled with handsome horses, which is better than handsome stables filled with poor horses. It was well worth the visit, to see these rows of fine animals standing in their stalls, with their sleek, black coats and long tails. We did not see a docked or hanged tail in Russia. The

shattered carriage is much more interesting than the gilded state coaches with panels painted by Watteau and Boucher, but it is not so pretty to look at.

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Germany is not the only land where extreme punctilio prevails in military matters. In Petersburg, one evening, we were dining in a fashionable restaurant. Near us there was seated a dashing young officer in a brilliant uniform, one of the crack corps of the imperial body guard, the Preobrajensky regiment. He was accompanied by a civilian. They had finished their dinner, and were drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, and idly chatting. Suddenly an elder officer entered, a colonel, also in company with a civilian. He took no notice of the subaltern. The young officer arose, swiftly strode toward his superior's table, halted at a distance of about a yard, stood there stiffly at attention, and waited to catch his superior's eye. That gentleman was oblivious—he was carefully scanning the dinner bill of fare.



Cathedral of St. Basil on the Red Square, just outside the walls of the Kremlin, the fantastically colored domes of which are shaped like various fruits and vegetables. Both the Nicholas Gate and the Sacred Gate open on this square.

When he had selected his dinner he looked up, saw the subaltern, carelessly acknowledged the salute, and the young officer returned to his table and his friend.

Outside the palace of the governor of Moscow one day, I saw a grenadier acting as sentry in a high wind. He looked very imposing in his bearskin shako, but the poor fellow, when he presented arms as the governor went by, had to point close up into the wind, to avoid too much leeway. Even so, he had a heavy list to starboard. I don't know whether in Napoleon's days there existed a simple service uniform like our American army's khaki, with its slouch hat. But Napoleon's grenadiers have invariably been depicted, in song and story, in their

when liquor can compel a Muscovite to pawn his boots and then to fare forth upon the highways of Russia hootless and unashamed, this pitiful spectacle shows to what depths the drink habit will make men descend.

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The imperial palace and grounds at Peterhof bear a marked resemblance to those at Versailles. They were constructed at a time when all European courts took their note from France. Under the republic, France can not to pay for its magnificent fountains: those at Versailles

#### THE HANDSOME RUSSIAN HORSES.



only on Sundays. At Peterhof, on the contrary, the fountains play every day. This show how much more liberal a Czar can be than a republican president with the people's money.

"The Sentry of the Czar"—of what do those words remind me? Let me see—it is the story of the sentry who, for two centuries, had been posted at a certain spot in the garden—no one knew why, at last an antiquarian discovered that the Czar had ordered a sentry there to keep a beautiful rose from being plucked—and then the reason was forgotten for two hundred years.

Here is a more modern story of "The Sentry of the Czar." More than once, while in Russia, I was surprised at finding my cherished illusions concerning Russian censorship, Russian surveillance, and Russian sentries knocked into a cocked hat. I have already spoken of the uncensored English newspapers I saw in Petersburg. At Tsarkoe-Selo we were surprised to see crowds of people strolling in the beautiful gardens of the imperial palace: when we interrogated the guards, we were told that the park was open to the public, and that people came and went freely, without let or hindrance. In truth, they walked about almost under the palace windows. This did not look as if the Czar seemed to be in fear of assassination. At Peterhof, the Czar, at the time of our visit, was occupying the little Alexandra palace which he affects, so we did not view its interior. But not far from the portal we paused and stood awestruck, gazing at the building which contained the mighty monarch Nicholas, Czar of all the Russians. In front of the doorway was a sentry-box, and, as a light rain had been falling not long before, the sentinel had taken refuge under cover. I gazed at him with morbid interest. Here was the man whose duty it was to head off anarchists, annihilate nihilists, and catch all bombs close up to the plate and throw them hot to short-stop.

But the expression of introspection on his countenance, his closed eyes, and a regular monotonous sound which came from the sounding-board of the sentry-box, excited my suspicions. I approached cautiously. The grim warrior, his rifle in the crook of his elbow, was seated on a little stool.

He was a gigantic soldier; the sentry-box was small; the box was full of sentry and boots. There he lay, leaning back, wrapped in profound and stertorous slumber, one booted extremity wrapped around a leg of his three-legged stool, the other boot around the butt of his gun. He was all tangled up in his boots.

I yearned to take a snap-shot of him. I would give a good deal for a photo of this slumbering sentry, the terror to nihilists. But if you get arrested for photographing a fortification in Russia, what would they do to you in Russia for photographing a sentry asleep?

By the way, what an excellent title it would make for a poem—"The Sleeping Sentry"; or, say, "The Sentry of the Czar." Unfortunately, the bald facts do not work up well into a romantic poem, and I present the title with my common-law right and copyright to any budding poet who thinks he can utilize it after paring off its prosaic verisimilitude.

The Château of Tsarkoe-Selo is more interesting than many royal bungalows. Probably the occupancy of Catherine, an improper but interesting personage, lends it interest. There is an Amber Room, the walls of which are completely covered with yellow amber; it contains a number of beautiful amber chandeliers, amber vases, and amber statuary, the gifts of Frederick the Great to Catherine. There is a Silver Room, which is inlaid with veritable silver; adjoining it is a state ball-room in gold and crystal; adjoining this is a Lapis-lazuli Room in gold and blue. There is a Chinese Room in black and gold, which is unique and beautiful; its walls are covered with costly silk, heavily embroidered in Chinese designs.

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While I had some idea of the size of St. Petersburg, I had mentally rated Moscow at about 400,000 inhabitants. I was surprised at its size. It has nearly a million and a quarter people now. It has nearly doubled in thirty years, the official figures being as follows: In 1871, 601,969; in 1882, 753,460; in 1896, 1,037,000. The census of 1902 gave 1,173,469, the last official figures.

It is not alone in the United States that cities increase rapidly in population, nor have we a monopoly in building booms. New buildings are going up all over Moscow. There are two fine new hotels there, and a third hotel—an enormous one—is in process of construction now. There are eighty newspapers published in Moscow, of which twelve are daily. There are sixty scientific and literary societies, twelve social clubs, twenty-five athletic and sporting clubs, thirty art galleries, ten theatres, and forty-five public libraries. There are sixty-six public hospitals and seventy-nine private hospitals. There are 2,800 doctors, including surgeons, dental, and other, and 900 lawyers. These few figures will give some idea of the town.

Moscow is a holy city in Russian eyes. It was the capital of ancient Russia, and formerly the residence of the emperors. Situated on the Moskova, spanned by numerous bridges, Moscow is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. The view from Sparrow Hill, where Napoleon is said first to have seen the city, is beautiful beyond words. The gilded domes and towers of the Kremlin, girt by its triangular walls, blaze in the midst of the city like rich jewels in a setting. Outside of the two-mile triangle, which is called the Mongol, or Chinese City, extend in a vast irregular circle around the Kremlin. Five gates lead from the Mongol City to the Kremlin. The Saviour's Gate is a holy place, and all must uncover while passing under its archway. Visitors not doing so are in danger of insult or injury.

The Cathedral of the Assumption, the principal cathedral, is where the emperors of Russia are crowned. The Cathedral of the Argonauts is where they are baptized. In the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael they formerly were buried, and it still contains the tombs of many of the imperial family, among them that of Ivan the Terrible. Since the foundation of St. Petersburg, all the Czars, except Peter II, have been buried in the modern city. All of Moscow's churches are filled with sacred vessels of gold and jewels studded with precious stones. The tower of Ivan Veliky contains thirty-four bells, the largest weighing sixty-four tons. We watched its ringing one day with much curiosity. It is at the foot of this tower that one sees the vast "Czar Kolokol," or monarch of bells, familiar to all of us in pictures. It weighs 242,000 pounds, is twenty feet high, sixty feet round. Outside the Kremlin, in the Mongol City, are the Cathedral of St. Basil, the Romanoff Palace, the Moscow University, attended by its students, and the largest bazaar in the world, that of Nizny Novgorod. Tradition says that when the

Cathedral of St. Basil was completed, Ivan the Terrible had the architect's eyes put out in order that he might never repeat his great work, or build for any other master.

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Moscow is most certainly a "Holy City," in point of churches.

PIETY,  
PRIESTS,  
AND CHURCHES.

Both within and without the walls of the Kremlin there are churches on every hand. As typifying the simple faith of the Russian people, their external manifestations of devotion for icons may be noted. Wherever there is a sacred place, whether it be a grand cathedral, a little chapel, or merely a petty icon, the passers-by stop, doff caps, bow, cross themselves, and many of them kneel. These manifestations are not confined to the lower classes, although quite naturally they are more devout. One day, when the Metropolitan of Moscow was celebrating some grand ceremony in the Church of the Assumption, I remained outside in the carriage while my companions went in. The odor of sanctity is sometimes a little too strong for my nostrils. As I sat there, in the Cathedral Square of this ancient and semi-Oriental city, watching the thousands filing by, I noticed that less than one in fifty failed to show some sign of respect for the church. Old women crossed themselves, knelt, and finally fell flat on their foreheads on the pavement. The men of the lower orders nearly all knelt. Gorgeous officers lifted their caps and bowed their heads. Trim dandies paused and crossed themselves. Little misses minced by, bobbed a curtsy, and whispered a prayer. Richly dressed ladies, rolling by in their carriages, bowed deeply and made the sign of the cross. Even the filthy droschky-drivers took off their greasy caps and bowed as they went by. I saw one cab where the passenger, a glazier, was holding a large pane of glass upright on its edge. After the driver had saluted, the passenger poked him in the back and requested him to hold the glass in position; the driver did so, thus leaving his passenger with his hands free to take off his cap and cross himself, which he did. When this was done, the accommodating driver restored to the passenger his hold on the pane of glass, and the droschky rolled on.

Another day we were in the Red Square, at the south end of which stands the Cathedral of St. Basil. Into this square



Convent of Novo-Devitichy, or of the Virgins, where are the tombs of Eudoxia, first wife of Peter the Great, and of Sophie, his half-sister.

open ten of the Kremlin's gates, one of them, the "Gate of the Saviour," or "Holy Gate." This is one of the great highways of Moscow, for a population of over a million can scarcely go around a two-mile triangle every time they want to cross their city. In a quarter of an hour some thousands had streamed through the great gate. Not one had failed to uncover, and most had crossed themselves.

The score of churches and hundreds of priests we saw in Moscow led me to make some inquiry as to the organization of the orthodox hierarchy. The church in European Russia is divided into five dioceses, each controlled by an archbishop. Three bishops, those of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiev, are of a higher rank, and are called Metropolitans. The priesthood is divided into the Black Priests, or the regular clergy, and the White Priests, or secular clergy. Out of the Black priesthood come the bishops. The Black Priests are vowed to celibacy. The secular clergy marry, but generally enter a monastery when widowed. There is no love lost between the White and Black clergy. The church is controlled by a "Holy Synod," a body of church dignitaries chosen by the emperor and presided over by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. The emperor is represented in this body by a layman, who is a lawyer.

In addition to the clergy connected with the cathedral and churches, there are many thousands of religions in Russia leading a monastic life. We visited several monasteries outside the city. A convent of nuns near Moscow contained the tombs of Eudoxia, first wife of Peter the Great, and of Sophie, his sister-in-law.

Another monastery near Moscow, worthy of a visit, is the Simonov Monastery, interesting principally on account of the drive there; it follows the River Moskova for several miles, and runs through a densely populated, poorer quarter of the city. And old priest showed us some gorgeous vestments, of which there so many that we were forced to cry for mercy. He was a handsome old fellow, stately, dignified, with a long white beard; we photographed him several times, and he fell into poses as naturally as if he were an actor. But why should he not? He had had years' of practice under the public eye. I would like to print a photograph of him, but my modesty forbids, for in every picture the old priest and I are side by side. He followed me around; he stuck to me closer than a brother. His affection for me so excited my wonder that I asked an explanation of our guide, who said to me in a hoarse whisper:

"Give him two roubles—shake hands with him, and leave

the roubles in his hand when the other priests are not looking."

"Why?" I innocently asked. "If the other priests know that he took money, would it hurt his feelings?" "Oh, no," replied our guide, quite seriously, "but then he would have to divide with them!"

Volumes could not have said more.

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I have heard and read a great deal about "revolution in Russia" since this war began. If there is to be any revolution in Russia, it is my belief that it will "come from above"—in short, be a palace revolution, as most Russian revolutions have been. Most of the governmental changes there have been brought about by what I may call family assassination, as when Peter was poisoned in his palace by his wife, External, or nihilistic, assassination has accomplished naught. There is practically no middle class in Russia. There is an aristocracy shading off into the office-holding class, and below that the masses. But the masses, to a superficial observer, present the utmost solidarity. They seem to me to be almost homogeneous. They have simple, child-like faces, and they repose a simple child-like faith in their priests and in their Czar. This vast mass of humanity seems to me utterly unaffected by exterior influences. There is no European city which shows so little trace of outlanders and outlandism as does St. Petersburg. All the street signs are in Russian. You see no "cafés Français," no "American bars," no "conditoreis," no "five-o'clock tea-rooms," and similar places such as we see all over the continent.

In the picture-shops and galleries the titles of the pictures are in Russian words, and the names of the artists are in Russian letters. Everything is Russian. There is absolutely no concession to the foreigner. There is no foreign quarter in Petersburg or Moscow. This can not be said of Paris, London, or New York. There are quarters of those great cities where you hear nothing but outland tongues. When New York is compared with either Petersburg or Moscow, the contrast in this regard is marked. While the Russian cities are entirely Russian, and there are no foreign quarters there, New York has so many foreign quarters that in time

the "American quarter" of New York may come to be a curiosity visited with interest by her foreign citizens.

..

So leaving Russia as we came—by Petersburg and Cronstadt—again we gazed on the strange spectacle of Russia's military might, her naval power. For what could be stranger than to possess such power, yet not to use it in time of need?

We had seen the Russian flag floating over warships in the Black Sea. There, far to the south, were other scores of warships, and other thousands of fighting men. Here, as we gazed again, the imposing spectacle which met our eyes when we first entered Russia—the fortress of Cronstadt, with its docks and fleets. From where we were, there rolled and stretched away this mighty empire for five thousand miles to the same ocean that washes the shores of our own distant home—an empire which thus almost one-third girdles the globe—which has thrice the area and twice the population of our own colossal republic—which stretches from the Arctic to the Euxine, from the Baltic to the Caspian, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Yet this Colossus of the North is held in check by a race of little men crowded on a little island.

What manner of men are they that rule this empire? Or, rather, what manner of man?—for this vast empire and the destinies of these 150,000,000 are controlled absolutely by the will of one man. What manner of man must be he who out of 150,000,000 of subjects has not yet been able to find A Man?

Gazing on these mighty ships, these thousands of workers at their forges and docks, at all this vast enginery of war, to see these train-loads of battalions and regiments, these warships laden with blue-jackets and marines, typifying the many millions of Russian sailors and soldiers, the irresistible thought arises that all they need against such an opponent is a man to lead them. Yet out of all his swarming millions, out of Great and Little Russian, White and Yellow Russian, Cossack and Tartar, Lithuanian and Finn, Czar Nicholas can not find A Man.

One hundred and fifty millions, yet not a leader.

Six millions of soldiers, yet not a great captain.

Seventy-five thousand subalterns, yet not a strategist.

"Wanted—A Man."

Alas! How many millions of men there are in the world, and yet, after all, how few!



## LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

## Notable Fall Offerings of the English Publishers.

Memoirs occupy a prominent place in London's autumn literary output. Princess Catherine Radziwill has furnished a piquant volume, entitled "My Recollections" (Hibster & Co.), in which she tells many tales of courts and of the great people therein. Wedded at sixteen, and beginning her married life at the court of Berlin, she met the highest, and is well qualified to give first-hand impressions of them. Of the Czarina she quotes a remark of the Empress Frederick that "she is too much convinced of her own perfection, and she will never listen to other people's advice. Besides, she has no tact." The princess confesses to being greatly disappointed in Gladstone, whom, before meeting, she had admired; and to falling completely under the spell of Disraeli, despite a strong feeling that, as a Russian, she entertained against him before making his acquaintance. The princess has little but good to say of the royal people she has known, and finds plenty of excuses for their faults—when she acknowledges that they have any.

Far different from Princess Catherine's book is "The Private Life of Two Emperors" (Evelleigh Nash), a volume of gossip and tittle-tattle of the courts of Germany and Austria. The work is issued anonymously, and with good reason, for much of it is anything but flattering to its victims. The author describes the Kaiser as an intensely religious man, convinced that he is the earthly agent of Providence, which, he believes, has ordained that he will die by an assassin's hand. He maintains autocratic power over his relatives. His brother Henry is described as a breezy, unconventional man, but a poor orator and a worse shot. He has wounded several game-keepers and two Turkish dignitaries while hunting in Syria. It is told how the Archduke Otto tried to lead a crowd of drunken companions into his wife's bedroom, but was prevented by an aid-de-camp whom he (the archduke) struck. The Austrian emperor heard of the affair, and summoned the parties before him, and after thanking the aid-de-camp for what he had done, walked up to Otto, his eyes blazing with indignation, and, before his brother-officers, slapped him violently on either cheek. Good, old-fashioned family discipline, that. But the author is evidently inspired by spite all through. This renders the book valueless, and fit only for the satisfaction of a nasty desire for scandal.

An extremely interesting book of memoirs is Edward Marston's "After Work" (Heinemann). Mr. Marston is seventy-nine years old, and has spent much of his life as a publisher. It was his firm that published "The Woman in White." He recalls the mystery connected with the publication of Sir Morrell McKenzie's "Frederick the Noble." By some theft, which has never been uncovered, the whole work was published in the *New York Herald* and the *London Standard* two or three days before it came out in book-form. The volume is full of delightful reminiscences of writers of past generations.

As to novels, unstinted praise is bestowed upon Max Pemberton's "Beatrice of Venice" (Hodder & Stoughton), in which Napoleon is a leading figure. His attempt to ruin the Venetian republic is detailed, and it is told how his friend and attaché, Gaston, Count de Joyeuse, was sent to Venice on a secret mission to that end, but fell in love with Beatrice, Marquise de St. Remy. Naturally, that brought about complications, which resulted in much throat-cutting and dueling, all of which Mr. Pemberton has described with an intense vividness that is positively enthralling. He pictures Napoleon not as a stern, strange being, but as a man stooping to countenance the massacre of his own countrymen to attain his ends: as a gambler and as a man of inordinate vanity.

Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries" (The Macmillan Company) is not very well received. Nearly all agree that it is not up to his former work. One critic devotes his review to quoting, with favorable comment, many of the verses that preface the stories, then says: "To quote these verses and to ignore the stories of which the book consists is rather like noticing a preface and remaining silent on all that follows it—but in the case of this book it is the kindest course." This is rather unkind, for some of the stories are worthy of Kipling, and most of those that are poor are so mainly as compared with his better work.

A. E. W. Mason's "The Truants" is, like his "The Four Feathers," a good romance of modern life, located mostly in Morocco. Bernard Capes has a new novel, "Diana Please" (Methuen), which is an attractive but too bizarre romance of a girl who is abducted by a chimney-sweep, and rises above her environment until she mixes with the highest society of Naples. Barry Pain ceased for a time his short-story work, and has produced a novel, "Lindley Kays" (Methuen), which has been well received. Jerome K. Jerome has disappointed us in his "Tommy & Co." (Hutchinson), a rather vapid chronicle of modern literary bohemians. Katherine Cecil Thurston has made an immense stir with "John Chilcote, M. P." (Blackwood & Sons). It is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde tale of two men who look alike, one of whom, an obscure man, took the other's place in Parliament, leaving the other to indulge, undisturbed, his passion for opiates. It is a striking story, the suspense maintained to the very end. George Gissing's posthumous novel, "Veranilda" (A. Constable & Co.), is a historical romance, dealing with Rome in the sixth century, and concerned with the interrelations of Goth and Roman. I consider it far better than his notably good novels that preceded it. It is finely conceived, highly interesting, full of dignity and rich workmanship.

The obscure novelists, those who cater to that part of the public which demands sensation, plot above literary merit, and beautiful heroines and black villains, are out in force, and the publishers are advertising them in startling announcements. We are assured that "The Storm of London" (John Long), by R. Dickerry, "will soon be on the lips of every one." It is described as "a social rhapsody," which "portrays with no flattering pen the worst side of high-class society." I don't know exactly who Mr. F. Dickerry is, and I am uncertain about the identity of most of the others whose novels are advertised with his, and in about as flaring a manner. But they must appeal to a large and appreciative class.

Our poet laureate, Alfred Austin, has dropped into prose, and the result is "A Poet's Diary" (The Macmillan Company). It is a sort of autobiography, in which the poet relates some of the incidents of his life. It is not very entertaining,

although some of it is rather amusing through its ingenuousness. He is fond of telling of the praise bestowed upon him by Disraeli, Bismarck, and others. During his silences, the public forgets about Mr. Austin, who really is a conscientious poet, often wooing the muse with success, but who is rather lost in the mantle of the laureate; but directly he writes something, a mild, occasionally fierce, baiting of him begins. If it is not fame, it is at least publicity. Marie Corelli, however, manages to keep incessantly before the public. For fear her latest hook, "God's Good Man," would not have enough notoriety, she has written a plea to the critics (whom she has always scorned) to be good to her, terminating her prayer with a wholesale and scathing rebuke of their shortcomings. It had the desired effect; and there has been no lack of comment. Good and bad, it has all helped sell the hook, which has gone through I don't know how many editions.

Werner Laurie is the first publisher out with a book on the Russo-Japanese War, issuing "Campaigning With Kuropatkin," by Douglas Story. There are several other hooks promised on the same subject as soon as Port Arthur falls.

We have several good books of travel and description, among them Mr. Howitt's "Tribes of Southeastern Australia," a careful, dependable work, a result of thirty years among the people he describes. The memoirs of Professor Arminius Vambéry constitute a reliable and interesting description of Central Asia. It is expected that Colonel Younghusband will put into book-form his Tibetan experiences.

Edmund O. Morel is the author of "King Leopold's Rule in Africa" (Heinemann), which is a strong indictment of the Belgian administration of the Congo Free State.

I haven't seen any new volumes of verse worth special men-



"Uncle" George Bromley, author of "The Long Ago and Later On." Published by A. M. Robertson.

tion. But Andrew Loring has compiled a new rhyming dictionary on a phonetic system of his own devising, and it will soon be out; so before spring we may expect to see Pegassus lean and wearied from overwork. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, October 24, 1904.

## Napoleon and the Letter M.

Far back in the seventies some one wrote an article to show how often the letter M cropped up in relation to the great Napoleon. It is recalled by a reviewer of Max Pemberton's "Beatrice of Venice" (in which Napoleon is the leading figure), who says: "Marbeuf was the first to recognize his genius at the Military College. Marengo was the first great battle won by General Bonaparte, and Melas made room for him in Italy. Mortier was one of his best generals, Moreau betrayed him, Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise shared his highest fortune. Metternich vanquished him in diplomacy. Six of his marshals—Masséna, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey—and twenty-six generals of divisions had M for their initial. Maret, Duke of Bassano, was a trusted counselor; his first battle was Montenotte, his last Mont St. Jean, as the French call Waterloo. He won the Battles of Millesimo, Mondovì, Montmirail, and Montereau; Milan was the first enemy's capital into which he marched victorious, and Moscow the last. He lost Egypt through Menou, and employed Mollis to take Pius the Seventh prisoner. Malet conspired against him, Murat was the first to desert him, then Marchmont. Three of his ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mallieu, and his first chamberlain was Montesquieu. His last halting-place in France was Malmaison. He surrendered to Captain Maitland, and his companions in St. Helena were Count Montholon and his valet Marchmand."

## FRENCH AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

New Books that Interest the Gallic Capital.

It becomes more and more true every year that successful French and German works of fiction, biography, and science, in translated form, soon reach English-speaking people. Thus Taine's life and letters, which was a notable feature of the spring season, is already, I note, on British and American book-shelves. M. Albert Savine's "Roosevelt Intime" (Félix Juven), which your approaching elections make timely here, apparently has furnished amusement to Americans who read French; this I infer from a review I noticed in the *New York Herald*, wherein the reviewer goes into hilarious laughter over the frequent and curious blunders that M. Savine makes about every-day matters. I have not seen the volume, but it would appear that a biography which pleases the *boulevardier* and leads him to stand still more in wonder and amazement at the glorious virtue of your striking President, is not altogether comparable in accuracy with impressions based upon actual experience, rather than upon other books in an alien language, and upon the newspapers. Still another volume having its origin in France that is apparently having as great success in its English form, is Mme. Adam's "My Literary Life." She tells some good stories in this hook, some of which you have possibly seen. There is a characteristic one concerning Zola. One day, so the story runs, a young author presented a manuscript to Hetzel, the publisher, who read it, and found the first two-thirds of great merit in both style and matter. But the last third, to his amazement and dismay, he found so vile and vulgar that it was absolutely nauseating. When the young author returned, Hetzel inquired of him why he should have so spoiled his hook, to which the latter replied: "Sir, the first two parts were written to seduce literary people who make reputations; the last part was written for those who are to buy the hook." The young author was Zola. Mme. Adam says that Hetzel himself told her the story, and so doubtless it is true. It throws a curious light on Zola's pretensions that he advanced morality by showing people "things as they are."

Speaking of Zola reminds me that Paris is to have a theatre, called the Zola Theatre. It is to be a small one, situated at Mont Martre, not far from the base of the hill on which is the Church of the Sacred Heart. There will be presented there not only dramas by Zola, but those by other so-called "advanced" writers, dealing with sex and social problems. The price of admission will be small.

The name of Zola naturally calls up that of Anatole France, the brilliant author of "Vie Littéraire," who so skillfully and ably defended Zola on many crucial occasions, and who delivered the oration at his funeral. One could write quite at length about M. France, for he has of late been rather in the public eye. He has definitely decided, it is now said, to have nothing to do with what he considers a nest of reactionism, the French Academy. For a number of years he has been drifting in this direction, the breach between himself and that other brilliant critic, Ferdinand Brunetière, growing steadily wider. When the Dreyfus affair came on, M. France became a Dreyfusard, and M. Brunetière took the other side: in religion, M. France is a liberal of liberals, while M. Brunetière is now engaged writing hooks on religion, showing that salvation is to be found in the solid old theology of Christianity.

As to the hooks which are interesting the French public, I may mention "Voyages de Miss Berry à Paris, 1782-1836," which has just been published by the Duchesse de Broglie (A. Rohlot). This volume contains a quantity of hitherto unpublished documents, besides the letters. It may be imagined that an Englishwoman in Paris during the stirring years 1782-1836 would have much to chronicle, and as she was a woman of talent, the friend of Horace Walpole, the author of a work entitled "England and France" as well as of some biographical studies, the work has a literary as well as a personal value. Another work, semi-biographical in form, is George Bourdon's "En Ecouant Tolstoy." The author went to Russia as a war-correspondent, and these articles under the title "Listening to Tolstoy" are among not the least interesting that the war has brought out. Other works in the department of biography, history, and essay, that I may mention are M. Stenger's "French Society During the Consulate," an ecclesiastical work on "The Concordat of 1801," and an interesting volume by M. E. Schuré, dealing with Shelley, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and others; it hears the French title, "Précurseurs et Révoltés." I am inclined to think that, while fiction is still produced in greater quantity in France than works in any other department of literature, biography and memoirs are, as a general thing, more successful than they used to be.

Among novels, one that stands out from the mass is Paul Bourget's "Divorce," in which the point of view is that of a conservator of the present social and moral system. Marcel Prévost publishes "La Princesse d'Erminges"—a strong and serious piece of fiction, the leading characters of which are the sexual-minded and indolent aristocracy of Paris. M. Prévost's book handles the subject without gloves, but with little concession to the prudently inclined. Another interesting novel is M. de Vogue's "Le Maître de la Mer," which portrays the conflict between patriotism and militarism, on the one hand, and commercialism on the other. Among the bolder works of fiction are "Le Vertige Passionnel," by M. René Fath, and Georges Lecomte's "The Beetles of Paris"—the "beetles" being poor, blundering, wing-singing human beings. Other works I may mention are "La Feur de Vivre," by M. Bourdeaux, and MM. Margueritte's "La Commune."

I read somewhere, the other day, that every year there are produced in Paris six hundred volumes of verse, so I do not think we may be accused of lack of reverence for the muse; in drama, Paul Hervieu's "Le Dédale" has been a notable success during the year, while M. Maurice Donnay's "Le Retour de Jérusalem" deals with the race problem, the contention being that no amalgamation of Jew and Gentile is really possible. The inevitable result, thinks Donnay, is unhappiness, due to bred-in-the-bone dissimilarity in habit of thought and feeling.

Among miscellaneous works, I may mention "Travail et Plaisir" (Alcan), by Charles Fère, of the Bicêtre Hospital, in which the result of interesting investigation as to the effect of music, perfumes, and exercise on intellectual endeavor is made. The author concludes that, all things considered, pleasing odors will be found to have the most potent and lasting stimulant effect on the imagination.

PARIS, October 20, 1904.

ST. MA



## PUBLISHERS' FALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## Some of the Notable New Books.

## CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Corea: The Hermit Nation, by William Elliot Griffis.  
Divorce, A, by Paul Bourget.  
Food of the Gods, The, by H. G. Wells.  
Golden Bowl, The, by Henry James.  
History of Andrew Jackson, by Augustus C. Buell.  
Italian Poets Since Dante, The, Hon. William Everett, LL. D.  
Impressionist Paintings, by Wynford Dewhurst.  
Last Hope, The, by Henry Seton Merriman.  
Life of Reason, by George Santayana, Ph. D.



Book-Cover Design from the Baker & Taylor Company.

Literary Readers of America, by Richard Burton.  
Memoirs of Madame Du Barry, by H. Noel Williams.  
Our Big Game, by Dwight W. Huntington.  
Parody Anthology, A, compiled by Carolyn Wells.  
Romney, by Mrs. Humphry Ward and W. Roberts.  
Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Sir Walter Armstrong.

## THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Captains of the World, by Gwendolen Overton.  
Common Lot, The, by Robert Herrick.  
Early Writings of Montaigne, The, by Grace Norton.  
Holy Roman Empire, The, by James Bryce.  
How to Collect Old Furniture, by Frederick Litchfield.  
Japan, by Lafcadio Hearn.



From "Poems of Childhood" by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

London in the Time of the Tudors, by Sir Walter Besant.  
Memoirs of Edward Burne Jones.  
Memories of a Hundred Years, by Edward Everett Hale.  
Miriam or, the Sin of David, by Stephen Phillips.  
Pathfinders of the West, The, by Agnes C. Laut.  
Poems and Plays, by W. B. Yeats.  
Principles and Progress of English Poetry, The, by Charles Mills Gayley.  
Reminiscences of Peace and War, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.  
Sabrina Warham, by Laurence Housman.  
Sea Wolf, The, by Jack London.  
Songs of Motherhood, by E. J. H.  
Thomas Nast, by Albert Bigelow Paine.  
Whosoever Shall Offend, by Francis Marion Crawford.

## LITTLE, BROWN &amp; CO.

As of Two Centuries, by Edward Everett Hale.  
Ined Shadows, by Richard Le Gallienne.  
ce of My Desire, The, by Edith Colby Banfield.

Rembrandt's Etchings, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.  
Roma Beata, by Maud Howe.  
Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop, by Anne Warner.  
Younger American Poets, The, by Jessie B. Kittenhouse.

## THE BAKER &amp; TAYLOR COMPANY.

Appreciation of Sculpture, The, by Russell Sturgis.  
Deacon Lysander, by Sarah P. McL. Greene.  
Old Love Stories Retold, by Richard Le Gallienne.  
Our Christmas Tides, by Dr. Theodore Leary Cuyler.

## THE CENTURY COMPANY.

Art Crafts for Beginners, by Frank G. Sanford.  
Ellen and Mr. Man, by Gouverneur Morris.  
Gray World, The, by Evelyn Underhill.



Illustration from "Big Game," by D. W. Huntington. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Madigans, The, by Miriam Michelson.  
Miss and Mam'zelle, by André Castaigne.  
Paths of Judgments, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.  
Sonny: A Christmas Guest, by Ruth McEnery Stuart.  
Staying Guest, The, by Carolyn Wells.  
Thackeray's Letters to an American Family.  
Youth of Washington, The, by S. Weir Mitchell.

## JOHN LANE.

Emile Zola, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly.  
Fifty Leaders of British Sport, by Ernest Elliott.



S. Weir Mitchell, author of "The Youth of Washington." Published by the Century Company.

Helen Alliston, by the author of "Elizabeth's Children."  
Imperial Vienna, by A. S. Levetus.  
Later Pepys, A, edited by Alice C. C. Gausson.

Log of the Griffin, The, by Donald Maxwell.  
Memoirs of a Martyr King, by Allan Fea.  
Musa Verticordia, by F. B. Money-Coutts.  
Paderewski, by Edward A. Baughan.  
William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher, by Richard Garnett.  
With the Pilgrims to Mecca, by Hadji Khan and Wilfrid Sparrow.

## A. C. McCLURG &amp; CO.

Farmington, by Clarence S. Darrow.  
Birds of California, by Irene G. Wheelock.  
Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings, edited by Ana B. McMahan.  
Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.  
Lahontan's New Voyages to North America, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites.  
My Lady of the North, by Randall Parrish.  
Short History of Oregon, A, compiled by Sidona V. Johnston.

## HARPER &amp; BROTHERS.

Common Way, The, by Margaret Deland.  
Imperator et Rex, Anonymous.  
Ladder of Swords, A, by Gilbert Parker.  
Lady of Loyalty House, The, by Justin Huntley McCarthy.  
Masquerader, The, by Katherine Cecil Thurston.  
Nostromo, by Joseph Conrad.  
Son of Royal Langbreth, The, by William Dean Howells.  
Sorrows of Sap'ed, by James Jeffrey Roche.  
Theopano, by Frederic Harrison.  
True Bills, by George Ade.

Divine Fire, The, by May Sinclair.  
Fergy the Guide, by H. S. Canfield.  
Marathon Mystery, The, by Burton Egbert Stevenson.  
More Cheerful Americans, by Charles Batteil Loomis.  
Mr. Waddy's Return, by Theodore Winthrop.

## A. M. ROBERTSON.

From Crypt to Choir, by Louis A. Robertson.  
Long Ago and Later On, The, by George T. Bromley.  
Proverbs of the People, by Lorenzo Sosso.  
Testimony of the Suns, by George Sterling.

## E. P. DUTTON.

Prado and Its Masterpieces, The, by Russell Sturgis.  
Creevey Papers, The.



Book-Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

Dukes and Poets in Ferrara, by Edmund G. Gardner, M. A.  
French Noblesse of the Eighteenth Century, translated by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant.

## PAUL ELDER &amp; CO.

Commercialism and Morality, by Albert Shaw, Ph. D.  
Entirely New Cynic's Calendar for 1905, The.  
101 Epicurean Thrills, The, by Mrs. May E. Southworth.  
Simple Home, The, by Charles Keeler.  
Upland Pastures, by Adeline Knapp.  
Yosemite Legends, by Bertha H. Smith.

## A. S. BARNES &amp; CO.

Cap'n Eri, by Joseph C. Lincoln.  
Captain in the Ranks, A, by George Cary Eggleston.

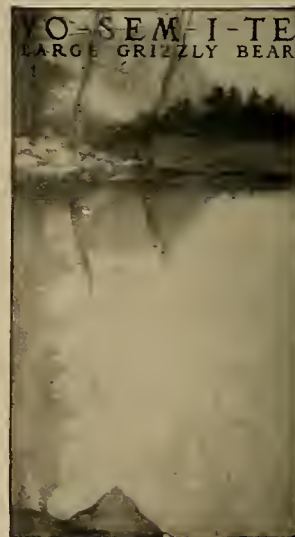


Illustration from "Yosemite Legends," by Bertha H. Smith. Published by Paul Elder & Co.

Pagan's Progress, The, by Gouverneur Morris.  
President, The, by Alfred Henry Lewis.

## THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Ivan, the Terrible, by Waliszewski.  
Morganatically, by Max Nordau.  
Never Never Land, by Wilson Barrett.  
New Samaria, by S. Weir Mitchell.  
Recollections of General Early, edited by Senator John W. Daniel.  
Shakespeare's Town and Time, by H. Snowden Ward and Catherine W. Ward.  
Stratford-on-Avon, by Sidney Lee.  
True Henry Clay, The, by Joseph M. Rogers.

## T. Y. CROWELL &amp; CO.

Comedies of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, The, edited by Brander Matthews.  
Dames and Daughters of the French Court, by Geraldine Brooks.  
Greek Poet, The, by Nathan Haskell Dole.  
Hundred Best English Poems, The, selected by A. L. GOWANS.  
Lost Art of Reading, The, by W. Robertson Nicoll.

## HENRY HOLT &amp; CO.

After the Divorce, by Grazia Deledda, translated by M. H. Lansdale.  
Custodian, The, by Archibald Eyre.



## CLASSIFIED FALL PUBLICATIONS.

## Books Ready and in Press.

## FICTION.

Abbess of Vlaye, The, by Stanley J. Weyman; Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.  
Affair at the Inn, The, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
American Wives and Others, by Jerome K. Jerome; The F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.  
Andrea, by Karin Michalis. Translated from the Danish by John Nilsen Laurvik; McClure Phillips & Co. \$1.00.  
Angel by Brevet, An, by Helen Pitkin; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.  
Apology of Ayliffe, The, by Ellen Olney Kirk; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
Atoms of Empire, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne; The Macmillan Company.  
At the Moorings, by Rosa N. Carey; The J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.  
Baccarat, by Frank Danby; The J. B. Lippincott Company.  
Beatrice of Venice, by Max Pemberton; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
Belle of Bowling Green, The, by Amelia E. Barr; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.



Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "In the Closed Room." Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Bethany: A Story of the Old South, by Thomas E. Watson; D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.  
Betrayal, The, by E. Phillips Oppenheim; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
Beverly of Graustark, by George Barr McCutcheon; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
Biddy Episodes, by Adeline D. T. Whitney; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.  
Black Friday, by Frederick S. Isham; The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.  
Blazed Trail Stories, by Stewart Edward White; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.  
Book of Clever Beasts, The: Studies in Unnatural History, by Myrtle Reed; G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Box of Matches, A, by Hamblen Sears; Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.  
Brethren, The, by Rider Haggard; McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.  
Bucking the Sage Brush, by Charles J. Steedman; G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
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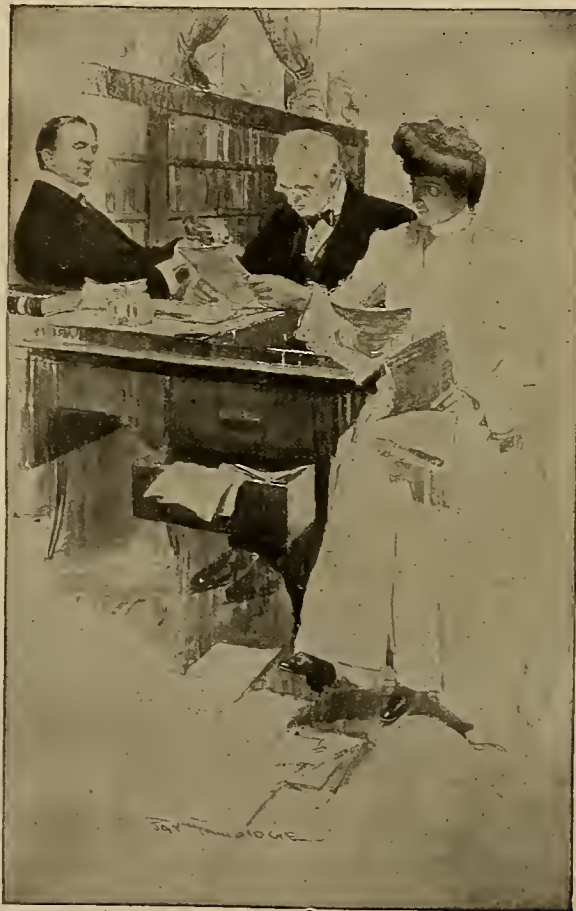


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## VIVACIOUS EPISTLES.

## "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family."

It is only recently that the public, through a series of letters published in *Scribner's Magazine*, were made acquainted with the terms of close intimacy upon which Thackeray established a life-long friendship with an American family living in New York during his lecturing tours in America. In intimate letters of the kind written by famous men upon subjects of private or domestic interest to those especially dear to them, it is usually vain to look for nuggets of wisdom, or indications of literary genius. The intellect as well as the body requires its times of ease and relaxation. Thackeray found the Baxters, the family in question, particularly congenial and responsive to that peculiarly characteristic vein of playful humor and



Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Paths of Judgment." Published by the Century Company.

affectionate nonsense of which the outside world obtained only glimpses. In giving free rein to this trait, in the frequent expression of his affectionate regard for the family in question, and in numerous intimate allusions to members of his own family, Thackeray made fuller revelations of his peculiarly lovable qualities, of his sense of playful chivalry toward women, and of his strong family affections, in fact, of the real heart and soul of the man, than could be gained in a hundred more or less formal interviews. This constitutes the peculiar charm of the letters. All can not be regarded as intrinsically interesting, but as the reader turns the pages over, his attention is continually arrested by some scrap of engaging nonsense, some outspoken confession of literary discouragement, perhaps a mention of physical ailment palliated by some bit of accompanying drollery, that makes one know and love the man better than ever before.

Such bits as the following will interest all readers who are partial to Thackeray's works: "I'm in low spirits about the Newcomes. It's not good. It's stupid. . . . It says, 'Why do you go on writing this rubbish? You are old you have no more invention, etc. Write sober



John Hearn, author of "Japan An Attempt at an Interpretation." Published by the Macmillan Company.

books, books of history, leave novels to younger folks." (Thackeray omits commas galore in these letters). In another letter, written during an illness that seized him on his lecture tour, he says, after recounting some of his "two-penny aches and pains": "No one would have thought from the sweet serenity of my countenance what agonies were going on within." During a time of physical and mental depression, he writes, "I could not produce the least elation, I am a little captiousness, but that's all." In a letter written only in 1854, he

says: "I began to make a poem about Son-tag's death the other day, but stopped, finding it was not at all about her but about myself. . . . Something dismal must be in the air, for instead of writing gayly to a young lady on her birthday see the page is full of darkness, death, weariness of soul, failing memory, advancing decrepitude, speedy departure."

But sadness is far from the prevailing tone in these letters, which bubble over with cheerful nonsense talk and amusing banter for the young ladies of the family, toward whom the famous author adopted a half paternal, half laughingly gallant, tone. He constantly expresses a love, not for America, but for Americans, particularly the women, of whom he writes, after he has returned to London: "My praises of the American women are going all about the town and Lady S. says are outrageous. Some of the im-mensest bigwigs have asked me to dinner. . . . My dears (this, of course, is to the three young ladies) I would rather sit in the brown house than at the biggest table."

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

## Gibson's Drawings.

A century from now, illustrators and seekers after types of present-day people will turn to the drawings of Charles Dana Gibson. Whatever may be said as to the representativeness of his American girl, no one can dispute that in his "Everyday People," just issued, he has faithfully depicted many characteristic Americans. Aside from their artistic merit, which from a pen-and-ink standpoint is very high, the pictures are remarkable in their disclosure on every page of people we have often seen. High as well as low are shown, and no matter what phase of life Gibson illustrates, the genius that enables him to catch the salient points of



Illustration from "Blazed Trail Stories," by Stewart Edward White. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

character is displayed. The bar-room loafer, the baseball enthusiast, the politician, the society girl, the smug semi-professional man, the parvenu, the drab, the street-child, the lawyer, are all limned in a manner that leaves no need for explanatory text. In the art of expression, Gibson uses his pen with a subtle skill that defies analysis.

In this latest collection, the best series is of the parvenu, Mr. Tagg, and his family. The self-satisfaction of the head of the family, the rather bewildered adoration of his wife, the wistfulness of the daughter, the profligacy of the fat, worthless son, the nonchalance of the family dog, are all portrayed with humor and feeling. In all the drawings, Gibson shows intimacy and sympathy with human nature; and there are as much tragedy and pathos as there is humor in his work.

The drawings are handsomely bound in heavy boards.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$4.20 net.

## Good Biography.

The Macmillan Company's Men of Letters Series has received a charming addition in Hon. Emily Lawless's biography of Maria Edgeworth, the Irish writer. Miss Lawless has written in the most unconventional vein of the author of "Castle Rackrent," "The Absentee," and other novels of Irish life. She tells of her early life and aspirations, and of the influence (not always for the good of her work) that her father had over her. Miss Edgeworth wrote with total lack of self-consciousness, and her biographer draws an interesting picture of her sitting in the great library, or living room (in which were her much-married father and many of his seventeen children), calmly working, at a corner of a desk, on a novel, heedless of the chatter around her. She also tells amusingly of Mr. Day, author of "Stanford and Merton," who proposed to Miss Honora Sneyd, stipulating, though, that she should renounce all frivolities—for, even for the lat-

ter part of the eighteenth century, his views on a wife's duty and submission were extreme. Much to his surprise and chagrin, she refused to be honored by his hand. Then he proposed to her sister, who turned the tables by making conditions, telling him that he must learn some of the social graces of life before she would even consider accepting him. Poor Day went to France, where he strove to learn dancing; but such a poor job did he make of it that the lady refused him. And Day's friend, Edgeworth, who had acted as a postal cupid in these affairs, married both sisters—one at a time, of course, and under proper circumstances. It was among such people that Miss Edgeworth did her work, and probably it was from their eccentricities and light-heartedness that she derived much of her inspiration.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

## Scientific Explanations of Earthquakes.

"Earthquakes" is not a book-title that would allure many non-scientific readers;

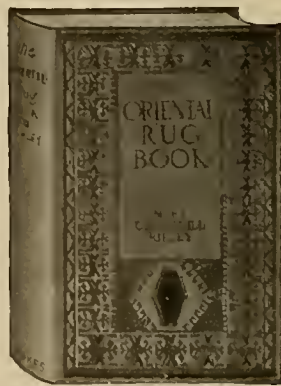


Evelyn Underhill, author of "The Gray World." Published by the Century Company.

yet the volume of the Science Series, written under that name by Major Clarence E. Dutton, U. S. A., will be found entertaining as well as instructive. It does not consist, as such works formerly did, only of narratives of disasters, but gives, in addition, an account of the modern theories of earthquakes and their causes, of the many ingenious instruments devised for measuring and detecting motions of the earth's surface, and of the deductions drawn from the observations. The scientific part of the treatise is very clearly put.

It is only since 1870 that a well-defined and organized study of earthquakes has been undertaken, and the investigations that have gone on since that time have justified the name of "The New Seismology." This new seismology is eminently scientific, for it investigates earthquake phenomena by means of instruments that measure force and motions, speeds and accelerations. It is truly wonderful the variety of instruments that are used for these purposes, and in the volume under discussion they are fully illustrated and clearly explained, while pictorial demonstrations of their work are given.

The book contains a description of the nature of earthquakes according to the modern concepts, and a general discussion of their causes follows. Two causes are now recognized: the first volcanic; the second the force that is presumed to be always active in disturbing the rocks which form the outer shell of the earth, resulting in the building



Book-Cover Design from the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

of mountains, the folding or shearing of the strata, and the elevation or depression of the earth's surface. These two causes are now looked upon as quite distinct, although it is thought possible that they may have inter-relations.

California has been accused of the earthquake habit, but the slight shocks we have had are not even tremors as compared to some described in this volume.

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Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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Illustration from "Stories of Robin Hood," by J. Walter McSpadden. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

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Illustration from "Monarch, the Big Bear of Fallac," by Ernest Thompson-Seton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the best interpreters of the spirit of the hardy mountaineers who dwell upon their untraveled slopes. Nearly all of the half-dozen stories in his latest collection, "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," treat of one phase or another of the mountain character. Two of them in length amount almost to novelettes, one, "The Army of the Callahan," being a story of the part played by some of the mountaineers of Cumberland Gap in the Civil War while "The Last Setson" gives a dramatic account of the final ending of a mountain feud. The other stories are short, but

tify him in increasing the number of characters who increase cheerfulness among their fellow-countrymen. As a result, he has had published a second volume, the title of which, "More Cheerful Americans," will serve as a sign-post to the appreciative readers of the first. They will probably be many. There is a geniality about Mr. Loomis's humor which tends to good cheer, and leaves no bitterness behind. His satire of such institutions as the labor unions will not prevent members of those organizations from chuckling over "Why the Delegate Walked," and Seton-

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Disagreement with Grover Cleveland's political views and practices is easier than disbelief in his sincerity. His "Presidential Problems" is a clear and unequivocal exposition of his acts, and the motives that inspired them, during one episode and three crises that came about while he was President. The elements in his character that caused John R. McLean, of Cincinnati, to dub him "a damned old rhinoceros," stand out clearly in this book, and especially in the first article, "The Independence of the Executive." In this, Cleveland details his contest with the Senate, which demanded that he submit the official documents relating to his suspension of certain Federal officers. Cleveland refused to do this, contending that the power of suspending such officers was vested solely in him, and that the accusations and findings against them were none of the Senate's business. The fight over the matter was a hard one, but Cleveland won in the end. This tilt, early in his executive career, seems to have made him rather contemptuous of the nation's highest legislative body—for in another article, "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," he throws out the following gibe at our Solons: "The fact must not be overlooked that, notwithstanding this treaty was promoted and negotiated by the officers of our government, the parties to it were Great Britain and Venezuela. This was a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the work accomplished was thus saved from the risk of customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate."

Mr. Cleveland makes out a good case for himself and the government in his history of the Venezuelan trouble, and gives a very lucid account of all the causes that lead up to it. He is equally illuminative and logical in his account of the "The Government in

of which he writes, and is familiar with their peasant character and dialect. But the interest of his stories proper begins to go off in some degree. He has acquired that mechanical dexterity of the trained story-teller who fails to turn to new fields for inspiration.

The story of "The Farm of the Dagger" is one of a mortal feud between two Dartmoor farmers, who are more than a match for each other in cunning, and each of whom is so unaffected by considerations of mercy for his antagonist as finally to involve disaster and crime. As with the Montagues and Capulets, the young shoots from the parent stock meet and become secretly betrothed, loving each other all the more determinedly



Mrs. Corroll Watson Ronkin, author of "Dondelon Cottage." Published by Henry Holt & Co.

for the contentions of their elders.

The author gives a hint in the first chapter of a dark tragedy that subsequently befalls, and endeavors, with rather too obvious effort, to work up to the catastrophe with a fitting accompaniment of boding gloom and horror. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of the book remains that of bucolic calm. The tragedy, as tragedy, fails of its effect. Admirers of this writer, however, will find the familiar qualities that pleased them still present. There are delvings in peculiar old-country traditions, plenty of the typical talk of the rustics, and the story is couched in that quaintly simple and in part almost obsolete phraseology in which Mr. Phillpotts is especially proficient.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## Merit Overbalanced by an Extravagant Style.

Eccentricity is altogether too fascinating to the author of "Love is Chief," a novel by Rose K. Weekes, which opens in a sufficiently promising manner to rouse a sense of anticipation in the reader, but which, in spite of a vein of originality, is so marred by the vagaries, extravagances, and improbabilities of motive, speech, and action on the part of the characters as to modify the good opinion originally formed. The writer has a talent for expression, turns off neat bits of description, and writes easy, rattling dialogue; qualities which, if turned to account in a better-balanced story, would be far more telling. Extremes meet in the pages of "Love is Chief," none of the leading char-



Gabriele d'Annunzio, author of "The Romances of the Rose." Published by L. C. Page & Co.

acters being built on normal lines. A curious abruptness and a lack of orderly progression in emotion and situation are curious faults in the book, which, in spite of a certain flourish of trumpets over the perversions and secret hypocrisies of the main character, ends by being a mere love-story, commonplace enough in its main events, in spite of the queer actions and sayings of the leading actors, and of a rather unconvincing example of the unearned devotion of one man for another.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

W. S. Gilbert himself has made 350 illustrations for a new edition of "Bab Ballads."



"THE MADIGANS."

## THE MADIGANS By Miriam Michelson, Author of "In the Bishop's Carriage."

The Madigans are six of the most active, daring, original, and clever youngsters that ever stirred up a household. The story of their antics is told with all the sparkle and wit which made the author's "In the Bishop's Carriage" so popular a success. A few chapters from this story of their doings are enough to enliven the dullest day. Illustrated by ORSON LOWELL.

(12mo, 300 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

## The Gray World

By Evelyn Underhill.

This is an unusual story, the remarkable narrative of a London slum child's reincarnation. How the memory of the "gray world" influenced all this second existence is well told. A difficult subject handled with cleverness and delicacy.

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Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc.

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S. WEIR MITCHELL.

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By Ruth McEnery Stuart, Author of "Sonny," "Napoleon Jackson," "Holly and Pizen," etc. Illustrated by HARRY C. EDWARDS.

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"A GROUP OF THE THUMB-NAILS."

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York



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Grover Cleveland, author of "Presidential Problems." Published by the Century Company.

the Chicago Strike of 1894," setting forth convincingly that troops were sent to Chicago only when absolutely needed. But in "The Bond Issues," while he tells with apparent frankness all that relates to this much-condemned course, his defense of his acts is weak. Honest, he undoubtedly was; but his own statements show his judgment, and that of his associates, seriously at fault. He shows that every bond issue made to a select circle of bankers was unsuccessful in stopping the drain upon the public store of gold; and that when (as should have been done in the first place) the bonds were sold to the general public, confidence was restored. But Mr. Cleveland still maintains the wisdom of his course. "And though," he says, "Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont, and scores of other bankers and financiers who were accessories in these transactions, may be steeped in destructive propensities, and may be constantly busy in sinful schemes, I shall always recall with satisfaction and self-congratulation my association with them at a time when our country sorely needed their aid."

Apart from its historical value, this volume of Mr. Cleveland's possesses literary merit of a high order. He writes with vigor and directness, and, although he generally confines himself to statements of fact, he occasionally rips out an aside full of cutting sarcasm or blistering invective.

Published by the Century Company, New York.

## Marred by Hasty Work.

Eden Phillpotts has without doubt won a considerable following by his frequent stories of the lovely Devonshire country. From that quadruply authored book, "The Affair at the Inn," we learn that volumes by Thomas Hardy and Eden Phillpotts jostle each other in the luggage of the tourists who travel to those regions to make acquaintance with their wild beauties. Mr. Phillpotts, however, turns off his stories too rapidly. There is no question but that he knows and loves the places



## "THE DIVINE FIRE."

Old Fashioned in Length, Modern in Theme.

"The Divine Fire," by Mary Sinclair, belongs in the category of the old-fashioned three-volume novel in the matter of length, in luxuriance of detail, and in the number and variety of characters. In subject it is entirely modern. The title gives a hint of the theme. The hero is a poet, but of a distinctly modern school. He is the author of a lyrical Greek drama treated from a twentieth-century standpoint; he writes neo-classic sonnets and finds publishers for them, and he is hailed as a coming genius by discerning critics. Yet his literary side does not make the strongest claim on the interest. Both in his weakness and in his strength he is very human. He is a cockney, and can not forget



Justin McCarthy, author of "An Irishman's Story." Published by the Macmillan Company.

it. The elusive aspirate sometimes evades him, and he knows it and suffers in consequence. He is flustered in the presence of his superiors in station, a state of picturesque drunkenness is not unknown in his experience, a vulgar little London variety actress captures his fancy, an insipid young cockneyess of the shop-girl type hegules him into an engagement. But all these things are in the way of development. When the lady of his dreams crosses his vision, the outer husk falls away, and the real man is revealed, chivalric, unselfish, a gentleman in soul if not in exterior.

It is a good story, keen in analysis, original in situation, pleasantly sincere in treatment. Written in a leisurely vein, it must be read in the same spirit, and so read, the humor and vigorous handling of the numerous characters will give genuine enjoyment. The book-seller's shop and the London hoarding-house are two capitally drawn interiors, but the most piquant situations are brought out when the cockney-bred youth enters the unfamiliar world of the upper classes and finds himself utterly routed in the gentle presence of two well-bred English girls.

Published by Henry Holt &amp; Co., New York.

## Family Joys and Quarrels.

Miriam Michelson has followed up the success of her "In the Bishop's Carriage" by writing a group of short stories which have



Miriam Michelson, author of "The Madigans." Published by the Century Company.

been published during the past few months in the Century Magazine, but which were evidently planned in advance as a connected series to be collected in one volume for future publication. This volume, now issued from the press under the title of "The Madigans," forms a collection of a sufficiently humorous nature to win further popularity for its author. The Madigans are an exceedingly lively and individual family group of Irish-American parentage, who dwell in Virginia City, and whose natures are strongly harmonized with their unconventional en-

vironment. Madigan, senior, who is a failure in life and the emittered parent of six tumultuous daughters, and who, for this and other reasons, spends his time in a state of "abiding disgust with the human, daughterful world," is a distinct creation; a character of the kind whose eccentricities and deviations from the normal only serve to make for greater reality. The interest of the dozen tales, whose leading characters he fathers, increases when this figure of choleric and chronic wrath is present, and to the adult mind dwindles when he fails to appear, the stories having a tendency at such times to appeal more particularly to juvenile tastes. The hook will, nevertheless, be relished by many mature readers, more particularly by those who have been reared in large families, and who will experience a reminiscent enjoyment in recalling the alternations of active hostility and genial comradeship through which large families struggle to the final estrangement or good will of adulthood.

By all odds the best of the stories, called "Cecilia, the Pharisee," heads the list, the others falling off in general merit. The volume is handsomely set off by some two dozen clever illustrations by Orson Lowell.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

## HUMOROUS LITERARY VERSE.

## II.

If I could write like Boh Burdette  
Or sling the pen like Twain,  
I'd hold my head up high, you het,  
And grow extremely vain,  
And maybe now and then I'd get  
A letter in some strain

Besides the one: "We much regret we can not use the inclosed. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render a contribution unsuited to our present uses."

If I could write like Shakespeare wrote  
And rhyme like Bobby Burns;  
If I could make my verses float  
Like Swinburne does by turns,  
I wonder if I'd get a note  
That sweetly, sadly spurns  
My jokelet and my anecdote:

"We can not use the inclosed. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render a contribution unsuited to our present uses."—*Ex.*

## The Whole Performance.

There's a fellow from Chicago who is working  
night and day,  
And Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays he brings  
out another play.

In speed and versatility no one can doubt he's  
got

Both Ibsen, Shaw, and Shakespeare lashed se-  
curely to a cot.

And there's nothing doing now but Mister  
Ade.

Have you seen the latest show by Mister Ade?  
Slang, philosophy, and grammar,  
More than playwright, he's the Dramar—  
What's the use of anything but Mister Ade?

"Sultan," "Peggy," "County Chairman"—  
what's the next one, can you guess?

"We're rehearsing for 'The Sho-Gun,'" says the  
agent to the press;

While the merry "College Widow" from the  
box receipts is crammed,  
As the doorkeeper each performance hangs the  
joyful placard "Jammed."

There is nothing much in town but Mister  
Ade;

Look beside you, up or down—what else hut  
Ade;

From the tragic to the silly,  
From sublime to vaudeville,

All the world is being dramatized by Ade.  
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

## A Bit of Whitman.

It is afternoon. I am sitting on the bleachers  
with some one's feet in my coat pockets.  
There are about me eleven thousand fellow-men,  
with their mouths open,  
And pop bottles on the way to or from them.  
Occasionally they shout.

I am stunned, deafened, confused by the mighty  
outpouring of sound vibrations,  
But I do not mind it.

I am wedged between mountains of flesh, some-  
what moist.

It is hot.

I am baked, parboiled, incinerated, perspiring,  
But not so much so as the man next to me.

He is fat.

For five cents I have protected myself against the  
adamantiness of the planks beneath me

by a cushion.

On the whole, I am very happy.

A man has stepped to the plate.

He is a short, squat man, earnest, purposeful,  
with wide hands, a red neck, and dirt on his  
pants.

I know him.

Last year he batted 398.

He is home-runful.

If he hits the ball I have won two bones from  
the man beside me.

The multitude, intense, surging, wild-eyed, holds  
onto its breath with both hands.

Suspense incarnates itself.

Hark!

The short, squat man has connected with the ball.  
Like the spokes of a chariot-wheel his legs revolve  
toward first base.

I yell.

I throw my hat in the direction of left field.

My hack receives the castigations of many maniacs  
behind me, while

Pandemonium, lurid, deep-lunged, intense, stalks  
about the grounds with its coat off.

Hush!

Some one has turned off the cheering.

A thing called the umpire has brayed.

The short, squat man is out.

I hear cries about me.

They indicate rage, anger, fury, frenzy, disgust,  
hate, loathing, repulsion, passion, aversion,  
despair—what you will.

I join in them.

I dash my cushion to the ground.

I climb to my seat and yell, "Lynch the black-  
hearted robber!" "Run him off the grounds!"  
"Desiccate him!"

These, with other expressions and epithets of  
which I am now ashamed.

I boil with rage.

The fat man next to me has pocketed my money.

—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Before the year is out, the publication is expected of one of the most attractive auto-biographies that have appeared of late, even in years which have been full of important works of the kind. Dr. Moncre D. Conway has taken a hazy share in the intellectual life of both England and the United States during the last half century, and the tablets of his memory are rich in great names, such as those of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Walt Whitman, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, and many great ones since their day. The hook is to appear through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in two big volumes.

The Macmillan Company has secured for publication in this country, and will bring out in two volumes with over two hundred illustrations, Maurice Hewlett's new hook, called "The Road in Tuscany."

## Henry Holt's &amp; Co.'s Recent Fiction

Published at 29 W. 23d St., New York

Stevenson's (Burton E.) MARATHOU MYSTERY (Just Published) \$1.50

With five scenes in color by ELLIOT KEEN.

Mr. Stevenson's well-liked "Holladay Case" has been published in America (where it is in its fifth printing), England, and Germany, and has been praised, by conservative reviewers, for the author's good writing as well as for his remarkable plot. In this new book, which opens with a strange happening in a New York apartment-house, the author has retained the merits of his earlier book, but written a more powerful tale and one fuller of dramatic incident. Mr. Keen's colored scenes are as unique as they are effective.

Eyes's CUSTODIAN. Illustrated by PENRHYN STANLAWS. \$1.50

A lonely hunting lodge in Scotland, a gallant Englishman, and a madcap German princess are the principal features. Perhaps the author's humor and the ingenuity with which he extricates his characters naturally from difficult situations, are notable. The book just having been published no notices have yet appeared.

Lorimer's (Norma) ON ETNA (Just Published.) \$1.50

An uncommonly vivid and powerful love-story. The title refers not only to the scene, but to the emotional tumults of the characters. Brigands and the Mafia figure in the action.

Winthrop's (Theodore) MR. WADDY'S RETURN (Just Published.) \$1.50

Edited by BURTON E. STEVENSON.

How Mr. Waddy returned from India to ante-bellum Newport and Boston. The author's family was never quite satisfied with the suppression of this novel, of which he left only a rough first draft at the time of his death, and finding a suitable editor decided to have it published.

Sinclair's THE DIVINE FIRE (Just Published.) \$1.50

The life and loves of a cockney—the son of a cockney—who became a real poet and fell in with many sorts of people, high and low, artistic and philistine. The author shows sincerity, humor, and penetration.

Canfield's FERGY THE GUIDE, and His Moral and Instructive Lies about Beasts, Birds and Fishes \$1.50

With some fifty sketches by ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD.

N. Y. Evening Post: "He is a whole-souled, thorough-going, and spontaneous liar, with originality and a real love for his art, . . . a liar who must rank as an artist. . . . His language is as direct and as unforced as his inventions are moral and instructive. . . . The marginal illustrations by Albert D. Blashfield, informed by a thorough appreciation of 'Fergy's' humor, add not a little to that enjoyment."

N. Y. Times Saturday Review: "Great swinging lies, . . . in their essence true to animal nature. . . . An extraordinarily good book to read aloud to people who know how to laugh."

Bacon's (John H.) PURSUIT OF PHYLLIS \$1.25

A genial, humorous romance of travel in England, France, China, and Ceylon.

Boston Transcript: "Sparkling in fun, clean-cut, and straightforward in style as the young hero himself,"  
Outlook: "A diverting account of an unattached gentleman's Quixotic pursuit, . . . sprightly and pleasing. . . . quite vivid impressions of the different localities visited."

N. Y. Tribune: "Very enjoyable. . . . Its charm consists in its naturalness and the sparkle of the dialogue and descriptions."

N. Y. Evening Post: "The story is brisk, buoyant, and entertaining."

Bookman: "A bright and entertaining story of up-to-date men and women."

Loomis's MORE CHEERFUL AMERICANS \$1.25

Illustrated by FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN and others.

The author's "Cheerful Americans" is in its seventh printing. In this new book he tells merry tales of Americans who succeeded under obstacles and of others who were cheerful even in Suburbia. He gently satirizes golf, popular songs, labor unions, "the novel for the masses," and many other things.

N. Y. Evening Post: "The title not only fits the book, but is equally applicable to those who read it. The delight of Mr. Loomis's stories is the utter lack of seriousness with which he takes life. . . . Many glittering little bits of humor slide by side with various open attacks upon the follies and foibles of mankind."

N. Y. Times: "We take this occasion to publicly thank . . . a humorist so effective as Mr. Loomis. . . . We have derived great satisfaction from reading these two stories ('The Widow Callahan's Christmas Dinner' and 'Dam White'). Though all the other stories are good, each exhibiting some particular phase of Mr. Loomis's humor, . . . this new volume of American humor equals in merit its predecessor, 'Cheerful Americans.' It is full of good, comic tales, well told. . . . Slices of real life. . . . A book full of wholesome diversion."

Second printing of a notable love-story of the build-  
ing of the West.

Quick's ALADDIN &amp; CO. \$1.50

N. Y. Sun: ". . . But particularly we find that we must be thankful for Josie Trescott, the heroine. . . . Josie is adorable. If the reader is wise he will hasten him and get this book."

N. Y. Times Review: "A story very much out of the ordinary in both matter, style, and spirit. . . . developed with skill and humor. . . . For sheer excitement and breathless interest it would be hard to match in very recent literature the wild ride through flood and storm of the special train. . . . The minor characters have wonderfully distinct personalities."

Fourth printing of "A novel in the better sense of the word."—Life.

Carryl's TRANSGRESSION OF ANDREW VANE \$1.50

A striking story of certain members of the American colony in Paris.

N. Y. Tribune: "One is carried from the first chapter to the last with curiosity, and concern for the hero's fate is kept well alive."

N. Y. Times Review: "A strong and original story; . . . the descriptions and conditions in the American colony (in Paris) are convincingly clever. The story from the prologue—one of exceptional promise in point of interest—to the climax . . . is full of action and dramatic surprise."



## "UPLAND PASTURES."

Adeline Knapp's Charming Book of Essays.

"Upland Pastures," an exquisite volume which has its origin, not in the East, but in San Francisco, is one whose outward appearance is subtly harmonized to its inward meaning. From the cover of pale-green leather and cloth, a poet might almost surmise that what was written therein dealt with green fields and blue skies, birds and bees, fresh winds and springtime showers. Each copy of this volume of essays—a volume very fittingly named—is signed by the author, Adeline Knapp, and only twelve hundred copies have been printed "on Ruisdael hand-



Book-Cover Design, by Florence Lundborg, Paul Elder & Co.

made paper, from type afterward distributed." One of William Keith's fine paintings, in a masterly reproduction on Japanese vellum, forms the book's frontispiece, and the typography, in two colors, with a decorative border on each page, is deserving of all praise. These nature-essays, by Miss Knapp, were, we believe, printed elsewhere some years ago, but now for the first time in worthy form. This volume should make a very dainty gift from one nature-loving friend to another.

Published by Paul Elder, San Francisco; \$3.00.

## Sir Leslie Stephens's Posthumous Work.

The last work that Sir Leslie Stephen did was to finish his biography of Thomas Hobbes, one of the English Men of Letters Series. The book is a brilliant treatise on this great old philosopher, who was the friend and associate of Bacon, Ben Jonson, and other notables; who never did much of anything to attract attention until, at forty, he became inspired, and had new avenues of thought opened, by reading Euclid; who translated the Iliad and the Odyssey at eighty-six; and who lived to be ninety-one years old. All the prominent thinkers and writers of the seventeenth century led a stormy, controversial life, and Hobbes was no exception. He received round abuse for his idea that "civil philosophy" must be based upon "natural philosophy"—or that a sound sociology must be based upon



Book-Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

scientific knowledge. Sir Leslie Stephen has made him more human than philosophers are generally supposed to be, and, altogether, has rendered a very instructive and pleasing picture not only of Hobbes but of his contemporaries. The student will take no more delight in the volume than will the casual reader, for it has been made bright and intimate, full of varied delights.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; 75 cents.

## Cornwall Fisher Folk in Fiction.

The fishermen of the Cornwall Coast have heretofore figured sketchily in many an English novel, but in "The Fishers," by J. Henry Harris, there is a much more com-

plete knowledge afforded of their character and mode of life than has hitherto obtained in fiction.

The author has obviously been prepared for his task by long familiarity with the humble residents of Cornwall fishing villages, and shows them to be a superstitious, but hardy, industrious class, the men wonderfully skillful in the exercise of their craft, a practical exhibition of which figures graphically in the story.

The general trend of the story is to show how difficult it was for one of their number, more enlightened than the rest, to awaken his associates to a realization of the loss entailed by wasteful methods of deep-sea fishing, and to the benefits of a combination on sound business principles. How he succeeded, and how the villagers were taught to perceive the benefits of abandoning the fetid huts which had sheltered their progenitors for many generations, are events which give a philanthropic bent to the story. Nevertheless, the book gains its special character from the atmosphere of the sea, with whose moods, aspects, and dangers, as seen from the boats of the fishers, the author shows a thorough acquaintance.

Published by John Lane, New York.

## Civil War Excitement and Romance.

There is no doubt that a large proportion of the stories of adventures which revert to past history for their inspiration, have a perfunctory sound, but "My Lady of the North," a novel by Randall Parrish, plunges the reader with instantaneous success into the exciting times of the Rebellion. Peril and adventure begin in the first chapter, a young captain in the army of Northern Virginia being entrusted with dispatches to Longstreet by General Robert E. Lee. The officer, attended only by a sergeant, plunges into the perils of a night ride to Bear Fork, through a country scouted by the two great armies, and infested by guerrillas. Upon an unexpected encounter with a Northern detachment, the Confederate captain evades peril and possible death by passing himself off as a Northern officer who has been sent to conduct a lady, whom they are escorting to safety within General Sheridan's lines. It is at



Illustration from "Prince Henry's Sailor Boy." Published by Henry Holt & Co.

this point that the element of romance enters, but the atmosphere of militarism and constant peril is not for a moment pushed aside by sentiment. The interest that the reader feels in the further adventures of the intrepid Southerner is toned up to the keenest pitch, more particularly from the ability with which the author has delineated the finest and best type of Southern officer.

A very attractive feature in the book is the absence of partisan feeling, the reader, at its conclusion, being likely to have an increased respect for the fighting men of both sides.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

An authentic biography of the late Duke of Cambridge was eventually to be expected. Now there is the authority of Colonel Fitzgeorge, who has announced that the life of his father is being written. This important undertaking has been intrusted to Colonel Verner, who is now busily engaged with the work. Very few men who lived in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and to the dawn of the twentieth, had such opportunities of viewing so closely the social, political, and military doings of the time as the late duke, who for nearly forty years was commander-in-chief of the British army, and as Colonel Verner has been able to make use of very authoritative sources of information in the possession of the late duke's friends, the expected biography promises to be a very interesting book.

Replying to a question, "What were Dr. Johnson's 'three finest books in the world'?" the New York Times replies: "Dr. Johnson said: 'Was there ever anything written by mere man that the reader wished longer, except "Robinson Crusoe," "Don Quixote," and the "Pilgrim's Progress"?"

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## A Brief Selection of their San Francisco Fall Announcements

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A delightful rendering of the Indian Myths by Bertha H. Smith. Illustrated in color tones by Florence Lundborg. A holiday volume of unusual literary and typographic interest. Price, \$2.00 net. Postage, 10 cents.

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## THE SIMPLE HOME

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## UPLAND PASTURES

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## PROSIT

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It would be difficult to define that form of literature to which the book belongs, but one would be perfectly safe in classifying the



Dr. Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, author of "Our Christmas Tides." Published by the Baker & Taylor Company.

writer himself with men of the Eugene Field type. His standards are the same. One has only to read a chapter or so to realize how simple, sterling, and human are the virtues about which his ideals group themselves. Yet there is no preaching of moralities; there are too many smiles for that. But in reading over these rambling chapters, with their peculiarity of apt blending of humor and sentiment, one discovers with what tenderness and truth they enshrine the homelier virtues.

The narrative, if it may be so called, is written in the first person, and, in response to the questionings of a romantic girl relative who seeks for heroic adventures in his youth, the narrator unreels a string of boyish recollections, bright-hued dreams renounced, dun-colored duties bravely assumed, all the pile of useless yet precious lumber which the heart of maturity cherishes, as we always cherish memory of the defeated aspirations of youth.

The sadness and mirth in the book are so happily blended, and, in spite of its un-



Miss Lerry, author of "The Amateur Spirit." Published by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

doubted limitations its tone is so simple and sincere that a girl of sixteen and a man of sixty could read it aloud to each other and smile and sigh in unison.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

Facts About Siam.

The Siamese ministry of agriculture, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, publishes "The Kingdom of Siam," edited by A. Cecil Carter, secretary-general of the Royal Commission of Siam. The different sections of the

book have been written by high officials in the Siamese Government service, and the endeavor has been to make each article an accurate statement of the existing conditions. The royal family is sketched, the government outlined, and a general description of Siam is given. Financial, military, and naval statistics are detailed, and the country's legal and educational methods are described.

Siam is a queer country, an absolute monarchy, conducted almost as a republic. It is naturally rich, yet its resources are imperfectly developed. Its people, while gentle and kind, have little energy, and, although agriculturists, do not take great advantage of the opportunities offered them by a rich soil. Rice might be said to be the only agricultural product, and constitutes almost the sole food of every one, high and low, animal and human. The nobility is graded according to the grants of rice-lands conferred by the king; the result of the last, or the prospects of the next, rice crop, are the most absorbing topics of conversation at all times; the thousands of boats that are always passing up and down the River Menam are loaded with rice; and it is from rice that the government derives most of its revenue.

Besides rice, Siam has elephants, temples, and other picturesque features—and its twins are famous.

The volume in question has a large number of good illustrations, the crown prince, who not long ago was our guest, being pictured among other members of the royal family.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Juvenile Books.

"Chatterbox," 1904. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25.

"The Rock Frog," by Harriet A. Cheever. Illustrated by Diantha W. Horne. Dana Estes & Co.; 50 cents.

"The Brownies in the Philippines," by Palmer Cox. Profusely illustrated. The Century Company; \$1.50.

"Lou," by Harriet A. Cheever. Illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson. Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25—a charming story for girls.

"Stories of Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws," by J. Walker McSpadden. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents.

"Irma and Nap: A Story for Younger Girls," by Helen Leah Reed. Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

"Bahes in Toyland," by Glen MacDonough and Anna Alice Chapin. With pictures in color by Ethel Franklin Betts. Fox, Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 net.

"The King of Kinkiddie and Other Fairy Tales of Now," by Raymond Fuller Ayers. With pictures by Walter Bohbett. E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

"Defending the Island: A Story of Bar Harbor in 1758," by James Otis. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. Dana Estes & Co.; 75 cents—a juvenile.

"Lucy and Their Majesties: A Comedy in Wax," by B. L. Farjeon. With illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory and George Varian. The Century Company; \$1.50.

"Kibun Daizin; or, From Shark-Boy to Merchant Prince," by Gensai Mural. Translated by Masao Yoshida. Illustrated by George Varian. The Century Company; \$1.25.

"Stories of King Arthur and His Knights," as told in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." Adapted with introduction by U. Waldo Cutler. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents.

"The Blue Dragon: A Story of Recent Adventures in China," by Kirk Monroe. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25—the author went to China especially to write this story for boys.

"The Book of Clever Beasts: Studies in Unnatural History," by Myrtle Reed. Illustrated by Peter Newell. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50—a parody on Thompson-Seton and writers of his sort.

"A Journey in Search of Christmas," by Owen Wister. Illustrated in colors by Frederic Remington. Harper & Brothers; \$2.00—one of the most attractive of the year's children's books.

"A Transplanted Nursery," by Martha Kean. Illustrated with more than sixty photographs. The Century Company; \$1.20 net—a well-told tale for children of an American family in Brittany.

"Indoor and Outdoor Handicraft and Recreation for Girls," by Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.60 net—the title is self-explanatory; the book appears to be well done.

"A Midshipman in the Pacific: His Adventures on Whaler, Trader, and Frigate," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated by

G. A. Williams. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net—another clever story for boys from the quondam clergyman.

"Eight Cousins; or, the Aunt-Hill," by Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.00 net—a beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated reprint of one of Miss Alcott's ever-popular books.

"Monarch, the Big Bear of Tallac," With one hundred drawings, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net—this story, which appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, will please children who have

liked "Wild Animals" and other Seton books.

"By Conduct and Courage: A Story of Nelson's Days," by G. A. Henty. Illustrated by William Rainey, R. I. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net—this is the last of the celebrated Henty books, and will doubtless be valued by the juvenile world accordingly.

"The Brown Fairy Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. With eight colored plates and numerous illustrations by J. H. Ford. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.60 net—Mr. Lang's fairy-books need no introduction; the tales are the best of the sort that are to be had.

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Author of "Recollections of a Long Life," "God's Light on Dark Clouds," "The Empty Crib," "Help and Good Cheer," etc.

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## "GASS'S JOURNAL."

## An Account of a Remarkable Journey.

The exposition at Portland next year makes anything relating to the Lewis and Clark expedition, undertaken one hundred years ago, very timely. There have been several records and accounts of this remarkable journey, by land and water, made in two years and ten months, from the mouth of the Missouri River to the mouth of the Columbia River, and not the least interesting is the record left in the form of a diary by Patrick Gass, a sturdy Scotch-Irish frontiersman, who died in 1870 at the age of ninety-nine years. He was the typical backwoodsman, brave, hardy, almost unlettered, a victim, during middle life, of drink, and a poor man to his death. For his book, first pub-



S. R. Crockett, author of "Red Cap Tales." Published by the Macmillan Company.

lished in 1807, and now reprinted, he received very little. In fact, he cared for little, his main object in life being to crowd his days with adventure. And he thoroughly achieved his object.

Several of the more intelligent men in the party of Lewis and Clark (whose object it was to discover a passage by water from the Missouri to the Pacific) were required to keep diaries. Gass was one of these, and he preserved a record of every day that they were out. And a thrilling record it was. They dragged their boats over shallows, and carried them through forests. They slept out in rain and snow, they fought Indians, they endured hardships that all pioneers endured who went into the wilds of an unknown land. And they brought back to civilization an account of a great and rich territory, which, a century later, is celebrating a result of their work.

Gass's diary was not printed in its original form, but was carefully prepared for the press by a schoolmaster, David McKeeban. Unfortunately, Gass's original notes were not preserved, but there is no doubt that their



E. S. Ellis, author of "Patriot and Tory." Published by Dana Estes & Co.

editor, in his care to have their diction correct, destroyed much of their original flavor. However, as they stand they form a highly interesting volume, and contain much that was not observed by other members of the party. But they agree, as to main facts, with the notes of the other diarists, and clear many points hitherto left somewhat in doubt.

The present volume, entitled "Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition," contains a facsimile of the original title-page, proclaiming the work a "Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery Under the Command of Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke, of the Army of the United States, From the Mouth of the River Missouri Through the Interior Parts of North

America to the Pacific Ocean, During the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806 . . . by Patrick Gass, One of the Persons Employed in the Expedition." There is also, as a frontispiece, a portrait of Gass, a reproduction of an original wood-engraving from an ambrotype, and there are several quaint facsimiles of first-edition illustrations, depicting thrilling adventures.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$3.50.

## Superstitions and Customs in Heathen Lands.

During the forty years that he has been a missionary in Africa, Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M. D., S. T. D., has naturally absorbed much information regarding the superstitions of the various tribes; and these he has published in an entertaining volume under the title of "Fetichism in West Africa." A belief in charms, incantations, and magic of all kinds is rife among all the African tribes, and in many of them is carried to such an excess as to dominate their whole scheme of living. They have all sorts of customs for dispelling bad luck, or bringing good luck—some of them quaint, others decidedly horrible. "Medicines" and preparations of many kinds and various devices are used in the carrying out of their rites. Blood sacrifice is not uncommon.

The author does not confine himself to the subjects mentioned, but has much to say on the language, dialects, laws, tribal relations, and marriage and other customs of the natives. He tells in detail of their religion and their idea of God, of the idolatrous practices of some tribes, of ancestor worship, and of the spiritual beings that have a place in their religion. He has dealt with all his topics in an interesting and apparently comprehensive manner, and has brought out an informative work. It is well printed and illustrated.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

## A Semi-Scientific Fairy-Tale.

"The Princess Thora" might be most correctly classified as a fairy-tale for grown-ups.



Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, and Jane Findlater, authors of "The Affair at the Inn." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the author, Harris Burland, having holdly placed mediævalism in the twentieth century, and the sealed mysteries of the Arctic regions, in close juxtaposition. This feat has been accomplished by locating in the frozen north the country of Asturnia, a region of strangely mild and hospitable climate in contrast to the icy lands that encompass it. Asturnia is peopled by descendants of some adventurous Normans, who, early in the twelfth century, fled from the wrath of Henry the First of England, and after drifting, the prey of storms, in the open sea, were carried by strange floods and unusual hurricanes to the country of favoring airs in which they settled. The author ingeniously accounts for the mildness of the climate by the presence of volcanoes and the existence of volcanic heat. The Asturnians, having clung to the customs of their fathers, speak the old Norman French language, wear steel armor, and fight an expedition of twenty ships equipped with Maxim guns, which was organized for their subjection, by discharging from mangonels of ancient device huge masses of stone. The conquering expedition is headed by a deposed queen of wondrous beauty, who has enlisted the interest of one of the richest men in England, and who serves as the centre for the sentimental motifs. The author evinces considerable powers of inventiveness, and weaves into his story many ingenious bits of semi-scientific and half-historical knowledge that jolly the reader along into accepting with proper interest the most highly inflated marvels of the tale.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Baccarat," a new novel by the author of "Pigs in Clover," will be published this autumn. "Pigs in Clover" was a great hook,

## Some Fall Books

FROM THE McCLURG LIST

## MY LADY OF THE NORTH

By RANDALL PARRISH

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"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"



A love-story of a dashing Southern officer which is even better than Mr. Parrish's romance.

"Freshness, vivid narrative, thrilling incidents, keep the interest keyed to keenest enjoyment. There is no cessation of action, no time or opportunity for desire to lay aside the tale. The battle descriptions are notably well done and moving, the pen-pictures of Sheridan and Lee are life-like, and altogether 'My Lady of the North' is a fine story of the kind that win popularity."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan

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## GASS'S JOURNAL OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

Reprinted from the Edition of 1811. With an introduction by JAMES K. HOSMER, LL. D., an analytical Index, facsimiles of the original illustrations, and a rare portrait of Patrick Gass.

The appearance of this volume in the year of Lewis and Clark celebrations is especially pertinent, as no practical library edition has been available of the "Journal of Patrick Gass." The work originally appeared in 1807, and ran through three editions, the third dated 1811, but no reprint has been made since the somewhat crude edition published at Dayton, O., in 1847, which has, of course, long been out of print.

In one square octavo volume, 350 pages, boxed, \$3.50 net.

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## A SHORT HISTORY OF OREGON

Early discoveries, the Lewis and Clark explorations, settlements, government, Indian wars, progress. Compiled by SIDONA V. JOHNSON.

It is essentially a practical work, with the information in a compact and useful form, and it should find a ready sale during the coming year when the Lewis and Clark Exposition will bring Oregon so strongly to the foreground.

With 17 illustrations and a new map. \$1.00 net.

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A. C. McCLURG &amp; CO.

PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO



## "THE PAGAN'S PROGRESS."

## An Unattractive Picture of Our Ancestry.

Primitive man has now stepped out from his prehistoric cave to play his part in modern fiction. As painted by Gouverneur Morris in "The Pagan's Progress," he is not an engaging subject. With a minuteness that seems scarcely worth while, Mr. Morris has depicted elemental man in the grip of hunger and cold, fear, lust, and hate. Love and friendship are unknown emotions. Woman is clubbed into submission by her wooing mate, the strongest man first beating his unwelcome rival to death with a club. These ape-like creatures that roam the woods in search of prey, from which they tear and devour raw lumps of bleeding flesh, are not flattering portraits of our progenitors. Nor is woman permitted any special gentleness of nature with which to soften the picture.

The awakenings of intelligence are shown

who recorded the doings of kings, queens, and ministers; from Mrs. Hartley, sister of David Hartley, intimate of Benjamin Franklin; from Hannah More, and others. Sir William's letters were to Hannah More, to his son attending school at Eton, to his nephew William Franks, and to several others. Some of them are very good, especially those to his son. Sir William lived a happy life, dying peacefully at eighty-five. He was a good lawyer, but was chiefly noted as a literary critic, and as one who enjoyed reading and discussion. He was kindly and cheerful, and had a large circle of friends and admirers. His fame is perpetuated in the volumes under discussion by Alice C. Gausson, a collateral descendant. The work of compiling is none too careful. Much condensing and weeding-out could have been done to advantage. However, the volumes contain a large amount of matter to delight lovers of epistolary literature that deals with the great. Published by John Lane, New York.

## Politics in Plenty, but Little Sentiment.

A study of the game of politics rather than that of love has engrossed the attention of Mark Lee Luther in his new novel, "The Mastery."

Mr. Luther will be remembered as the author of "The Henchman," a story which, aside from its sentimental interest, mainly concerned itself with an interesting account of a gubernatorial campaign. In "The Mastery," however, the issues are bigger. The hero finally becomes a candidate for the governorship of New York State, but affairs at Washington and the Senate figure freely, and the White House looms up as a dazzling beacon to the politicians and bosses in the story who sway the opinions of their fellow-men.

Mr. Luther has sternly eliminated the efforescence of petticoats which made the political features of "The Henchman" acceptable to the fair sex, and allows only two to divert the attention of his readers from the main issues in "The Mastery." As a consequence, the sentimental episodes are slight, and, indeed, rather labored, as if the author had put them in more as a sop to Cerberus than from an intrinsic interest in the love-affairs of his heroine. Catherine Wentworth, the adoring daughter of a statesman of the old school who stands a historic landmark among the hustling wire-pullers around him, is offered as a type of modern maidenhood—the kind of American girl who can run a house, sail a boat, dress beautifully, and lend a hand in the affairs of the nation.

Mr. Luther writes in a style that is careful and studied, although characterized somewhat by a kind of journalistic self-consciousness. In writing of politics he seems to the layman to be on familiar ground, and men who like the excitement of the game will probably derive much relish from this fictitious presentment of its phases.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York: \$1.50.

## An Attractive Heroine.

Ever and anon, Ellen Olney Kirk, the author of "Margaret Kent," publishes a light little, bright little, novel, to the satisfaction



Edward Irving, author of "How to Know the Stormy Heavens." Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

in the man who first invented the bow and arrow. Fire, kindled by sparks from arrowheads of flint, is an unknown element, putting a whole tribe to flight, until its power is checked by the absence of fuel, when its virtues are discovered. The book closes with the recital of a primitive tragedy which engenders in its participants emotions more human than were hitherto experienced by the characters in the book. And so, with the birth of love and sorrow, this queer, and it seems to us useless, chronicle, closes, leaving the reader convinced, on the whole, of the truth of the picture, but rather disposed to question whether the work of painting it was worth while.

Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York: \$1.00.

## Letters That Passed Among the Great.

It was not altogether fair to the scanner of book lists to put the title, "A Later Pepys," upon the volumes containing a number of letters to and from Sir William Pepys. One would, under such circumstances, naturally recall the delightful diary of Samuel Pepys, and expect this other to be along the same lines. Nevertheless, the work is interesting as a reflection of a notable time in English literature. Sir William Pepys was third in descent from Samuel Pepys's uncle, and was born in 1740, dying in 1825. He was on intimate terms with those of the Boswell and Johnson circle, and, while none of the letters are from the latter, he is the subject of many references in them. Sir William, himself, in writing to Mrs. Montagu, tells of meeting Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's, in Stratfield. John on had written slurringly of Lord Lyttleton, of whom Pepys was an admiring friend. He recounted what Johnson had said, and Johnson, hearing of this, invited him on the occasion mentioned (at Mrs. Thrale's), to come out and state his objections to what had been written of Lyttleton. "This, you see," relates Sir William, "was a call which, however disagreeable to myself and the rest of the company, I could not but obey, and so to it we went for three or four hours without ceasing." Sir William fervently hoped it would never be his fate to pass such a day again; but there is no doubt that it was a very enjoyable afternoon to quarrelsome, controversial old Johnson.

Some of the letters to Sir William are from Sir James Mordaunt, who, dying at twenty-four, had lived a life of romance and adventure; from Mrs. Thrale, whose writing on "The Improvement of the Mind" is so influential for good; from Sir Nicholas, the traveler and society gossip,

from the gay world, and a grave but devoted guardian—the latter a figure more typical in romances of a score or more of years ago than of the present—circle around the central figure of maidenhood, and lend sweetness and light to its happy existence.

Mrs. Kirk can always be depended upon to introduce a yachting trip, a house-party in a delightful old country house, a dinner gathering set off with lively, entertaining chat, and a theatre-party, to lend animation to her stories.

She has done so in the present case, piecing out a rather slight plot, which is made up of the troubled love-affairs, with a tangle or so in the finances, of the pretty Ayliffe.

Mrs. Kirk, although a writer of much greater mentality than Rose Nouchette Carey, occupies a similar position among American novelists to that filled by her sister-writer in England. No doubt she once had dreams of rising higher, but she has now settled down cozily enough into her position as purveyor to a large class of readers of light fiction, who consider her hooks quite indispensable to their outfit of summer novels.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: \$1.50.

## Invaluable to Shakespearean Students.

The new variorum edition of Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost," edited by Horace Howard Furness, needs little commendation. Furness was so eminent among Shakespearean scholars that the result of his investigations and deductions may be looked upon as very nearly final. The pages of this book, each with its few lines of the play in the text of Shakespeare's time, and many, many closely printed lines of notes, would be rather appalling to any one but a Shakespearean student. To such, however, they open a delightful mine of information and conjecture. Yet it is, perhaps, more pleasant to assume the attitude that Furness takes at the conclusion of the preface. He says, after speculating on whether Berowne and Rosaline are early and imperfect sketches of Benedick and Beatrice:

... If there be in them indications of the growth of Shakespeare's art, then these indications are never heeded when we see the living persons before us on the stage. What care we then for aught but what our eyes see and our ears hear? What to us then is the date when the play was written? Shall our ears at that moment be vexed with twice-told tales of the source of the plot? Be then and there the drowsy hum of commentators

uncared for and unheard. We yield ourselves irresistibly to the power of Shakespeare, and we know that we are on enchanted ground. And is not this the mood for which Shakespeare wrote these plays? ... Pompous pedants, courtly haggards, brilliant men in the heyday of life, and girls of France in all the sparkling bloom of beauty and of youth, live a fragment of their gay and sombre lives before us; we share in their chagrin, we hear their merry laughter, and we triumph in their joy.

The present volume has been thoroughly revised by William Henry Furness, and is dedicated to the memory of his father.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

James Douglas's long-promised and certainly eagerly awaited biography of Theodore Watts-Dunton is now in the press, and will be issued next month in a handsome illustrated volume. It will contain a most interesting and valuable account of Mr. Watts-Dunton's literary friendships, and separate chapters are devoted to his reminiscences of Rossetti, William Morris, George Borrow, Tennyson, Stevenson, and Herbert Spencer, while Mr. Douglas is fortunate to have obtained permission to include many extracts from Mr. Watts-Dunton's scattered critical writings. Several of the art treasures which decorate the house of Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. Swinhurne at Putney have been specially photographed for this book.

Some of the principal words in the English language that have no rhyme are hulk, culm, cusp, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst.

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## WILLIAM MORRIS.

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William Morris was a man of many talents—and the writing of poetry was included among the things he accomplished. One wonders, considering the work he did as a decorator, designer, printer, book-binder, and social reformer, that he should have had time for poetry. But he looked upon it as not requiring inspiration, but application—and, while doing mechanical work, sometimes composed as many as eight hundred lines a day. It was not all good verse, none of it was of the very highest class, and some of it approached mediocrity. But the collection made and edited by Percy Robert Colwell, and just issued, contains much that will live. The volume embraces early romantic poems, including "The Defense of Guinevere," "King Arthur's Tomb," "Shameful Death," "Rid-



Illustration from "William Morris's Poems." Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

ing Together," and others. A selection of songs is made from "The Life and Death of Jason," and "The Earthly Paradise" and "Poems by the Way, Socialistic, Romantic, and Icelandic," complete the volume. The following lines from the opening of "The Earthly Paradise" are representative:

"Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,  
I can not ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
Or bring again the pleasure of past years.  
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
The idle singer of an idle day.

"But rather, when aware of your mirth,  
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
Made the more mindful that the sweet days  
die—  
Remember me a little then I pray,  
The idle singer of an idle day."

There is much melody in the following lines from "Shameful Death," a poem telling of the hanging of Lord Hugh:

"There were four of us about that bed,  
The mass-priest knelt at the side,  
I and his mother stood at the head,  
Over his feet lay the bride;  
We were quite sure that he was dead,  
Though his eyes were open wide.

"He did not die in the night,  
He did not die in the day,  
But in the morning's twilight,  
His spirit passed away,  
When neither sun nor moon was bright,  
And the trees were merely grey.

"He was not slain with the sword,  
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,  
Yet never spoke he a word  
After he came in here;  
I cut away the cord  
From the neck of my brother dear."

The book contains three hundred and ninety-four pages, and is finely printed on good paper, with introduction, bibliography, notes, and a photograph portrait.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; cloth, \$2.00; half calf, \$3.50; limp seal, \$4.50.

## The Record of a Discontented Man.

Far more than ordinary talent is needed to make so cynical, bitter, and grumbling a book as "Farmington" fascinating. It is a record, written by Clarence S. Darrow, a Chicago lawyer, of his boyhood days, spent in a Pennsylvania village, where his father was the miller. Mr. Darrow does not believe that idyllic families ever existed—he always quarreled and fought with his brothers and sisters. He recalls kindness and justice from his parents, but no outward show of affection. He has few pleasant memories of school-days—for when he and his comrades

were not trying to evade study, they were fighting each other. Church was a torture to him, Sunday-school little less—and he yet looks back and soundly curses the fate that compelled him, as a boy, to wash his feet. He was guided along the ordinary educational paths—but he stoutly maintains that he has forgotten all he ever learned. He played baseball—yet the players' errors form the burden of his recollections.

It is a queer book, this—the revelation of a discontented man's soul. He is as bitter to-day over boyhood restraints and disappointments as he was—or any of us were—then. He still nurses resentment in his heart over childish grievances, enforced study, and work. The joys he had seem only to recall to his mind the fact that he did not have more. Yet, despite all its pessimism, all its churlishness, all its pitiless family revelation and shattering of ideals, its exploitation of things that most people do not reveal, (or perhaps because of these qualities, because the author is more frank than others, less inclined to let distance lend enchantment to the view, and voices thoughts that others have suppressed), "Farmington" is a book that entrances, holds, and compels attention. It is lightened here and there by humor, but mostly of the cynical kind; a vein of tender reminiscence crops out occasionally, and the character sketch of the author's father is worth any writer's pains or any reader's time.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

## A Tale of Idealized Love.

In an unpretentious story of purely American flavor, called "The Happy Average," Brand Whitlock has set himself to limning a pair of typical village lovers in the throes of a pure and idealizing love. The story is located in a small Ohio town, whose atmosphere of country calm and rural stagnation has its bearings on the fortunes of the wooer, panting for the wherewithal to provide a suitable nest for his mate. Driven away from his native place by the urgent need of securing employment, he migrates to Chicago, and after a long wait the young couple avail themselves of a modest rise in his fortunes and marry; the relative degree of their meed of happiness and good fortune being hinted at in the title.

The story is entirely lacking in qualities that would tend to draw general attention to it, but there are freshness of feeling and fidelity in the description of the hopes, fears, ambitions, failures, and success of a



Sarah E. Trueblood, author of "Cats by the Way." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

shy, idealizing youth, testing the first flavor of life and love; a fidelity that one could imagine some grizzled man appreciating, with a smile compounded of grinnings and reminiscent tenderness, as he murmured, "Poor young jackass, I was once like that."

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

## Psychological and Interesting.

A double pair of opposites form the four leading characters in "Paths of Judgment," an exceedingly well-written novel by Anne Douglas, who pictures the life of the leisure class in England with authority, and who shows no slight ability in the true delineation of human nature. Of the four leading characters mentioned, all are distinct and individual, the calm strength and brilliant unreliability of the two men forming a contrast as complete as that afforded by the directness and instinctive integrity of the one woman as opposed to the spiritual pose and inward self-seeking of the other. It is in the portrayal of the two inferior natures that the writer has shown the greatest insight. The other two are somewhat too highly idealized, even while they maintain a comparatively firm hold on the probabilities. The character of Lady Angela, however, is particularly well conceived and carried out.

Lady Angela is a woman who passes her life in a picturesque haze of self-deception; one whose "thoughts dwelt upon lofty towers; her motives and actions often scuffled in the dust." She is a natural actress,

but, all unconscious of her talent, she continually carries on two distinct mental processes, one of which guides her to the utterance of most beautifully worded thoughts, while with the other she uses the decorative spirituality of her utterances as tools—"altruistic tools, used always for an egotistic end." There are many Lady Angelas in life, although a comparatively small number of lookers-on see through the pose; but to few are given the tragedy of self-revelation which this apostle of mere lip beauty passes through.

The motive of the story is to depict the utility of deception, no matter how tortuous



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or skillfully carried out, when it is practiced on natures essentially strong and clear-seeing. In carrying out her purpose, the author has portrayed the gradual disillusionment of a woman of strong nature married to a weakling; a mental process which, in fiction, is particularly fascinating to women, the generality of whom will find the atmosphere of the book very much to their taste.

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braided with gold and lined with sable, and a cap to match, so that the passers-by took him for a masquerader, and the street-boys shouted after him." The chapter she devotes to him is filled with things to his discredit. He dined at the table of the De Villetes, and, because his own drinking-cup was not on the table, he cursed the servant, and rushed to his room, locking himself in. His host, and others, receiving no response to knocks at his door, secured a ladder and went in at the window. After a long time they placated the philosopher, who finally consented to reappear at the table—"only go down first and see that that damned servant is not anywhere about." The dinner had been interrupted for an hour and a half.

The passage relating to Voltaire's attitude when he supposed death was coming, and that describing his actual death, are remarkable for their intimacy and their bias against the poet and philosopher. "I will not have my body thrown on the dunghill," Voltaire is quoted as saying. "I am a child of Paris, do you understand—a well-born child, who was not born in the gutter; and I want my funeral to be as decorous as my baptism. I want plenty of wax tapers—lighted tapers. I want black hangings, with velvet bands, silver crosses, and tears, and silver fringe, and the arms of M. de Voltaire on all sides. I want a superb mortuary cloth placed over me, and as much holy water as if it were raining." The chronicler states that when his death did come, some time later, "all that we could learn about Voltaire's last moments was that he passed two days and two nights storming and raging. . . . The sisters of the 'Tiers-Ordre,' who laid out the body, were afraid to touch it, so savage and horrible was the countenance. . . . He was buried clandestinely in a village forty miles from Paris."

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to the bovinely ruminant Mrs. Lathrop, she scored a hit. This was in "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," the initial story of the volume. It is supplemented by four more chapters in Miss Clegg's experiences, of which only one, "The Minister's Vacation," coming as a *bonne bouche* at the end, has been hitherto unpublished.

In plot the stories are quite unsubstantial. It is the personality of the New England spinster that makes the book. In whatever situation Susan appears, whether in vigorous pursuit of her four suitors, rejected or wooed again by them, offering consolatory philosophy at the bedside of her suffering friend, or constructing anticipatory wedding and funeral costumes, the same qualities reappear with a peculiar fascination of their own. The indomitable energy of her character, her wholesale directness in rejecting the euphemisms of life, the unerring certainty with which she swoops upon Mrs. Lathrop's struggling thought and impales it before it finds utterance, never fail to make their points.

Gathered together thus in book-form, the stories go to form a very distinctive piece of characterization. David Harum himself does not possess more positive traits than Susan Clegg, and a piece of positive characterization, interpreted through the medium of a genial sense of humor in the author, and combined with the raciness of homely phraseology, is something the reading public that loves to laugh never fails to greet with delight.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.00

## The French Noblesse of the Eighteenth Century.

When the *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui* were published in France in 1834, they made a great stir, so intensely did they picture court life in France prior to the Revolution. They were in seven volumes, and were by the wife of the Comte de Heymont, who died in 1741, before succeeding to the Marquisate of Créqui de Camille. However, the widow, in preparing her memoirs, called herself Marquise de Créqui, and wove a romantic story of her life.

Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has translated these memoirs, and selected from them enough material for a bulky volume, full of good stories and anecdotes, and entertaining portraits of the great people of the time. The marquise, that Jean Baptiste Rousseau "had the honor of a Silenus and the figure of a ploughman." She was extremely bitter toward Voltaire, who, she says, wore, on his return to France in 1778, "a large red velvet cloak



## "BEFORE THE CRISIS."

John Brown in Fiction.

The epoch of violence, preceding by a few years the Rebellion, and the numerous sorties of fierce raiders that invaded Kansas and Nebraska during the pro and anti-slavery agitation, form a background and an accompaniment to Frederick Blount Mott's romance, entitled "Before the Crisis." The John Brown episode also figures in the story, the hero being a Bostonian, who is one of John Brown's most active and intrepid lieutenants. The austere figure of the champion of the slaves occasionally appears in the story, John Brown being painted as no fanatic, but a stern and resolved leader of practical fighters, and a man who believed in

enness and stricken with death, persuades his friend, who, according to the author, is all manliness and nobility of character, to assume his identity and claim the estate which has just reverted to him. Jack Mowbray, the chum, who bears a conveniently strong resemblance to Landale, accepts the charge, and hastens to England. The motive supplied, with which to win the reader's sympathy, is that of saving the life of a grief-stricken mother, who (as in theatre-land) begins to instantaneously mend when she receives a cable from her supposititious son.

Mowbray hastens to England, being strongly backed up in his project, during moments of faint-heartedness, by a friend who accompanies him as secretary, and who is also offered to the reader's consideration as an honest and eminently worthy character. Upon his arrival in England, Mowbray is warmly greeted and caressed as one of their own blood by the ailing mother and a lovely daughter. The situation that ensues, which describes the pangs of love undergone by the impostor (who is still all nobility), and the confused impulses of the innocent girl, who is unconsciously reciprocating his passion, is a distasteful one, a fact of which the author, given over heart and soul to theatrical ideals, has been entirely unaware.

The book is too absurd to take seriously, but, as Mr. Barrett has utilized his own traveling experiences in describing the flying trip from Australia to England, globe-trotters will probably derive some entertainment from hasty pen-pictures of Australian life, and from the impressions given of notable places and cities at which the travelers stopped on their way.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

## "The Youth of Washington."

It would be difficult to conceive of a living author better fitted than S. Weir Mitchell to carry out his idea of a narrative, in autobiographical form, of the youth of George



Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, author of "Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer." Published by John Lane.

discipline and god-fearing sobriety. "Talk, talk, talk," he declared, "was the whole armory of the Northern leaders." The Puritan captain, who consecrated his life to the rescue of slaves as to a holy cause, offset this verbiage by brevity of speech, by the utmost secrecy about his plans, and by conducting his camp of volunteers on strict military principles.

The author, whose anti-slavery principles have not cooled during the forty years' interval since the Civil War, weaves in with his story a number of instances showing the brutality of the human when placed in absolute authority over a fellow-being. The slave character is of the meek and submissive type made familiar during the vogue of antebellum romances. The story, indeed, has a somewhat old-fashioned flavor. One might make a guess as to its being the work of a man whose most vivid recollections are entwined about a period that is now forever passed away.

The romance of the story lies in the unwilling subjugation of a fiery-hearted Southern girl by the Bostonian, who has thrown in his sympathies with John Brown's party. There is plenty of adventure in the book,

prosit



## A Book of Coasts

Book-Cover Design by Gordon Ross. From Paul Elder & Co.

and a good knowledge of the country and the times.

Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

## Might Please Globe-Trotters.

"The Never Never Land," a hastily written and over-lengthy novel by the English tragedian, Wilson Barrett, offers an instance of the curious perversion of ideals that a player can acquire from steady association with purely theatrical literature. The plot of the book in question is principally made up of the deception practiced upon an aristocratic English family by the chum of the dead heir to the family estates. Landale, of Landale Abbey, living in Australia amid unworthy surroundings, sunk in sodden drunk-

Illustration from "Life of Dean Farrar," by Reginald A. Farrar. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Washington. Dr. Mitchell's literary aims and personal bias had already caused him to undertake thorough researches into the records of colonial times, and a sober exactness, which is one of the characteristics of his style, is peculiarly adapted to convey some sense of Washington's personality. What is particularly lacking in that respect only the living Washington himself could convey. In consequence there is perceptible a certain colorlessness in what should be the essence of individuality in an autobiography; but the narrative is provided with many intimate allusions to family affairs, and to brief records of momentary impressions, so that a sufficiently personal note is struck to assist the imagination in conceiving that it is Washington himself who writes the words.

A most interesting feature of the book is a graphic description of the celebrated defeat sustained by General Braddock's army at the hands of the French and Indian forces. It is just beyond this point that the narrative terminates. Here and there are brief paragraphs of introspection, in one of which Washington quotes Benjamin Franklin's estimate of himself as one who possessed the capacity to look forward but was deficient in the gift of fancy. It is this gravely practical, foreseeing order of mind that Dr. Mitchell has chosen as the keynote of Washington's character.

Aside from the interest inspired by the portrait of Washington, the book gives an equally interesting sketch of the character and customs of the local gentry of Virginia with whom Washington came in social and business contact.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.50.

## Jerome K. Jerome's Labored Effort.

The hand of Jerome K. Jerome is losing its cunning, and the heart its gaiety. His latest book, "Tommy & Co.," will be read because Jerome is its author, but it bears the sign-marks of the pot-boiler. It is a long, rambling, episodic, and ill-connected story of bohemia—the bohemia of newspaperland, where unconventionality rules, and practical jokes prevail. The book is in the form of a novel, but the main idea seems to have been to paint a picture of a happy-go-lucky fraternity that is bound together by the comradeship of mutual interests, and that numbers in its ranks its eccentrics, its saints, its wise ones, and its fools.

Mr. Jerome's well-known fund of sentiment still holds out, but the element of real humor is scarce and rather labored, and except for an occasional interesting episode, written with a faint reflection of the author's better qualities, the general tenor of the book is dull.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

## Geraldine Bonner's Forthcoming Novel.

Geraldine Bonner's new book, the title of which is not yet decided upon, is to be brought out by the Bobbs-Merrill Company early in January. It deals with life in San Francisco and Virginia City before and during the great days of the later discoveries on the Comstock. It contains descriptions of the moribund foothill mining-camps, the San Francisco of the early seventies, and finally of the feverish activity and excitement of Virginia City at the opening of the Bonanza days. Miss Bonner has just returned to New York after a stay of three months in Italy.

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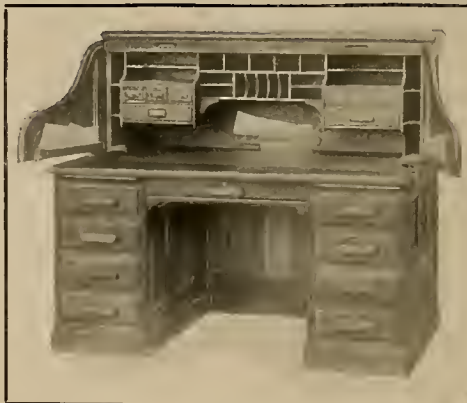
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The Argonaut holds no brief for W. R. Hearst. It is no ardent admirer either of the man or of his newspaper. The one may be improper, and the other certainly is flaring and tawdry. The Argonaut thinks—knows, in fact—that the news columns of the Hearst papers are full of misrepresentations and misstatements; that their editorials are packed with fallacies; and it believes that the political ends at which Mr. Hearst aims are unsound.

But, despite this, the attacks on Mr. Hearst and his papers by his journalistic competitors make us rather tired. In particular, the *Evening Post* of this city makes us weary. It is continually printing anti-Hearst editorials, and what a virtuous air they have! With

what righteous indignation at the improprieties and alleged indecencies of the *Examiner* do they burn! How chastely dithyrambic do they grow at the exploitation by Mr. Hearst's journal of some society scandal! Behold, they seem to say, how holy and sainted are we, and what a sinner is our journalistic brother. One would think, indeed, on reading them, that the *Post's* editor was some slender, downy-lipped, long-haired, brown-eyed young man who had aimed to be a Methodist minister, but had somehow drifted into journalism. Their writers have all the airs of injured innocence. Doubtless they are injured. But are they, in truth, snowily innocent, and is their hot indignation so very righteous?

Indeed we should like to believe so, but when one considers that the proprietor of the *Evening Post* was for years on the staff of the *Examiner* and the *New York Journal*, displaying no signs of a tender and sensitive conscience, but rather an ardent interest in racy scandals and sensational crime, one begins to doubt it. One begins to wonder if the business manager's comparison of the inches of advertising in his own and the rival journal is a cause of editorial wrath. One commences to question if the motive-forces are not envy rather than virtue; jealousy rather than altruism; personal animosity rather than a kindly interest in bringing an erring journalistic brother back to the paths of righteousness.

The competitors in business of Mr. Hearst have not only printed, under pretense of high moral principles, many and strenuous editorials to prove that people should not read the Hearst papers (but their own), but they have also put forward, and continually and emphatically made, two statements, both of which seem to be misleading, and which appear to stand in some danger of acceptance by sensible people, through being continually shouted in their ears. The one is that Hearst bought outright the two hundred delegates who voted for him in the Democratic National Convention. The other is that his ambitions are quite absurd, and unworthy of being taken seriously.

The direct statement that Hearst had bought his delegates, and the statement of the exact amount, first appeared as a news item in the *New York World*. But the *World*, be it known, hates Hearst as the devil hates holy water. Its statements regarding political affairs are often colored or untrue. The story that J. P. Morgan had visited Oyster Bay and "bought" the President is a case in point. This circumstantial story of Hearst's chief and sometimes mendacious enemy deserves, therefore, no credence if on other grounds it appears improbable.

And it does appear improbable, not only to us, but to so unbiased a political observer as Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University. Professor Peck, as a scholar and historian, can certainly not be accused of being favorable to Mr. Hearst's political ideas. Yet he says: "Can any one imagine Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for example, or Mr. Russell Sage, by any expenditure whatsoever, securing the support which Mr. Hearst received? Each of these two individuals has tens of millions for every one of Mr. Hearst's; yet to ask the question is to show its utter folly."

Continuing, Professor Peck points out that journalists hold it to be a truism that editors no longer mold public opinion. "But," remarks Professor Peck, "when an editor says this it simply means that he has not such power, and that he wishes to explain away his own dull mediocrity." He adds that the editorial writers of the Hearst papers use "good strong Saxon English"; that they are not timid or financially entangled, like most editors; that they know how to

make a powerful appeal to their public; and that he, for one, believes that "the mainspring of the [Hearst] movement was not money. There was a nucleus of genuine conviction in it," he concludes, "even though that conviction may have been a quite mistaken one."

These views, coming from a man of intelligence, entirely uninfluenced by the petty considerations that have force with Hearst's business rivals, ought to have weight. There appears to be a danger that these opponents of his, by failing to recognize what Peck calls a "genuine conviction," and by continually harping upon the editor's sensational methods, are liable in the long run not only to fail to convince their readers that they are on the right side, but actually to drive them in Hearst's direction. Nothing, it appears to us, has happened to disillusion Hearst's admirers in Hearst. The course his six newspapers took during the campaign was, politically speaking, the wisest of the many they could possibly have taken. To-day Hearst finds himself in a position to say with a good deal of force: "I told you so." We personally know of many working-men who voted for Roosevelt who would have voted for Hearst if they had had a chance, and who will vote for him in 1908 if they get a chance. And they won't be bought, either.

Does it not appear to be about time for the Republican editorial fraternity to quit hammering Hearst in the petty, unintelligent manner that has characterized it in the past, and begin to deal on broad lines with that "genuine conviction," which Professor Peck believes some millions of voters have in W. R. Hearst as "the tribune of the people"?

An English justice has put his official seal upon the constant contention of the *Argonaut* that the whipping-post is the sole remedy for the brute who garrotes, sandbags, or enjoys the pleasures of wife-beating. Judge Rentoul, of the Westminster district in London, sentenced three men charged with beating and robbing an old man to penal servitude and eighteen lashes of the "cat" each. These prisoners accepted the imprisonment with a grin, but when the decree of flogging fell on their gross ears their coarse hides twitched with animal fear.

Virtue behind the burly shadow of the policeman may lift up white hands at the very idea of "degrading a human being by laying violent hands on him." The gentle philanthropist may roll the eye of horror at the thought of "cruelty to one made in God's image." But the British judge is right, and the vile offenses of the wife-beater daily spread on our police court records would better be indorsed by red weals on the brute's back than by two meals and a bed in a warm jail. The meekest reformer (if there be a reformer meek) considers it his duty to kick the cur that bites him. We kill rats in murderous traps and bruise the head of the snake. Kindliness and humanity have their place, but this paper does not, will not, and can not believe in any punishment for the vile and sewer-bred wife-beater and thug, except the sufficient hand of a man bigger than himself, laying on blows that make the thick hide quiver and the lumpish face twist in physical agony and the hairy limbs writhe in sweat. That's what the thug fears. That's what, if anything, will keep him straight.

The last step in the centralization of the electric power used in San Francisco seems to have been taken, a few days ago, when the Sierra Streams. United Railroads made a twenty-year contract with the California Gas and Electric Corporation for all the power needed on all the street railways controlled by them. This power will be brought from



the Sierras, where it will be generated in quantities sufficient to supply every want from Butte and Amador Counties to the ocean beach of San Mateo.

The United Railroads at present has been much hampered in its operation of some of the systems by lack of power. It has had, it is said, on several occasions to go into the market and buy enough current from private owners to keep cars running. All this is to be done away with, and, further, it is supposed that the change from cable to electric will follow on many of the lines so soon as the new contract is effective, January 1, 1906.

But the big system of the street railways will not be the only utility to be affected by this bringing of power from the mountains. The mere fact that such centralization is possible means a great deal to the whole Coast of California if the evidence of Illinois farmers is reliable. There, some of the farmers have their own electric motors, doing all the heavy operations of farming, and their motor and light plants are supplied by the lines of the big electrical companies on their way to the cities. In Kane County, Ill., it is estimated that the motor pays for itself in one year. It helps the power company, in that it gives a market for what would otherwise inevitably leak away, and further pays for the maintenance of long transmission cables. Should the farmers of the San Joaquin be enabled by the contract made by the United Railroads to use electric power in their various agricultural operations, it is evident that it is not long before the generators in the Sierras will be producing the power by which the millions along this Coast will move and work and have their being. Electric cars on Market Street will not be the sole benefit.

The fate which watches over the affairs of nations decreed that there should be a lull in the Far Eastern struggle-at-arms during the Western Continent's peaceful, civil struggle of men and ideas ending on the eighth of November.

Election well over, the nation's attention again centres on the bloody struggle between Jap and Russ. Since the Battle of Shakhe River during the first days of October, in which, on the Russian side, as has just been announced, 33,250 men were killed and wounded, the two armies have lain in parallel lines only a few hundred yards apart, and have steadily prosecuted the work of entrenching themselves. The latitude of the positions of the armies is almost exactly that of the northern boundary of California or of the city of Boston, but the temperature appears to be slightly colder for the time of the year than at the Massachusetts city. There have already been slight flurries of snow; it is an eager and a nipping air at night; and the Shakhe River is frozen over. Some fighting goes on continually, but there has been no serious engagement for nearly a month and a half. General Kuropatkin is receiving constant reinforcements, sometimes as many as a regiment a day, while General Oyama's army is continually being strengthened. Some military experts look for a battle at almost any time; others incline to think that the armies will winter where they are; and that active operations will be resumed only in the spring. Certain it is that the Japanese advance which began last February from Chemulpo, and steadily proceeded up to the date of the Battle of Shakhe River, has stopped. The Russians have suffered during a whole season's campaign no decisive defeat, involving large bodies of men, nor have the Japanese.

The news about Port Arthur is conflicting. Some reports say that the garrison is in good spirits; that vessels have run the blockade and carried in supplies; and that Port Arthur can hold out for several months. Others apprehend that the fortress is about to fall. There seems to be no dependable information upon which an impartial observer can base an opinion.

As to the prospects of peace, it is evident that President Roosevelt has for several months made, and is continuing to make, every proper effort to end the war. Russia, however, exhibits not the faintest inclination to consider any propositions looking toward peace. Count Cassini has several times issued public statements to the effect that Russia will fight until she wins. Japan, on the other hand, is not only stated to be willing to listen to proposals from neutral powers, but is actually rumored to have made (unofficially) peace proposals to the Russian Government.

This is very significant. It has continually been set forth in these columns that the Battles of Liao Yang and Shakhe River, which the pro-Japanese press has described as Japanese victories, were really far more disastrous to Japan than they were to Russia. It was evidently Japan's hope to destroy Kuropatkin's army and take Port Arthur during this campaign. Kuropatkin aggressively fronts the Japs in the north, and Port Arthur still holds out, having cost the Japanese thousands upon thousands of men. Japan's ap-

parent desire for peace gives support to the view that its plans have failed; that the strategy of Kuropatkin has won out. It is said that in Tokio there has been a marked change of sentiment. *Banzais* are no longer to be heard. The Japanese no longer smile cheerfully when war is mentioned. Gloom has settled over the country. The Russian policy of "luring on" the Japanese army into the interior of Manchuria—a policy that has been the butt of a thousand cheap American jokes—may not have been so bad a one after all.

Despite Japan's somewhat dubious prospects, she has succeeded in placing her new loan of sixty millions of dollars with the people of Great Britain and the United States. The thirty million dollars offered in London were over-subscribed ten times; the twenty odd millions offered in New York, and the two or three millions offered in San Francisco have been over-subscribed also. One reason for the eagerness of investors is to be found in the nature of the bonds. They draw six per cent. interest, and are sold at ninety and a half. They are secured by second mortgage on Japanese customs. It is unusual for a nation to mortgage its customs—indeed, an evidence of weakness—and is unprecedented for government bonds to draw so large an interest as the selling price of ninety and a half makes these six-per-cent. bonds bring the investor; it is something better than seven per cent. That is quite a contrast to the rate our savings banks pay—about three and one-fourth per cent.

Russia, for her part, has not all smooth going. She seems to stand in danger of internal trouble in the near future, which may possibly neutralize her present apparent advantage. Dispatches tell of riots and other disturbances. Factories are closing down; distress is becoming marked. In order to stem the tide of discontent with the war, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, the new liberal minister of the interior, has relaxed the rigor of police surveillance and newspaper censorship, and is determined to permit discussion of national affairs at the meeting of the presidents of the forty-eight *zemstvos*, or local governing bodies, which is set for November 19th. This is a step toward representative government.

The national convention of the American Federation of Labor met in this city on Monday.

In the course of the first day's proceedings, the California Promotion Committee presented, in convention, an invitation to members of the federation to visit its headquarters. Mr. McArthur, editor of a seaman's journal here, rose and told the convention that the Promotion Committee was a pernicious organization, whose primary purpose was "the creating of a surplus of labor in the State of California." The Labor Council has also issued a circular warning workmen from coming to California. The argument which damns as fallacious the attitude of Mr. McArthur and the Labor Council lies in a comparison between the density of population in California and in other States. Illinois has a population of 86 to the square mile; Indiana has 70; Iowa, 40; Kentucky, 53; Maryland, 120; Massachusetts, 348; Missouri, 45; New Jersey, 250; New York, 152; Ohio, 102; Pennsylvania, 140; Tennessee, 148; Virginia, 46. In comparison with these figures, set California's square-mile density of precisely 9. How can a rich State, so sparsely populated as this, be "over-populated" by any class of men whatsoever? If California were a desert land, the case would be different. But she is not. California is as rich in natural resources as Italy, or any other of the semi-mountainous but densely populated countries of Europe. The exploitation of her mountain streams for power purposes promises to result in the creation of many and various manufactures. In oil, we have a cheap fuel, and commerce with the Orient is increasing by leaps and bounds. At the present time, wages are higher in California—or seem to be—than in any other section of the United States. The arbitrators in the dispute between the carmen of this city and the railway company granted the men an increase of wages to correspond with the wages paid other skilled workmen in San Francisco, though it was conclusively proved that the wages paid street-car employees in San Francisco were already in excess of the wages paid for similar work in any large city of the United States. California employers of labor do not ask for "cheap labor." They do ask that when skilled workmen who are receiving in the East, say, three dollars a day, decide to come to California because the wages here are five dollars a day, that they be not dissuaded by labor organizations here, who desire merely to monopolize a good thing at whatever expense to their brother-workmen the country over. Industries can not be built up without abundance of labor. Industries in California can not compete with industries elsewhere if the cost of labor here is higher than in other parts of the country. It is for the best interests of everybody—the farmer who desires to sell what he

raises, the merchant who desires to dispose of his goods, the manufacturer who desires a market for what he produces—that the population increase on healthy and normal lines. We do not assert that it may not be that there are workmen out of work in California. But we do insist that it is an essentially absurd proposition for any labor organization, in a rich State with a population of only nine persons to the square mile, to say to the people of a State like Ohio, with a population of one hundred and two persons to the square mile: "Don't come here; we have a surplus of workers already."

The devious ways of the Oriental mind are illustrated

JAPAN'S  
LITTLE  
FALSEHOOD.

by the case of the *Yashima*. This Japanese battle-ship sank last June in Dalny Harbor. Japan officially denied that such was the fact. Now she has informed the other powers that her official statement was a lie. For strategic reasons she desired to keep the loss to herself. Had the Russians known that Japan had only four battle-ships remaining, it might have influenced their policy to a considerable extent. Close observers of naval events did, in fact, recognize that something had happened along in June to bring about a change in Admiral Togo's plan of campaign. The *Argonaut*, for example, said, on July 11th: "The suspicion grows that something is wrong with the Japanese fleet. It has ceased to be aggressive; its hold upon the situation has relaxed. This, it would seem, can only be due to weakness, either through the damage to the vessels by Russian guns, or to deterioration resulting from the arduous campaign of the last five months." Japan's admission of the loss of a twelve-thousand-ton battle-ship (the size of the *Maine*) explains what seemed so mysterious last summer. But the guileless trust of the American newspaper in the innocent truthfulness of the Japanese Government has received a sad blow. "We thought they always told the truth," they plaintively say; "what can we be sure of now?" Perhaps if these journals keep on, they will really learn something about the Oriental character—after awhile.

Why is it that men seldom or never bring suits for

THE DAMAGED  
HEART OF  
MRS. FOHS.

breach of promise? Certainly they feel deeply enough on the subject. Many a man has blown out his brains because the girl who had "promised to be his" subsequently changed her mind. There is often positive and outrageous wrong, as in the case of the Denver beauty who decided that she preferred a California millionaire to her Denver *fiancé* after the invitations to her wedding to the latter had been issued. Yet men seldom seek in the law reparation for their injured feelings, while women very often do. Is it because men, after all, have the finer sensibilities—are more loath to wear their hearts upon their sleeves for legal and journalistic daws to peck at? Or is there some deeper and more esoteric reason? These reflections are inspired by a dispatch, with a New York date line, stating that a certain Mrs. Fanny Fohs had confessed to a reporter that her breach of promise suit against Dr. Charles E. Lord, a naval surgeon, was instituted for the purpose of securing Lord's dismissal in disgrace from the navy. She has succeeded. "Lieutenant Haines," Mrs. Fohs told a reporter, "also made a plaything of my affections, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him, too, dismissed from the navy. You would imagine," she continued, "that a man in so brave a calling as that of a naval officer would have a true, honorable heart. And yet here I have suffered the ignominy of being twice deceived by naval officers within one year. I am afraid I am too credulous. My experience with Lieutenant Haines should have taught me to guard my heart. It was in connection with Lieutenant Haines's court-martial that I met Dr. Lord. He was greatly interested in the case, and spoke so consolingly and so sweetly I gradually felt attracted to him, and later on loved him." We may be hard-hearted, but somehow we fail to sympathize with the lady in her amorous woes. There is a proverb, we believe, to the effect that ladies who discuss their virtue, have none. Similarly, we opine, sweet femininity, which confesses to a *Sun* reporter the interesting details of how she was "deceived," was never really "in love." Women who love, whether happily or sorrowfully, do not confide in gentlemen of the press. They would die before they would expose their wounds to public gaze. Wild horses would not drag from them the speech that comes trippingly from the tongue of Mrs. Fohs. *Mrs.*, mark you!—this is, at least, the lady's third experience, and considering that she was "deceived" twice in the last year, it is not unreasonable to suppose that she will give her triply damaged heart into the keeping of some other "consoling gentleman" before long. Possibly another naval officer can be roped in by the Fohs, and held up for cash or his dismissal from the army secured. We



extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathies, in advance, to any such, and our congratulations, right now, to Lieutenant Haines and Dr. Lord. No matter how severely Uncle Sam may have punished them for making rash promises to a lady, their second thoughts do infinite credit to their good judgment. Anyhow, they are not married to her.

There is one thing the national election has again proved and emphasized. It is that New York is the most provincial, wrong-headed town on the map of the United States. It is utterly out of tune with the thought and sentiment and aspiration of the people of the country. Even its great newspapers are painfully ignorant of the real feelings, political and otherwise, of the American people. While the majority of the newspapers of the country over supported Theodore Roosevelt for President, and were perfectly confident of his election, the majority of the independent newspapers of New York City took the wrong road, pursued a mistaken course. Only two morning newspapers—only one of the big morning newspapers—in the City of New York really supported the President. The *World*, the *Times*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Herald*, and the *Journal*, all opposed his candidacy. The *Sun* could not swallow Parker, but it put no ginger into its fight for Parker's opponent. And not only did these newspapers get on the wrong side of the question, but the tactics they pursued were simply calculated to drive Democrats into the Republican camp. Thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of Democrats voted for the Republican candidate as a protest against the campaign of defamation against Cortelyou and Mr. Roosevelt himself, which culminated in the President's vigorous and stinging reply and denial. The New York newspapers employ brainy men. Their editorial columns are well written. But so malignant are the effects of the New York spirit of provincialism that even men who were born and bred in the West or in the Middle States soon forget how the honest and sensible American citizen thinks about public questions. The editors of neither the *World* nor the *Times* could see (what was apparent to everybody in the West) that the unwarranted attack on Cortelyou was an evidence that they had no effective issue against Mr. Roosevelt's administration.

Thursday is Thanksgiving. Some, on that day, will have a surfeit of good things, some a sufficiency, some—the poor and sick to whom ye have always with you—will lack, even in the midst of plenty. For many years it has been the *Argonaut's* privilege and pleasure to bespeak the bounty of our readers for the Mission of Fruit and Flowers. Every Thanksgiving the mission gives to the poor and needy as many Thanksgiving dinners at its friends, in their generosity, provide. It asks of them all sorts of meats, turkeys, chickens, vegetables, wines and liquors (for medicinal purposes), raisins, figs, jellies, fruits, cakes, pies, bread, flowers—in short, anything good to eat. And since money will buy everything, it asks (especially of affluent bachelors) as much of the coin of the realm as they can well spare. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are the best days to send things. You grocer knows the address, and so do the butcher, the baker, the wine dealer. Two minutes at the 'phone will do the business. If you live in the country, Wells-Fargo will transport anything you send free of charge. Address the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, 631 Sutter Street.

While the result of the vote on the constitutional amendments is not definitely known, there is little uncertainty regarding the majority of the amendments. The proposition to issue bonds in the sum of two millions of dollars to extend the seawall here at San Francisco was carried by a large vote. The constitutional amendment providing for the establishment of district courts of appeal, and that exempting from taxation, in the case of householders, one hundred dollars worth of property, were carried. Those relating to the extension of the legislative session and to the codification of the laws every twelve years are probably lost, as they should be. The amendment to exempt shipping from taxation is hopelessly beaten, doubtless because it would exempt not only coastwise and deep-sea vessels, but also ferry-boats. The people are evidently averse to exempting from taxation property owned by the railways. A constitutional amendment identical with this one was carried in the State of Washington, and if the shipping men, who were behind the amendment here, are right, many vessels now registered in this city will in future be registered from Seattle in order to escape taxation. The *Call*, which newspaper is rather closely identified, as everybody knows, with ship-

ping affairs, lifts up its voice and weeps at the prospect. But apparently there is no way out of the dilemma.

A weekly in New York published a scandalous article "COLLIER'S" AND about the President's daughter a short "A NEW YORK WEEKLY." while ago. The statements in it, the insinuations, and the smart knowingness displayed by the writer have called down upon the "society" journal the hot and direct wrath of *Collier's Weekly*, which minces no fine words in discussing the matter. It says:

The most degraded paper of any prominence in the United States is not one of the specialists in prize-fighting, nor is it one of the mendacious organs of Mr. Hearst. It is a weekly of which the function is to distribute news and scandal about society. The mind which guides such a publication tests credulity and forces one to take Swift's Yahoo as unexaggerated truth. There have been several of these creatures in our day. One of them used always to ride in a close carriage which carried a strong man to protect him from the anticipated horsewhip. The editor now in questions leads a somewhat secluded life also, and well he may. We can hardly imagine that many decent men would consent to meet the editor. His standing among the people is somewhat worse than that of an ordinary forger, horse-thief, or second-story man.

The weekly in question has returned with a statement that it is in the field to criticise, no matter who is hit or what anger is aroused. It assumes the robe of virtue, and holds itself up to public esteem as a fearless promulgator of the truth wherever found.

The whole question comes back to one of redress and how far the freedom of the press is consistent with good order. *Collier's* believes that no legal steps should be taken for the suppression of such sheets. It relies on the good taste and good sense of the public to make them unprofitable. It asserts that the editor of such a periodical must necessarily be denied the society of gentlemen. It is remarked that the publisher can be worth nothing in a civil suit.

This is of course the correct attitude. One must be optimistic and trust to the weight of society to crush the blackmail. But it is a sad fact that the vast majority of those who read the papers love a good bit of gossip, and the racier and more untrue it is the more quickly the ribbon clerk, the seller of silk hosiery, and the multitudinous youth with oiled hair and a naughty expression run to peruse. One has only to look at the number of uneducated and astigmatic creatures who make up the crowd on our streets to realize where the sensational papers find their readers. One has only to listen to the conversation in the hotel reception-room, the public corridor, or even the club smoking-room to understand that very few men and women have thoughts very far beyond. Have you heard the latest?

### MR. ASTOR'S DAUGHTER'S "DOT."

Thirty Thousand Pounds a Year for Mrs. Pauline Astor Spender-Clay—Magnificent Presents—Notable, But Not Royal, Guests—Delicious, Fairy-Like Bridesmaids.

It was evidently Mr. Astor's studied aim to make his daughter's wedding as un-American as possible. People who expected to see a grand, vulgar splurge of the Roxburghe-Goelet type were sadly disappointed. In England that is thought to be the typical American wedding. No wonder, for the great majority of English people have never seen or heard of any other kind. However, they will have a chance of—if not seeing, at least reading about—one of the spectacular sort when, this week, young Bradley-Martin marries Miss Phipps up in Scotland, at the Bradley-Martin's "Place," which they have stopped calling their "Shooting-Box," to wit: "Balmacaan." The grand doings that one hears are to be done for the astonishment of the Scotch natives in the neighborhood, sound like the preparations for a Drury Lane pantomime.

Like all Englishmen to the manner born, Mr. Astor loves old things. In St. Margaret's, Westminster, he had a church for his daughter's wedding after his own heart—an ideal of ancient days' church architecture, both inside and out. It is the church the Astors go to when they are in London, so that Mr. Astor can not be accused of affectation in choosing it for the wedding. Most people of his means would have selected St. Peter's, Eaton Square; St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; or St. George's, Hanover Square. But Mr. Astor is a man of excellent taste, and doesn't seek to be "fashionable." Indeed, his daughter's wedding from first to last was done in the most perfect form.

There was not a floral decoration in the house for the reception. The bride's bouquet was exquisite in its simplicity and choiceness, and I don't ever remember seeing anything more delicious in young lady's frocks than the bridesmaids' dresses. I can't begin to describe them. I have just a fairy-like vision before me of ten very pretty girls clothed in pale pink and pale brown. In one sense, all ten looked alike, but as you gazed on, you discovered that some were a little prettier than the others. Perhaps the palm of all should be yielded to Miss Muriel White, the beautiful daughter of Mr.

Henry White, the first secretary of the American embassy. I rather admired the little French girl, Mlle. Elsie Lejeune. Miss Caroline Drayton, of New York, was also a theme for much masculine admiration. The bride was nowhere beside her sweet maids. Of course, Miss Pauline Astor was never catalogued as pretty. She is nice looking, that's all, and she has fairly large dark eyes. But like all the Astor eyes they are too prominent, and no woman can be pretty with prominent eyes. Then she always strikes you as being in bad health. Not delicate—that is quite another thing. Her wedding dress was perfection. Such soft white satin was never seen before; nor such priceless old lace, an inch of which would have fed a small family for a year.

Captain Clay is a fine-looking fellow. I think that says everything you can for him. They say that Miss Astor fell in love with him at sight, and made up her mind to marry him. I guess she didn't have much trouble with him. But the old man didn't like it a bit at first. He wanted something much bigger—a title of some sort. But the girl was so set upon it that he gave way. The bridegroom's best man was one of his old brother-officers, one of the crazy De Crespignys, as they are called. Some people say they are all mad. They are, however, gentry, and people of means. One of them did the hangman's work at an execution at Carlisle some time ago—volunteered to do it. Another was killed not long ago riding in a steeple-chase. The Bishop of London was supposed to marry the happy pair, but Archdeacon Wilberforce, one of Soapy Sam's sons, helped a good deal, and was a very effective figure in his scarlet robe over his surplice.

The Astor town house is on Carlton House Terrace. It is at the far end, the last home as you go from the left. It was Earl Granville's house, and Mr. Astor bought it from Lord Granville's executors. It is a grand house; its back windows all look out over the park. In the ball-room the presents were displayed. They were certainly very fine. Mr. Astor's diamond collar was nothing out of the common, however. Of course, the six-rowed necklace of black pearls, which had belonged to the bride's mother, was very magnificent. Curiously enough, Mr. Astor gave his daughter a set of costly sables. It was as traveling fur-traders that the Astor family began. As for the bridegroom's presents to his bride, they were very costly, and partook of many diamonds. He also gave her a gold-mounted dressing-bag. It is observable that Princess Louise was the only royalty who took notice of the marriage. She gave a gold cup. The bride's brother, the old Eton oarsman, gave her a diamond star. The younger one, who is still an Eton boy and played for the school in the last Eton and Harrow match, gave his sister a diamond bracelet. But these boys may well play with diamonds. One, the eldest, has an allowance from his father of twenty-five thousand pounds a year. The boy at Eton gets five thousand. Which reminds me: Mr. Astor settled thirty thousand pounds a year on his daughter, which means the interest on a million at three per cent.

The Duke of Roxburghe gave some silver candlesticks; Lord and Lady Savile, a silver cup; Mrs. Mackay, a gold cigarette-case (to the bridegroom); Mrs. Craigie, another silver cup; Lord Dalmeny, an ormolu clock; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, a reading glass; and the Bradley-Martins, a silver statuette. There were hundreds of others of small interest or value. I noticed that no one had the execrable taste to give a check.

The guests assembled at the reception were very good people, and many had titles; but they were few, if any, of the leading nobility. There was one duchess-dowager of Manchester (an American) and several countesses, without their earls. It was noticed how few Americans were present, the most notable being Lady Cheylesmore, Mrs. Dudley Leigh, Mrs. Ronalds, and, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Choate, also Mr. Henry White, of the United States embassy, who, strange as it may sound, is quite as much of an Englishman as Astor—more so, if possible. I heard a good story about him last week. His English proclivities are notorious, and one day he was correcting some lately arrived fellow-countrymen over some trivial *faux pas* they had made.

"Say, White!" said one, more plain-spoken than the others, "what a wonderful knowledge of English manners you have!"

"Well, I flatter myself I have," said White, much pleased.

"Why in h—l don't you get naturalized?" asked the other.

White didn't answer, but spoke of the weather.

LONDON, November 1, 1904. COCKAIGNE.

The *London Chronicle* gives the pronunciation of a number of names of places in England where "phonic laziness" has made the spoken name of the town far different from the written name. The eccentricities of pronunciation are as great as those involved in calling the family name of Cholmondeley Chumley, and Colquhoun Coon. According to the *Chronicle*, these are the local pronunciations: Rhudbaxton is Ribson, Woodmancote is Uddennuckat, Sawbridgeworth is Sapsar, Churchdown is Chosen, Sandiacre is Senjiker, Chaddenwyche is Charnage, Hapishburgh is Hazeborn, Salt Fleetby is Sollaby, Almondesbury is Amesbury and Congresbury i Coomesbury.



## A YANKEE TRICK.

How Goldsmith Leaf Triumphed at Monte Carlo.

I shall spare my readers a description of that lovely little bit of paradise—the promontory which juts out into the bay of the Condamine, and on which the Monte Carlo Casino stands. The wonderful, never lost landscape has been over and over depicted, written up, raised to the stars by writers of all nationalities, and relegated to Hades by over-zealous clergymen of all denominations who never were there. I shall then limit myself to put on the elegantly wicked canvas a human spot, which, on a certain day of March, 1902, almost spoiled and ruined the aforesaid landscape.

That March day there lounged about the office of the Casino, surrounded by the splendors of Nature and Art, a forlorn-looking mortal, the image of utter destitution. You might have shaken him violently without producing the slightest metallic jingle. His cadaverous face, his hollow eyes, his tremulous lips, his unkempt hair so plainly proclaimed him "dead broke"—to use the phrase so familiar to the ears of his American compatriots—that he might have brought suit against them for libel had not their charge been so fully sustained by the facts of the case. He bore all the unmistakable ear-marks of poverty and misfortune. Judging by the dents in its crown and the dilapidated state of its brim, his silk tile seemed to have been the butt of its owner's disappointed hopes and consequent ill-temper, though a happy inspiration had prompted him to impart to it a certain degree of brilliancy by means of a wet shoe-brush. A three days' growth of beard bristled obstinately on his chin. His dressing-case was evidently having a holiday at the pawnbroker's.

No official of Monte Carlo would have had any dealings with a man whose appearance proclaimed him so absolutely penniless. He had not even fifty cents to his name. Fifty cents! With that sum he could have ordered a square meal, while, alas! it was three days since his stomach had been on friendly relations with the rest of the world, and "Decavé" was excluded from the six o'clock *table d'hôte* by order of M. Lartichaux, the proprietor of the Hotel des Plongeurs. All that Lartichaux had deigned to place between the ruined American and starvation was a cup of *café au lait* and a too-diminutive roll, which did not go far toward satisfying the appetite of a hungry man.

The American already owed him three hundred and fifty francs, and Lartichaux, quite forgetful of the circumstance that his guest had, during the past twelve weeks—for which period also Lartichaux had been his most obedient servant—spent at least fifteen thousand francs at his hotel, now never lost an opportunity of reminding him of his paltry indebtedness.

Lartichaux had threatened to have him arrested by the eleven gendarmes of Monaco, and to sue him for swindling, and had finally, with a sneer, advised him to apply to the administration for assistance—to let them know his deplorable condition and solicit the charity of the directors.

"They will do something for you," said Lartichaux. "When you came here you had plenty of money. You showed me bank-notes of all nations, letters of credit on two banks, and gold galore—even nuggets—and unset diamonds. Of course, if you had kept away from the Casino you would never have been reduced to such straits, and I should not be so unfortunate as to have you my debtor to so large an amount. Go to the directors, my dear sir, tell them how you have deceived me after your rascally American fashion—me, an honest innkeeper, the son of a widowed mother and the father of eight children—eight small children. Tell them that you, urged on by the denon of the gaming table, have driven me to despair, and thus opened a chapter in the history of my ruin."

After such a harangue, what was left for the American? The only course open to him was to take refuge in the arms of the administration. He buttoned to his chin his last Prince Albert, so thin and threadbare. It concealed no vest. The edge of a celluloid collar encircled the neck, and faded cuffs of colored linen peeped from his sleeves. I very much doubt whether the ruined man owned what courtesy might call a white shirt, or, in fact, any shirt whatever, for two suspicious-looking pins appeared on the coat sleeves, just where connection is usually made between cuffs and shirt. Only twelve weeks earlier he had arrived at Monte Carlo with a trunk of fine linen. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

He yielded finally to the suggestions of the unscrupulous Lartichaux, and went to see what the administration would do for him. Lartichaux followed with his eyes the American's progress over the hills of the Condamine, up the road to the summit, where, embowered in palms and other tropical vegetation, stands the Casino of Monte Carlo. "Nasty people, those Americans," murmured the grasping publican, watching the American on his way to his humiliation. The poor fellow struggled painfully upward, dizzy with hunger, over the stones of the rough, hilly road, and his feet were skinned and bruised by the rocks; for, by an irony of fate, they were shod in the thinnest of patent-leather boots—his last pair. The soles were worn till they were as flexible as a glove, and between them and the uppers yawned an open door, which the breezes of the Riviera had chosen as a gymnasium. At length he reached his destination, and

entered the Armida garden which surrounds the Casino. He found himself in the presence of the administration, represented by M. de Rakes, secretary of the bank; M. Grabette, its treasurer; and M. Batim, chief of police of the principality of Monaco and inspector of the Casino of Monte Carlo.

"Your name, please," said De Rakes, with grave courtesy, after the ruined man had hesitatingly described his sad plight.

"Goldsmith Leaf, sir, Gold Leaf, for short—vice-president of the Bad Lands' Copper Vinegar Bank of Coyote," and he handed his questioner a visiting card, on which that name was neatly engraved.

"But—ah—your name is not unknown to me. Let me see—Leaf—Gold Leaf—Gold Brick—any relation to that famous character of American fame? Leaf—of what?"

"Leaf of nothing," replied Gold. "Perhaps leaf of a blank book. I seem to be a back number here. We have none of your high-sounding, empty titles in the States."

"Well," said de Rakes, puffing lazily at his cigarette, "you don't seem quite equal to filling your position as vice-president to-day. Are you not wanted over there in America?"

"Yes, I am," replied Leaf. "I ought to be home now for a meeting of our directors. There is going to be an election—a matter of the greatest importance to me."

"If your statements are correct, you could get some money by cable."

Leaf made a gesture as if to dispose of any such suggestion, and replied: "My reputation would be ruined." He added in a whisper: "I am here incognito."

"How much money did you have when you came here?" This formal question is always put very abruptly. Caught by surprise, the petitioners are compelled to tell the truth, while if time be given them, they will usually lie.

"Ten thousand," answered Leaf.

"Francs," sneered Grabette.

"No, dollars," answered the American, with a deprecating smile.

"You must have had more than that when you left America."

"Yes—more's the pity. Thirty thousand."

"Did you go to Paris before coming here?"

"Yes—to Paris, Italy, and—"

"You must have run things pretty lively then—and so all your money is gone?"

"All—to the last cent," answered Leaf, apparently wiping away a tear.

"Have you been a daily attendant at the Casino?"

"As it is the only place of worship here, I went every day."

"Have you ever won anything?"

"Never."

"They always say that so as to put the blame of their ruin on us," growled De Rakes. "*Ces coquins de dégonnés!*" Turning to Leaf, he went on, "Young man, we will at once make inquiries as to the truth of your statements, and you may come back in four hours to learn our decision. If everything is right, the administration will extend to you its customary generosity, and you will be sent to a seaport where you may embark for New York at our expense. We will not undertake to send you to—what do you call the capital of the Band Lands?"

"Coyote," answered Gold Leaf, adding: "I do not expect much. I only want to be able to keep up appearances on the ship."

"Well, bring your passport here in four hours, and as you seem in need of refreshment, here are four francs for your dinner. There is no danger of your spending it at the gaming table, for we do not accept any stake under five francs. Ah, you haven't shown the usual American pluck and shrewdness this time."

"I forgot to mention," said Leaf, turning to go, "but I owe three hundred and fifty francs to Lartichaux, the proprietor of the Hotel des Plongeurs. I am sorry, gentlemen, to be forced to confess this, but my honor is concerned, and he is a father—"

"Oh, we know all about that," said the trio, impatiently, and De Rakes continued: "Here, hand me that confounded bill of his. The next thing you will be presenting us with your barber's bill or your laundry list. That everlasting Lartichaux bill! Visitors to Monte Carlo ought to be required to settle their accounts every morning in advance before coming to the Casino."

"It would be a good plan," suggested Batim, "to make every lady and gentleman present a receipt for three meals in advance as they enter the door."

"But," said the secretary, solemnly, "if our patrons were capable of such self-restraint, they would have sense enough to keep away from the Monte Carlo roulette-table. It would be rather unprofitable to us after all, as it would result in emptying half of our tables. Come now, Grabette," said De Rakes, in a tone of authority, "what shall we do?"

"Do you think the American is telling the truth?" ventured Batim.

"Yes, I think what he says is true," replied De Rakes, who had in the meantime consulted various ledgers, taking notes here and there. "We have all the necessary information about Mr. Leaf," he said, after a pause. "He is a reckless fellow even for an American. I have about two pages of reports as to his do-

ings. He has led the life of a Punchinello here, and the only incongruous features in the whole affair are his being an American and vice-president of a bank."

"Well," said Grabette, "he seems to be dead broke, and the wind whistles through his boots."

"Precisely," said Batim, "eight thousand dollars of his—forty thousand francs—must have reached the coffers of the administration. This must be true. I myself have often seen him cashing large checks. I hear that one day he presented a thousand-franc note to be changed at the *trente et quarante* table, and afterward lost every penny of it at roulette."

"From all we can find out, gentlemen," said De Rakes, deliberately, "I think we may regard this as an exceptional case. Our benevolence to a citizen of the United States, where Lafayette was such a favorite with the ladies, will reflect great credit on us and make new friends for us over there. Let's see—to be sure, the voyage is a long one and very expensive"—here he rapidly calculated the amount and handed the result to Grabette, who said: "A suicide burial would be less troublesome and also less expensive, but—also less diplomatic. It will cost us five hundred dollars, but five hundred out of eight thousand leaves a very good margin for profit."

"Yes," said De Rakes, "and next year Mr. Leaf may send us the president of the bank." Then turning to Grabette, he added: "My dear colleague, be so kind as to ask Mr. Leaf for his pawn tickets, and as to that hypocrite of a Lartichaux, we will settle with him. He will not refuse a rebate of fifty per cent., and now, Grabette, go and hunt up our American vice-president, buy him a ticket to Paris, give him an order on Murray for a cabin passage to New York, and do not hand him the money for cigars, meals, and incidentals—two hundred for that—till he is seated in his compartment with the door locked and you have heard the locomotive whistle for the last time."

De Rakes, with the serene countenance which accompanies a conscience void of offense, retired to his sanctum, where the luncheon tray awaited him.

Four hours later Grabette, with a face as white and smooth as a freshly kalsomined wall, and Mr. Goldsmith Leaf, no longer a shabby bankrupt, but completely rehabilitated, stood together on the platform of the neat little station at Monte Carlo, waiting for the train which goes to Paris, via Nice. The American had recuperated his strength by a good dinner, paid for by the administration and shared by Grabette. His clothes had been taken out of pawn, and he was decently and even stylishly dressed, having been shaved and perfumed, and was quite irresistible. His valise contained something more valuable than pebbles, and he chuckled inwardly, as well he might, for he had won a victory. Goldsmith Leaf was a new man, if ever there was one. The train arrived, and Grabette helped Mr. Leaf into a first-class compartment, the door of which was immediately locked in response to a nod to the guard. Then Grabette, with the utmost delicacy, slipped into Leaf's hand a rouleau of twenty-franc pieces, remarking that he would find them sufficient to provide himself with every comfort, and to fee the rapacious stewards on the steamer which was to land him under the torch of Liberty.

"How can I sufficiently thank you for your kindness?" asked Leaf, apparently overcome by grateful emotion.

"By giving me your word never again to set foot on the threshold of the Casino of Monte Carlo," answered Grabette. "We want no more of your money."

"But," said Leaf, "you have never had any of it. Not a cent—I have never run up against your game, I have never played at any of your tables—never—you may bet your life on that."

"Never?" exclaimed Grabette, starting back so violently that he almost upset Sir Thomas Bloodgood, Bart., who had just lost five thousand pounds at roulette, and was returning to Nice in a fit of true British gloom. "You have never played?"

"Never," repeated Leaf. "I have never lost a cent at a table game. The Bad Lands' Vinegar Copper Bank never takes a vicious gambler for its vice-president. I have spent money freely, have lived as luxuriously as a prince while it lasted, and when I got to the end of my rope, took the advice of your kind friend Lartichaux, of the Hotel des Plongeurs. It is true that I had my letters of credit cashed and discounted by your croupiers, but that does not make me a gambler."

"Oh, you Yankee villain!—you cheat—you swindler—I will telegraph ahead to have you arrested for defrauding the Monte Carlo Syndicate," roared Grabette.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I take a different view of the affair. I was asked if I had ever won any money, and I answered truthfully—no. Good-by, old man," added he, with a Mephistophelian smile, showing his sixteen front teeth.

The confidential agent of the biggest gambling concern of the smallest of European principalities stood dumfounded, one foot on the platform and one in the air. He was in a quandary what to do. When the locomotive whistled he began to scream, gesticulate, and dance about, but nobody took any notice of him.

The train hurried away as fast as its wheels could carry it from that little abode of temptation, and Goldsmith Leaf, vice-president, etc., thrust his head out of the window, and his bland, satanic smile impressed itself indelibly on the memory of M. Grabette, official representative of the Monte Carlo Syndicate.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1904. L. D. VENTURA.



## THE BATTERY-END OF MANHATTAN.

Coming Into New York Harbor at Sunset—Shivering Travelers—A Majestic Array of Buildings—Gothamites Compared to Foreigners—How Like Sheep We Follow Fashion.

It was nearly two weeks after we left Naples that we steamed through the Narrows in the red blaze of an autumn sunset. We had left the gracious Italian hills still green in their mounting files of vines and bosky tangles of fig tree and olive. A sea of gendarme blue lapped their feet, and on the horizon Capri floated like a huge, strangely shaped sapphire. Close to the water line there was a scattering of white-walled towns, and over all Vesuvius rose in a blue cone, a curl of smoke issuing from its summit, oozing lightly over the crater's lip, this way and that, as the wind changed.

New York harbor and its frosted hills were a wintry sight after all this luxuriance of a teeming nature just showing the first beautifying touch of decay. Naples is not so much farther south, yet the season is so much earlier and more severe with us, that we left the Italian harbor at what seemed the end of summer and entered the American one in what looked to be the heart of winter. The air was red and clear as it is on a Christmas card—nipping cold, too. The wretched, half-clothed Italian emigrants stood huddled on their deck, with pinched, reddened faces turned to the city of promise; silent, dully expectant, a packed, still throng of waiting animals. On the upper decks the foreigners were freezing in their heaviest overcoats and jackets. The Austrian, who was coming to one of the embassies, was pacing back and forth with a blue nose visible above a high-rolled fur collar. His wife—a black-haired Spanish girl, who had the appearance of being about eighteen years of age—was swathed in veils and shawls, cowering before the blasts of our inclement land.

The sky over Staten Island was fire-red, clear and cloudless, with skeleton trees etched against it. The bosom of the bay reflected the color, fainter and less fiery, and steamers and tugs were painted with it on one side. We hung over the rail watching the hectic glaze deepen on the water, and the trees grow blacker on the Staten Island shore. Then the health officers' boat darted out from the shadows, with its yellow flag floating at the stern, and we began hopefully to speculate how long he would keep us.

Darkness had fallen as we steamed up the bay to our anchorage at Hoboken. There were a good many foreigners on the ship, some of whom had never been in the United States before, and I wondered how the first sight of the city impressed them. It must have been impressive in some way (to the Americans, used to it in many respects, it was) and how much more so to people who had never seen tall buildings, and who knew cities as picturesque, uncrowded clusters of flat-roofed houses, mellow with the hoar of time, shaded by immemorial gardens and cut by winding streets that had grown up along the pathways made by feet that were dust before the coming of Christ.

It was not yet six, and all the offices were still occupied, with every window alight. The strangeness of these mounting tiers of tiny yellow squares in huge bulwarks of wall would have to be seen to be understood. The general effect of the Battery-end of Manhattan at this hour is as of something supernatural, looming, and enormous, such as one sees in a dream. Immense piles topple one above the other, their outlines hardly discernible in the darkness, but spotted with bright points of light to their summits. They appear colossal, inconceivably high, lifting their illuminated tops in rivalry against the stars. And they are not a mere occasional bulk, a stretch of wall here, a mounting tower there, but a soaring mass, solid as the pyramids, vast as an aggregation of mountain peaks, with an overpowering, almost awful, majesty of their own.

As the great ship steamed slowly toward this rampart with which America faces the new-comer, the passengers hung over the rail, silent and staring. I should think the effect upon the stranger would be freezing, crushing, forbidding. These huge walls, swarming with an alien life, seem raised to keep him out and warn him off. There is no friendly invitation to enter, such as the foreign city extends to one. This terrible bulwark of a new land fronts the intruder with a sinister defiance, suggesting to him how hard it will be to enter in, and how much harder to find a place when he gets in, and hardest of all to keep his place when found from the thousands who will try to wrest it from him. All this is just an impression, caught at a particular hour and when the thought of the custom-house is lying cold at your heart. Just the same, I am always glad when I come back to New York that I'm not a stranger entering there to start in the world. I think I would probably never dare to land, but stay on the steamer till it went back again.

From an æsthetic point of view, the appearance of the city at this moment is very wonderful. I doubt whether any other city in the world could be more imposing in its night aspect. Paris may be more beautiful in a fairy-like, spectacular way, but nothing could be much more impressive than this gigantic mass of buildings dotted from ground to summit with lights. It is one huge pile of scintillating points—a hive with thousands of illuminated cells. To the right—necklaces of diamonds—are the lights of the two great bridges looped across the blackness of the East River.

You see nothing of the structure, only the festoon of sparkling lamps, and sometimes the form of a car (a line of golden squares) gliding between them over darkness.

Whenever I come back to New York I am struck by its appearance of fresh cleanliness and airy spaciousness. Some Frenchman, a little while ago, said that it appeared to him as a dirty city, and I have never been able to understand what he meant. After the small, rambling towns of Europe, part of whose picturesqueness is the accumulation of the grime of ages, New York has the appearance of a large, cleanly, practical room, unencumbered by furniture, swept by currents of air, dustless, sanitary, and full of sunshine. There is a lack of coziness about its clean, straight streets and rigid house-fronts that gives one nostalgic pangs for cities that are not so coldly gorgeous, but are compact, and dingy, and home-like, and intimate. But dirt in this stately metropolis is as unknown as it is in the home of the poor but virtuous heroine of a tract.

What does strike the home-comer with horror and amaze is the awful noise of the streets. How do we stand it? Coming off the great, soothing spaces of the sea, it stuns one at first. There are crossings in New York whence a clamor rises that deafens you and confuses your mind. You get broken into it after a month, but there is a period when you understand how the English or French stranger feels who goes home and writes a bitter book about "the relentless city." Last winter the noise on Sixth Avenue drove a Russian emigrant woman mad. She came straight from the steppes—which, I take it, is a quiet place—to a room on Sixth Avenue, with the elevated trains thundering past her windows, and the electric surface cars booming by the front door. In a few weeks she was mad—from the unaccustomed noise, the doctors said. The surprising thing is that it doesn't happen oftener. But the still more surprising thing is what a lot of people can stand when they have to! The things you "can't possibly stand" are things from which you see a chance of escape—after which moment of moralizing let me continue.

It is always interesting to see how the people of one's own country strike one after an absence. Some one once told me that the principal thing that impressed him on his return was the universal pallor of the American face. I must say that does not strike me to any great extent. The Gothamite, seen with an eye refocused after absence, appears a good-sized, well-set-up, athletic sort of a person. I think the Italian and New York men look very much alike, with the exception that the New Yorker is apt to be the larger—much more alike than the New Yorker and the Englishman, despite their distant relationship. One sees men in Rome and men in the Empire City that are of precisely the same type—lean and compact as to figure, with dark hair and eyes, thin faces that have the worn air some women think attractive, sallow skins, and features that are rather fine and clean-cut. It is more a Latin than an Anglo-Saxon type. Titian and Veronese found men like this to paint among the Venetians and the Florentines, and were they still living they could find their doubles on Broadway and Fifth Avenue to-day.

As to the women, the first thing one notices about them is that they all wear the same sort of clothes. I have heard foreigners say this of American women, but it never struck me so forcibly as it has this time. French women, English women, Italian women, vary the fashions to suit their looks, their purses, their individual tastes. American women all dress alike, slavishly follow a fashion, whether it is ugly or pretty, sensible or silly, cheap or costly. Sometimes these whims of the prevailing mode are singular and inexplicable, like that one of last year which ordained that no lady should button the wrist of her gloves, and the whole feminine world of New York went about with flaps of dog skin hanging over the backs of their hands. Sometimes they are rational, such as the fashion for rough fur coats for automobiling, a cold pastime during which one is exposed to a biting wind.

This year, as far as I can tell after a few days' perambulations, all the females in New York have taken to wearing ruffling round their necks and strings of colored beads. Nobody seems to wear ruffling—to any marked extent—except Americans. But it is evidently the mode now for every woman in New York to wear an edge of it inside the collar—old ladies, lumbering out of automobiles and lumbering into shops, middle-aged ladies in sumptuous furs, young ladies in bright-colored cloth and velvet dresses. The shop-girls all wear it, the servant girls on their Sundays out; the chorus-girls who adorn that hectic reach of Broadway from Twenty-Fifth to Fortieth Street, the cash-girls in the shops, the milliners' girls who carry home the hat-boxes. They all have a bit of ruffling round their necks—more or less expensive, more or less new, more or less dirty, but a bit of ruffling, just the same.

After this the most popular fad is evidently beads—not any kind of beads, just the right, particular beads. One of the peculiarities of the New York fashions is that they are so explicit and exact. You are allowed no latitude. You've got to have precisely the right thing, or be a rank outsider. The beads of the moment are large beads, worn in a short string—they have to be of a certain set length or they don't go—and of opaque shades, such as pale turquoise, middle blue, yellow, or white. Clouded amber is all right, and lapis lazuli is quite chic, also having the advantage of being expensive. But the real, true, esoteric bead to wear, which

shows one to be of the pure, patrician breed, is of white coral. It is rather a disconcerting fashion so far, as white coral is hard to get. But each woman is doing the best that is in her. The true-blues are sending to Naples, and their followers are hustling for imitations; the shop-girls are buying wax ones, and the milliners' apprentices considering strings of small white marbles. Outside these particular fads of fashion, everybody is wearing bright-colored cloth dresses, with a leaning toward purple. The present purpleites have got in ahead, so that there are really only about four of them to a block. But in a month (or at most two) all Fifth Avenue will be a purple symphony, with occasional discordant notes of brown and blue and red. The most perfect purpleites wear brown furs and velvet hats with long, shaded, purple feathers. They button the wrists of their gloves this year, and I suppose they have all sold their black lynx hats to the Lady in the Red Automobile, because I don't see one, and last year not to have a black lynx hat was equivalent to living in Harlem, or calling your paternal parent "popper."

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Chief-Justice Melville W. Fuller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, plans, it is said, to resign his office on March 5, 1905. Chief-Justice Fuller will be seventy-two years old on February 11, 1905, and will then be entitled to retire from the bench and enjoy a salary of \$10,500 a year as long as he lives.

The record for rapid typewriting has again been broken by Miss Mary Pretty, a copyist in the patent office. Several months ago, Miss Pretty made a new record by copying 22,000 words in one day of seven hours. Four weeks ago, Miss Cameron, another copyist in the office, raised the record to 23,000 words. The other day, Miss Pretty succeeded in copying 26,000 words of patent records, beating the previous record by 3,000 words.

One million dollars a year for fourteen years is the record of collections made by William Rainey Harper, president of the University of Chicago. Harper has a smooth, pugnacious face, snapping black eyes, and wears gold-rimmed spectacles. He has a large neck and heavy, square jaw, which makes the lower part of his face as wide as the forehead. His figure is stout and pudgy, his speech crisp and abrupt. It is popularly supposed that whenever Harper has nothing else to do he puts on his hat, buttons up his Prince Albert coat, and sallies out into the Chicago business centre, plucking checks from the offices of magnates as he would collect autumn leaves.

Here is a description of James Bryce, who is visiting this country. It is written by one of the professors at Harvard, where he lectured: "He is a small man, about sixty-five years old, with a very large head, most of which seems to protrude backward and to slant upward and backward from his high forehead. He is bald on top, with that sort of white hair and beard which sometimes turns yellow. He has very bushy eyebrows of the same color, is round-shouldered, very nicely dressed, and has quite a distinct Irish accent, not at all the broad English accent which I had expected. He is a distinct speaker, though very quiet and absolutely unemotional. He has a high nasal voice, but he expresses himself in very good English, and can be easily heard."

Rear-Admiral Rojestvensky is fifty-six years of age, and in the Russian service has had a reputation (now, it may be feared, sadly besmirched by the Dogger Bank incident) second only to that of Admiral Makaroff. He made some fame in the service by reckless daring in the Turkish War of 1877, and has maintained it by many feats of endurance. Yet on board ship he has been notoriously subject to paroxysms of furious anger, in one of which—the incident happened in the Black Sea—he maimed for life a junior officer because sheer terror made him unable to reply to the admiral's question. Nearly thirty years ago he served as naval attaché in London, and was exceedingly popular. He was a very handsome man in those days, and came very near to marrying into a famous English family. After he went back to Russia, little was heard of him outside naval circles, but the Czar took him up two years ago, while the Kaiser was visiting Nicholas at Reval.

At a recent dinner Sir Conan Doyle began his speech by recalling that while he was in America his health had once been proposed by a man who said that while report made their guest a doctor, it was a sinister fact that no living patient of his had ever been seen. Apparently realizing that even in England there was some doubt as to his medical abilities, Sir Conan said that at least his medical experience had been extremely varied, and that few doctors had seen as many sides of the profession as himself. He had, he explained, served as surgeon on a whaling ship, had been in South Africa as an army doctor, and in England itself had practiced both in the country and in the London slums. He had even arrived at the dignity of an office in a London street much favored by doctors, where he had waited for patronage as an ophthalmic surgeon. That the waiting was for the most part vain, and therefore a dreary business, seems to have turned him definitely to writing.



A TRUE TALE OF BURIED GOLD.

The San Francisco Expedition After the Cocos Island Treasure—Account of the Cruise that Cost San Franciscans \$20,000.

That over two hundred residents of San Francisco many of whom are prominent socially, politically, or professionally, were financially interested in the expedition that sailed from this port in 1902 to find the buried treasure of Cocos Island, is the entirely credible assertion of the author of "Our Search for the Missing Millions," an illustrated volume of over two hundred pages, the publishers of which are facetiously set down as the South Sea Bubble Company, San Francisco.

But the author is discreet. He does not tell the names of the prominent San Franciscans who financed the search for buried gold though, harrising this, he tells the whole story of the expedition.

Some years ago, it appears, Dr. Luck, a dentist, met, while boarding in San Francisco, an ancient mariner named Captain James Brawn. The doctor was a Mason, so was the captain. The captain fell ill; the doctor was of assistance to him. Thus an intimacy sprang up, and one day the captain told the doctor, very solemnly and impressively, and as one Mason to another: "I am the only man alive to-day who knows where lie the thirty millions worth of jewelry, coin, plate, and bullion, that Captain Schmidt carried away with him from South America so many years ago." Being pressed for details, Captain Brawn told the following story, here somewhat condensed from the book:

In 1850, Brawn, then a boy bred to the sea, got into trouble with Jamaica (West Indies) authorities, and took refuge on the schooner *Black Witch*, Captain Schmidt, which was about to sail with the announced intention of engaging in pearl fishing in the Pacific. Shortly after sailing, Brawn discovered that Schmidt was the son of the notorious Captain Schmidt who, in 1820, had carried away from Callao, Peru, and then concealed from the owners, an immense amount of gold and silver on the eve of a threatened bombardment of the city by a Spanish fleet. Old man Schmidt, instead of taking the cargo to the consignees, sailed with it to Cocos Island, which lies off the Central American coast and there buried the entire amount. Brawn stated to Dr. Luck that, in 1850, he accompanied Schmidt and company to Cocos Island and they and he did dig up the treasure and sail away with it to a group of islands far out in the Pacific, some of which were entirely uninhabited. On one of these they buried the treasure. When they had safely stowed it away, their immense wealth only seemed to whet his shipmates' appetite for more. The *Black Witch* sailed for Australia, reaching there in 1852-3; found that ships laden with gold-dust were constantly sailing for England; laid plans and boarded two of these ships, transferred the gold and crew scuttled the vessels, and then returned to the mid-Pacific island. There followed a period of drinking, fighting, and artful poisoning which finally ended in there being only three survivors of the original fifty. These were Captain Schmidt, the steward, and James Brawn. These three scuttled the *Black Witch* (already injured by fire), took the largest boat, filled her with food and water ballasted her with several hundred dollars worth of English gold, and, in three weeks, Brawn alone landed on the Australian coast. The captain had killed the steward, and he had killed the captain. Brawn hid the gold, went into mining and sheep-raising for a short time and then betook himself to London, where he married and spent his money lavishly. The last of it went during an unsuccessful attempt to smuggle arms to Cuban insurgents.

Such was the story Brawn told Luck. Luck told the author of the book, J. C. Wood. These two with others began to investigate. Here is a summary of the evidence they obtained of the truth of the story:

Brawn exhibited to the doctor many canceled checks and old money receipts which went to show that Captain Brawn was a moneyed man in London before 1860. Coins that Brawn exhibited, dated late in the eighteenth or very early in the nineteenth century, corresponded exactly with some that the author of the book saw in the possession of a man who, under a permit from the government of Costa Rica, had unsuccessfully (save these few coins) worked for several years on Cocos Island. A Scandinavian gentleman in San Francisco told the author that he had heard of James Brawn as a pirate on South America long before. A captain of the United States navy also told the author practically the same thing about Brawn. A search of the pamphlet and newspaper records in San Francisco a library revealed the fact that Cocos Island, for some inscrutable reason, was formerly the haunt of freebooters and others burdened with wealth, and several genuine discoveries of hidden coin seemed to have been made. Between 1820 and 1840, reports differing as to the exact date, it was confidently believed by many persons that an immense sum for those days had been brought there from Peru in time of revolution. Many searches usually reported to be about thirty in number, were made for the missing millions, but all in vain. In 1897, the British Government sent down from Victoria H. M. S. *Impervious*, a cruiser of the first class, Admiral Palliser, which, under information furnished by a native of Cocos Island, spent some time in a reef, which was afterwards taken up by H. M. S. *Impion*. No treasure was reported, but a deep trench finally uncovered

indicated that some deposit of immense size and evident value had been placed in it and taken away again. Investigation of Brawn's home in New England made a good impression on the investigators. A New York lawyer and a California lawyer, the latter then in the East, were employed to take Brawn's story, to cross-examine him, and to give their opinion of his truthfulness; they were warned that he was probably telling "a fairy-story." The lawyers reported that "the intelligence and apparent sanity and candor of the witness would have a favorable effect on any judge or jury." Investigation of Lloyd's list of missing ships showed that several bullion-laden vessels sailing from Australia to England in the early fifties had been lost, no trace of them having ever been found.

This was all the proof of Brawn's story that the promoters of the enterprise had. No difficulty, however, was experienced in raising among San Franciscans about twelve thousand dollars. The schooner *Herman*, one hundred tons burden, eighty-seven feet over all, with twenty-four feet beam, was purchased, and then, as more money was needed, bought by one of the speculators and leased to the expedition. At twelve o'clock Sunday, July 20, 1902, the *Herman* sailed from San Francisco, having on board as representatives of the owners O. Koffman, G. W. Surton, J. C. Wood, J. G. Luck, and F. Shareit, besides Captain Brawn and a picked crew.

A few words regarding Captain Brawn. He was, so the book tells us, a man of a very striking and dominating personality. Considerably over six feet in height, still very erect, despite seventy-two years, his frame must formerly have possessed immense strength. The face of unmistakable Scandinavian type was that of an old Viking, with thick bushy beard, prominent cheek bones, large, flashing, and deep-set blue eyes, and an expression of determination and at times of daring, craft, and immense self-confidence. His temper was quick and uncontrollable, and the volume of his deep voice at such times tremendous.

Scarcely had the schooner got well to sea when Brawn began to grow suspicious, and to use his power as captain arbitrarily; he tried to pick quarrels with the other men, and was generally a hard customer. Arrived in Honolulu, there was trouble ahead. Captain Brawn ordered supplies right and left, and when the day of settlement came, the party found, to their surprise, that they had not money enough to pay the bills. The schooner was libeled. Urgent appeals for funds were sent to San Francisco. Money enough was raised to pay all but one firm, but that firm libeled the vessel a second time. News of the mission of the schooner got about, and the newspapers were full of interviews with the vain and quarrelsome Brawn. Finally, both libels were removed from the vessel, and then the sailors libeled her again because they had not been paid. There were fights between Brawn and the expedition representatives, and finally it was decided that Luck and Surton should return to San Francisco, while Koffman, Shareit, and Brawn should go on. On Sunday, September 21st, the schooner sailed for Samoa on the way to Sydney, Brawn having asserted it was too late to visit the treasure island that season.

On the arrival of the three returning members of the expedition in San Francisco, the socially, professionally, and politically prominent investors in the enterprise determined to send another man, Don L. Stone, to Samoa with money to help along with, and instructions for the guidance of, the expedition. So Stone and Surton sailed on the *Sierra* October 21, 1902. Not being allowed to land at Pago Pago because of measles on board ship, they continued to Sydney, where they found a cable message telling them that the *Herman* was still at Apia, Samoa. They returned by the same steamer to Pago Pago, and were again prevented from landing on account of sickness—scarlet fever, this time. They therefore continued to Honolulu, made connection with a west-bound steamer, and sailed once more to Pago Pago's inhospitable strand. Again there was sickness on board, but Stone and Surton were desperate; they got a special permit to go ashore, having traveled 14,019 miles! They no longer cared for the sea.

After straightening out the many troubles of the little vessel and her big captain, the *Herman* sailed at length for Sydney, reaching there January 8, 1903. No wonder the expedition seemed hoodooed. In fact, Captain Brawn seemed verily to believe that the ghosts of the murdered men of the treasure island were causing all the trouble. So one of the lady investors, the fortunate owner of a small cross that had been blessed by His Holiness the Pope, sent the charmed relic across the sea to Brawn in Sydney with the information that no evil eye or ghostly hand could harm the wearer of the cross or any part of it. But Brawn, having a weakness for women, bestowed the cross on his Sydney landlady's youthful daughter!

Meanwhile Stone, having had enough of their irascible and erratic captain, sailed for San Francisco, calling to the author to come on. He reached Sydney January 31st, and found matters worst tangled than ever. Brawn by this time had three or four women on the string, and the expense of traveling

about had so piled up expenditures that the San Francisco backers of the expedition began to feel dubious. Brawn daily became more quarrelsome, suspicious, and vain, and when the San Francisco people failed to come to time with money, Brawn went into a rage, and, to cap the climax, secretly tried to sell the ship, semblance of legal right to do this having carelessly been placed in his power. So there was a bitter lawsuit between the expedition's representatives and the captain, which finally resulted in his utter defeat, and left him not only without funds, but subject to criminal proceedings if the expedition men desired to press them. Then, apparently, he came to time. He was deposed from the captaincy, and the schooner sailed from Sydney May 21, 1903, with Surton, of the New Rochelle (New York) Yacht Club, the only one of the party who knew anything about navigation, in command.

Meanwhile, the faith of the treasure hunters in Brawn's ability or willingness to take them to the treasure island had been steadily waning during the year of futile sailing about, and they were therefore not much surprised when, after leaving Sydney, he refused, despite all arguments, to take them to the island. Threats of criminal action against him, appeals to his own selfish interest, and references to his solemn oaths and written contract, had no effect. The schooner touched at Penrhyn Island, and then proceeded to Papeete. All hope of finding any buried millions was gone. The schooner was sold for \$8,250, and toward the end of August, 1903, the party sailed from Papeete on the *Mari-rosa*, and reached San Francisco on September 12th, the search having lasted a year and two months. Captain Brawn, being without funds, traveled in the steerage. "We had found no treasure," says the author, "simply because there was none to find. One of my companions summed up the situation in a single phrase, very expressive, highly improper, but just what might be expected from the lips of a baffled buccaneer: 'We done our damndest; angels could do no more.'"

The author's conclusion regarding Brawn's story is that he undoubtedly had heard from others, perhaps in South America, some such story as he told the gullible San Franciscans, but that he was not an actor in the piratical drama. Being an extremely vain and over-sanguine man, he thought he might find the treasure from the facts he knew, and when the *Herman* reached Honolulu he was prepared to try. But after his outrageous conduct at Sydney, knowing that he had only a chance in a thousand, he feared to take the gold-hunters on a wild-goose chase lest they should take vengeance on him. On his arrival at San Francisco, Brawn brought suit for salary from Sydney to Tahiti. The expedition put in a counterclaim for \$20,000, which was the exact price of their acquaintance with Brawn. Since then Brawn's suit has slumbered. Brawn went East, after send-

ing the author of the volume a last message, part of which, he says, could be represented in type only by asterisks and could only be printed on fire-proof paper.

And so ends the story. Mr. Wood (which is not his real name) has turned out a book far more amusing and interesting than many novels. His humorous style is well suited to the tale he has to tell. We only regret that he failed to print the list of the two hundred "socially, professionally, and politically prominent" San Franciscans, who among them sunk \$20,000 in hunting for the buried millions of Cocos Island.

The book is illustrated from photographs, which are interesting.

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# THE BOLOGNA MURDER MYSTERY.

Strange and Awful Crime that Excels the Imaginings of Gaboriau—A Glimpse of the Depravity of Human Nature.

One of the most extraordinary crimes of modern times; one involving some of the most prominent families of Italy; one that has roused the interest of the whole Continent of Europe, and about which Continental newspapers print page after page, is the so-called Bologna Murder Mystery, the trial of the accused in which is now going on and will continue for several months, or until the four hundred witnesses—which include a cardinal, a bishop, two generals, half a dozen senators, and sixty medical experts—are heard, and the four thousand documents in the case are read.

Clearly to understand the case, it is necessary to go back several years. In 1902, there lived in the City of Bologna a certain Professor Murri, one of the most eminent physicians in Italy. He was married, and had two children, of about the same age, a boy and a girl, Tullio and Linda. Tullio at this time was unmarried. He had gained some prominence politically, and had been elected by the socialists a member of the Bologna municipal council, and had become its secretary. Linda had for several years been married to the Count Buonomartini, a man of wealth and an aristocrat, and two children had been born to the pair. Trouble between them had, however, arisen, and it was generally understood in Bologna high society that the count was a brute, and that Linda was a patient, beautiful sufferer.

In August, 1902, Linda was in Venice. The count had but recently returned from the country to his Bologna palace, when suddenly he disappeared. After a few days, a fetid odor was noticed by passers-by, apparently having its source in the locked apartments of the count. The authorities were notified. The police, accompanied by Tullio, whose duties as secretary of the municipal council required this service of him, broke down the door leading to the apartments of the nobleman. On the floor lay the dead body of the count, the corpse horribly bloated and bloody from no less than twelve knife wounds. The room was in confusion. The count's trunk and wardrobe had been violently broken open. An umbrella and a traveling-satchel lay on the floor near the corpse. The bedclothes were disarranged. Beside the small table two chairs had been set, and on it were the mouldy remains of a meal, while a nearly empty champagne bottle was near by. On the escritoire lay a letter, in a woman's handwriting, stating that its writer would visit the count in his rooms on the night of August 29th. A pair of silk drawers, evidently belonging to a woman, were thrown over the back of a chair. The pockets of the count, who always carried a sum of money with him, were found to be empty. The police, therefore, naturally arrived at the tentative conclusion that a woman of the town had plotted, probably with two men, to introduce herself and them into the count's apartments, and to murder and then rob him.

The newspapers of Bologna took the same view of the matter, and the sentiment in high society seemed to be that Linda, "sweet angel," was well rid of the brutal and somewhat stupid count; though, of course, the crime was in itself a horrible one.

Meanwhile, Linda's brother, the magistrate Tullio, went to Venice, where she was staying, to break to her the terrible news, and shortly thereafter the venerable and respected Professor Murri, his son Tullio, and his daughter Linda went to Switzerland, ostensibly to rid their minds of the unpleasant impression produced by the brutal crime. The police continued their investigation.

It was not long before they began to doubt whether the murderer had been nerved to his task by motives of mere cupidity. Anonymous letters were received, saying that the police should investigate Rosina Bonetti, a servant of the count, and perhaps his mistress on occasion, if they desired to learn who had committed the murder. The police took this hint, and, among other things, discovered, on interrogating Rosina, that she and the magistrate Tullio had been intimate. Then came the climax.

Professor Murri, the famous scientist, the learned and respected physician, appeared before the proper magistrate, and asked for a private interview. "Seek no further for the assassin of Count Buonomartini," he said, when it had been granted him, "for I have come to tell you his name. It is my son, Tullio."

Tullio was arrested. He made a partial confession, the gist of which was this: He had, indeed, killed the count, but only in self-defense. He asserted that the count was a vicious man, and a brutal husband to his sister. He (Tullio) loved his sister as his life, and when he learned that the count proposed removing from Bologna to Padua with his sister and their two children, he believed that his sister would die of the count's persecutions, no longer having the comfort of her father's and brother's company as at Bologna. Tullio had therefore visited the count on the

night of August 29th, in order to persuade him to remain in Bologna. The count had refused; they had quarreled; the count had drawn a knife; a struggle had ensued for its possession; and during the struggle the knife had entered the body of the count and killed him. Tullio, fearing accusation, thereupon arranged the room as it was found, inflicted the twelve wounds, and penned the letter that was discovered on the escritoire.

Unfortunately for him, the police disbelieved Tullio's story, and to-day in the iron cage in the court at Turin there stands accused of murder not only Tullio, but Linda, Rosina Bonetti, a Dr. Secchi, and a Dr. Naldi. A vast number of letters, telegrams, and other documents have been unearthed during the last two years. The movements of all the persons concerned, extending over a long period of time, have been ascertained. And this is what the public prosecutor will endeavor to prove to be the true story of the crime and all that led up to it:

Linda, before her marriage, and before she had left her father's house, had had a lover in the person of Dr. Secchi, one of her distinguished father's assistants. This intimacy was, for some reason, broken off when the girl was about twenty, and she afterward met Count Buonomartini and married him. For a period of a few years their relations were mutually agreeable. Then she again met Dr. Secchi, and, having by this time rather tired of the count, the relations between her and the doctor were resumed. And following this, her husband became to Linda daily more repugnant.

Tullio, Linda's brother, was aware of his sister's relations with Secchi, and even borrowed money from him on the strength of it. He in turn had a mistress in the person of Rosina Bonetti, and Rosina and Linda were friendly. Linda and Secchi met at various times and places, and even traveled in Germany together.

Several years before the actual commission of the murder, it appears these four persons had often discussed a way to get rid of the count. Secchi, as a physician familiar with poisons, suggested, as certain letters show, *curare*, the poison with which the natives of Central America make their arrows deadly. This struck Linda and Tullio as a good suggestion, and during the summer of 1902 they experimented with *curare* on a lamb. One was procured from a butcher, and the poison injected with a syringe. The animal began trotting around the room, while Secchi described to Tullio the manner in which the poison operated to bring death. Suddenly the lamb stopped before them and fell down dead at their feet without a quiver. This impressed Tullio, and it was his idea to challenge the count to a friendly wrestling bout, and, having thrown him, either Linda or Rosina should inject *curare* into his leg with the syringe. But unfortunately for their plans, it was Tullio, not the count, who was bested in the struggle, and so that method was reluctantly given up. The four conspirators decided to adopt a more ordinary method of assassination, and they finally agreed upon the following plan: Knowing that the count was absent from Bologna, Tullio and Rosina secreted themselves in the count's apartment, to which Rosina had a key. Tullio, fearing he should not be able to kill the count single-handed, had previously proposed to an able but dissipated physician, Dr. Naldi, to assist in the murder for the sum of three thousand francs, which were provided by Secchi. Secchi's investment was a good one, for had their plans succeeded, the greater part of the count's fortune would have gone to his widow, Linda, and Secchi, as her lover, might well be expected to have the spending of some of it.

Well, the count having arrived in Bologna on the afternoon of August 28th, reached his house in a carriage, and, on entering the apartment where the two men lay in wait (Rosina had departed after bringing them supper, and leaving some of her clothing on the back of a chair), was stabbed to death by them after a desperate struggle. Naldi left at once. Tullio and Rosina between them broke open trunks and wardrobe to give the idea of robbery, and then went together to Rosina's room, and Dr. Secchi was called in there to dress a slight wound in Tullio's arm. The events following have already been detailed.

As will be seen, Linda, the person who was to be chiefly gainer by the murder, had the least direct participation. Indeed, the case against her is mostly circumstantial. The public prosecutor, however, considers her the most guilty of all, and her letters to Dr. Secchi are said to show that she is an exceptionally depraved neurotic degenerate. Naldi admits being present, but denies that he struck a blow. The letter found in the count's room appears really to have been written by Rosina, but dictated by Tullio. What is most remarkable about the whole affair is the singular affection between the depraved Linda and her equally depraved brother—an affection that should have led the brother, Tullio, to commit a cold-blooded murder; for there seems no other motive, unless he also expected to receive some of the count's wealth through Linda. Linda is said not to be a very beautiful woman, es-

pecially after two years confinement. She has, however, borne herself with remarkable calmness. When she was arrested, at her father's house, there were present a dozen officers and almost as many reporters. The police knocked at her bedroom door; she opened it in her dressing-gown, and invited them all—father, mother, reporters, police—

to enter. She was told that she was under arrest. "We all wept," wrote one of the journalists in his newspaper, "but Linda calmly dressed, brushed her hair, and, with incredible cynicism, slowly cleaned her teeth." It seems to be the general opinion that a conviction of all the persons accused will be secured.



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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Best Poems in Five Books.

It is quite idle to attempt serious criticism of the thin flat books of lyrics that constantly come from the presses to which the ardent desire of the author "to be printed" has brought them. The best evidence that books of lyrics of this type are unindividual—are, in fact, echoes with a little added, of the great singers—is that, if one reads a lyric from one book and then one from another, it is seldom that the sense of difference in personality or power is noticeable. Still there are many delicate little songs in the five books before us—quite faultless as to manner, and in sentiment ringing true enough. Witness, for example, this sonnet from Mary Thacher Higginson's "The Playmate Hours" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75 cents):

"BEHOLD I SHOW YOU A MYSTERY,"

H. F. S. and A. H.

Two ways were theirs to reach the unknown shore

One man was held in the fierce grasp of pain,  
And watched the springs of being slowly wane.

The other no such bitter trial bore,  
But dropping 'mid his fellows, breathed no more.

Men grieved, and listened for some sad refrain  
From homes bereft; and trembling for the twin

Whose lingering lives were crushed, I sought their door.

They spoke in turn: "It always was his prayer  
To go out like a flash: this chides regret."

He wished I should a garb of sunshine wear.  
Both women smiled; only my eyes were wet.

Life and Death, what mysteries ye share!  
Greatest of all, the love that ye beget!

Frederic Fairchild Sherman's "Day Dreams and Even Song" (James Pott & Co., New York; \$1.00) contains nothing to cavil at, and much to praise. The sonnets on love, of which there are many, are all graceful and pretty. Here is one:

## THE LOVE LETTER.

This fluttering sheet of paper, snowy white,  
A dove of Venus is whose glad behest

It is to bear my message on its breast  
Unto my Sweet across the leagues of night.

And when beneath the singing stars its flight  
Is done, then shall it find a downy nest

Amid the laces of her gown and rest  
Upon her bosom, dreaming of delight.

Up then, my bird, and spread your pinions wide,  
The quest is happy though the way be long:

Joy your companion is, and Love your guide,  
And hope within your heart beats ever strong:

Godspeed! would I might journey at your side  
And hear with you her lips repeat my song.

Mr. Frederic Sherman's homonymous poetic brother, Frank Dempster Sherman, has a trifle the more vigorous and wider-circling fancy, which might be expected, since this is his third volume of lyrics. "Lyrics of Joy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00) he calls it. His sonnet, "The Shower," would be worth reprinting were it only for the last line, though it has a strangely familiar sound:

## THE SHOWER.

Hour after hour relentlessly the sun  
Shriveled the leaves and parched the meadow grass.

The sky was yellow and like molten brass  
The heat poured down until the day was done.

Red the round moon arose, and one by one  
Blossomed the stars and in the river's glass

Beheld their beauty, but the breeze, alas!  
Refused to break the web the spider spun.

But with the dawn a little cloud drew near,  
Leading a host forth on the azure plain.

A distant rumble, then a forest cheer,  
And then a gust that whirled the weather-vane

And then, at last,—O melody most dear!  
The—U alliteration of the rain.

And here is another lyric from Mr. Sherman's facile pen:

## WINTER DREAMS.

Deep on the snow on wood and held,  
Gone stretches overhead the sky.

The stream, their lips of laughter sealed,  
In silence wander slowly by.

Farthember, and her dreams, who knows  
If they are sometimes like our own?

I dream of you in winter's prose  
That song of love and leaves and flowers.

Remember that day when from the south  
Camest thou, and that she came.

To find the heart to her mouth  
And the words from her hand came.

It may be, after all, to include Henry Van Dyke's "Music in Other Poems" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.00) with the other un-illustrated lyrics of verse, but there is really nothing that rises high above the common level in the book. In this sonnet, which we quote here, he employed an excellent poetic figure. It is really the best short poem included in this series:

## THE WIND OF LONG AGO.

The fire of love was burning in my soul  
That in the dark we were—O see how true—

And in the light of perfect passion lay  
Nothig but a smouldering ember that glow

And y, for I've a delight, we sought to know  
New pleasures on the pyre to make it blaze.

Life's calm and tranquil path of long ago  
And the radiant love of long ago.

And in the night, a night of sad alarms,  
Bitten with pain and black with fog of tears.

That drove us trembling to each other's arms—  
Across the gulf of darkness and salt tears,  
Into life's calm the wind of sorrow came,  
And fanned the fire of love to clearest flame.

Too many poems, not only of Dr. Van Dyke's, but of the others from whom he quote, are aptly described in this quatrain:

## THE EMPTY QUATRAIN.

A flawless cup; how delicate and fine  
The flowing curve of every jewelled line!  
Look, turn it up or down, 'tis perfect still,—  
But holds no drop of life's heart-warming wine.

It must be admitted that "Barton Grey" (which is the pen-name of George Herberth Sass, of Charleston, S. C.) strikes, in his book of poems, "The Heart's Quest," a far stronger and more virile note than any of those from whom we have quoted. In these poems there seems to speak the man of action, maturity, and experience, rather than the youth who gently sings in his innocence and ignorance of birds and flowers and love. We are told that several of "Barton Grey's" poems are familiar to thousands through the South, and can well believe it. Many are narrative in form, and, regrettably, too long for purposes of quotation. We are compelled to content ourselves with the two following:

## THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!  
Their Wars behind them—God's great Peace be-fore,

They fought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,  
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriending.

They never knew, as we who mourn them know,  
How vain was all their strife, how vast our woe!

And now the Land they gave their lives to save  
Returns them all she has to give—a Grave.

## COMPENSATION.

They were three sisters; all that summer eve  
They paced the glimmering whiteness of the beach.

And God's great sea, spread out before them,  
Taught

Its own peculiar lesson unto each.

So as they mused they spake. The youngest said:

"The green waves open pathways infinite;  
Shall my feet wander on through shade or shine?"

Fail in the gloom, or wanton in the light?

"Far out beyond the utmost belt of foam  
Sleeps the veiled haven; but alas; who knows

What breezes blow there, or what blossoms bloom;

What breath of fennel, or what scent of rose?"

And then the second sister spake and said:

"Far o'er this sea his silver sails are set;  
The gray blank leagues between us grow not less,

Nor shall the sea relent nor death forget.

"But whether this wan ocean shall become  
His tremulous pathway unto me who wait,

Or whether it shall wash his dead face out  
Beyond the sunset—who can win from fate?"

Then spake the eldest, Una: "Long ago  
Beneath this weary sea my hopes went down;

I walk alone—alone, too, I shall bear  
What'er my Father sends,—or cross or crown.

"Yet, though not here, nor even afterward,  
My life with wisely music e'er shall move

In Nature's harmony—I grieve not; I,  
Around whom flows the ocean of God's love."

And as she spake an Angel touched their eyes,  
And a great glory fell upon the three;

And there was sound of harpers with their harps,  
And the night fled—and there was no more sea.

## New Publications.

"Finding the Way," by J. R. Miller, D. D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 65 cents net.

"How to Make Pottery," by Mary White. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.00—a good manual.

"Around the Year with Ella Wheeler Wilcox." Compiled by Ella Giles Ruddy. Illustrated. The W. B. Conkey Company—we thought the anthologists would get after Ella after a while.

"The Old Masters and Their Pictures," with illustrations from paintings by Sarah Tytler. Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.00—a "simple account" for "learners and outsiders in art."

"New France and New England," by John Fiske. Profusely illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$4.00—this volume completes the handsome illustrated edition in eight volumes of John Fiske's historical works; it is a very desirable one.

"The Art Crafts for Beginners," by Frank G. Sanford. Many figures. The Century Company, \$1.20 net—an excellent manual of wood-working, pyrography, metal work, leather work, book-binding, pottery, basketry, and bead work.

The Thumb-Nail Series. "The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare; frontispiece from engraving by Martin Droeshout, prefixed to the 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare's works. "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare, frontispiece from the bust in Stratford church above the tomb of Shakespeare. "An Old English Christmas," from "The Sketch-Book," by Washington Irving; frontispiece after a daguerreotype taken about 1850. The Century

Company—pretty little leather-bound books, suitable for Christmas gifts.

"Toasts and Tributes." Edited by Arthur Gray. Rohde & Haskins; \$1.25 net—a clever volume containing many original toasts, several of which are by Wallace Irwin.

"War and Peace: A Novel," by Leo Tolstoy. A new and complete translation from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Three volumes. McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$6.00 net—a very handsome edition by a capable translator.

"Heroes of the Storm," by William D. O'Connor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—no better book could be bought for a youth than this: it contains true stories of the Life Saving Service, dramatically written by a former official; a thrilling book.

"American Literary Criticism." Selected and edited, with an introductory essay, by William Morton Payne, LL. D. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.40 net—sixteen critical articles by Dana, Ripley, Emerson, Poe, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, Whitman, Whipple, Stedman, Howells, Lanier, and Henry James.

"Accidents and Emergencies: A Manual of the Treatment of Surgical and Medical Emergencies in the Absence of a Physician," by Charles W. Dulles, M. D. Sixth edition. Thoroughly revised and enlarged with new illustrations. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia—this is a very valuable little book; it ought to be in every household when a physician is not immediately accessible.

Handy Volume Classics. Pocket edition. "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," edited with an introduction and notes to each play, and a biographical sketch by Brander Matthews, professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University; frontispiece, "Essays of Joseph Addison," with an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie; frontispiece. "A Selection from the Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son and His Godson, 1742 to 1772," edited with an introduction by Charles Welsh; frontispiece. "Songs from the Dramatists," edited by Robert Bell, with an introduction by Brander Matthews, and an appendix containing later songs; frontispiece—the editing of these interesting compilations and reprints is in each case capably performed: the books are neatly bound, and should prove popular; T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents each.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first large edition of Jack London's new novel, "The Sea-Wolf," was entirely sold out in advance of publication. The second edition of twenty thousand copies is already in the hands of the binders.

Munn & Co. will publish immediately Barr Ferree's "American Estates and Gardens," a quarto of some three hundred and fifty pages, with more than two hundred and fifty illustrations. The book aims to give a complete survey of the more important country places recently created in this country.

John R. Rogers, the well-known theatrical manager, has nearly ready a book entitled, "Thirty-Five Years Traveling Around With Yours Merriely," which promises to be full of entertainment. Besides his own experiences, related in the frankest autobiographical fashion, Mr. Rogers gives us his reminiscences of famous people on the stage and off, and describes his personal and business relationships with them.

R. M. Johnston, whose "Napoleon: A Short Biography," has been adopted by Yale, Harvard, and the University of California, has just entered upon his new duties as lecturer in Italian history at Harvard University.

The latest word on Russia will doubtless be uttered in Dr. Hugo Ganz's new book, "The Land of Riddles: Russia of To-Day," which will be issued in a week or so. The work has been translated from the German and edited by Herman Rosenthal. It aims to answer the questions that intelligent people are now asking about the country of the Muscovite—her strange admixture of civilization and barbarism, and how to explain it. It discusses such subjects of present interest as Russian socialism, dissenters, financiers, bureaucracy, the Czar and his powers, the courts of justice, politics, the press, the "impending crisis," and the Jewish question. In his capacity as correspondent and journalist, Dr. Ganz has enjoyed peculiar facilities for gaining inside information in regard to these matters.

The first edition of ten thousand copies of Mr. Kipling's new book was sold before publication day. The author is living now on a farm at Etchingham, Sussex. The old windmill on the place was built in the year of Columbus's famous voyage.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder's new book, "The Tomboy at Work," is the record of her own early efforts spent in making a livelihood, and is the sequel of her first work, "The Autobiography of a Tomboy," which was written out of her own childhood. Miss Gilder belongs to a distinguished family, with Richard Watson Gilder and William Gilder, who accompanied the Schwatka expedition and wrote the authoritative account of it, as brothers. But she does not depend upon their fame for distinction. As founder and editor of the *Critic*, she is one of the most prominent and influential literary women in America. Miss Gilder's first story was printed when she was fourteen years of age.

Clement Shorter has just given England a further illustration of the impossibility of any two men reaching an agreement upon a list of the "best hundred books." In a recent lecture at Hornsey, Mr. Shorter spoke in unqualified disapproval of the famous list formulated years ago by Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury). "Never, surely," he said, "was so foolish, ill-advised, and, indeed, mischievous a suggestion as was conveyed in the recommendation of the so-called hundred best books." To an assembly that might possibly want advice on the subject, he could only recommend four of the books included in the first thirty of Lord Avebury's list: The Bible, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives."

The Czarina of Russia has written a novel for private circulation. It is entitled "Princess Tella's Model," and is a graphic story of Russian life, in which the rampant militarism of the Russian is scornfully pilloried.

The veteran writer, Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, has appeared again with a new story of the usual romantic style. This Massachusetts woman, who taught school at thirteen and began her literary career at fifteen, is said to have sold some two million copies of her works.

The remarkable similarity between the attack on warships in Kipling's story, in the new volume, "Traffics and Discoveries," and the Russian contentions regarding the affair on Dogger Bank, is being pointed out. In Kipling's story, the torpedo craft hid among a fleet of trawlers, and successfully attacked in a fog from that vantage point. The Russians have contended that a Japanese torpedo-boat was hid among the trawling fleet upon which the Baltic squadron fired. Indeed, a Russian official has said that the Russian admiral "was only guarding against conditions exactly described as readily accomplishable in Kipling's 'Their Lawful Occasions,'" published last year, and in the library of every

European warship, and recently read as cautionary in the Imperial Russian Naval School." One critic thinks it "one of the most remarkable coincidences of the whole history of literature."

## An Intimate Picture of Lafcadio Hearn.

The most interesting and authoritative of the several articles that have been printed about Lafcadio Hearn comes from the pen of Osman Edwards, and appears in *T. P.'s Weekly*, London. We quote:

I think no writer of equal genius ever devoted himself so wholeheartedly to the service of an ideal—that ideal being the interpretation of the soul of Japan to the Western world. For fourteen years he lived in closest contact with students of all ages, and was himself the most ardent and industrious student of all phases of the life around him. In consequence, his essays and lectures, his letters and stories, packed with knowledge, and radiant with sympathy, gave him an unquestioned supremacy over all other interpreters of the Far East. No man was ever more difficult to meet. Of the gushing American ladies who landed at Yokohama with the fixed resolve to include the author of "Kokoro" among sights to be "done," very few, if any, accomplished that object. He shrank from all society, and grudgingly every moment away from his work. He was well aware of this peculiarity, and defended it in one of the latest letters I received from him. "Excuse my necessary selfishness," he wrote, "in telling you that I never go out, pay no visits, never even speak to my colleagues in the university. I can not afford 'acquaintances'—which means 'acting' and waste of time, and friends are almost out of the question in Tokio." By the courtesy of one of his fellow-professors, who had the rare good fortune to enjoy a somewhat close intimacy, tempered by argument, an accidental introduction was arranged for me. The hermit was asked to lunch, and came to dinner. Had any one been invited to meet him his pleasure would have been spoiled. It was necessary to pay a chance visit to the professor in the course of the evening, that his guest's susceptibilities might not seem to have been disregarded. Any remorse at possible intrusion was soon banished by the discovery that Mr. Hearn's long exile from Europe had caused a void, which I was fortunately able to fill. Himself a romantic in the truest sense, he was steeped in the poetry of Hugo and Baudelaire and De Lisle, but the more recent masters of French verse, Verlaine and Verhaeren and Diets, had been rendered inaccessible by distance. I undertook to send him these, and was rewarded by many letters of confession and criticism, which composed a fairly full epitome of his prepossessions and ideals.

In externals, as I remember him, Lafcadio Hearn was evidently one of the "mad, blind men, who see." Tall, thin, untidy-looking, and painfully short-sighted, he had the air of fumbling through the visible with his inner eye fixed on invisible things. It was wonderful to remember the pictorial accuracy of some of his word-pictures, and to realize that

they can only have been "glimpses" (to use his own phrase), but glimpses of an intense, sympathetic vision. When he grew animated, however, in defending a race or a principle, the useless monocle fell, and the whole face lit up with generous ardor. I remember how he defended American journalism against the caustic strictures of the professor. His own memories of early struggles in Chicago and St. Louis must have been bitter enough. Nay, his very arrival in Japan was based on a commission subsequently repudiated by an American publisher. But so large a nature was not to be biased by personal grievance. Admitting the faults of venality and vulgarity, justly imputed to journals of the hazy sort, he considered them to be temporary and inevitable where the population was largely recruited from the outscourings of Europe and not to be weighed against the atmosphere of vitality and freedom which neutralized their noxious results.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "Doubtless Harness," by Anthony Hope.
3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.
5. "A Keystone of Empire," Anonymous.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives.
3. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
4. "Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.
5. "Imperator et Rex," Anonymous.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
2. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
3. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin et al.
4. "The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman.
5. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley has taken Lady Lugard's house, near Dorking, England, where she hopes to complete her present literary task, the first long novel she has undertaken since the publication of "Red Pottage." Miss Cholmondeley is so conscientious a worker, however, that it may be eight or ten months before she surrenders her manuscript to the publishers.

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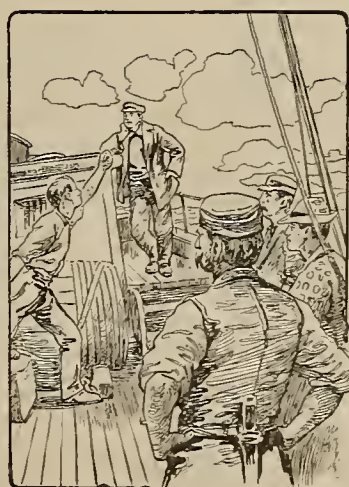
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"The Climbers" has a good deal more body to it than the generality of Clyde Fitch's plays. As usual, he has selected his characters from the well-to-do class, and has several representative figures from the more openly self-seeking and reckless grade of society with which to emphasize the hardening and toughening process undergone therein by the better instincts. As a contrast to this phase of human nature, the author has sought to throw into relief the qualities of those who practice the simpler virtues, and who, in an atmosphere of flippancy and comparative unscrupulousness, still contrive to retain ideals of faith and honor.

"The Climbers" begins with the return of a family of black-robed mourners from a funeral, and ends with a suicide. No one, however, need feel at all daunted by a suggestion of gloom, for a Christmas Eve dinner—a year later and an act later—shows all the mourners in festal array, and the social affair is conducted with that thoroughness of detail and adherence to established standards of good taste which Mr. Fitch delights to make prominent in all his dramatized representations of the life of the gay world.

Mr. Fitch roams freely through the well-explored fields of French drama, and is quick in adapting to the American taste situations culled from foreign sources that are typical of human nature in the abstract. The scene in the first act—in which the angles of the widowed Mrs. Hunter break through the veneer of conventionality, and show themselves in all their native sharpness and ugliness—is conceived in the spirit of true comedy. It is not original with the American author, but he has shown skill and adroitness in placing it in its American setting. The audience has an agreeable shock. It sees four black-robed, hearse-like women enter in grief, and unconsciously surrenders itself to the atmosphere of conventional gloom, until the widow's brisk, assertive tones and hard unconsciousness of the shadow of real grief present, cause them to realize that comedy and not tragedy is the keynote. A family squabble follows promptly, and then the practical widow, with some enterprising callers for participants, conducts a sort of genteel auction of the Parisian wardrobes of her mourning family. As may be surmised, there is nothing slow or labored about the act, and the spectator, cynical or otherwise, is pretty sure to derive a good deal of amusement from the spectacle of human nature off guard, and displaying its most trumpery and trivial side at a time which conventional prescription should be devoted to a display of decorous grief.

The real core of the play, however, is the exploitation of the swift and uncontrollable descent of a plausible knave to the inferno which his own sins have made hot for him. This point in the play is particularly strengthened by Luke Connors's very able assumption of the character of Dick Sterling. Dick is a rogue by instinct, but he is made of that feeble stuff which believes in the stability of its spasmodic good resolutions. A moral toward he is called, one who feebly dallies with temptation and the stock market, and goes down like grass under the scythe when the day of reckoning comes. The character is well carried out, and its sins serve to throw into relief the virtues of a very good young man who loves the wife of the sinner in such an eminently correct, respectable, self-controlled, and highly creditable manner as to entirely win over the suffrage of Mrs. Grunly herself. I do not believe, however, that anything but writing paper and ink enter into the composition of Edward Warden. He is merely a stock figure of romance that comes in handy when the author desires to break the bond that links a good wife to a bad husband. Good looking, affectionate, bashful of large means are never permitted by enterprising womankind at large to continue for years unobtrusively offering a silent, patient, unreturned devotion at the barren shrine of a woman who already loves and is mated. The opera would be altogether too desirable to escape annexation by fair and willing hands, but novelist, dramatists, and sentimentalists have every appearance of believing firmly that the type is true to nature.

When the Amelia Bingham company gave "The Climbers," Wilton L. Kaye, the leading man, took the leading role that of Dick Sterling. Mr. Craig, however, chose the more romantic and unreal part of Warden, the lover, and made of him I thought, a much more real and virile character than Mr. L. Kaye succeeded in doing in the Bingham company. This gave Mr. Connors an oppor-

tunity to do an excellent piece of work. His showing of a weak-kneed rogue at bay, trying to nerve himself to face a world that is all condemnation, was striking in its sustained and consistent realism. The pallid face, the bloodshot, shifting eyes, the twitching hands, the restless, unsettled demeanor of a man whose sleeping hours are given over to desperate plans for solution or escape, all were there to convince of its truth.

Miss Lawrence, who is always capable and pleasing, filled the comparatively conventional and colorless rôle of the wife with her accustomed charm, gowning that lady so sumptuously as to make the women clutch their opera-glasses with satisfaction, and marvel anew at the resources of a wardrobe that seems limitless.

An excellent comedy rôle in the piece—that of Mrs. Hunter, the worldly widow, was played by Marie Baker with much gusto in her appreciation of its more obvious features, but with an absence of the finer shading necessary to bring out the subtler points in that very neat bit of character delineation. Miss Baker, who is o'er young for the part, should have touched up her face with a line or two suggestive of the maturity of the luxuriant mother of three grown daughters, and mitigated the absolute snowiness of a wig that was entirely too much of the kind worn at a costume ball.

The play calls for a large cast, and gives lengthy scenes to quite a number. Miss Woodson had her share, and did well with the rôle of Miss Godesby, a hard, brisk young woman who has had her wits well sharpened in that school of envious worldliness at which Mr. Fitch aims so many of his darts. Mr. Maher, as usual, made the very best of a rather small rôle, that of the feeble-witted but good-natured eligible who is captured by the widow. Pity his shining talents do not oftener have such opportunities as that afforded him in "Lady Bountiful" and "The New Clown."

Miss Ruth Allen, as Clara Hunter, the worthy daughter of her mother, is put forward in a more important rôle than any she has hitherto filled. The young lady has vivacity and ease, but she has not yet learned proper voice modulation, nor are her poses and gestures controlled to the lines of grace. In her attempt to depict callous flippancy she was in danger of going too far, and giving an incorrect suggestion of uncouthness.

Miss Winifred Gordon merits a word of praise for her care and earnestness in a small part, and the performance in general was marked by the attention to detail which has become one of the regular features of the work at the Alcazar. This was particularly noticeable in the dinner scene of the second act, which was admirably represented, not only in the general effectiveness of the setting, but in the skill with which the break-up of the guests was indicated; the outbreak of light chatter after the conventional stiffness following upon the toasts had passed; the pairing off of couples, and the return of the men to form in easy, comfortable groups for the after-dinner chat and smoke, while well-trained servants cleared away and made all shipshape for the Christmas-tree. The piece is very handsomely put on, the Hermitage by the Bronx being shown, as at the Columbia production, under a powdery white covering that is as much like snow as the resources of the theatre will permit.

A sometimes pleasant and sometimes disconcerting unexpectedness is now the order of the day at the Tivoli Opera House, for one never knows just who are going to be the principals in each new piece. Edith Mason has made two abrupt appearances and disappearances. A couple of exceedingly fine basses played hide-and-seek with each other. Two or three tenors bowled each other over in rapid succession. Now, in "The Messenger Boy," Edith Mason, Kate Condon, and the assorted tenors and basses have all disappeared, and the second-best principals are carrying the thing through. Carrie Reynolds has scuttled back on lightly dancing feet from the Orpheum, and Edward Clark has casually dropped in from the "San Toy" company to fill agreeably enough the rôle of ornamental young man. A strange actor named Addison Braidwood runs a sort of hot-potato race with the English language, in which the latter came out badly worsted; and there are one or two new faces among the speaking parts of the chorus.

Teddy Webb, Willard Simms, and Aimee Leicester all have quite a lot of comedy work marked out for them, to which they do full justice. But there is no originality or real sparkle to it, most of the fun being of the sort that appeals to purely primitive tastes. Willard Simms, in his take-off of the chorus-girls, did rather a neat bit of work; Teddy Webb's cockneyism is not half bad, and his business with the writhing spaghetti is really funny; so is Aimee Leicester's make-up, and her utter abandonment to a grotesque rôle is commendable, but the ugliness with which she has so successfully invested the maternal Bangs becomes a good deal of an eyesore after the joke of the thing has palled.

Neither the lines nor the situations of the piece are remarkable for humor. How often have we heard the elderly freak in a comic piece simper, "Oh, it's so sudden!" in response to some polite masculine proposition to be partners in a quadrille or a stroll. The good nature of audiences is boundless, and there are always new people being born who must make their first acquaintance with venerable stagers like the world-weary joke mentioned. But if one is up to date in stage humor, one will find few novelties in "The Messenger Boy," and here and there a touch of vulgarity, that, while it is almost too trite to be harmful, is none the less distasteful.

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Prices—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, and 25c. Next—Suburban.

**Orpheum**

Week commencing Sunday matinee, November 20th. A Stupendous Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew; Webb's Seals; DeWitt, Burns, and Torrance; Tyce and Jermon; Carlisle's Dogs and Ponies; Augusta Glose; Three Ramoniers; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c and 50c.

**STEINWAY HALL.**

**TUESDAY EVENING, November 22d,**  
at 8.20 o'clock  
**CONCERT**

—GIVEN BY—  
**Miss Laura Kinze Von Kisielnicka**

(Contralto)

Assisted by Mrs. ALICE BACON WASHINGTON and Miss HULDA ANDERSON, Pianists, and Mr. HOTHER WISMER, Violinist.

Reserved seats, \$1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday and Tuesday.

**LYRIC HALL**  
Direction—Will Greenbaum

Week commencing Monday, November 21st. Matinees Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 3.

**BEN GREY'S PLAYERS**

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM"

A Miracle Play of the Nativity by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, U. C.

Beautiful choral and instrumental music. Magnificent costumes, etc.

Reserved seats, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 75c.

Ready Wednesday, Nov. 23d, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Coming . . . GADSKI

**LOUIS H. EATON**

Organist and Director of the Choir Trinity Church

Teacher of Voice, Piano, and Organ

Studio, 1676 Broadway

Phone East 571.



STAGE GOSSIP.

In a Clyde Fitch Comedy.

The final performance of "The County Chairman" will be given at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Maxine Elliott, starring in "Her Own Way," an American comedy by Clyde Fitch, comes on Monday evening. The piece is a love comedy, telling of the struggle between Dick Coleman and Sam Coast for the hand of Georgiana Carley. It is said to be full of delicious fun, as well as having some dramatic climaxes. In the supporting company are Charles Cherry, James Carew, R. C. Herz, Georgia Lawrence, Nellie Thorne, Fanny Addison Pitt, and little Donald Gallagher. There will be a special Thanksgiving Day matinee, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee.

"King Dodo" at the Tivoli.

The coming week will be a busy one at the Tivoli Opera House. To-morrow (Sunday) Mme. Fannie Franciscia will appear there in a special performance of "Lucia de Lammermoor." On Tuesday evening will occur the special benefit for the Women's Exchange, a most worthy organization, which is taking this method of regenerating its finances, at present at a low ebb. It is expected that the public, which is fully aware of the good work done by the Exchange, will crowd the theatre at this performance. Then there will be the special matinee on Thanksgiving Day, and the regular matinee on Saturday. In addition to all this, the management is making preparations for the production of "King Dodo," which on Monday, November 28th, will succeed "The Messenger Boy."

A New German Comedy.

Seats will be on sale Tuesday at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre for the two German performances to be given by the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble. The players will make their first appearance this season on Sunday night, November 27th, presenting an entirely new work by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, entitled "Grossstadtluft." The piece is a high comedy, and the story it tells is of the endeavors of an old gentleman to marry not only his daughter, but, figuratively speaking, himself as well to a young and dashing city lad.

Professor Gayley's Play at Lyric Hall.

The Ben Greet company of players will appear at Lyric Hall, 119 Eddy Street, during the week commencing November 28th, in Charles Mills Gayley's miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem." A fine production, with musical numbers appropriate to the work, is announced by Manager Greenbaum. The Nativity of Christ is the theme of the play, and the three wise men, Herod, shepherds, kings, all figure in the different scenes. The nature of the play makes its adequate presentation a difficult task, and its subject will render it interesting to students of church history. There will be matinees on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Chinatown in Melodrama.

"Queen of the White Slaves," a melodrama entirely new here, will be presented at the Central Theatre on Monday evening. The hero has heard of a plot to capture his sweetheart and send her to China, where she is to be sold to the highest bidder. In trying to save her, he is captured by highhinders, and before he finally escapes he is taken to sea and thrown overboard, being rescued by a United States gunboat. There are six acts and nineteen scenes in the play, which contains comedy as well as tragedy.

The Orpheum Bill.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, the comedy couple, will reappear at the Orpheum this coming week, after a long absence. They will present "When Two Hearts Are Won," a

skit detailing the troubles of a henpecked husband and a wife who considers her dog of more importance than her better-half. Webb's seals, actors from the briny deep, will be seen in their juggleries and brass-band act. Their juggling feats are remarkable. De Witt, Burns, and Torrance will offer a novelty in "The Awakening of Toys," in which the three are made up as toys—a jack-in-the-box, wooden soldier, and clown doll—doing acrobatic work. Lillian Tyce, who is known as the "real Irish girl," and Irene Jermon, a singing comedienne, will present a singing and talking act.

New Musical Piece.

"The Show Girl," described as a "musical tomfoolery," comes to the Grand Opera House for a two weeks' run. The first performance will be at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee. Hilda Thomas is the leading woman, and her company includes Sam Mylie and other well-known people. There is a chorus of thirty New York girls. Fine scenery and costumes are promised. Among the principal songs are "Over the Pilsener Foam," "Champagne and Terrapin," "The Sunbeam and the Rose," "Come Down, Mr. Man in the Moon," "I Don't Want to be a Lady," "One that He Loves Best," "Dolly Dimple," "Seminole," and "Zanzibar."

For the Charity Fund.

The sixth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will take place at the Orpheum on Friday afternoon, December 9th, beginning at one o'clock sharp. This is the greatest amusement event of the year, the very best attractions from the leading theatres of the city always being on the programme. The performance, as usual, will be continuous. Tickets are on sale at the Orpheum box-office.

Rural Comedy at the Alcazar.

Beginning Monday night, the Alcazar Theatre stock company will appear for a week in "The Village Postmaster," a rural comedy of life in New England. The title-role of "The Village Postmaster" is a stalwart country politician, with congressional aspirations, and the love interest of the story entwines his daughter and the Methodist minister's son, with a rascally young lawyer as the rival. The scenes are laid in New Hampshire in the early fifties. Lillian Lawrence and John Craig will assume the leading roles, and the other parts will be judiciously distributed.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. - Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

TEA

When tea is good, do you know why it is good; and, when it is bad, do you know why it is bad?

4½ per cent. on Savings

Phoenix Savings, B. & L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,250,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 200,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Director; Gavin McNab, Director.

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510 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Banks and Insurance.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOONFELLOW.  
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, ROBERT WATT, Vice-Presidents  
LOVELL WHITE, R. M. WELCH, Cashiers  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOTT.....Vice-President  
FRANK W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. Abbott, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutchen, O. D. Baldwin.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-Up Capital.....500,000  
Surplus.....235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEORGE A. STORV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. E. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.  
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FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallier.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergeron, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

GENERAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

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Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid In Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00  
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

W. L. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General Manager



A PERFECT COCKTAIL

is a drink in which all the ingredients are so carefully blended that whilst no particular one is in evidence yet the delicate flavor of each is apparent.  
This is difficult to arrive at, as a few drops more or less will destroy the balance. The only safe way is to buy

Club Cocktails

which are the original and best, scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and properly aged before being bottled.

The most popular varieties of the Club Cocktails are the Martini and Manhattan, the former having a gin and the latter a whisky base.

All grocers and leading wine merchants sell them.  
G. F. HETBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,  
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The most unique resort in San Francisco.

There is not a more artistically appointed cafe in the country.

It is a place wherein the guest may feast the eye while dining sumptuously and being regaled with exquisite music.

The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times.

Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner, and after-theatre parties.

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H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

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112 Sutter Street  
Upstairs, opposite Lick House

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building, SAN FRANCISCO



## VANITY FAIR.

George Meredith, the English novelist, has expressed his views on marriage more at length in an interview with Mr. Tuohy, the London correspondent of the New York World. In part, he said: "Some one called to see me, the other day, to talk to me about marriage. If my views about marriage are to be represented they must be stated clearly and accurately [leaning forward and speaking with animation], and I will tell them to you now. I disapprove strongly of the present system, it is unbearable. A pair of young people come together; they really know nothing of each other; they think they are in love—a mere habit. The man has insufficient means, uncertain prospects; his health is possibly bad, or the girl's health is bad. Their temperaments are antipathetic, though they don't know it at the time. They marry, a few years pass, they soon find out that they are absolutely unsuited to each other. They quarrel, they make each other miserable, yet they are tied to each other for life; they can not separate by law, unless one of them is guilty of misconduct. That's the evil of the system. The result often is that they are guilty of misconduct for the purpose of being separated. The English people will do much for appearance. If there are children an effort will be made to keep the house together, but the misery goes on all the same. There will be a pretense of happiness and comfort to the outer world, when in reality there is no happiness or comfort, but utter wretchedness. Remember, one of three things happens: (1) There is actual misconduct; (2) there is misconduct by collusion, which may lead to divorce; or (3) there is a wretched home."

"You disapprove, then," said the interviewer, "of the English divorce law?" "Utterly. I disapprove of the system which separates man and wife only when either is guilty of misconduct; and I disapprove of the system which ties together until death a man and woman whose married life may be a very hell." "Then what would you do?" "I will tell you, and this is what I want to have plainly set down: No man and woman should be inexorably tied together for more than a ten years' trial. I fix ten years as a fair period of probation; a shorter period would be insufficient; longer would be too much. In ten years they will find each other out. Under the most favorable circumstances there will be some bickerings and disagreements. There will be surprises and disappointments. The man will find out that the girl is not quite the angel he thought, and the girl will find out that the man is not the god that she believed. But these surprises and disappointments will not justify separation. The couple have to pass through their period of disillusionment. The dreams of courtship have to be dispelled. The couple have to be hardened to the married life; they have to get to understand each other, to know each other's character, to become rational; and then they may settle down, find that they are very well suited to each other, and he quite happy. But they will take ten years to find all this out. I would have the marriage made by the state. The man would have to give an account of himself to the properly constituted authority. He would have to state his means and prospects; he would have to produce a medical certificate, giving an account of his state of health. In a word, he would have to prove his fitness for marriage, financially, physically. There is one thing against which I protest. A young girl of eighteen or twenty, well brought up, innocent of the world, is married to some man who gives her the dregs of a misspent life. It is an outrage, but it goes on under the present system." "What would you do with

the children when the separation came?" "I have thought of that. First, before the marriage the intending husband should pay a sum of money to the State for the children, and after the marriage he should add to that sum yearly." "And the woman?" "The woman if she had means should lodge something to the state, too." "Well, when the separation came what would be done with the money?" "The money would be divided equally among the children." "And what would be done with the children themselves?" "The father would take the older children, the mother the younger."

A New York man who is being sued for divorce, says in his defense that the trouble in his home has largely been due to the fact that his wife has peculiar religious views, being a Christian Scientist. In reply to this, his wife says: "The tenets of our belief are to create harmony and not discord," and goes on to prove it by giving some of the thoughts that are of daily moment. In the morning her thoughts are: "I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress. I awake to righteousness—to right thinking. I have awakened unto truth's likeness. Truth is with me every moment of this day, as wisdom, love, understanding, power, and satisfaction. I love all that I must do this day, and I understand how to do it. I go into its duties firm in mind, confident in thought, and strong in body. I am confident of success in every right way." Before retiring at night her thoughts are: "This day has been a perfect day. I carry no memory of imperfection. I carry no memory of the past. I feel no haste nor anxiety. I let go of every seeming burden. I let be only the good and true."

A social sensation is agitating the German court, directly affecting the imperial family. The emperor's sister has written a pamphlet advocating polygamy. The Kaiser is doing all in his power to suppress the pamphlet on polygamy, the author of which is Princess Charlotte of Prussia, wife of Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen, and brother of the German emperor. She urges polygamy as a remedy for social ills. She argues that divorce is the consequence of boredom, and if husbands were allowed to make several women happy a social millennium would ensue.

A courageous London dandy has gone to the theatre in knee-breeches, and his appearance there in this garb attracted much, and in general, admiring attention. The attire set off a shapely figure, and its possessor, a man of rank, having an evident genius for clothes, openly joyed in his conspicuity. He will hereafter go thus decorated whenever he visits theatre, opera, or church; and he will be by no means alone in the opinion he expresses that the old style which he thus makes new is much superior in grace and elegance to the one made familiar by several generations of use. He sets forth a series of reasons why the small clothes terminating at the knee and then flowing into a stocking ornamented or plain, which in its turn flows into a silver or diamond buckled shoe, are superior in symmetry, as in convenience and general utility, to the kind currently worn. They don't bag at the knees, and are not dependent on a finical crease, front and back, or on each side, to give them a touch of style. They "balance the figure better"; give increased finish to a man's appearance, and don't "suggest the waiter." They last twice as long, are more comfortable; ladies like them better, and, crown of all their merits, "they show off a good leg." "But it is in fact this latter feature of the garment," comments the New York Times, "which stands most in the way of its popular adoption. For, melancholy as the

admission may be, of the whole number of those who would have to go into small clothes, if custom and the decrees of fashion took their trousers away from them, nothing like a majority would exploit legs to make the fortune of a wax-works show, or shed abroad the sweet influences of the marble pegs which hold up the god Apollo, living again in stone and filling the air around with beauty." For this reason, thinks the Times, the experiment is doomed.

## Feed Babies

properly and they will be healthy and strong. The proper way to feed a baby, next to mother's milk, is by the use of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It offers the maximum of digestibility, thus avoiding the troublesome diarrhoeas and colics of infancy.

## TEA

There is a deal of comfort and refreshment, cheer and positive joy in a timely cup.

## SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McArdie District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
November 10th ..	70	54	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 11th ....	72	54	.00	Clear
" 12th ....	70	58	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 13th ....	64	54	.00	Clear
" 14th ....	62	52	.00	Cloudy
" 15th ....	62	54	.32	Clear
" 16th ....	60	52	.00	Clear

## THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 16, 1904, were as follows:

	Bonos.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Associated Oil Co.	5% .....	3,000 @ 86-86½	.....	89
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.	C. T. 5% .....	25,000 @ 82½-85	84½	84½
Contra Costa Water	5% .....	1,000 @ 97	96	100
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	.....	26,000 @ 100-100½	105½	117
Los An. Ry. 5% ..	.....	1,000 @ 116	115½	117
Market St. Ry. 5%	.....	1,000 @ 117	117	107
N. R. of Cal. 6% ..	.....	1,000 @ 105½	118½	118½
N. R. of Cal. 5% ..	.....	7,000 @ 118½	118½	118½
Oakland Transit	6% .....	4,000 @ 121	121	105½
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	.....	2,000 @ 105½	50	60
Oceanic S. Co 5% ..	.....	1,000 @ 55	105	105
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	.....	3,000 @ 104½	119	100
S. F. & S. J. Valley	Ry. 5% .....	11,000 @ 119	119	100
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	.....	2,000 @ 100½	108½	109½
S. P. R. of Arizona	6% 1900 .....	4,000 @ 109	107½	134
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%	Stpd. ....	5,000 @ 107½	100½	100½
S. P. Branch, 6%	.....	4,000 @ 134½	99½	99½
S. V. Water 6% ..	.....	1,000 @ 100½	99½	99½
S. V. Water 4%	3ds. ....	5,000 @ 99½	99½	99½
S. V. Water Co.	Gen. 4% .....	8,000 @ 99½	99½	99½
United R. R. of S.	F. 4% .....	30,000 @ 85½-86½	85½	86½

	Water.	Shares.	Closed Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water .....	547 @ 39½-40	39½	40	40
California S. D. T.	55 @ 150	150	150	150
California St. C. R.	46 @ 198	198	198½	198½
Giant Con. ....	95 @ 60-63½	63½	63½	63½
Hawaiian C. S. ....	790 @ 68-74½	74½	75	75
Honokaa S. Co. ....	1,815 @ 15¼-17½	17½	17½	17½
Hutchinson .....	4,670 @ 10-15¼	15¼	15¼	15¼
Kilauea Sugar Co.	450 @ 4-5	5	5	5
Makaweli S. Co. ....	1,100 @ 30-32½	32	32½	32½
Pauhaui Sugar Co.	3,310 @ 16¾-19½	19½	19½	19½
Pacific Lighting .....	60 @ 60-60½	59½	59½	59½
S. F. Gas & Electric	2,085 @ 53-56¼	53¾	54¾	54¾
Alaska Packers .....	340 @ 93-97¾	96	97	97
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	5 @ 77	77	77¾	77¾
Oceanic S. Co. ....	170 @ 3½	3½	3¾	3¾
Pacific States Tel.	130 @ 104-105	104½	105	105

The sugars have been active, and about 12,100 shares changed hands, making advances from one point to seven and three-quarter points; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar selling from 67 to 74½; Honokaa Sugar Company from 15½ to 17½; Hutchinson from 10 to 15¼; Makaweli Sugar Company from 30 to 32½; Pauhaui Sugar Company from 16½ to 19½; at the close the market weakened off on realizing sales; the whole line closing in fairly good demand.

Spring Valley Water sold up three-quarters of a point to 40, on sales of 550 shares.

Alaska Packers sold off four and a half points to 93, but at the close reacted to 95, closing at 95 bid, 97 asked.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weak, and on sales of 2,085 shares sold off three points to 53, closing at 53¾ bid, 54¼ asked.

## INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

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304 Montgomery St., S. F.



## In Three Words

It takes but three words without superlatives to define the superiority of

## Hunter Baltimore Rye

viz:  
The Perfect Whiskey

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
136-144 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Private 313.

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MACKINTOSHES and RAINCOATS

For Men, Women, and Children. Any size, any quantity

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RUBBER AND OILED CLOTHING

RUBBER AND OILED GOODS

(FOR SPORTSMEN)

Fishing and Wading Boots, Hunting Boots and Coats.

Goodyear Rubber Co.

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F. M. Shepard, Jr., Tres.

C. F. Runyon, Sec.

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61-63-65-67 Fourth St., Portland, Or.

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San Francisco, Cal.

## REMINGTON Standard Typewriter

211 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

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OF LONDON

Established 1878.

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

## Providence Washington Ins. Co.

OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

## PELICAN ASSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK

## GEORGE E. BUTLER,

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2101 VAN NESS AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 31, '03. The showing of the "M. Ella Harris" skin treatment in my case was overwhelming. I had no doubt of what it could do for others, on whom I had seen it tried, but I still doubted its effects on me. It seemed altogether impossible that the old "shrivels," wrinkles, and blemishes could be taken off my face and have anything left that were so ingrained and of such long standing.

I was convinced, however, that the treatment could make it no worse. I therefore put myself in charge of Mrs. Harris, with the astonishing result that my face is as smooth as when I was young, and is also entirely free of wrinkles and a most unsightly Leucoderma spot, also eczema, which was the bane of my life; even the dimple in my chin, which had long since turned into a hideous wrinkle, has come back to stay. My friends—many of them were opposed to my taking this treatment—are now enthusiastic. They say my voice is the same, my "trick of phrase" is not altered, and I am once more the woman they knew before time had laid its hand upon my face; and I love them more than ever because I am more amiable.

I hesitate no longer to give my unqualified indorsement to this method.

Respectfully, ELIZABETH J. CORBETT, M. D.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Colonel Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, recently told a story of an old darkey down South who was informed that if he was bitten by a snake and drank a quart of whisky the snake would die and he would go unscathed. "Dar's only one trouble 'bout dat cure," the old man said; "I knows whar dere's plenty snakes, but whar's I gwine ter git de whisky?"

A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question: "What are you doing with that dog?" One of the boys said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand him up the dog!"

One day, during a temporary cessation of hostilities between the opposing forces, a tall, strapping Yankee rode into the Confederate camp on a sorry-looking old horse to effect a trade for some tobacco. "Hullo, Yank," hailed one of a number of Confederate soldiers lolling about on the grass in front of a tent, "that's a right smart horse you all got there." "Think so?" returned the Yank. "Yes; what'll you take for him?" "Oh, I don't know." "Well, I'll give you \$700 for him," bantered the Confederate. "You go to blazes!" indignantly returned the Yank; "I've just paid \$10,000 of your money to have him curried."

Senator "Joe" Blackburn, who was quite a dandy in his younger days, once ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor, and, as the fashion then was to wear tight nether habiliments, he emphatically demanded that this particular pair be skin-tight. In due time the trousers were sent home and tried on, whereupon the senator sent for the tailor and proceeded to open fire. "What in the blankety blank have you done with these trousers?" he demanded to know. "You told me to make them skin-tight, sir," faltered the tailor. "Yes, but by the great horn spoon, you overdid it," roared the senator; "I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these pants."

Paul du Chaillu, the one-time African explorer, performed a Good Samaritan act one night in assisting along the street a very intoxicated stranger. The man told him where his home was, and after considerable difficulty Du Chaillu got him to his door. "One bibulous one was very grateful, and wanted to know his helper's name. As the explorer did not particularly care to give his name in full, he merely replied that it was Paul. "So it's—hic—Paul, is it?" hiccupped the man, and then, after some moments of apparent thought, inquired, solicitously: "Shay, ol' man, did y'ever get any—hic—any answer to those lo-ong letters y' wrote to th' Ephesians?"

He was ten years old, and when he slipped out of the house at daylight he left a note for his mother saying he was going West to fight Indians. A discouraging combination of circumstances, in which hunger, weariness, and fear all played a part, made him think better of it, and he returned to the parental roof at 9:30 P. M. He was not received with open arms. Indeed, the family met him with coldness. The clock ticked, his father's newspaper rattled, his big sister studied obtrusively, even his mother didn't seem to care whether he came back or not. Nicodemus, the cat, not being in the secret, rose and rubbed his soft side caressingly against the culprit's leg. He stooped to pet him, and then, with a last desperate attempt to start the ball of conversation, he demanded, homesickly: "Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?"

Emperor William occasionally hears remarks not intended for his ears. Years ago he used to sound alarms at odd hours, and turn up all available army corps to march past or manoeuvre when they least expected it—at night, or in the gray of a winter morning. On one such occasion the garrison included a detachment of submarine crews, and the emperor came along just before dawn accoutred as an admiral. He was standing among a group of shivering officers, when one veteran, approaching him from the rear, took him for some other worthy sailor. He slapped him vehemently on the back. "I see that Gondola Willy has fished up the aquarium this morning," he observed, pleasantly. They attribute the cessation of sudden alarms to that incident in the army, and have all but canonized that dazed veteran.

George Reno, an American newspaper man who went to Havana and obtained work on a daily paper there, did not get on well with his chief, a former Chicago physician. They disliked each other extremely, and the editor took particular pleasure in mangling Reno's

copy beyond all recognition. One night Reno protested at some blue-penciling that was done. "I recognize your right to edit my stuff, doctor," said he, "but I must beg you to do so in such manner that you will not split all of the infinitives. In this instance, you have made my copy over into a bundle of phraseological kindling-wood." In reply, from the erudite managing editor: "You seem to be worrying yourself over a mere trifle, Mr. Reno. What is a split infinitive, any way?" "A split infinitive," replied Reno, after a moment of thought, "is an attachment used on farms. It is a small implement that we fasten to the nose of a calf when we wish to wear it from its mother."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Out of Place.

This world is full of many things  
That seem quite out of place.  
For instance, one may see sometimes,  
And often 'tis the case  
A very fine ten-cent cigar  
Stuck in a nickel face.

—Chicago Chronicle.

## The Owl.

The owl is famed for being wise,  
He never says a word;  
He simply sits and bats his eyes,  
He is a wise old bird.

But if the owl should speak his mind  
In words, a perfect flood,  
The world in great surprise might find  
His brain was full of mud.—Ex.

## A Grateful Memory.

Do you think of that hour in the twilight,  
When Hesper was beaming above?  
When I needed no Hesper for my light,  
Being lit with illusory love?  
But little did I or did you say,  
As I fed with delight on the view  
Of your chin, that was slightly retroused,  
And now has developed to two.

I recall with what passion I pleaded,  
I cherish the answer you gave,  
When I told you my love only needed  
To live or to die as your slave.  
Small, small was the mercy assigned me,  
But I see now it might have been less!  
I remember you flatly declined me—  
I remember you might have said Yes.

—Punch.

## The Modern Builder.

[Radium Terrace is the name given by a suburban builder to houses he is building at Twickenham.]

The enterprising builder who would offer something new

Must abandon Bella Vista and the hackneyed Ocean View;

He must put up something startling that will make the tenant stare—

For instance, X-Ray Gardens, or, perhaps, Uranium Square.

Of course, the new diseases sometimes lend a little aid;

I've built Bubonic Terrace and Insomnia Parade,

Enteric Park—the very name is killing off the rats—

And Beri-Beri Mansions and Appendicitis Flats.

Without the Far East war I could not have got on at all,

It gave me Banzai Buildings and Rojestvensky Hall;

There's Sha-ho Gardens—and it only took a little "nous"

To name Kuroki Cottages and Kuropatkin House.

—London Globe.

Veterinary—"So your new bull pup is sick? What seems to be the matter with him?" Owner—"A little of everything, I guess. While we were away this afternoon he chewed up and swallowed the dictionary."—Detroit Free Press.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

—IN TIME OF DROUTH PREPARE FOR RAIN. FINE umbrellas at the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. 10% discount if you show this ad.

## TEA

The indulgence in tea is so very slight, that the pleasure escapes attention, unless one waits a bit.

Write for our Knowledge Book, A Schilling & Company, San Francisco.

## A Child's Discriminating Tribute to His Mother.

In a district school, in a little town in Maine, the teacher asked recently for a composition from her six-year-old children on the theme of "Mother." This was the effort of one little boy:

## MOTHER.

My mother can wash.  
My mother is good.  
I help her wipe the dishes.  
My mother can iern.  
My mother can wash her hands.  
My mother can wash my hands.  
My mother can go to bangor.  
My mother can go to oltown.  
My mother can go to boastn.  
My mother isant crazy.  
My mother can eat supper.  
My mother can eat bred.  
My mother can woke.  
My mother cant run.  
My mother cant slide down hill.  
My mother cant do tricks.  
My mother cant bild a house.  
My mother cant sit in the rode.  
My mother cant wock in the cartrack.  
My mother cant sit in a mudpuddel.  
My mother cant wock a ruler. (?)  
My mother cant make wood.  
My mother cant stand on her head.—Boston Transcript.

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Philadelphia.....Dec. 3 | New York.....Dec. 17  
\*Calling at Dover for London and Paris.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Haverford.....Dec. 3, 10 am | Haverford.....Jan. 14  
Friesland.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Friesland.....Jan. 28  
Merion.....Dec. 31, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

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Messaba.....Dec. 3, 10 am | Manitou.....Dec. 17, 10 am

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Finland.....Dec. 10 | Kronland.....Dec. 24

## WHITE STAR LINE.

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Baltic.....Nov. 30, 11 am | Majestic.....Dec. 21, 10 am  
Cedric.....Dec. 7, 5.30 am | Baltic.....Dec. 28, 10 am  
Oceanic.....Dec. 14, 10 am | Cedric.....Jan. 4, 4.30 am

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Cymric.....Dec. 21, Jan. 25

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Cretic.....Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March 18

## From Boston.

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First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Senger daughter of Professor and Mrs. Henry Senger, of Berkeley, to Mr. Dudley V. Saeltzer, of Redding.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Reis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Reis, to Mr. William H. Huie, will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 221 Sacramento Street. The ceremony will be performed at three o'clock by Rev. Clifton Macon. The bride will be unattended, and Mr. Robert Huie will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, to Rev. William James Cuthbert, will take place on Wednesday in St. Luke's Church.

The wedding of Miss Isabelle Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Kendall, to Mr. Kenneth Lowden, took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 1076 Fourteenth Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at half after eight by Rev. Edgar L. Gee. Miss Letitia Barry was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Myrtle Sims, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Nettle de Golia, Miss Lillian Reed, Miss Marion Walsh, and Miss Ruth Kales. Mr. Roland Oliver was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lowden will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Mrs. Mattie Griffith to Major Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Joseph Worcester. Miss Ruth Adams acted as bridesmaid, and Captain Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., acted as best man. Major C. A. Devol, U. S. A., and Mr. Andrew Thorne were ushers. A reception and dinner at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, 1013 Van Ness Avenue, followed the ceremony. After their return from a week's wedding journey, Major Dunning and Mrs. Dunning will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig, to Mr. William Pattiani, of Alameda, took place on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents on Vernal Avenue, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at half after seven by Rev. C. R. Brown. Miss Jessie Craig was bridesmaid, and Dr. C. D. Gilman acted as best man. A reception followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Pattiani will reside in Oakland.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Anita Harvey. Others at table were Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Carol Moore, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Maude Bourn, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Sallie Maynard.

Mrs. F. J. Sullivan gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, in honor of Miss Alice Bacon.

Mrs. James P. Langhorne and Miss Maisie Langhorne gave an "at home" at their residence, 2419 Pacific Avenue, on Tuesday.

The Misses Morrison, of San Jose, gave a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mrs.

Reginald Brooke, of London. Among others at table were Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Enrique Grau.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Lillian Reis and Mr. William H. Huie.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry will be "at home" every Sunday throughout the season.

Mr. Jerome D. Landfield gave a luncheon at the Faculty Club, University of California, on Saturday. Others at table were Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young, Mr. Courtney Ford, Mr. Edward Tobin, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, and Mr. Richard M. Hotelling.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery and Miss Ethel Patton gave a luncheon at the University Club on Wednesday in honor of Miss Caroline Quinan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn will give a dinner on Tuesday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mr. James D. Phelan will give a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday in honor of Miss Anita Harvey.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson gave a dinner on Thursday at her residence, 2027 California Street, in honor of her daughter, Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mr. Thomas Barbour will give a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton.

Dr. and Mrs. George F. Shiels gave a dinner at the Occidental Hotel on Tuesday evening. Others at table were Dr. and Mrs. William L. Shiels, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Sands Forman, Miss Muriel Steele, Captain C. R. Howland, U. S. A., and Mr. Brander.

Mrs. G. G. Moore gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. George F. Shiels.

## Concert in a Good Cause.

The Orpheus Club of Oakland, an organization composed of eighty trained male voices, has tendered its assistance to the board of managers of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, and will give a grand concert at the Alhambra Theatre on November 20th. The home is in need of financial assistance to enable the board to keep its doors open. While sympathy is easily aroused for charities where children are the objects, it is not easy to find hearty response when it is for the old and homeless. "Women are only girls grown old," and no one knows what mother, sister, or near relative, may be saved from a neglected old age behind the doors of this admirably conducted home. The managers are taxed to their utmost to meet the expenses necessary to sustain it as such, as there are no endowments, and the State gives no support. The public can easily recognize the reluctance with which the women on the board of managers would personally solicit assistance for the home; yet an appeal must be made in order that the good work go on, and that deserving women used to the comforts and even the luxuries of homes in years past, should end their days in peace.

Tickets for this concert can be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, or from any member of the board of managers.

## Concert by an Eminent Singer.

A concert is to be given by Miss Laura Kinze von Kisielnicka, the contralto from Dresden, at Steinway hall next Tuesday evening, November 22d, at twenty minutes after eight. Much has been heard of Miss von Kisielnicka, who comes from one of the most distinguished families in Germany, and Eastern and European critics speak of her voice as one of unusual power, range, and tone. She will sing numbers by Mozart, Schumann, Brahms, Giordani, Draeseke, Hildach, Wagner, Wolf, Massenet, Schubert, and Chaminade, and she will also be heard in the Saint-Saens aria from "Samson and Delila." Miss von Kisielnicka will be assisted by Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington and Miss Hulda Anderson, pianists; and Hother Wismer, violinist. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday and Tuesday.

The racing season has started well, and the New California Jockey Club is presenting a good card every day at the Oakland Track. There will be several special events for Thanksgiving Day, the principal of which will be the Thanksgiving Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward. The added purse will be two thousand dollars.

## Fashion in Champagne.

Speaking of champagne, our New York correspondent writes that the predominance of Moët & Chandon White Seal at all fashionable functions at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering-places, is remarkable. The present vintage appears to have caught the taste of the *bon-vivant*, it being pronounced not too sweet, but medium dry, of an exquisite bouquet, and is said to agree best with a constitution taxed to the utmost by a strenuous society life.—*The Caterer*.

## A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

## Fall Exhibit at Mark Hopkins.

The annual fall exhibition of water-colors, sketches in oil, pastels, and black and white, of the San Francisco Art Association opened to the public on Friday. The members of the association enjoyed a first view of the pictures on Thursday evening at the usual reception held for that purpose. It is the universal opinion of artists as well as laymen that this is by all odds the best display of water-colors and sketches that has yet appeared on the walls of the Mark Hopkins Institute. There is a notable absence of labored, feeble, or amateurish work, the pervading character being one of dash, strength, and originality. Moreover, the spirit of the exhibition is essentially Californian, about which a great deal is heard, but comparatively little seen. There are a score of artists who might be named off-hand for admirable examples in any one of the mediums, among them several new men whose contributions add a pleasing note of freshness to the display. The list, however, is too long to permit of mention in detail. It can be merely summed up that the show is excellent and well worth seeing by every one interested in local art.

The opening night reception was unusually well attended, and the musical programme, under the direction of Henry Heyman, was as follows:

March, "With Sword and Lance," Starke; overture, "Light Cavalry," Suppe; "Moonlight," Moret; selection, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; cornet solo, "Dear," Kingsbury; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; "A Norwegian Episode," Bendix; intermezzo, "The Troubadour," Powell; selection, "Woodland," Lunders; song, "The Rosary," Nevin; waltz, "Scenes de Bal," Czibulka; march, "The Yankee Consul," Robyn.

The exhibition will be open daily for two weeks, and on the evenings of Friday, November 25th, and Thursday, December 1st, on which latter occasion a musical programme will be rendered.

## Thanksgiving Day at Del Monte.

A round-trip rate of four dollars will be made by the Southern Pacific to Hotel del Monte, tickets good going Wednesday and Thursday, November 23d-24th, and returning Friday, November 25th. Golden weather makes Del Monte exceptionally beautiful at this season. Golf, automobilism, riding, driving, and all outdoor recreations. Through parlor car on 3 P. M. train. Tickets at Third and Townsend Streets depot, and 613 Market Street.

— MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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Winter styles. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

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## REST A FEW DAYS

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For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling and Mrs. Hastings are passing the fall months in their new home at Bucksport, Me., on the Penobscott. After the holidays, Mrs. Darling contemplates a short visit to Egypt and Europe, accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Gertrude Wilson Peck, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Onatavia, and return to Maine for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean sailed from Liverpool for New York a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Pope have returned from Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan are making a short stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin and Miss Lita Gallatin have arrived in New York from Europe.

Mr. Knox Maddox spent a few days in San José last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs have sailed from Europe for New York.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Lillie Spreckels arrived on Saturday from Europe.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has returned from a month's visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Martin have taken apartments at the Luxor for the winter.

Mrs. John Johnston and Mrs. Hancock Johnston arrived from Los Angeles last week, and are the guests of Mrs. William J. Landers.

Mrs. Luke Robinson and Miss Bernadette Robinson left Paris this week for Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hewlett (née Fore) have taken apartments at St. Dunstan's for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beal and Miss Marie Wells are at San Rafael.

Miss Bessie Ames, who has been in the East and Europe for several months, is expected to arrive next week.

Mrs. Charles S. Palmer and Miss Bessie E. Palmer, of Oakland, have departed for Europe, where they will spend several months.

Miss May Perkins and Miss Pansy Perkins, of Oakland, will spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. James W. Byrne, departed on Monday for New York, en route to Europe. After a short stay in the metropolis, they will make the Mediterranean trip, visiting Cairo, Alexandria, Constantinople, Athens, and many other places of interest. Later they will travel leisurely through Europe, returning to San Francisco in the spring.

General and Mrs. R. H. Warfield and Mrs. Emerson Warfield have taken apartments at the Luxor for the winter.

Mr. J. R. Folsom, who has been touring Switzerland, has gone to Dresden for the winter.

Dr. Riera, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Clark, Mrs. Charlotte F. Clark, and Mrs. Lyman and son were in Geneva, Switzerland, when last heard from.

Miss Caroline Quinan will depart soon for her home in South Africa.

Mr. Alexander Young, of Honolulu, is among those registered this week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. George Bowman and Miss Bowman, of San José, have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter.

Mrs. Munn, of New York, who has been at the Hotel Vendome, San José, will spend the winter at Santa Barbara, where she is erecting a residence.

Mr. E. W. Runyon is among the permanent guests at the Luxor.

Secretary and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf have returned to Washington, D. C.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. Von Riechen and Mr. W. Ulffer, of Germany, Miss M. C. O'Brien, Miss M. Wittan, and Mr. J. E. O'Brien, of Del Monte, Mr. and Mrs. C. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Rittler, Mrs. A. E. Eraun, Mrs. G. Allen, Mr. E. H. Kinney, Mr. J. Breuner, Mr. E. H. M. Chistock, Mr. G. W. Peltier, and Mr. J. B. House.

Every visitor to the top of Mt. Tamalpais sends a dozen others. The view from the top of the mountain is the most beautiful and diversified in California, and the trip up the crooked railway is unique. There is no more hospitable hotel than the Tavern of Tamalpais.

The Pacific-Union Club formally opened its new rooms, north-east corner of Post and Stockton Streets, on Saturday.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney has been brightened by the advent of a son.

## TEA

We stand or fall by our tea—Schilling's Best—and we're not going-down.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it.

## Army and Navy News.

Major Henry M. Morrow, judge-advocate, U. S. A., Mrs. Morrow, and Mrs. Boniface, wife of Lieutenant John J. Boniface, U. S. A., have gone to Vancouver. Major Morrow and Mrs. Morrow will return shortly.

Captain William F. Grote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grote are the guests of Mrs. Young, wife of Major George S. Young, U. S. A.

Captain Louis H. Bash, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bash (née Runkle) are staying at Bush and Jones Streets. They expect to sail shortly for the Philippines.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship (née Dillon), who have been at Santa Rosa, have gone to Santa Barbara for two or three weeks.

Mrs. Bowman H. McCalla and Miss Stella McCalla have returned from the East, and are at Mare Island.

Mrs. Clark, wife of Captain Elmer Clark, U. S. N., arrived from the Philippines on Tuesday.

Lieutenant U. S. Grant, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on Tuesday.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., arrived from Manila on the United States transport Thomas on Tuesday.

## Artistic Photographic Studios.

The advance that has been made in photography during the past few years is no more remarkable than the corresponding advance that some photographers have made in the attractiveness of their studios. The barn-like appointments that once sufficed have given way, in some cases, to gaudy, garish surroundings; but once in a while a studio is found that is fittingly equipped for the reception of people who are used to and appreciate the refinements of life. J. C. Rasmussen, of 139 Post Street, has paid particular attention to this phase of his work. His waiting-room might be taken for a reception-room of the best class so good is the taste displayed in furnishing it. The studio proper, too, shows the same discrimination. A few good paintings adorn the walls, giving it the air of a corner of a select art gallery. It is a restful place, conducive to the frame of mind in which any subject of the camera should be.

Mr. Rasmussen, in striving for suitable surroundings, has not neglected the practical side of his art. During the thirty years he has been in the business he has kept just a little ahead of the march of improvement. An evidence of this is the recent installation in his studio of a prism light (the only one in town) which gives effects in light and shadow that could not otherwise be obtained.

It has been Mr. Rasmussen's aim to attract only the most exclusive family trade. He has established himself in the best shopping district, and has so equipped himself as to turn out work that will satisfy artistic, intelligent, and discriminating patrons.

The corner-stone for the building to be erected for the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, one of our most beneficent charities, will be laid at Lake and Fourteenth Streets this (Saturday) afternoon at half-after two o'clock. Rev. David Evans, of Grace Church, will conduct the religious exercises, and Franklin Lane will speak. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The remains of Mrs. George Crocker, who died in New York several months ago, have been brought here for burial.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT FORM by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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## Shopping Commission.

Household and personal shopping done in New York City. Orders carefully and promptly attended to. Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City.

—FOR A LONG TRIP, FOR A SHORT ONE, EVERY thing you need at the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. Present this ad. and get 10% discount.

## The King's Daughters' Home for Incurables

The King's Daughters' Home for Incurables has been in existence for the past fourteen years. It is the only non-sectarian Home in San Francisco exclusively for the care of the incurables who can not be kept in hospitals.

For the first time in its history the Home is making an appeal to the public for generous donations. On November 21st, 22d, and 23d, at 317 Francisco Street (between Powell and Stockton Streets), donations of every kind will be gratefully received. Checks may be made payable to the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables.

## XMAS ART WORK

Orders received for lace-work, modeled leather, wood-carving. Private instructions given on any piece of decorative art.

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## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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# The Argonaut.

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The relation between a bruise on the Presidential shin and the revision of the tariff is not so remote as might at first blush appear. When, in September, 1902, the President started to "swing around the circle," and began to penetrate the Middle West, whence sprang the Iowa idea, his speeches, thitherto not very strongly for tariff-revision, assumed a more radical tone, and at Logansport, Ind., he delivered a speech which the telegraph editors of the country headed up: "Roosevelt for Tariff-Revision." In that address, the President spoke of "changes in duties upon particular

schedules, which must inevitably and necessarily take place," and he suggested a tariff commission to investigate and report to Congress.

That was his last speech. The hurt he had suffered in the accident at Pittsfield, Mass., grew troublesome, and the surgeons told him that the trip must be given up. So the President returned to Washington. But to what policy might not Mr. Roosevelt have committed himself had he got down into the haunts of the Iowa Idears? Had he invaded Minnesota, where the millers want free wheat, what promises might he not have made to them? Over in Wisconsin, where the irrepressible Mr. Babcock flourishes like a green bay tree, despite that he is for revision first, last, and all the time, to what radical course of action might not the President have been influenced?

What actually did occur everybody knows. Senator Hanna uttered his famous maxim: "Stand pat." The Republican leaders saw that dissension in the Republican ranks, on the eve of a national election, was to be avoided. Harmony was proclaimed the watchword. Tariff-revision was put off until after election, and even then not definitely promised. The platform admits that revision may be necessary from time to time, but does not intimate that that time is near or now. The President himself, following out his characteristic policy of idealistic opportunism, surrendered for the nonce to the stand-patters, in order that the party might present to the enemy a solid front.

Many people have felt, however, that Mr. Roosevelt is at heart with the revisionists. They feel so now. It is most remarkable how editorial leaders, suggesting that the near future is the accepted time for the revision of the tariff, have blossomed out in the newspapers of the country. The Washington correspondents tell us at great length that "the President is considering the matter." The independent journals are jubilant. "The thunders of tariff-revision are all about us," cries the New York Post in joyful ecstasy. Even the New York Tribune, that always regular, solid, stalwart Republican newspaper, admits that "the iron and steel schedules have certainly been outgrown and need revision." The duty on tin-plate, on leather, on books, and on pictures might, thinks the Tribune, be safely reduced or abolished.

And what does the Chronicle say to that?—the Chronicle which asserts that all these rumors about President Roosevelt's intention to advocate the revision of the tariff are of Mugwump origin? The Chronicle can not accuse the Tribune of Mugwumpery. It is more regular than ever the Chronicle has been. Nor can the sentiment for tariff-revision be explained in so summary a fashion. The Chronicle may yet regret—as it does its memorable advocacy of free silver—its recent hasty remarks about President Roosevelt "repudiating his pledges, provoking a quarrel with his party, and spending the next four years in a vain attempt to rip up the tariff and adopt the Democratic platform of fake reciprocity and tariff-revision." The President will repudiate no pledges. And his efforts, judging from a survey of press comment, may not be vain.

Still it will be a bitter struggle. On the one hand will be arrayed "high priests of protection," like Dalzell—whose home is in Pittsburg, the centre of those steel interests which it is proposed to deprive of the power to charge the American buyer more for iron and steel than they do the foreigner; on that side will be Secretary Shaw, Hepburn, Aldrich, and Lodge. In defending the sacrosanct tariff, these men will have behind them all the power of the vast interests that now benefit so largely from protection, but evidently they will have at their back but comparatively few

newspapers. Indeed, the Chronicle is the only one we know of which flatly asserts that not a single hair of the tariff head is to be touched; that "we need every cent of the revenue produced by the present tariff."

On the other side, if revision is undertaken, will be many congressmen from the Middle West—men like Babcock (who says now: "I believe it will be done"). Tawney, of Minnesota, McCall, of Massachusetts, and Hill, of Connecticut. There will be such Republican journals as the Indianapolis News, the Chicago Tribune, the Washington Post, the Sacramento Union, the Portland Oregonian—to name only a few.

The present talk is that nothing will or can be done during the short session which begins in December next and ends in March. The idea of some of those who advocate revision is that early in the present session a committee be appointed to investigate and report to an extraordinary session to be called by the President to meet about March 15th. "Some such action," says the Republican Mr. Babcock, "the North-Western States, I know, demand." The sentiment in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa is said to be quite as strong as in the region whence Mr. Babcock comes.

In the near future, the President will have to determine what his policy shall be. He will not, we are certain, make the mistake of supposing that the refusal of the country to let the disorganized and irresponsible Democracy have its will with the tariff, means that no modification of tariff schedules whatever is desired by the people. He will not, it is our conviction, fail to appreciate the growing sentiment against continuing to what were once "infant industries," but which are now arrogant industrial giants, the aid and comfort of tariff support. Mr. Haver-meyer's saying that the tariff is the mother of trusts may not be strictly true, but the President will not, we are convinced, fail to recognize that even a suspicion of "shelter to monopoly" by the tariff is repugnant to vast numbers of good, conservative, protectionist Republicans.

It is the most pressing political question of the hour—Will the President call an extraordinary session of Congress in March, 1905, for a conservative yet effective revision of those tariff schedules which the great changes of the past eight years in the development of American industries have made obsolete or obsolescent?

They are collecting fares on the road to Mandalay. The road is a trolley road. It is also seven miles long, double-tracked throughout, and equipped in the most modern style. We are informed that the car-bodies in use are 35 feet 4½ inches long, about 6 feet wide, and designed to provide seating accommodations for 48 passengers. These cars run on wheels, which in turn run on a track, which in turn runs over the country where formerly elephants were a-pilin' teak. We presume that the sludgy, squdgy creek has a modern bridge over it. Naturally there are no 'buses running from the Bank to Mandalay in the face of such competition.

The most important result of this prodigious material improvement will be the necessity of a new edition of Kipling's poems. The Burmah girl will no longer be described as "a-settin'." She will stand up and hang on a strap. Whackin' white cheroots are forbidden on the rear platform. It is very doubtful if anybody can hear the East a-callin' in view of the rattle of the trolley. If the dawn persists in coming up like thunder, the railway company will probably get out an injunction.

But another, though less important consequence, will be the obliteration of one more of the cities of fa-



The march of improvement has shut off our view of the sky-line in still another quarter. We can no longer divide our day in the lovely halves of day and night, parted by the kindling of the dawn and the rise of the stars. There's a skyscraper in the East, and the sun sets behind a power-house.

Long ago the paddles ceased to chunk from Rangoon to Mandalay, and the ships run smoothly mid hummily under reciprocating engines geared to screw propellers. The great god Buddh is no longer great, for the college professors have him in the lantern slides with which they illustrate their courses on comparative religion. And yet the Burmah girl is probably the same—serene, dark, big eyed, gentle bosomed, with slow-opening lips, dividing the sum of her life into no Ten Commandments, but ever faithful in love, prone to little outstretchings of her pale hands, odd leanings forward over the temple step as if to read some smiling caress in the sun-flashing pool.

In the wild rush and conflagration of the dawn, before the first car starts screeching over the countryside, the Burmah girl will still sit wonderingly and the white man will come upon her and gaze and suddenly remember the call of the East, and for an instant know again the real Road to Mandalay.

Auburn, a village in Placer County, was the scene, on November 10th, of one of the most brutal murders committed in this State in many years. Julius Weber, a wealthy retired brewer, fifty-two years of age; his wife, Mary, forty-three years of age; his daughter, Bertha, eighteen years old; and his son, Earl, an imbecile and cripple, aged eight years, were killed, and the house in which they lived was fired that the crime might be concealed. The only surviving member of the family is the son, Adolph Weber, twenty years of age, who has been arrested for the murders, and whose preliminary examination has just been held.

The facts brought out at the coroner's inquest and at the preliminary examination show that when the fire was discovered, at 7:30 P. M., the rear portion of the house and the whole upper story were blazing fiercely. When the firemen broke into the house they discovered the body of the elder Weber in the bathroom in the rear. It was subsequently discovered that he had been killed by a .32-calibre bullet, which entered his body in such a manner as to make it impossible that he could have killed himself. Besides, the bathroom door was locked from the outside. Mrs. Weber and the daughter, Bertha, had also been killed by .32-calibre bullets. The former was shot in the shoulder and the left breast, and the latter was shot but once in the left breast. The boy had been struck several times on the head with the butt of a revolver. He died shortly after being taken from the house. The bodies of Mrs. Weber and her daughter were found in the parlor, both horribly burned, although the fire had not yet reached that room. But a fire was burning in the hallway, and it is supposed that their bodies were piled up there and fired after they had been shot, and then, while the firemen were at work, they were carried into the parlor. The piano stool was covered with blood. Some one—presumably Bertha—had been heard playing the piano about the time the murders are supposed to have been committed. A revolver, on which was bloody hair from the head of the imbecile boy, was found under the barn, in a hiding place said to be known only to Adolph Weber.

As to Adolph Weber's movements: At seven o'clock on the evening of the murder he appeared at a store in Auburn and purchased a pair of trousers, put them on, and had his discarded old ones wrapped up. At half-past seven the alarm of fire was given, and he, with others, rushed to the Weber place, some distance from the centre of town. Adolph threw the bundle containing his old trousers through a window of the house, then kicked the window sash in. He was in the front of the house while the firemen were at work in the rear. He insists that he carried his dying brother out, but one George Ruth testifies that it was he who carried little Earl from the building. Adolph has one badly cut hand. The wound, he says, was inflicted in getting through the window.

So far the evidence against Adolph Weber is purely circumstantial. The prosecution insists that he killed the father first, then the sister, then the mother, then the child. That the mother tried to call for help is believed from the fact that, according to the telephone company's operator, the signal showed that the Weber telephone receiver was taken from the hook a few minutes before seven o'clock. The girl answered the signal, but could get no response. A few minutes afterward the receiver was put back. It is supposed that the fireman wounded Mrs. Weber, then, while she was on the telephone trying to summon help, fired the shot into her breast. Mrs. Snowden, an aunt of young

Weber, testifies that Adolph was continually "hateful" toward his family, and that his mother was afraid of him, and had expressed a fear that he would commit some horrible deed, as he and his father—who, although "cranky," was highly esteemed—quarreled a great deal. She testified also that, on the morning after the murder, Adolph told her (his aunt) that her time would come next. Another witness tells of seeing him come into town on the night of the murder by a route that would have given him time to reach the store after the time a scream was first heard indicating violence. He, however, insists that he took another route—which, if true, would be in his favor, as it would have necessitated his start from the house long before the deed was done.

Stains, supposed to be of blood, were found on the discarded trousers, and on young Weber's underclothing—but that they were blood-stains has not yet been definitely proved.

Weber is a taciturn, moody boy, who has delved a great deal into occult subjects. He was a good deal of a recluse. He was given to dime-novel reading, and expressed great admiration for Tracy, the bandit. He is strongly suspected of being the one who presented a check at the Auburn bank in May, then at the point of a pistol secured five thousand dollars from the cashier. The check was signed "R. S. (Red Shirt) Gordon," and writing experts declare that the writing on it is identical with other writing known to be Weber's. Since the murder Weber has preserved an attitude sometimes stoical, sometimes defiant, but he has not at any time shown the least sign of grief over the death of his relatives, and, for the most part, seems either indifferent to his own fate or confident of his acquittal.

We are in receipt of a letter from the Hon. John Goodnow, United States consul-general at Shanghai. "Regarding the article in the *Argonaut* of September 5th," he writes, "please see my letters of July 1st and October 1st to Mr. Stratton. Surely my personal letter of July 1st to Mr. Stratton is not what you condemn in your editorial." We regret to say that it is. In that letter Consul Goodnow made the following statement:

It does seem to me that some method of examination by the immigration bureau could be devised so that the examination could take place on this side, and the exempted classes walk off the ship at San Francisco as easily as any other nationality. It would only need examiners at Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama. They could find out the *bona fides* of an immigrant much better here than in San Francisco. The consul's vice could still be given independently.

It is not alone the *Argonaut* which condemned as vicious this doubtlessly well-meant plan of our Shanghai consul-general. The San Francisco *Post* said it would be "bitterly opposed by every man and woman on this Coast." The *Chronicle* said "such a radical change, if made, would open the door wide for fraud and surely defeat the purpose of the exclusion laws." Other Pacific Coast papers, whose editorials we have not at hand, expressed similar views. None approved it. Unfortunately, the matter has now more than an academic interest, for, according to a Washington dispatch, the new treaty, the work of framing which has been nearly completed by Secretary Hay and the Chinese minister, contains a clause authorizing the appointment of officials in the manner Consul Goodnow suggests. It is to be hoped that the report is untrue. But if true, the senators from California and the other Coast States must secure the elimination of this clause from the treaty when it comes up for ratification in the Senate. The plan is vicious because it places in the hands of a few men in Chinese ports powers for the favorable exercise of which Chinese are always willing to pay good round sums. These officials, free from criticism of the press, or restraint of the courts, would either be deceived by the wily Chinaman, or would find the temptation of Chinese bribes too much for them. It ought to be recognized that the press of the whole Coast is not a unit on this question without good and sufficient reason. By long and hard experience with Chinese endeavors to get into this country by force, fraud, and trickery, the Coast press has reached the conclusion that every applicant for admission, whatever his pretensions, must be rigidly examined, and examined right here. The matter can not safely be left to officials located in Chinese ports beyond the vigilant eye of the public.

That political infant who (said Senator Morgan) the United States separated from Colombia, its maternal parent, by a Caesarian operation, is howling again, and its Uncle Sam is reported to have sent his assistance to the youngster. To drop the figure, it appears that signs

of revolution against President Amador, of the Republic of Panama, have led the administration to order our naval and land forces on the Isthmus to use force, if necessary, in support of the present government. This is interesting news. It appears that this government is not only to guard Panama against all comers, build a canal down there to the republic's everlasting benefit, pay her \$10,000,000 for the privilege, clean and make sanitary her cities, and furnish them with supplies of pure water, but also to guard her treasury and generally keep order. There can be too much of a good thing. If Uncle Sam has got to be father, mother, brother, sister, guardian, and wet-nurse to Panama, in the name of common sense, why not adopt the infant?

Since writing the above paragraph, there has come to our attention an editorial in the Portland *Oregonian* headed "What to Do with Panama." The *Oregonian*, which has by long odds the best-written and most influential editorial page of any daily newspaper printed west of the Rocky Mountains, remarks that "it has recently become obvious that the Republic of Panama is forever to be a nuisance to us and a menace to our peace of mind." It points out that it is without international responsibility of any sort, and that its administration is in the hands of professional revolutionists. The *Oregonian* reaches the conclusion that it is "inevitable that sooner or later we must assume actual sovereignty over all Panama. It must be by some amicable arrangement with the present powers of Panama; or it may be that chance will again place an opportunity in our hands that can be honorably seized." Thus, reading the lesson of present events, the *Argonaut* gave expression in December last, in their anticipation.

A tart and straightforward statement of President Roosevelt's policy for his next term has been published in the New York *Evening Post* by Francis E. Leupp, a careful newspaper man—just appointed by the President to the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Mr. Leupp's dispatch bears all the evidences of being "inspired," and even in some places has the ring of Mr. Roosevelt's well-known style. The first matter set right is that about Addicks being the administration mouthpiece in Delaware. Leupp remarks that the President is fully aware that his own personal popularity carried the Blue Hen State without the intervention of any "gas-man" or "independent." There is further no foundation, Leupp says, for any assertion that there will be a change in the President's negro policy; in his appointments from the colored population he has used and will use precisely the same method as in his other choices—for intelligence, honesty, and proved capacity. It is added that the same holds good in regard to punishing negroes for crime—equal rights to all.

One of the most interesting statements made by Leupp is that the President "has not wasted a minute's thought on the succession, beyond the natural hope of a party leader that a candidate will be chosen who will win through merit; and the prediction might be added that he will not lift a finger during the next three years and seven months to steer controlling events in the direction of any particular candidate, even though he might have his own opinions when the time arrives."

This almost official statement of the President's intentions is in strict accordance with what everybody believed of him when they voted on a certain Tuesday in November. But certain disgruntled New York journals took the opportunity of driving their last nail in defeat by insinuating "on high authority" a number of things which had their foundation only in the overmastering desire of the mistaken to see all others mistaken, too. Very likely Mr. Roosevelt, who is always ready to let the people know just where he stands, gave Mr. Leupp the material for this knock-down blow. It sounds like Mr. Roosevelt, it looks like Mr. Roosevelt—it is Mr. Roosevelt.

Too much praise can not be accorded the American Labor Federation of Labor for having resolutely voted down the resolution submitted to it denouncing the militia of the several States. The Federation has also refused to make any declarations in favor of socialism, and its leading delegates have not hesitated to condemn the employment of force by the unions to achieve their ends. All this is encouraging to the country at large. But it still looks as if we in San Francisco had a nasty time ahead of us. It is the talk everywhere that employers are getting ready to establish the open shop in January. Herbert V. Ready, who describes himself in Vol. 1, No. 1 of his newspaper, the *Messenger*, as "the famous strike-breaker," says therein,



frankly enough, that his recent trip to the East was in quest of several thousand men of all trades to come to San Francisco. The application blank that they were required to sign contained this clause: "Are you willing to go to San Francisco, or other California cities and towns to work beside man and man. ('No distinction.')

**OPEN SHOP PLAN.** He further states that a rate of one cent a mile has been arranged with the railways to transport these men. Mr. Ready, however, denies that he is the agent either of the Citizens' Alliance (of which he is a member), or of the Merchants' Association. He affirms that the whole scheme is his own individually, though he has "an army of friends whose numbers are untold." At least, Mr. Ready appears to have convinced the entire East of the fact that San Francisco is going to be the seat of a labor war very soon. Even the *Sun* says: "The employers are going to make their fight for the 'open shop.' For over a year they have been maturing their plans. Now they believe they can invite a struggle with the unions with a good chance of a successful outcome." Well-informed business men, prominent members of the Merchants' Association, do not deny that there are breakers ahead. They are inclined, however, to lay the responsibility on the shoulders of Mayor Schmitz. He is eager, they say, to precipitate a labor war in order that he may consolidate the forces of unionism, now somewhat disorganized, solidly behind him.

Now and then we look suddenly down upon what we have been doing for untold centuries and feel it barbarous. Then some one forms a society for its prevention, and the man who continues in the way of his ancestors is an outcast and a sinner. Formerly, we killed every wild animal that crossed our path. If we had not done this ourselves and by proxy through our ancestors, the world would still be a waste. But long ago a man looked down at a bird fluttering at his feet, at a deer straining to rise from a pool of its own blood, and swiftly felt that he had sinned.

Nowadays societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals flourish in every village. They protect the birds, the domestic animals, and have a hand in the making of the game laws. There is really a new spirit among us. It deprecates killing. It seeks to give the dumb as well as the speaking a chance for life and pursuit of natural ends. Sportsmen abandon the pigeon for the bit of crockery. The target takes the place of the animal. We hate to see suffering.

Nothing will call forth more expressions of conviction than an agitation for protection for animals. The New York *Sun* lately stirred up a multitude of witnesses to its support when it contended that the civilized man has had his sense of pleasure in killing dulled. Perhaps it is the same in every land where the necessity for war against wild animals has gone. Evolution steps in, and we begin to feel that what is unnecessary is wrong and therefore not consistent with progress. But we still look with complacency on the slaughter of animals for food. Our sympathy is little for the animals which we must kill and eat in order to live. Never were so many cattle slain, so many hogs, so many fowl. But we use every ounce for consumption. There is no waste. Possibly after all it is waste that we consider the sin—another proof that utility is the mold of our morality, if one cares to moralize so.

The London *Spectator* is one of the few British journals of importance which take an impartial view of the war, and it may be of interest to glance at the opinions it puts forward regarding the last great battle in Manchuria and the meaning of the campaign. The *Spectator* says that people are accustomed to think of Russia as honey-combed by corruption; her officers as vain, careless, and given to drink and debauchery; her generals as selected by favor, senile, and enfeebled by luxury. Yet at a distance of six thousand miles the Government of St. Petersburg hurls upon the enemy a quarter of million soldiers "as effective as any to be found on earth"; in Kuropatkin she has a man "as competent as any one in history"; these "discontented privates" charge cheerfully for the seventh time in one day, and these "indolent officers" die fighting in such numbers that Russian regiments return commanded only by a lieutenant. The *Spectator* points out that stupid as the Russian private is supposed to be, "from Zorndorf to the Sha-ho his opponents have always had to kill him before victory was attained." "What," it asks, "would be the thoughts of men like Lord Kitchener if Kuropatkin and his army were breaking southward from Herat through Afghanistan to fight a battle like that of Sha-ho on the great plain of Kandahar?" Turning to the Japanese, the *Spectator* thinks the Japanese generals, "not men of genius, have fought at least as well

as Napoleon's marshals." It questions if the privates "have any equals as units on the field," and it cites the *Novoe Vremya's* statement that "no European army has ever had such soldiers to contend with." Justly does the *Spectator* denominate the struggle in the Far East "a War of Giants," and it concludes:

Why do we write these things? Not, God knows, in mere admiration of courage—though courage, when displayed in obedience to legal command, is the rock quality upon which nations are built—but to wake in our readers a clear preception of the might of the forces now in collision in the Far East. It is no light thing that Russia, in an hour of extreme difficulty, when her Czar is not strong, and his counselors are inferior men, should yet wield such a club of Hercules as Kuropatkin's army is proving itself to be; not a light thing that a new Power should have sprung, as it were, in a night out of the sea, so wise in war that it is never to the minutest detail unprepared, so brave that it will face any danger rather than run any future risk to its career, and so strong that the strongest Powers of the strongest quarter of the world will henceforward hesitate to risk collision with its strength.

It was John Morley, one of the most distinguished of living statesmen—perhaps the next Premier of England—who, last week, said impressively to the New York Chamber of Commerce, which had gathered to hear him: "All sorts of events during the next four years may break out upon the world. . . . You have in the Pacific enormous risks."

Risks of what? Risks from whom? Of what was it that John Morley warned the American people?

The swift action taken by the board of health consequent on the poisoning by ice-cream of nearly two hundred people at the Presentation Convent celebration, shows good administration in our health department. As soon as the details came to light, the factory of the firm supplying the ice-cream was inspected, and already the firm has been compelled to tear out the old flooring and put in an entire new plant. Following on this narrowly averted catastrophe, an examination of ice-cream manufactured in San Francisco is being conducted, with the result that, out of sixty samples examined, fifty-three show the presence of borax. The use of borax, as of all these so-called preservatives, is dangerous to health, but the law, as it reads at present, can not reach the offense. The board of health, therefore, is now taking steps for the passage of an ordinance which shall prevent such adulteration in future. The measures taken in this instance are in accord with all the work of the present administration of the health department. As a result of the milk crusade, San Francisco, which formerly was served with a doubtful mixture of "preservative," bacteria, water, and milk, is now supplied with pure milk of good quality.

The dairies supplying the city are under a rigid system of inspection, and are compelled to keep to the required standard of cleanliness and good sanitation, and to furnish milk with the necessary proportion of butterfat. While at the beginning of the movement only four dairies were reported to be in a perfectly satisfactory condition of sanitation, a complete change in this respect has been effected, and the October report showed that out of one hundred and forty-nine milk samples examined, only ten were found to be below the standard.

Among other reforms carried out, the changed management of the City and County Hospital is worth noting. This institution, long a reproach to the city for its disease-breeding condition, is now well-ordered, cleanly, and progressive. In Chinatown, several blocks of malodorous buildings have received permanent sanitary improvement by cementing and rendering rat-proof their cellars.

These reforms and others inaugurated since last January make up a good record. But in all the work undertaken, there is nothing which more nearly touches the welfare of the public than the movement toward pure food, carried on through a systematic inspection of the food products on the market and the analyses of samples at the pure-food laboratory established. Such measures looking to the prevention of disease go far toward establishing a high record of health in San Francisco, and are in accordance with the advanced bacteriological knowledge of the day.

Some months ago the readers of the *Argonaut* chuckled over the story of the man who presumed to tell a man's political complexion by his looks, and was acidly rebuked by a citizen whom he had assigned to Hearst with the hasty protest: "I'm not for Hearst. I've been sick five weeks. That's why I look this way."

This amusing and refined incident has traveled far. It has turned up in New York, and thrust its titillating forefinger into the rib of Gotham; it has changed its coat and appeared to enrapture Germany; even Paris has put a curl of naughtiness to the tale, and smiled consumedly. But he who goes far will ever have a fall. However festive the day, we are sure to turn up at

night in a foggy, ungentle, and whoreson gloom. The better the dinner, the worse the dream. To abandon these carefully thought out axioms, and shout the truth from the house-top, our pleasant traveler has met his fate. After laughing round the world he has been incontinently knocked on the head by an inquiring Britisher, who thunders over the mangled remains: "Perhaps an American can tear the heart out of this mystery; to us it is dark as night."

It is the London *Morning Post* which retells the story, making the characters "American literary lights," and the test that of ascribing various members of a party to their native States. The man who is ascribed to New Jersey blazes out wrathfully: "I'm not from New Jersey. I've been ill in bed"—ha ha hee hee ho-uck! uh huh huh huh-a-a-ahh! And we stop to see the British Sense of Humor staring at us reproachfully, wondering how we "tore the heart out of this mystery."

The *Post* is misinformed; this is not a joke. It's in a British paper. That's why it looks that way.

The consensus of opinion among the political wise-  
GOSSIP ABOUT THE SENATORSHIP. acres seems to be that it is anybody's fight for the senatorship. The enormous and unexpected Republican success has put the guessers all at sea. There are now 110 Republican votes in the legislature, and 61 are required to elect. No single candidate has any such number, or a number approaching it. Flint, of Los Angeles, is believed to have slightly the advantage of Senator Bard south of Tehachapi. He is said by the political quidnuncs to have behind him the Southern Pacific interests or the "organization." Senator Bard is said to have behind him the Standard Oil interests and the Santa Fe. Oxnard is still in the race, and is said to have supplied to some of the legislators money to prosecute their successful campaigns, and so has some votes bound to him. Knight, back from a successful campaign tour of the East, where he made "a hit," not only in the Middle States, but in Madison Square Garden, New York, where he spoke, has a few votes, but not many so far. He seems to be fighting his own fight, with the firm belief that, recognizing his long and brilliant service in behalf of his party, and confident of his ability to add lustre to the name of California in the Halls of Congress, the "plain people" will through their representatives tender him the honor.

As to the number of votes each of these candidates has, a well-known and usually dependable political writer on the Oakland *Tribune* estimates that Bard and Flint each has at the present time about twenty-five votes, and that Knight and Oxnard have ten apiece. This makes a total of seventy, leaving forty-one yet to be captured. It is easy to see the possibilities that lie in such a situation. One thing that will help Mr. Knight, perhaps, is that there is a general impression that President Roosevelt would be highly pleased if Knight were sent to Washington. What the San Francisco Republican legislators—twenty-six in all—will do on the senatorship question nobody seems to know. Mr. Ruef and Mr. Herrin have, probably, a controlling influence with most of them. It would seem only just for the legislators from Mr. Knight's own city to give him their votes. It is for the best interests of the city, too. When did San Francisco last have a senator? Isn't it about time again? Why not send a man to Congress who has no corporation behind him and is proud of it?

Prominent officers of American missionary societies have reported that there is another Boxer uprising coming, and that the missionaries are in great danger. At the same time we are told that Minister to China Conger is alive to the danger, and has notified the Chinese officials that unless the movement is suppressed at once he will send for American troops.

If a Chinese rice peddler came to this country (which he can not under our laws) and set himself up as a teacher of the only true morality and defied the jail and the street hoodlums by threats of instant importation of a Chinese army, it is possible that even the college professors would put off their gowns to take a hand in teaching that heathen that we have religions of our own. We take a national pride in sending over to the Orient the graduates of our Middle West colleges to teach the immemorial East. We spurn the suggestion that the Chinese scholar, learned in ten centuries of the human heart, skilled in ten thousand years of philosophy, may try to shut the mouth of the Westerner who laughs at his gods. With all reverence, it occurs to us that it is contrary to the very doctrines of our religion to back up sermons with swords. Would it not be better for the missionary to trust more to his spiritual and mental power and less to the strong secular arm?

"SPECTATOR'S"  
 WARNING TO  
 THE NATIONS.

THE STORY  
 OF A  
 STORY.



## THE PRUSSIAN IN GERMANY.

By Jerome Hart.

Soon after the Franco-German War, a clever Frenchman, Victor Tissot, traveled in Germany, and wrote several books about his experiences. One of these was entitled "A Journey to the Land of Billiards." A milliard is a thousand millions, or a "billion," in France. In America, also, we call a thousand millions a "billion"; in England, the term "billion" is applied to 1,000,000,000,000—a million millions. As their enormous indemnity to the Germans was measured in milliards, this word powerfully affected the minds of the French people. France was staggered by the sum she had to pay to her conqueror; Germany was alarmed by the celerity with which she paid it; the whole world was amazed at this revelation of riches and resources in the conquered country.

Another book by M. Tissot was entitled "The Prussians in Germany." In this he attempted to forecast the effect upon the lesser German states of making them part of an empire, of which a military power like Prussia was to be the head. Thirty years have rolled by since M. Tissot wrote; although at the time he wrote he was accused in Germany—and throughout Europe generally—of gross exaggeration, I doubt whether even his prejudiced forecast foreshadowed the power that has come to be exercised by Prussia in the German Empire.

As I hope to write several letters on German topics, a few political, statistical, and fiscal facts concerning the German Empire will help my readers to understand its organization and its workings.

The new German Empire [*Deutsches Reich*] is made up of twenty-six states, each independent, as are the States of our Union, and theoretically sovereign, as are ours, but only theoretically so. With the twenty-six states may be mentioned the annexed French province, Alsace-Lorraine, which is called *Reichsland*, or "imperial territory," and is governed directly by the empire, as is Alaska by our own Federal government. Theoretically, little Lippe, with 140,000 inhabitants, or Waldeck, with 60,000, has representatives in the Bundesrath just as Prussia has with its thirty-five millions. At the time of the union, the large state of Bavaria, with six millions, and Saxony, with four millions, reserved the right of coining money, issuing stamps, and controlling their own armies, which were commanded by their own kings; but these and other monarchical prerogatives have been either abrogated or have fallen into disuse in the course of thirty years.

Theoretically, the Kaiser is sovereign of Prussia only, with no right to interfere in the domestic affairs of any state; practically, the Kaiser interferes incessantly in the affairs of the smaller states, and does not hesitate long over the larger ones. This was recently shown by his attempt to set aside the wishes of the people of Lippe concerning the succession of their ruler, the Prince Regent of Lippe. Kaiser Wilhelm opposed Count Leopold's succession, endeavoring to seat his own brother-in-law, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe. Under the constitution of the German Empire, the Kaiser is commander-in-chief of the German army; when it was made plain to him that he had absolutely no legal right to interfere in the dynastic affairs of Lippe, he then ordered the soldiers of Lippe to refuse to swear allegiance to Count Leopold of Lippe-Biesterfeld, who was the rival candidate of the Kaiser's brother-in-law.

This incident, after thirty-four years of union, shows how little the Kaiser-king regards the rights of a petty German state.

A year or so after his accession, the Kaiser attempted to interfere in the Bavarian army, and was treated by the Regent and the Bavarian officers as if he were a foreigner and an interloper. This with the approval of all Germany. Now Germany seems divided over the Lippe affair. These two incidents show the difference made by fifteen years.

Despite these extra-constitutional attempts of the Kaiser, his functions are strictly defined by law. The imperial power is wielded through the emperor and two legislative bodies. The Bundesrath, or Federal Council, consists of the representatives of the German states, the Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament, consists of the representatives of the German people throughout the empire. The plan is somewhat like our Senate and House, except that the Reichstag delegates are not confined to set districts, as in our House. The Bundesrath has fifty-eight votes, of which Prussia has seventeen, Bavaria six, Saxony four, Wurtemberg two, and the smaller states the remainder. Oddly enough, the larger states of the empire have legations at Berlin, there being a Saxon envoy to Prussia, a Bavarian envoy, etc. These envoys, however, usually fill two posts, commonly representing their states in the Federal Council. The larger German states send envoys to foreign nations and receive them; there are foreign legations at Dresden and Munich. The smaller German states are entitled to envoys at the Prussian capital, but refrain, doubtless through economy.

The Reichstag has three hundred and ninety-seven members, who are elected by universal suffrage, and are paid. For years the members have attempted to allow them salaries, but the aristocratic Prussian element has successfully opposed the meas-

ure. The Socialist party, by popular subscription, pays a small salary to its representatives. In addition to the imperial legislature, every sovereign state has its own separate legislature. In Prussia that body consists of two chambers, the Herrenhaus, or House of Lords, and the Abgeordnetenhaus, or House of Deputies.

From the foregoing it may be gathered how overwhelming is the power of Prussia in the German Empire. She is all-powerful in the Reichstag and in the Bundesrath. While the latter body theoretically represents the states of the empire, the Kaiser has much to do with appointing its members, notably those from the smaller states which Prussia controls. Prussia is powerful in other ways. Were the South German states to combine in an attempt to resist Prussian ideas concerning a costly Kiel harbor, a Baltic canal, an increase in the navy, a higher protective tariff, or any other disputed point, Prussia is able to bring them to terms by regulations concerning railway rates, canal tolls, and other fiscal measures. She invariably succeeds, legislatively and commercially; the Southern German states are at her mercy. In these, as in many other matters, the Prussians in Germany have shown their power.

I have spoken above of the tariff. In the German Empire there is a profound gulf between the protectionists and the free-traders, as there is in our own country. The members of the aristocratic or Agrarian party are holders of vast estates throughout East and West Prussia; they are interested in agricultural products, and care not for the manufactures. Like our Southern planters, they do not want high duties on manufactured goods. On the other hand, the manufacturers are protectionists, and desire to uphold the present German tariff, which in Europe is considered high. It is not high in comparison with our Dingley tariff, however, whose average is fifty-four per cent., while the German tariff averages about thirteen per cent. The protectionist manufacturers wish to raise the present tariff; yet if they do so, it would probably bring about a tariff war with the United States, which deters them. The Agrarians, on the other hand, while averse to protection, do not fear a tariff war with the United States; such a war would keep out the food-stuffs, tinned goods, canned meats, and cereal products which now compete with their own. Hence there is a strong party in the German Empire which would welcome a tariff war with us. But a tariff war with the United States would be disastrous for Germany, because, like England, she does not produce enough food-stuffs to support her own people.

The great power of Prussia in the empire was shown in the case of Hamburg and Bremen. These cities did not enter the *Zollverein*, or tariff wall, of the German Empire when it was established. The constitution of the empire allowed them to remain free ports. In 1877, however, Prussia put on the tariff screws, and the free cities began to feel the pressure of the iron ring which surrounded them. In 1879, they protested against the high tariff on the ground that it forced them to pay more than their share toward the maintenance of the empire. Bismarck dryly suggested that they had better come within the tariff wall. But Hamburg held out until 1888, when she finally gave way. The experience of that rich and powerful seaport has served as a warning to lesser inland cities.

But the sturdy independence of the old Free City is still shown at times. During the recent clamor in Europe over the Russian attack on a peaceful fisher fleet of English trawlers, not a sound came from any city in the empire save Hamburg. There a mass-meeting was held, and passed vigorous resolutions condemning the Russian fleet.

Prussia has gradually bought up all the railways within her boundaries, until now she owns some twenty thousand miles of line, officially called the Prussian state railways. This enormous railway system is controlled by the Prussian Government, which thus can fix railway combination rates by steamer, railway, and canal, so that any inland state could easily be ruined by Prussia. Bavaria, the next largest state in Germany, permits its railways to remain in private hands, and thus, from a traffic point of view, even Bavaria is at the mercy of Prussia. How much the more so, then, the smaller and weaker states.

The Prussian public debt, by the way, is almost entirely due to the purchase of these railways; it amounts to about \$1,700,000,000.

Prussia has greatly developed her system of inland waterways by constructing canals and canalizing rivers. Where once only 400-ton vessels could navigate the Rhine, ships of over 2,000 tons may now be seen there. There are nearly 9,000 miles of waterway in Prussia, of which about 3,000 miles are artificial. The Kiel Canal is erroneously supposed by many to be purely a naval waterway. While it is of great strategic value to Germany, it is also a great thoroughfare for commerce between the North Sea and the Baltic. The River Spree, on which Berlin lies, and the Havel, which runs into the Spree near Berlin, are canalized; the amount of traffic borne on these small waterways last year amounted to 9,000,000 tons, worth \$120,000,000. When we were in Berlin we noticed large numbers of workmen still engaged in improving the Havel for navigation. On many of these Prussian canals electric traction is used, notably on the Teltow Canal. The Kaiser is earnestly endeavoring to push through a scheme for a great midland canal connecting the four great rivers of Prussia, to cost 400,000,000

marks. But the Prussian House of Deputies has twice defeated it. The Agrarian party opposes it because it would permit foreign wheat to be brought to the inland places of the empire, thereby lowering home prices.

Since 1871 the German army has consisted of Prussia's seventeen army corps, including some smaller states; Bavaria's three army corps; Saxony's two army corps; and Wurtemberg's one army corps. Prussia and these three states have separate war-offices, but the emperor, as commander-in-chief, exercises his authority over the whole. The Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg each commands his own army, but these three armies come under the direct orders of the emperor in time of war. The troops in their military oath swear to obey the orders of the emperor, but at the same time swear allegiance to their own sovereigns. All able-bodied men must serve in the army for two years (recently reduced from three). There are three reserves which can be drawn upon, the members of the third reserve being eligible up to the age of forty-five. Of recent years the strength of the army has been something over 600,000 of all arms. The trained men available from the first of these divisions of the reserve amount to about 3,000,000, with about 30,000 officers. In the third branch of the reserves, the Landstrum, over 4,000,000 men are available. Liability to serve does not cease until forty-five for the Landstrum, which body of men is looked upon as eligible mainly for home defense. The number of recruits conscripted every year amounts to about 470,000, half of whom join the colors, while the other half are employed as artisans, teamsters, clerks, and in other occupations, but are still liable to bear arms.

This vast mass of men is commanded by the Prussian king, wears the Prussian uniform, and is handled on distinctly Prussian lines. The return to civil life every year of something like half a million young men thus Prussianized must have its effect in the ultimate Prussianizing of the whole German Empire. Even in Alsace-Lorraine, I was told, the young men are becoming slowly Prussianized. When we were there a slight mutinous outbreak took place among some conscripts on their way to their stations. At first I supposed it was an anti-Prussian demonstration. But no—it turned out that the recruits were mutinous because they were ordered to a station not so desirable as another batch of recruits had. Yet the mutineers were to be stationed in Alsace, the others out of it!

Of the many ways in which Prussia has secured her predominance in Germany, that through the Prussian state railways is the most altruistic. If she had a selfish motive in it, she did good selfishly. The old system was very bad. The Prussian state railway is an excellent system. While it does not compare with the English or American trunk lines, it is far superior to the South German and Italian systems.

In all their aspects, the Prussian railways are organized on military lines. Train-men, station officials, yard-masters—all wear semi-military uniforms. The station-masters salute and are saluted on the incoming and the outgoing trains. There is a military air about the whole business which rather amuses an American.

Nevertheless, the military organization has its good side, as I will proceed to show. We were leaving the Engadine Valley in Switzerland, and going directly through to Hamburg. The Prussian state railways have an office at Basle, although the lines do not begin until the Swiss frontier is reached. At the Basle office I wanted to secure two state-rooms on the sleeping-car from Frankfurt north. The Prussian railway agent in Basle readily agreed to reserve them. But I wanted to buy them outright; he then consented to accept the money and give me an order on the conductor of the train at Frankfurt for the reservation. But being an old campaigner, I preferred to telegraph the money to Frankfurt and get a telegraphic receipt. I have found this plan to work better even in my own country—say when you are in New York and want to engage Pullman accommodations in Chicago. The railway agent hesitated because it was unusual, but he took the money and soon gave me a receipt signed by the agent of the Prussian State Railway Company at Frankfurt.

When we arrived at Frankfurt we had only fifteen minutes to change to our sleeping-car, which was there coupled to the train. We found it full. At once I tackled the sleeping-car conductor, a military-looking person in a gorgeous uniform. I told him that I had reserved two state-rooms in his sleeping-car. He asked my name, and thereupon briefly replied that his car was full, and that my name was not on the list.

"But," said I, "I paid the money for it at Basle."

"Then the agent at Basle is responsible for the error. My sleep-wagon is full, and I have no reservation for you."

Here I played my last card. I flashed before him the telegraphic receipt of the agent at Frankfurt.

"Look," said I, "here is an order from your superior officer to give me rooms 10 and 12; if your sleep-wagon leaves without giving me those rooms I shall drive at once to the agent and inform him that you have d-i-s-o-b-e-d-y-e-d h-i-s o-r-d-e-r-s!"

The countenance of the conductor changed, and he at once replied: "You shall have your state-rooms."

He now strode up the corridor, and in a moment I heard an excited colloquy, soon followed by sounds of lamentation and mourning as of those refusing to be comforted because their bunk was not. On the heels of this there passed two German gentlemen, one put-



ting on his collar, and each bearing a grip-sack; they passed sadly out into the night.

The conductor reappeared, and gravely saluted. "Here are your rooms, *mein Herr*," said he, and he showed us into two connecting state-rooms.

He had fired two Germans from two separate rooms. Do not set down this success as due to my acumen. The telegraphic receipt was the result of a tip from the hotel conductor in Basle.

It was worth a good deal to us; had we not followed his advice we would have had to spend the night at Frankfort and missed the steamer at Hamburg; yet his tip was only one mark fifty pfennig—about thirty-six cents.

The sleeping-cars on the Prussian state railways are much more comfortable and commodious than those on the International Company's wagon-lits. Each passenger has a whole room to himself. The wagon-lit company's sleeping-cars are very crowded and uncomfortable. American travelers in Europe may not know that on the trains of the Prussian state railway, called the "Corridor trains," they will always find sleeping-cars by night and restaurant-cars by day.

These Prussian *Speisewagens*, however, are not so good as the Prussian sleeping-cars. But they are good enough. They serve a German *table-d'hôte* dinner in the middle of the day, and during the rest of the day cold meats, sandwiches, and other light snacks can be obtained. These Prussian restaurant wagons do not compare with those of the International Company, which are really very good.

I began this letter with a reference to Tissot's book on "The Land of Millions." I may close it with an historic anecdote of the payment of *milliards*. While the terms of the colossal war indemnity were still unsettled, Prince Bismarck called in Herr von Bleichröder, a Jewish banker, as a financial expert, in the conference with the French commissioners, Adolph Thiers and Jules Favre. Bleichröder pointed out to Bismarck a little matter that he and the two French statesmen had forgotten—to wit, the interest on the successive installments. This amounted to several millions of francs. The banker was rewarded by Kaiser William the First with the prefix "Von," thus ennobling him.

It is said that Jules Favre was aghast at the sum demanded by Bismarck, and exclaimed: "If a man had begun counting from the birth of Christ he would not have finished this enormous sum in our days." To which Bismarck dryly responded: "Yes, but my expert here comes of a race that long antedates Christ. They began counting from the beginning of the world."

## STORIES OF PEACE AND WAR.

Mrs. Pryor's Charming Volume of Reminiscences—Good Anecdotes of Great Men—Social Enimities—Regimental Chaff—Kindness of Soldiers to Enemies.

One of the most charming, vivacious, and altogether admirable books of the year is Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences of Peace and War." Mrs. Pryor lived in Washington during the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan. Her husband was first an editorial writer on the staff of the *Washington Union*, then minister to Greece, then congressman from Virginia, and then, when war came, a general in the Confederate army. Of course, Mrs. Pryor, a young and beautiful and brilliant woman, was thrown in contact with the "great ones" of Washington society of the ante-bellum days, and many are the stories which she tells of Stephen A. Douglas, Henry Clay, Jefferson Davis, Daniel Webster, William L. Marcy, General Winfield S. Scott, and Sam Houston.

Among these was Washington Irving, at that time an old man, with but a few years to live. Mrs. Pryor tells of him this anecdote:

One would never think him old—so keen and alert was he—but for his trick of suddenly falling asleep for a minute or two in the middle of a conversation. A whisper, "Sh-h-h," would pass from one to another, "Mr. Irving is asleep"; and in a moment he would wake up, rub his hands, and exclaim: "Well, as we were saying," taking up the conversation just where he had left it.

My little sister worshiped Mr. Irving. "Only let me see him," she pleaded; "only let me touch the hand that wrote the 'Sketch Book.'"

I repeated this when I introduced her, and he said: "Ah, yes, yes! I know! I have heard all that before—many times before. And just as I am getting happy over it, here comes a young fellow, some whisper-snapper who never wrote a line, and (mimicking) it's 'Good-evening, Mr. Irving, I am glad to have met you.'"

It happened that my sister had not heard. She was already distraught. Her favorite friend had appeared, and she at once echoed, "Good-evening, Mr. Irving; I am glad to have met you," to the old gentleman's infinite delight and amusement.

Among the lesser lights of the Washington world of letters was the English novelist, G. P. R. James, whose star rose and set before 1860. Mrs. Pryor confesses that "his books were dreary reading to my un instructed taste," but of the man himself "none was brighter or more genial." "One day," she says, "he dashed in much excited":

"Have you seen the *Intelligencer*? By George, it's all true! Six times has my hero, a solitary horseman, emerged from the wood! My word! I was totally unconscious of it! Fancy it! Six times! Well, it's all up with that fellow. He has got to dismount and enter on foot: a beggar, or burglar, or peddler, or at best a mendicant friar."

"But," suggested one, "he might drive, mightn't he?"

"Impossible!" said Mr. James. "Imagine a hero in a gig or a curricule!"

He made himself very merry over it; but the solitary horseman appeared no more in the few novels he was yet to write.

"A very lovely and charming actress," writes Mrs. Pryor, "was prominent in Washington society—the daughter of an old New York family, Anna Cora (Ogden) Mowatt." Mrs. Pryor adds:

She was especially interesting to Virginians, for she had captivated Foushee Ritchie, soon after my husband's partner in the editorship of the *Richmond Enquirer*. Mr. Ritchie, a confirmed old bachelor, had been fascinated by Mrs. Mowatt's Parthenia (in "Ingomar") and was now engaged to her. He proudly brought to me a pair of velvet slippers she had embroidered for him, working around them as a border a quotation from "Ingomar":

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

And, oh, how angry he was when an irreverent voice whispered one word, "Soles!"

"Coram must never hear of this," he declared, indignantly. "She is, beyond all women, incapable of *double entendre*, of coarse allusion."

Alas! I can not conclude my little story, "They were married and they lived happily ever after." They were married, and lived miserably, and were separated ever after. The single thought was how they could best escape each other, and the two hearts beat as one in the desire for freedom.

As the struggle between North and South came closer and closer, bitterness grew between individuals of Washington, and it was difficult to steer a straight course between warring factions. Mrs. Pryor tells this incident in illustration:

Mr. Porcher Miles, member from South Carolina, who had opposed Judge Douglas's nomination, appeared at the door of our box. Instantly Mrs. Douglas turned, and said: "Sir, you have made a mistake. Your visit is intended for next door!" "Madam," said Mr. Miles, "I presumed I might be permitted to make my respects for Mrs. Pryor, for whom my call was intended." I had the benefit, of course, of the private opinions of each, and was able to be the friend of each. "This, I suppose, is Southern chivalry," said my fair friend. "It savors, I think, of ill-bred impertinence." "I had supposed her a lady," said Mr. Miles, "or, at least, a woman of the world. She behaved like a rustic—an *ingénue*."

Mrs. Pryor was present on December 20, 1860, at a memorable wedding, President Buchanan being one of the guests. "I stood behind his chair," she writes, "and observed that he had aged much since the summer. He had had much to bear. Unable to please either party, he had been accused of cowardice, imbecility, and even insanity, by both parties. 'The President is pale with fear,' said General Cass. On this occasion Mrs. Pryor stood behind his chair as one and another came forward to greet him. Presently he looked over his shoulder, and said:

"Madam, do you suppose the house is on fire? I hear an unusual commotion in the hall."

"I will inquire the cause, Mr. President," I said. I went out at the nearest door, and there in the entrance hall I found Mr. Lawrence Keitt, a member from South Carolina, leaping in the air, shaking a paper over his head, and exclaiming: "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

I took hold of him, and said, "Mr. Keitt, are you crazy? The President hears you, and wants to know what's the matter."

"Oh!" he said, "South Carolina has seceded! Here's the telegram. I feel like a boy let out from school."

I returned, and, bending over Mr. Buchanan's chair, said, in a low voice, "It appears, Mr. President, that South Carolina has seceded from the Union. Mr. Keitt has a telegram." He looked at me, stunned for a moment. Falling back and grasping the arms of his chair, he whispered, "Madam, might I beg you to have my carriage called?"

In the account of years of war that followed, there are told occasional incidents that lighten the general gloom, as of the chaffing between themselves of the regiments from various Southern States. Here is a specimen:

"Hello, North Carolina," said an officer to a lanky specimen in a shabby uniform.

"Hello, Virginia."

"Blockade on turpentine-making? You all hard up? No sales for tar now?"

"Well—yes!" was the slow rejoinder. "We sell all our tar to Jeff Davis now."

"The thunder you do! What does the President want with your tar?"

"He puts it on the heels of Virginians to make 'em stick to the battle-field."

The staff officer rode on.

Some times it was between "Yank" and "Reb" that repartee was exchanged. Here is one incident:

About four o'clock in the morning our axemen were quietly at work on our obstacle when the unavoidable noise attracted the notice of a Federal picket. In the black darkness he called out: "Hello there, Johnny Reb! What are you making all that fuss about over there?"

Our men were leaning forward for the start, and General Gordon was for a moment disconcerted, but a rifleman answered in a cheerful voice: "Oh, never mind us, Yank! Lie down and go to sleep! We are just gathering a little corn; you know rations are mighty short over here."

There was a patch of corn between the lines, some still hanging on the stalks. After a few moments there came back the kindly reply of the Yankee picket: "All right, Johnny; go ahead and get your corn. I won't shoot at you."

General Gordon was about to give the command to go forward, when the rifleman showed some compunctions of conscience for having used deception which might result in the picket's death, by calling out loudly: "Look out for yourself now, Yank! We're going to shell the woods."

Such exhibitions of true kindness and comradeship were not uncommon during the war.

We have delved not at all deeply into the riches of this charming volume, which promises to be widely popular both North and South.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.00.

The death-roll due to wars during the last century, Professor C. Richet, of the faculty of medicine in Paris, sums up in a grand total of 14,000,000. He divides this as follows: Napoleonic wars, 8,000,000; Crimean wars, 300,000; Italian wars, 300,000; American Civil War, 500,000; Franco-German War, 800,000; Russo-Turkish War, 400,000; civil wars in South America, 500,000; various colonial expeditions in India, Mexico, Tonquin, South Africa, etc., 3,000,000.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Russell, widow of Henry Grinnell Russell, of Providence, R. I., is the richest woman in New England. She has twenty millions and no children.

At one time King Peter of Serbia was a red-hot socialist. That was while he was living a comparatively obscure life in France. He is believed to be the first socialist to mount a throne.

Jacob Riis, who wrote that Boswellian book, "The Man Roosevelt," is feeling good now. "I am so happy these days," says Riis, "that I do not care what happens. That splendid, popular majority shows that Roosevelt is as dear to the heart of the American people as he is to me."

The death of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman removes one more survivor of the famous dinner-party which sat down thirteen together at Peshawur on New Year's Day, 1853. Lord Roberts, who was there, tells how, eleven years afterward, they were all alive, all of them having been through the Indian mutiny, more than half of them being severely wounded.

Although J. Pierpont Morgan is credited with gifts to philanthropic enterprises which reach a million dollars a year, his name does not appear on any of the ten buildings in New York which were built with his money. The greatest secrecy surrounds his charitable work, which is much more extensive than is generally supposed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan is well up toward the head of the great givers of the world. One of his chief philanthropies is keeping boys off the street.

Lord Howard de Walden is about to start from London for East Africa on a big game hunting expedition. He has acquired a large territory near the Lake Victoria Nyanza, where he proposes to establish a stud farm for breeding zebras. He is probably the richest young man in England. The property he inherited from his grandmother, the late Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, was worth some two hundred thousand pounds a year, and consists entirely of London houses—Oxford Street, Portland Place, Marylebone Road, and all the streets converging into these thoroughfares belong to this very fortunate young man.

Daniel E. O'Sullivan, a friend of Marse Henry Waterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, soldier, poet, lecturer, and statesman, describes him thus: "Height, about five feet five inches, with every inch hiding a cell surcharged with nervous energy. He always walks as if there was a goal ahead worth getting to in the shortest possible time. His head is finely poised on broad shoulders. There is no waste material about him. Nature made every line tell. The student of character would find Waterson's face a delight. His eyes are restless with alert perception. The nose is well modeled, the chin a challenge—a very sentinel guarding the sensual weakness of the mouth. Crown this shapely head with a plentitude of hair that touches his forehead with the caress of a single vagrant lock, and you have a contour that sculptors like to model."

It may be interesting, just now, briefly to recall the chronology of Theodore Roosevelt's career: Born October 27, 1858; graduated from Harvard, 1880; married to Alice Lee in 1883 (she died in 1884); married to Edith Kermit Carow in London, 1886; father of Alice, Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald, Quentin; elected New York legislature, 1882-84; beaten for mayor of New York, 1886; lived on a ranch in North Dakota from 1884 to 1886; national civil service commissioner from 1889 to 1895; president of the New York police commission in 1895-7; assistant secretary of the navy in 1897-98; lieutenant-colonel and colonel "Rough Riders," in Spanish war, in 1898; governor New York, 1899; elected Vice-President November 4, 1900; became President of the United States September 14, 1901; nominated for President by the Republicans June 23, 1904; biggest victor in American politics November 8, 1904.

Dr. Sven Hedin contributes an interesting article to the *Times* dealing with the career and character of General Kuropatkin. He says: "Among the memories of my nine years' wandering in Asia which I treasure and value most, not the least valuable are the hours I have spent in General Kuropatkin's company. And of all the distinguished men I have met, between St. Petersburg and Peking and between Irkutsk and Haidarabad, there is only one who has left upon me the same deep and abiding impression—namely, Lord Curzon. It is in the hands of these two men that the destinies of Asia have during the last few years in great part rested. Even though these two typical representatives of two great peoples are, by reason of their national characteristics, very different from one another, on the other hand, as both possessing some of the best and noblest human qualities, they are in several respects like one another, and have many points in common. In his manners and bearing, General Kuropatkin is quite as simple and natural as Lord Curzon, and, like the viceroy of India, he treats all who are subject to his authority as men, listening to such as need help, and treating all, even the meanest among them, with the greatest consideration, kindness, and politeness."



## PEKIN, THE DIRTY.

Celestial City Very Smelly—San Francisco Traveler Tells of His Disillusions—Avaricious Priests and Obscene Statues—German Influence in China.

The more one travels in China, the more one is likely to be disillusioned. Pekin, the "Imperial City" of the Celestial Empire, was my last hope. Now I have seen Pekin, and am disappointed. The old saying about pleasure of anticipation and realization crosses my mind, and I am doubtless disappointed because my expectations were screwed up too high—probably a remnant of school days, when the flowery names and highfalutin titles of the Chinese language, religiously translated for us boys, and the names alone of "Forbidden City," "Sun Temple," "Celestial City," etc., added to the distance, wove some kind of a halo around these places. I imagined then, most likely from paintings and embroideries seen, that only silks and satins were worn; that princes and princesses were carried in sedan-chairs, preceded and followed by gorgeously bedecked palace attendants—in fact, that the "Celestial Empire's" capital was somewhat of a fairy city.

You will perceive from the above that I was not born in San Francisco. It's Chinatown toned down a good deal of my former ideas, and since then the Chinese part of the settlement of Shanghai—I do not mean the native city (I was told not to go there in summer)—and the other places in China I visited, have knocked over completely any fanciful dreams of youth, but I was not prepared even then for "the real thing."

Pekin is a city of stinks. There is no other way to describe it adequately. Not of one particular kind of stink, but of a concentrated essence of stinks. Seeing the sights of Pekin can be compared to a steep climb, all for the sake of the view disclosed when once on top of the mountain, only that here the arduous part consists in getting carted in rickety "richshaws" (some spell it also "rickshaws") through tortuous streets, with the continual, nerve-racking fear of being dumped into slimy, seamy quagmires, the smells of which even feel deadly, or thrown down an embankment, or knocking down half a dozen dirty urchins, and upsetting a few stands laden down with all sorts of wares, from fried chickens dangling on strings to glass beads, or re-selected old nails and rusty screws. It goes without saying that all the time one pulls great puffs of smoke from the cigar and lets the smoke go through the nostrils—anything to keep the street aroma subdued.

At last we came to the Dama Temple. A dozen or so small boys pestered us, offering small Buddhas, carved of wood, at about ten cents apiece, and yelled and crowded around us until the second portal to the inner court was reached, and there a couple or three *bonzes*, or whatever title their particular job bestows on them, took hold of us, with a dollar's worth of small change in their hands, which they offered to trade for a one-dollar piece. When I said "a dollar's worth," I meant one hundred cents; but one hundred cents in change has less value, by about ten per cent., than one hundred cents in a one-dollar piece; but that small commission could not account for their eagerness to trade—their craft is to palm off a few bogus twenty-cent pieces on the "green" visitor. I had along a friend used to the ways of the wicked priests, and all the same we got some of their bogus money, only to turn the joke on them when we paid them with their own counterfeit for opening the various gates! This whole gate business is but a "squeeze," anyhow—but this is the country of "squeeze," and Pekin the centre, where all the squeeze collected throughout the country finds a hoarding place.

One of the temples was filled with a rascally looking lot of priests, a collection of miscreants they seemed, who conducted some sort of a service with litany chants, one trying to outdo the other to get at the profoundest basso, and then apparently an argument ensued between two head guys—not unlike the pleadings of two shyster lawyers in a foul case up for trial. And then some more bass and rituals, similar to a high mass. Bells are also used, taking the place of rosaries, and I wondered whether they got them from the Jesuit priests, once upon a time flourishing in this country, or whether the Roman catholic church, being the younger, imported them from the Chinese.

I think the great Buddha and other points of interest have been described sufficiently—Baedeker's is better, or Murray's—and I just wonder whether all the obscene statues in another temple are mentioned in those guide-books. I think they are unmentionable; but then who can get shocked in this country after one has been here for a week?

The afternoon we employed for a visit to the Temple of Heaven. The road leads by the Imperial Gate—which is only opened for the sacred person of his imperial celestial majesty—and then follows the Imperial Street, called so because the august person once a year passes the same way. I wished we had struck it better and arrived shortly after that event—because only that often does this Imperial Street get cleaned and repaired. Another nerve-shaking ride, and then another temple, much finer than the ones we saw in the morning, and the Rotunda, decreed to be the centre of the earth. Anything to flatter the mighty, for here he is—imagine he is sitting on top of the whole world—

Throne of the Khans

Marble steps and marble bridges, glazed roofs, fine

courts—all would look as we see it in the pictures except for the weeds growing everywhere, and the balustrades, also of marble, tottering when you come near them. What impressed me most, in the view of these magnificent temples, was the tremendous power the crafty priesthood must have exercised in its time—and the apparent lethargy now and decay and degradation. Isn't the history of these temples the history of these people?

I am writing this in the "Saloon" of the good *King Sing*, somewhere between Tientsin and Shanghai. At meal times this room becomes the dining-room, and when I smoke, it is the smoking-room, and when the captain or first officer drop in for a chat, it is the "Social Hall."

I write in the singular person, because I am the only passenger, with the exception of a young lady, accompanied by an *amah* and a eunuch, but she has been invisible for the last two days. I call her "the study in scarlet." Her high French heels are of that color, also her cheeks are painted very much up to that tint. With all that, she wears European, or American, clothes, a hat, and her hair falls loosely down her back. Seen from behind (inclusive of red heels) she might be a Spanish-American beauty, but her face is distinctly Oriental, very much Chinese. She must be the daughter of some "reformer"—a high official, no doubt, for she has traveled in Europe, and has been in America, speaks English and French; and yet she has her face "done up" like a native, and travels with the paraphernalia of court ladies.

Last night, when in the Straits of Pechili, our ship was followed by a Japanese gunboat, and was kept under her searchlights until they had made out who we were, and then she transferred her attention to a steamer sailing under the German flag. Yesterday we saw a Japanese man-of-war keeping solitary watch, and everything indicates that a blockade runner would have a hard job getting through. And yet there are attempts made constantly, and the air is full of rumors that such and such a ship got in. For my part, I take all these stories with a great deal of discount as to their veracity, and can assure you that we out here, often not more than eighty miles away from the beleaguered port, know no more about the war and what is going on than you do, some forty-five hundred miles away.

I remember the day in Shanghai when the *Askold* and the *Grozovoi* entered the port. This news circulated on the Bund, and was dished up in the next morning's paper. At the same time, San Francisco read full accounts of the event, and so it was with the *Czarevitch* and the *Ryshitelnai* incidents; and the news you got there was probably more elaborate and precise.

On my way up the coast, in Tsingtau, I met a correspondent of the Associated Press simply waiting for something to happen to telegraph it home. In Chefoo there is a whole staff of them (and fine fellows they are, too) doing nothing but interviewing arrivals from Port Arthur, Russians, Chinese, or any other refugees; and all these things are cabled home immediately, whereas the press here serves us with rehash from the *Chefoo Daily News*, and publishes the communications which the Japanese consuls deem fit to give out. This is a war of secrecy, and I doubt whether its real history will ever be published: whether the tremendous losses on both sides will ever be made known to the outside world.

Speaking of Tsingtau, I can not fail to mention what an eye-opener it was to me to find that our steamer was alongside a splendid concrete wharf, that there were other wharves, also built of solid concrete, extending on the other side, with a railway terminus on one of them, and large warehouses alongside. In the town itself, fine streets are laid out, and along the seashore a beautiful quay built of solid masonry. Now pipes are laid to bring water from the mountains, and Tsingtau will probably be the first city out here that can boast of sewerage. Some very nice buildings are here, others are going up, which speaks of confidence in the future of the place. There is a contingent of something like three thousand men, of all arms, and their barracks are a heap better than those in Germany. Everybody here is German, and everything German, and one might think to be in a small German Kreisstadt to read at the bill-board in the hotel and in the paper the following "Antliche Bekanntmachung": "HASENJAGD. Schonzeit am 3 October abgelaufen. Reflektanten moegen sich um Jagd Patent an das betr. Amt wenden." This is Germany out here in East China.

R. E. H.  
ON BOARD THE KING SING, October 12, 1904.

North of the Tropic of Cancer the sun's rays never penetrate to the bottom of a deep mining shaft, but south of the Tropic there is at least one day in the year when the sun at noon will shine to the bottom of the very deepest mining shaft in case it is perpendicular. In Sombereete, Mexico, there is a shaft that on June 21st the sun reached the bottom of, eleven hundred feet below the surface of the ground.

Dr. Hoffa, of Berlin, has operated again on Mrs. Arthur Paget, whose leg was badly hurt by a fall some time ago. The previously formed adhesions were broken down, and the sufferer put into plaster of Paris from waist to the feet. Dr. Hoffa is confident that Mrs. Paget will not be a cripple.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Vagabonds.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.  
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!  
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!  
Over the table—look out for the lamp!  
The rogue is growing a little old;  
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,  
And ate, and drank, and—starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you:  
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!)  
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle.  
(This outdoor business is bad for strings),  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.  
Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!  
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.  
He's thirsty, too. See him nod his head?  
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!  
He understands every word that's said,  
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.  
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;  
And this old coat, with its empty pockets  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
Would do it, and prove through every disaster  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving  
To such a miserable thankless master.  
No, sir. See him wag his tail and grin!  
By George! it makes my old eyes water;  
That is, there's something in this gin  
That chokes a fellow—but no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
And Roger (bem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)  
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!  
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!  
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!  
(Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your  
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle  
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes  
When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
Now tell us bow many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing.  
The night's before us—fill the glasses!  
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!  
Some brandy—thank you. There—it passes.

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
That my poor stomach's past reform;  
And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?  
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;  
The same old story—you know how it ends.  
If you could have seen these classic features—  
You needn't laugh, sir. They were not then  
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;  
I was one of your handsome men.

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
Whose head was happy on this breast—  
If you could have heard the songs I sung  
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have  
guessed  
That ever I, sir, should be straying  
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
Ragged and penniless, and playing  
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife;  
'Twas better for her that we should part—  
Better the soberest, prosiest life  
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
I have seen her? Once. I was weak and spent  
On a dusty road. A carriage stopped;  
But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir. I'm sorry.  
It makes me wild to think of the change.  
What do you care for a beggar's story?  
Is it amusing? You find it strange?  
I had a mother so proud of me!  
'Twas well she died before—Do you know  
If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
This pain; then Roger and I will start.  
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
Aching thing, in place of a heart!  
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,  
No doubt, remembering things that were—  
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now—that glass was warming.—  
You rascal! limber your lazy feet;  
We must be fiddling and performing  
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—  
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?  
But soon we will go where lodgings are free,  
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—  
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

—J. T. Trowbridge.

A fraud order has been issued at Washington by the Post-Office Department against the making of fraudulent whisky, without a still, at a cost of twenty-five cents a quart, out of logwood extract, cologne spirits, oil of rye, and water. It is said that a mixture of these potables in the right proportions will produce a reasonably palatable beverage.



# SAN MICHEL, PROTECTOR.

How the Doing of Penance Solved Rita's Love-Affairs.

Given a girl, a man, and an obstacle, and you have a romance ready-made. But, given a girl, a priest, and two obstacles, and you have a potpourri of impossibilities. The holy Father Pietro was, however, inventive in his way, and through his veins ran a high-potency tincture of the race that knew no Alps.

The Señorita Rita's romance was full-orbed when Padre Pietro, under the seal of the confessional, heard the story of her rebellion against the parental obstacle.

"El Gallito" was, no one could doubt, a dangerously fascinating individual. Many were the soft eyes turned upon him from *sol* to *sombre* when the *toro* lay dead at his feet, and the holiday world went wild with *brovos* and *solvos* over his courage and skill. But, however artistically El Gallito might kill a bull, it was no argument to the stony-hearted parent of Rita that he would make a suitable husband. To the Señorita Rita, on the other hand, the gorgeous array of medals on his breast argued a correspondingly glittering array of virtues underneath, and the haughty pose with which he received the homage of the populace was proof positive of a gilt-edged ancestry behind it.

But the little señorita was very young. The bread-and-butter, spoilt-child nursery days bore hard on the bedizened butterfly days of the moment. "I will" and "I won't" this willful young person snapped, stamping her foot at the attempted paternal interposition, and before the flashing eyes and wrathful mien of this sixteen-year-old despot the poor old father flinched and fell back.

Finally, to the last court of appeals the distraught father took his case.

"She is the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart," he told the attentive young priest, in setting forth his trials with his daughter, "but I have never crossed her will before, and she does not know how to give up her own way."

Consequently, the next time the little señorita presented her soul for vivisection at Padre Pietro's confessional, he asked: "Have you murmured against the authority of those who are over you?"

Whereupon the whole story of the ingratitude of her thankless parent, the manifold virtues and qualifications of the fascinating *torero*, and the wretchedness of her breaking heart, was poured into his ear—poured in such dulcet tones, through such coral lips, from such a warm, impulsive young heart, that the reverend father found hers to be a grievous sin; so grievous that her penance must be heavy. Every day, for a week, at a certain hour—the hour when Pietro himself was on duty—the señorita must present herself at the church to do the Stations of the Cross.

If, during the quiet afternoon hour, the church was empty, save for those two, the holy father, book in hand, came down from the chancel when the fair little penitente reached *Jesu in Cryptum*. And, seeing her limpid eyes suffused with tears—either because of the dolorous *Portamento della Croce*, or the possible loss of El Gallito—the heart under the heavy crucifix rose up and hit hard against this symbol of self-renunciation.

And when the silken frills of the señorita had swished down the aisle, and the heavy doors had swung between him and those soft dark eyes, all the incense smoke in the world could not obscure the impress of that vision of loveliness, nor all the holy water in the font fade the memory of those dulcet, broken tones.

The world, to Pietro, grew strangely empty and meaningless when Rita's devotions were over. The array of holy wooden individuals that flanked the high altar seemed suddenly an uninteresting lot to spend his life among. The frescoes on the walls representing the souls of the blessed reposing on white clouds, and those of the damned being consumed by red and purple hell-fire, became a tiresome prospect; and as he watched old Padre Seria serving the holy eucharist he wondered if the good old soul really believed the communicants were eating and drinking God.

At the end of the señorita's devotions, the reverend father prescribed another confession.

"My daughter," he counseled, "you can not be absolved until you submit your will to the will of Providence."

Being himself vested with the will of Providence *pro tem*, the holy father proceeded with his ultimatum: "This earthly love is a good and holy thing if it be under the direction of Providence, but if not, you know the misery it brings." The dark eyes dropped dutifully as he continued: "Go to-morrow to the shrine of our blessed Lady of Guadalupe, and say a hundred *Aves* for a special intention for your heart to be guided in the right way." The padre's mind was busy with possibilities as he ended: "Then if your faith is equal to your plea, the right person will be made plain to you, either El Gallito or—another."

A very sober and thoughtful little señorita swished out of the church that day. So much penance and spiritual advice had left her in a wonderfully docile frame of mind. With Providence on her side she would be a very influential person indeed, she argued, and if the blessed Lady of Guadalupe had influence enough with Providence to get her on the winning side, she might then snap her fingers at her undutiful old parent, and marry whom she chose.

The next morning brought the excitement of *El día*

*de los Muertos*—the day when all Mexico turns out to pray for the release of the souls in Purgatory.

It was very early when the little señorita started out for the *cementerio* Tepeyac, the nearest route to the famous Guadalupe shrine. Crowds of others were, however, already there before her. Mourning relatives and friends bearing everything in the nature of a floral offering, from costly exotic orchids to wreaths of coarse cotton roses, thronged the highway. Toy vendors with their devices of skull-and-cross-bones of sugar, lath coffins surrounded by priest and acolytes, containing tiny casket skeletons, miniature catafalques and gold-leaf incrustated skeletons, riding balking bicycles—shouted themselves hoarse in their endeavors to dispose of their wares. Drawing back into a crossing, Rita waited for the crowd to pass, but every moment it grew denser. In this *calavera*, this veritable Carnival of Death, the mingling of levity with mourning forced upon her mind the brevity of life and the futility of all earthly desires.

The shrine of Guadalupe was still a long way off, but dodging through the throng and picking her way among the sweating, swearing, half-suffocated mass of humanity, she finally reached the gate of the *cementerio* that led to the shrine.

Shutting out the intruding sights and signs around her, she fell diligently to repeating her *rosario*. *Aves* and *pater noster* fell trippingly from her lips as she remembered the holy father's counsel. Soon, however, the shrine, too, was overrun with pilgrims and curious visitors. Almost the entire population of the city was now out to do homage to the dead, each according to his own light—from the haughty *hidalgo*, who stepped from his carriage to lay an exquisite floral tribute on the grave of his lost one, to the light-hearted *peon*, whose highest conception of the respect due his bereaved condition seemed to be to create a widespread dearth of all the *pulque* supply on the market.

Idlers and triflers were naturally among the sad-eyed throng, too, and the dainty little Rita, holding her swishy skirts tight around her with one hand to keep them from the damp sod, while she slipped her beads with the other, made an unconscious target to which all eyes shot straight.

Almost fifteen decades of *Aves* had been patiently and persistently gone through, when, on a wager that he could make those limpid eyes look up, a foreign fellow jostled her rudely. The señorita in her fright dropped her beads and turned to flee, but, on the instant, a deliverer like San Michel the Avenger, came to her rescue, putting the ruffian to flight, and returning to assure her there was nothing more to fear.

Surely Our Lady of Guadalupe was already on her side! Here was a miraculous intervention to save her from the insults of the foreigner. Visions of her strong pull with Providence, in which her father's authority dissipated like a bubble of nothingness, filled the air. Young Rita's religious training had been carefully conducted by the good nuns of Santa Clara, and she knew a miracle when she saw it.

Consequently, when the good San Michel told her this was too public a spot for her, unprotected, to be abroad, she gladly accepted his escort through the surging crowds. Outside the gate the world was gayer, faces seemed less sad, eyes less lachrymous, and, looking back upon the decorated graves with the tapers flaring among the flowers, one could easily fancy the thin wraiths of smoke the freed souls escaping from their tortured state to the bright skies overhead.

Under these influences the homeward walk was not a sad one. This self-constituted San Michel was, surely, very good. Also he was very good looking.

When, the following day, the story of her interrupted *Aves* was told in dulcet tones to the holy father, his censure was not as severe as the señorita had expected.

"Undoubtedly your petition was received, and Our Lady of Guadalupe has taken you under her protection. But you must remember, also, to be grateful to the means she employed in protecting you from the insults of the rude foreigner. He is doubtless a good and noble soul, and you must not forget him. Go to-morrow at the same hour and finish your *Aves*."

The next day, at the same hour, the *Aves* were finished. At the same hour also the good San Michel appeared. Remembering the counsel of her confessor, the little señorita again stopped and talked, and allowed him to walk home with her.

"It surely is the will of Providence," she began to argue to herself, "for wherever Padre Pietro tells me to go I am sure to meet him"—not realizing the danger-line was already reached when the word "him" had come to mean just one particular person, and not El Gallito at that.

El Gallito, noticing a growing coldness on the part of his heretofore ardent little sweetheart, attributed the falling temperature to her father's influence, but "it is only that my sinful heart is at last bent to the will of Providence," she assured him. Howbeit, the will of Providence was gradually becoming synonymous with the gentle manners and pleasant address of the charming San Michel. Providence, moreover, it was evident to one of her spiritual enlightenment, was unmistakably on her side. When she followed the guidance of her father confessor, it was sure to lead her by some unexpected turn into a confidential meeting with San Michel.

"Never doubt that your prayers at the shrine of Guadalupe were promptly answered, my daughter," the

holy father admonished her. "Because of the sincerity of your heart, a more worthy and excellent suitor was sent you."

El Gallito, as was his custom before a bull-fight, came also to Padre Pietro to make his confession and receive the blessed sacrament in case his soul should be sped too quickly in the bull-ring to attend to these rites later.

Padre Pietro listened with acute interest as he talked to him. The medals on the *torero's* expanding breast danced in the sunlight, and a reckless fire played in his eyes as he hinted at the trouble in his heart.

"In order that you may make a good confession, my son," the solemn tones of the reverend father commanded, "you must remain in the church to-morrow after mass and do the Stations of the Cross." The hour or two of tedious devotion was not, apparently, to the liking of this man of tense action, but the padre's manner was compelling. "Do them patiently and earnestly," he continued, "and then if you will present yourself in a fitting state of grace, your confession shall be heard."

Knowing that, whatever excitement might arouse the town between the hour of mass and the two succeeding hours, the church would be the last place El Gallito would be suspected of being, Pietro realized the time for action had arrived, and proceeded to strike while his iron was hot.

Thereupon Providence, that much-maligned and overworked quantity, was again observed to be up and doing in the holy father's behalf.

The service of the mass was, the next morning, conveniently late. El Gallito knelt dutifully in his place, waiting to follow the instructions of Father Pietro. Many other arrangements had also been hastily attended to during the twilight and early morning hours, and Pietro now stood in his accustomed place, his holy vestments concealing his unwonted garb.

The incense arose slowly from the swinging censor, filling the air with visions of a sweet earthly paradise, more to his taste, infinitely, than the nebulous joys of the hereafter. The swelling tones of the organ pealed out an undercurrent of meaning that swept along to the time of galloping hoofs, stolen kisses, wild, reckless freedom, and—the border land.

At the Introit the holy father raised his eyes and looked over the concourse of waiting worshipers—looked for the last time. Toward the shadowy corner of the confessional his eyes strayed frequently. The corners of his mouth relaxed into a tender smile as he recalled the dulcet, broken tones of that first outpouring of heart and soul. El Gallito knelt patiently in the farthest corner, occasional taper rays toying with his medals.

The service progressed mechanically. Pietro's thoughts flew wide of the mark, for there was strenuous business on his hands. He hoped the unsteadiness of his voice was not noticeable to the congregation, he marveled that the throbbing of his pulses did not drown out the organ, his hands trembled when he offered the chalice until the wine was spilled, and when he bent his lips to the altar it was no longer a cold insensate thing, but glowing, pulsating, living.

Before he knew it he was intoning the Collects: "*Omnipotens sempiterne Deus*—those horses ought to be saddled this minute and waiting in the thicket. I wonder—in *confessione fidei*—if that fool Guido remembered those spurs. Old Pancha will not need them, but Rita's horse is slow. The flies will be stinging them into fury if we are not off soon. *Trinitatis gloriam*—old El Gallito looks patient enough to wait a while. He'll have to wait till doomsday to confess his sins to me. *Jesu Christe*—who'll I confess my sins to now? *Per Dominum nostrum*. If you people suspected the identity of good Padre Pietro with the dashing San Michel you would get up off your knees, wouldn't you? But never mind, Pietro has a sudden recall to Spain, and the Señorita Rita has eloped with a South American mine-owner. *Spiritus Sancti*—those biting horse-flies, the dust, poor little Rita, suppose she should get hysterical! *Per omnia secula seculorum*—how the service drags! Why doesn't the music begin? What are they waiting for? Amen!"

MARGUERITE STABLER.  
SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1904.

A French account of the Japanese entry into Newchwang says: "Japanese reconnoitring parties entered at five in the evening. The men, little, square-built, well seated in their saddles, and riding good horses, knew exactly what to do, and answered no questions. Many small circumstances showed their military instruction to have been most careful. Each had a compass in a leather bracelet, worn on the left wrist, and many carried field-glasses. Certainly they did not strike one as famous for a charge, and one could not imagine them holding their own against a Cossack onslaught. But as a reconnoitring corps they approached, if they did not attain, perfection. These little men had gone through three days' hard fighting, and were our sole garrison through the night. Next day a cavalry squadron, followed by a corps of infantry, entered the town. I felt astonishment on seeing soldiers no bigger than small boys, and not so big as the little dragoons. The infantry reminded me of the battalions of the elementary schools of Paris at their fourteenth of July parade. It seemed incredible that these tiny beings could have beaten the big, burly Russians in all their different skirmishes and fights."



## PINERO'S "LETTY" IN NEW YORK.

Amelia Bingham, Mrs. Fiske, and Henry Miller in Various Plays—  
Pinero's "Letty" Well Done by Faversham—"Favvy's"  
Regeneration—A New Star—Story of "Letty."

The New York winter has begun. The people are all coming back, the town houses and apartments are raising their blue blinds, the theatres are putting on their new plays. Next week is the Horse Show, and the week after the first night of the opera. After that, the season will be in full blast—everybody will have engagements ten deep, and you will only be able to have conversations with your best female friend over the counters at Sterns & Altman's and in momentary meetings on the Avenue.

A batch of new plays has been put on, and several old ones revived. A good many desperate stars have not been able to get anything novel. The indefatigable Amelia Bingham takes the field again with "The Climbers." Mrs. Fiske is playing "Becky Sharpe," with "Hedda Gabler" advertised to follow, and Henry Miller is trying his luck with "Joseph Entangled." There is the usual crop of dreary comic operas and musical extravaganzas which most people seem to find so diverting, and to sit through which—if you haven't got the taste—is a painful and distracting experience. The two plays of most moment that have so far been given are Pinero's "Letty" and the translation of Mirbeau's "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," with Crane as the star.

I dropped in to see "Letty," the other afternoon, and found an auditorium full of women, extremely smart as to clothes, and very quiet and attentive. Pinero is one of those playwrights who appeal to women. They on their side interest him in a psychological way, and attract him dramatically. The problems made by the vagaries of the feminine temperament, swayed by blind gusts of passion, ruled by emotions only half-controlled and comprehended, are the problems that engage his attention. Women as dramatic material are a hundred times more interesting to him than men, and he is gentle to their faults and admits the charm of their most dangerous weaknesses. He has in fact an entirely flattering and masculine attitude toward them, as of the student studying through magnifying glasses the strange and charming gambols of attractive insects. This being the case, women love Pinero, delight in his plays, and make up two-thirds of his audiences.

Unfortunately for his general popularity, he has a predisposition toward what the publishers call "unpleasant" subjects. He is not "uplifting"; I doubt whether he ever was "helpful." He has the same tendency that Balzac had to be engrossed by the tragically sordid, the mean and bitter. He studies the life under his eye, and what strikes him in it is not its splendidly dark and dramatic elements, but its delicate, feline cruelty, its futile suffering, its hardness and cynicism, and, above all, the force with which its opinions and ideals beat out the rebellion of brave hearts. Pinero does not rise above his world, and only sees a little bit of it, but that bit he sees with extraordinary clearness, and he is clever. Nobody now writing plays is quite so clever.

One of the ways in which he is clever is in the absolute modernness of his theme and its treatment. In "Letty," for example, the story is grouped round a brother and sister of one of those aristocratic old English families, who, as the hero forcibly expresses it, are "rotten bad." Nevill Letchmere and his sister Tiny are the last reputable members of what was once a fine, distinguished breed. Their two brothers have gone through the divorce court. If there were any more sisters you don't hear of them. Nevill himself has had a wife, who has taken her child and left him, and he is not sorrowing for her. Tiny is married to a brute, who abuses and terrifies her—not a very hopeful situation when the wife is of such a stock as the Letchmeres.

Such a family, at such a stage of their downward course, is a feature of the life of London, of New York, of any great city where there is an idle class who have had enough money and enough leisure to indulge their love of pleasure and weaken their will-power. The advice of King Lemuel's mother would have been once timely and profitable for the Letchmeres; but it is too late now. The moral force is gone, the belief in their resistant power lost. They are charming people, and charmingly and gracefully they have set their faces toward the primrose path and follow their wanderings with as light hearts as may be. But they are storm breeders, these terrible, attractive, non-moral Letchmeres and their kind, and their track is strewn with wreckage. Kind-hearted, soft spoken, gently mannered, fibreless, they are the most dangerous of creatures to the welfare of those who love them.

Both brother and sister have created the kind of complications they were bound to create at the time the play opens. Tiny troubles on the verge of elopement with a consoling young man called Coppinger Drake. She means well—she always does, is at heart a good, honest girl—but her husband is brutal, and Coppinger Drake is kind and tender, and always on the spot. She comes to her brother for protection, telling him the whole story, and how she and Drake are resolved that evening to part forever. The part-

ing is to be accomplished at a farewell dinner to which Nevill—for safety, as an eternal parting between even undeclared lovers sometimes ends in spontaneous combustion—must come as a chaperoning third. After dinner Drake is to go off in his automobile into the night and the distance, and away from temptation and Tiny. It was part of their fate that Nevill, who was a loving and devoted brother, failed them at the crucial moment, that the parting did end in spontaneous combustion, and that Drake went off in the automobile into the night and the distance, but with temptation yielded to and Tiny beside him.

Nevill's sentimental complication was not of just the same kind. He has fallen into gentle and unagitating love with a young woman called Letty Schell, a clerk in an insurance office, a respectable and well-mannered girl of much personal charm and sweetness. Letty, not knowing he is married, thinks he means honestly by her, and loves him. He does not know just what he does mean, except that he can not marry her, and that it is very sweet to go drifting on in this semi-surreptitious friendship with an attractive girl, obviously in love with him.

It is typical of his kind, with its delightful gallantry, good breeding, and soft heart, that, after the mischief is done, he should have a sudden spasm of conscience and decide to tell Letty he is married, and advise her to accept the attentions of Mandeville, a Jew in the insurance office, who wants to make her his wife. Then it is equally typical that when he has done this, forced Letty (wounded to death at the ending of her dreams) into an engagement with the Jew, he should repent of it and tempt her back to him. His aesthetic sensibilities, his knowledge of Letty's innate fineness and delicacy of nature, are revolted at the thought of her marrying such a man as Mandeville. It is not so much his own love for her that induces him to lure her back as it is his consciousness of her abhorrence of such a marriage, the impossibility of her ever accommodating herself to such conditions.

Lastly, having got her back, having prevailed upon her to go so far as to come to his rooms at midnight and talk over future domestic arrangements and pecuniary settlements with her, he is suddenly touched by her pleadings, and lets her go. His vacillations, his treatment of her—at once selfish and considerate—are shown with remarkable subtlety. In fact, as far as heroes go, Mr. Pinero has never done anything better. He has achieved the feat of having given to the public an almost contemptible character, but so instinct with charm, so accomplished in the soft ways that beguile women, so essentially winning in an irresponsible, sympathetic, impulsive style, that the grief, the weakness, and the frailty of Letty are easily understood, and I make no doubt there were many women in that fine audience who were wondering in their hearts whether they would not have done just the same as she had they been placed in the same position. Fortunately for the "softer sex," men of the Nevill Letchmere type are rare.

The character of Letty also shows great discernment in its development and presentation. She is a sort of "eternal feminine" woman, obeying an instinct to love, and with that unquenchable power of idealizing the being loved, which marks such women. Letchmere was a living representation of her ideal; she did not have to do any glamour-throwing in his case. But when she had given him up and found herself once more a poor, sick, lonely clerk, she started in to deck and garnish with her ideals the first man that Fate threw in her way. It was part of her character—and also part of Mr. Pinero's gently cynical attitude toward feminine passions and their objects—that the next man should have been so unlike the first, and in the end should have so completely satisfied her. "So profit we by losing our prayers" was the moral idea the dramatist had in his mind. Letty, the mistress of the engaging and debonaire Letchmere, would never have known the peace and happiness in which we have Letty, the wife of Perry, the photographer, an unattractive man, almost a ridiculous man, but a man who was kind, affectionate, and generous, excellent materials for the idealizer to work upon.

Faversham plays Letchmere, and plays it so well that for the first time I have come to the conclusion he is really an actor. Once a man gets known as a matinee idol, it is very difficult to make people think he is anything else. Poor Faversham has been so sunk for years under an avalanche of feminine adorations—the kind of adorations that wear large hats, high heels, and eat jujubes—that it is hard to think of him seriously as a player. He is by far the most popular actor among women in New York. On the way out I met a lady, certainly not young, but a gay, mettlesome old soul, nevertheless, who said to me: "It's a good play, but it wouldn't be anything without 'Favvy.'"

I asked her if she was a victim, and she laughed, and said, proudly: "The worst kind, my dear. No matinee girl's as bad as I am—dead in love with Favvy, and have been for years."

A new girl, Carlotta Nilsson, plays Letty, and there has been a good deal of comment and difference of opinion about her. I don't know where she comes from, and, as far as I remember, have never seen her before. She is a new star that has come over the horizon very quickly, and it shows an unusually rapid rise that she should be given so responsible a part. She is undoubtedly talented, and talented in a promising way.

Her style is more like a Frenchwoman's than an Anglo-Saxon's—very fine and delicate and restrained, avoiding dramatic effects and not in the least declamatory. In the scene where Letchmere tells her he is married, and in the cheerful and deadly tones of practical common sense advises her to accept Mandeville, she was remarkably good. I can say no more than that her acting was exactly what one might expect from a loving and sensitive girl, stupefied with pain and humiliation, and trying, with the last remnants of her pride, to hide the wound she has just received.

As far as looks go, Miss Nilsson is rather poorly dowered—so poorly dowered that I have heard people make it a grievance against her. She is not ugly, though, only in playing she sacrifices her appearance to her part. When she is supposed to be sick and wan in the play, she does really look sick and wan, and when she is described as a working-girl who is trying to dress beyond her class, she dresses with the simple attempts at elegance that such a girl might compass. The dominant note in her make-up is that of fine, dainty feminineness. Letty might have been exactly such a one as this—not exactly pretty, but small, soft, innocently seductive—all that our comprehensive and untranslatable word "cunning" stands for.

Here I am at the end of my letter, and not a word about the English translation of Mirbeau's play, "Business is Business." And I intended devoting half my space to it! Such is the fate of most good intentions. It will have to wait over for another time, and that may mean never be mentioned again. It is too bad, because it's such an interesting subject, and I had such lots to say about it. Everybody was bad except Crane, who was good, very good, unusually good. But, poor man, having to play before such audiences! What crime has he ever committed that he should be so punished? Most of the people thought it was a French farce, and laughed expectantly and encouragingly when dark and serious things were on the tapis. I'm sure half of the house thought that it was going to be a sort of "Dame de chez Maxim," and expected that the famous Belasco bed was going to figure in it somewhere. I should have sympathized with Crane if he had attacked his auditors, like John Alexander Dowie, and told them that they were "fools" and "jackasses" and "miserable musquitoes."

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 14, 1904.

## A Noted Frenchman.

Paul de Cassagnac, whose death is announced, was the fire-eater of the Bonapartists, and one of the best-known journalists of France. He possessed the gift of keen satire, and had an unexceptionable capacity for lucid expression. For many years he was editor of *Le Pays*, which was suspended in 1874 on account of his violent articles. In 1876, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. After the death of the prince imperial, in 1879, M. de Cassagnac supported Prince Victor Napoleon, and to assist in promulgating his imperialistic ideas he founded a new journal, *L'Autorité*. In his writings and speeches he predicted a speedy restoration of the empire, and he made bitter attacks on the ministry. He was expelled from the assembly for insulting the members. For calling M. Ferry a liar he was excluded from the House. He challenged M. Ferry to a duel, but received no answer. In a debate on Freemasonry he attacked M. Floquet, giving him the lie. A duel was prevented. He accused M. Dupuy-Dutemps of having circulated reports that he had accepted bribes from the Panama company, and, although a denial was made by the statesman, the fiery journalist sent his seconds to M. Dupuy-Dutemps. A duel was also averted in this instance. His anti-Semitic views made him a prominent figure in the Dreyfus case. M. de Cassagnac bore no love for the United States. He lost no opportunity of expressing his hatred of Americans, and referred to them in his writings as "a very mean people."

Fig growers of California will be interested in this item from the *Augusta Chronicle*: "We are informed that A. F. Gardner, of Yazoo City, is planting five thousand fig trees. The trees are one year old, bear the second year, at the age of five years, average sixty-five pounds of fruit to the tree, and the fruit brings from four to six cents a pound; demand unlimited. There is no State in this Union where the fig tree flourishes more prolifically than in Georgia."

The government fish commission has been making investigations about the suitability of fish skins for clothing. It has been found that salmon skins make excellent leather, and have been used for boots by the Eskimos for this purpose for years. These northern people also use tanned codfish skins for coats and waterproof garments. The fish commission has also found that whaleskin makes beautiful leather and takes color well.

Celibacy is not universal in the priesthood of the catholic church, nor does the church insist that it should be. The priests of the Syrian Roman catholic church are allowed to marry, and many of them do. At the present time, there is a Syrian priest in Boston who has a wife and several children, and he is in good and regular standing in the Roman catholic church.



## STARVING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Also Adventures With a Sonoma County Bull—A  
Noted British Novelist Writes About Strange  
Experiences in the Far West.

Critics are rapidly coming to recognize that Morley Roberts is a British novelist to be reckoned with. Each successive hook reveals a greater grasp and power. His last novel, "Rachael Marr," is said by one competent critic to be, in his opinion, "one of the few novels which may fairly be called great." The *Nation's* reviewer says: "Too much praise it would be difficult to offer as far as the technique of Mr. Roberts is concerned. The style is vivid . . . perilous situations are handled with delicacy and rare tact." The *Sun* says: "Mr. Morley Roberts is powerful and sometimes profane."

But such are the freaks of fortune, such the reverses, that time brings, that not so many years ago the author of "Rachael Marr" wandered penniless on the streets of San Francisco and starved.

It was no sociological adventure. He was friendless, hopeless, helpless. He lived, as he himself says, in "the hideous den of a common lodging-house," where the agent for the city directory recorded him as "Charles Roberts, laborer." At one time, he walked the streets for weeks looking for work. He was glad to beg a ten-cent meal. He was happy to take a bowl of soup from charity. About all of which he tells in a volume of collected sketches, "A Tramp's Note-Book," just published in England, whence the London publishers have specially sent to the *Argonaut* a copy for review.

I came into the city [he tells us] with a quarter of a dollar, two hits, or one shilling and a half-penny in my possession. Starvation and sleeping on boards when I was by no means well, broke me down, and at the same time enervated me. On the third day I saw some of my equal outcasts inspecting a hill on a telegraph pole on Kearny Street, and on reading it, I found it a religious advertisement of some services to be held in a street running off of Kearny, I believe on upper California Street. At the bottom of the hill was a notice that men out of work and starving who attended the meeting would be given a meal. Having been starving only some twenty-four hours I sneered and walked on. My agnosticism was bitter in those days, bitter and polemic.

But I got no work. The streets were full of idle men. They stood in melancholy group at corners, sheltering from the rain. I knew no one but a few of my equals. I could get no ship: the city was full of sailors. I starved another twenty-four hours, and then I went to the service.

Roberts goes to tell how his agnostic conscience revolted at receiving material favors from the revivalist preacher, with his "hand of adoring girls," and of how he came to attend a "Watch-Night Service." We quote:

It was a miserable time of rain, and Christmas Day found me hopeless of a meal. But by chance I came across a man whom I had fed, and he returned my hospitality by dining me for fifteen cents at the "What Cheer House," a well-known poor restaurant in San Francisco. Then followed some days of more than semi-starvation, and I grew rather light-headed. The last day of the year dawned, and I spent it foodless, friendless, solitary. But after a long evening's aimless wandering about the city, I came back to California Street, and at ten o'clock went to the Watch-Night Service in the room of the first preacher I had heard.

Following this passage, Roberts gives a vivid picture of the Watch-Night Service, and tells how he had to struggle with himself to keep from "rising" with the rest under the spell of the emotional music and the voices of the women, the exhortation, and the intoxication of the warmth and light. At last the "redeemed" began to march about the hall:

Then from the procession came these girl acolytes, and, dividing themselves, they appealed to us and prayed. They were not beautiful, perhaps, but they were women. We outcasts of the prairie and the camp-fire and the streets had been greatly divorced from feminine speech influences, and these succeeded where speech and prayer and song had failed. As one spoke to me, I saw hard resolution wither in me. What woman had spoken kindly to them in this hard land since they left their Eastern homes? Why should they pain them? And as they joined the singing band of believers, the girls came to those of us who still stayed, and doubled and redoubled their entreaties. That it was not what they said, but those who said it, massing influences and suggestion, showed itself when he who had been stubborn to one yielded with moist eyes to two. And three overcame him who had mutely resisted less.

They knew their strength, and spoke softly with the voices of loving women. And not a soul had spoken to me so in my far and weary songless passage from the Atlantic States to the Pacific Coast. Long repressed emotions rose in me as the hair of one brushed my cheek, as the hand of another lay upon my shoulder and mutely bade me rise; as another called me, as another beckoned. I looked around like a half-fascinated beast, and I caught the eye again of the man on my left. He and I were the only ones left sitting there. All the rest had risen and were singing with the singers.

In his eye, I doubt not, I saw what he saw in mine. A look of encouragement, a demand for it, no doubt, an emotional struggle, and

deeper than all a queer bitter amusement, that said plainly, "If you fail me, I fail, but I would rather not play the hypocrite in these hard times." We nodded rather mentally than actually, and were encouraged. I knew if I yielded I was yielding to something founded essentially on sex, and for my honesty's sake I would not fail.

"My child, it is no use," I said to her who spoke to me, and, struggling with myself, I put her hand from me. But still they moved past and sang, and the girls would not leave me till the first stroke of midnight sounded from the clock upon the wall.

Yet they were not all lost, says Morley Roberts, these hard days under bitter skies in odd corners of the world. "I had learnt the one big lesson that too few learn. I had to depend on myself. . . . The Australian hush university, with the sun, moon, and stars in the high places, and labor, hunger, and thirst holding prominent lectureships, helped to educate me." To this he adds:

America was my second great university, and though I lack any learned degree earned by examinations, and may put no letters after my name, I maintain I passed creditably, if without honors, in the hardest schools of the world. America was real life; it was forever putting the stiffest questions to me. I can imagine an examination paper which might appall many fat graduates:

1. Describe from experience the sensations of hunger when prolonged over three days.

2. Explain the differences in living in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco on a dollar a week. In such cases, how would you spend ten cents if you found it in the street at three o'clock in the morning?

3. How long would it be in your case before want of food destroyed your sense of private property? Give examples from your own experience.

4. How far can you walk without food—(a) when you are trying to reach a definite point; (b) when you are walking with an insane view of getting to some place unknown where a good job awaits you?

5. If, after a period (say three weeks) of moderate starvation, and two days of absolute starvation, you are offered some work, which would be considered laborious by the most energetic coal-heaver, would you tackle it without food, or risk the loss of the job by requesting your employer to advance you fifteen cents for breakfast?

6. Can you admire mountain scenery—(a) when you are very hungry; (b) when you are very thirsty? If you have any knowledge of the ascetic ecstasy, describe the symptoms.

7. You are in South-West Texas without money and without friends. How would you get to Chicago in a fortnight? What is the usual procedure when a town objects to impetuous tramps staying around more than twenty-four hours? Can you describe a "calahouse"?

8. Sketch an American policeman. Is he equally polite to a railroad magnate and a tramp? What do you understand by "fanning with a club"?

9. Which are the best as a whole diet—apples or watermelons?

10. Define "tramp," "hummer," "heeler," "hoodlum," and "politician."

After his hard time in San Francisco—this was in 1885—it appears that Mr. Roberts got a job on a Los Gualucos ranch in Sonoma County, and he tells us all about it in the chapter entitled, "My Friend El Toro," and a most amusing chapter it is.

It appears that El Toro, as the name of course indicates, was a big brindled bull, a fighter, yet amiable—so amiable that Roberts used to sit on his back and scratch his head with a little piece of wood which had a blunt nail in it. The bull had other uses than those which might be expected, as the following passage will sufficiently indicate:

How hard I worked on that Sonoma County ranch I can hardly say. I had horses in the stable and horses outside. The cattle outside were mine. Three hundred sheep I was responsible for. Some young motherless foals I nursed. I milked six cows. I chopped wood. I cleaned huggies. I drove wagons and carriages, and cleaned and greased them. Sometimes I stood in the middle of the great barn-lot, or harnyard, and tore my hair in desperation. I had so much to attend to that only the strictest method enabled me to get through it. And, as Jack had told me, would happen, my method was knocked endways by the requirements of the lady who was my "hoss." What a woman wants done is always the most important thing on earth. She used to ask me to do up her acre of a garden in between times when the sheep wanted water or twenty horses required hay. She was amiable, kindly, but she never understood. At such times who could blame me if I went to the bull's stable when I saw her coming? Though the bull was the sweetest character on the ranch, she went in mortal terror of him. She would try to find me in the horse stable, but she would not come near El Toro for her very life. It was better to sit quietly with him and recover my equanimity while she called. I knew her well enough to know that in a quarter of an hour something else of the vastest importance would engage her attention, and I should be free to attend more coolly to my own work.

Here is another eloquent passage from the chapter on "My Friend El Toro":

There was a magnificent difference between El Toro as I sat on him and scratched him with a nail and as he was when he turned himself loose for a happy day in the country. In the stable he was as mild as milk. I could have almost imagined him purring like a cat. He chewed the cud and made homely sloppy noises with his tongue, and regarded me with a calm, hovine gaze, which was as gentle as that of any pet cow's. I could have

fallen asleep beside him. It is reported that my predecessor Jack, on one occasion, came home much the worse for liquor, and was found reclining on El Toro. There was not a soul on the ranch who dared disturb the loving couple. But when the rope was parted and El Toro loped down the road to seek a row as keenly as any Irishman on a fair day, he was quite another sort of an animal. He carried his tail in the air, and bellowed wildly to the hills. He threw out challenges to all and sundry. He gave it to he understood that the world and the fatness thereof were his. This was no mere haggadocio; it was not the misplaced confidence of a stall-fed bull in his mere weight; he really could fight, and though he was only on the warpath about once a month, there was not a bull in the valley which had not retained in his thick skull and muddy brains some recollection of El Toro's prowess. The only trouble about this, from my pet bull's point of view, was that he could rarely get up a row. Most of his possible enemies fled when he tooted his horn and waltzed into the arena through a smashed fence. He was magnificent, and he was war incarnate.

Still another passage:

Yes, it was a fine thing to gallop through that warm, bright California air after El Toro, with the brown hills on either side and its patches of green vineyard brightening daily. It was freedom after the toil of axle-greasing and the slow work with sheep. It was better than grinding axes and trying to cut the tough knobs of vine stumps: better than grooming horses and milking cows. It made me think even more of the great Australian plains and of the Texas prairie and the round-up. *Ay de mi*, I remember it now, sometimes, and I wish I was on horseback, swinging my whip and uttering diabolic yells, significant of the freedom of the spirit as I rush after the spirit of El Toro. For my pet, my brindled fighter, my own El Toro, whom I combed so delicately with a bent nail, for whom I gathered buckets of bruised but fat California pears, is now no more. They told me, when I visited Los Gualucos, seven years ago, that he became difficult, morose, hard to handle, and they sold him. They sold this joyous incarnation of the spirit of battle and the pure joy of life for a mean and miserable thirteen dollars! When I think of it, I almost fall to tears. So might some coward son of the seas sell a battle-ship for ten pounds because it was not suitable for a ferry-boat or a river yacht. I would rather a thousand times have taken him out to fight his last Armageddon and then have shot him on the lonely hills from which all other bulls had fled. These mean-souled, conscienceless money-makers, who could not understand so brave, so fine a spirit, sold him to a Santa Rosa hutter! Shame on them, I say. I am sorry I ever revisited the Valley of the Seven Moons to bear such lamentable news. It made me unhappy then, makes me unhappy now.

On the occasion referred to in the above paragraph, when Mr. Roberts visited California "seven years ago," he of course noted the changes that had taken place in San Francisco:

It looked the same as when I knew it, and yet was altered. The gigantic architectural horrors of New York and Chicago had leapt

to the Pacific, and here and there ten or twelve-storied buildings thrust their monotonous ugliness into the sky.

In this city I had starved for three solid months, picking up a meal where I could find it. I had been without a bed for three weeks. I had shared begged food with beggars. Now I came back to in under far different circumstances. I walked in the afternoon to some of my old haunts, and, coming to the hideous den of a common lodging-house where I had once lived, my flesh crept. I remembered that once the agent for a directory had put down "Charles Roberts, laborer," as living there, and I tried to get back into my old skin. For a while I succeeded, but the experiment was horrible, and I was glad to drop the dead past and leave the grimy water front where I had looked and looked in vain for work.

For a week I stayed in San Francisco. Then I had an experience which falls to few men, for I went to stay as a visitor at Los Gualucos, where I had once been a stableman. The situation was interesting, for there were still many men in the ranch who had worked with me; even the Chinese cook was there. In the old days he had often appealed to me for more wood to give his devouring dragon of a stove. But things were altered now. On the first morning of my stay I was in the wood pile, and could not help taking my coat off and lighting into it with the axe. The Chinaman came running out with uplifted hands.

"Oh, Mr. Loherts, Mr. Loherts, you no splittee me wood, you too much welly kind gentleman, you no splittee me wood!"

So things change, but I split him a barrow load all the same.

It grieves us to have to record that Morley Roberts has a had opinion of San Franciscans. Referring to his departure from Los Gualucos Ranch, the novelist says:

I was sorry to leave the ranch and go back to San Francisco, where nine men out of ten in all degrees of society are much too disagreeable for words. The only really decent fellows I met there were a Frenchman and a young mining engineer named Brandt, son of Dr. Brandt, at Royat, who was once R. L. Stevenson's physician; and above all an Irish surveyor and architect, the most charming and genial of men. The Californians themselves are less worth knowing as they appear to have money; the moment they begin to fancy themselves a cut above the vulgar, their vulgarity is their chief feature, stupendous as the Rocky Mountains, as obvious as the Grand Duke of Johannisherg's nose.

With which choice morsel we end this review. There are many chapters of quite as great interest from which we have quoted not at all—notably those on "Sheep and Sheep Herding," "American Shipmasters," "Books in the Great West," etc.

Published by F. V. White & Co., Ltd., 14 Bedford Street, Strand, W. C., London, England.

"Elfin Songs of Sunland," the little book of verses for children, written by Charles Keeler, has passed into a third edition which, considering that the holiday season is not far off, seems likely to be itself exhausted soon.

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## LITERARY NOTES

## Four Novels of Prime Importance.

We are so used to Mr. Howells that sometimes we forget to praise him. He never startles us or shocks us, or makes "a sensation" and we are inclined to accept fine books from his pen rather as a matter of course—with little enthusiasm. He is a *terra cognita*, there is slight relish of adventure or discovery in store for the confirmed novel reader when he takes up a new book by Mr. Howells.

Some such reasons as these, we think, must be found to explain a sort of indifference toward the Dean of American Letters in the reviews of his last three or four books. Yet they are fine books—books that scarcely have their peers among any published in America. The delicate insight, without cynicism; the intimate understanding of the social attitudes, whims, and standards of conduct of the people of whom he writes; the philosophy of life that rightly refuses to dogmatize; the jesting kindness of a mellow old age toward the frailties and weaknesses of his neighbors—all these things commend to us Mr. Howells' later novels, and, in particular, his last, "The Son of Royal Langbrith."

It is a fine story. Its plot holds the general interest to the end. The humor of its every page titillates the fancy as we go along. It is a long and meaty novel, equal to all but the very best of Mr. Howells' books. It is almost up to "Silas Lapham."

The story has an odd plot. James Langbrith, the son of a wealthy mill-owner of Saxmills, holds his father's memory in utter reverence. He believes him to have been a noble man. Four persons only know the truth—that Royal Langbrith was a villain, a very devil—and they had always hated to tell him, and now that he has grown to manhood, and developed a strong pride of race, it seems impossible to reveal to him the truth. But they refrain, not without a struggle. Indeed, much of the volume is devoted to the debate with their consciences of gentle Mrs. Langbrith, the widow of the villainous Royal (she still bears marks of blows he gave her twenty years before), the kindly old country doctor who loves Mrs. Langbrith, and the judge and the clergyman whom the physician makes privy to the disgraceful story of the elder Langbrith's life. The climax comes when young Langbrith desires to, and does, place a memorial tablet on the public library in honor of his venerated father. The character of this impetuous boy, with the blackguard's blood mixed with that of the meek wife, is an absorbing study; he, by turns, gets the dislike and sympathy of the reader throughout. In Hope Hawberk, Mr. Howells has drawn a delightful personality—a girl gay yet wise, mocking yet sincere, elusive yet true as steel. The other characters are all portrayed with that insight and fidelity that distinguishes Mr. Howells's work. The reader will venerate Dr. Anther as one of the highest types of mankind; he will admire the wit and wisdom of Judge Garley; Dr. Enderby will, before the book ends, command his unmitigated respect, while Falk, young Langbrith's friend, is quite an alluring young man.

Perhaps the chief fault of this, as of others of Mr. Howells's books, is that they show only one side of the shield—the good side. There are no villains, except the dead one. The author wastes no time tracing the mental processes of essentially wicked men and women. He gives these gentry short shrift, and therefore Mr. Howells's work, as a whole, gives the impression of a higher degree of civilization than that to which we have yet attained. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Hall Caine is a lucky dog. His new novel, "The Prodigal Son," has been attacked by a London critic who charges the author with having made unwarranted and offensive use of a certain incident in the life of the poet Rossetti. Mr. Caine, of course, replies at length in the columns of the London *Daily Mail*, and the war is on! By the way, Caine gives the piquant bit of information that Rossetti's act in burying with his dead wife a whole volume of unpublished poems, was inspired not by love and grief but was an act of partial reparation to her for cruelty and neglect which the London writer now says, probably included suicide.

"The Prodigal Son," about which there is all this fuss, is a return to Mr. Caine's earlier and better manner. The book has real strength. The author has abandoned for the present at least his silly and hysterical preaching—his religious monomaniacs, his popes, and his prelates—and writes again of people whom he knows better and portrays more truly.

The scene of "The Prodigal Son" is Iceland. The daughter of the leading merchant of the island, a beautiful girl called Thora, has been betrothed from her early years to Magnus, the son of the governor. Magnus is a huge, heavy, dull-witted, slow-going fellow, and when the brother of Magnus, Oscar, comes back from Oxford with a reputation for "fancy and a fascinating way with him," Thora falls in love with him, and himself believes that he is in love with

the girl. Honest Magnus, seeing how things are going, determines to give up his betrothed to his younger brother. But he recognizes somewhat of Oscar's waywardness and fickleness, and tells him: "I give her up to you that you may love her and cherish her and make her happy and be a better husband to her than I could. But if you don't do it, if you ever neglect her, or desert her, or give her up for another woman, I'll take her back. Do you hear me? I'll take her back, and then—then, by God, I'll kill you!" Well, the "other woman" does appear, and she is no less a person than Helga, the younger sister of Thora. She is as wicked as her sister is good, and Oscar conceives for her a passion. So this is the plot: two brothers, hating each other, one loving a woman, and the other married to her with little love; and two sisters struggling for possession of the younger, the more brilliant, but not morally the stronger, of the two sons of Iceland's governor. It is almost unnecessary to say that Oscar is the Prodigal Son of the title. Through Helga's evil domination over him, he commits crime, flees Iceland, and returns, the details and results of all of which the reader may safely be left to discover for himself. "The Prodigal Son" is bound to be enormously popular, and, unlike "The Christian" and "The Eternal City," it will almost deserve the favor it receives.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

When "Pigs in Clover" appeared last year, we pronounced it one of the strong books of the year. "Baccarat," Frank Danby's new novel, has some of the same hard strength, but it is a most unpleasant book. The author is a realist. She is a woman of mature years, disillusioned, a little bitter, and by nature one who dislikes to mince things. She prefers to set forth in bald words the hard facts. It is for this reason that we would not care to see "Baccarat" in the hands of a young girl. It is no book for the innocent. But we can not deny its vital appeal to readers of maturity and discrimination.

Briefly, "Baccarat" is the story of a middle-class Englishman and his wife, a French girl. Chance throws her into his hands fresh from the convent, a young, laughing, talkative, loving creature, and of course he marries her. For ten years they live happily, he the taciturn, honest, affectionate, stolid harrister, and she the pretty, ignorant, vivacious wife and mother. One summer, they decide to go to Caburg for their vacation. He is detained. She and the children go alone. She meets there, in her sudden loneliness, a gentlemanly Belgian director of the local gaming-house. He plays upon her inherited love of the game (her father was a noted gamester), gets her hopelessly into debt to him, and—to cut a long story brutally short—seduces her. She has simply got so into debt at the gaming-tables that she dare not face her husband, and this suave Belgian is her only recourse. Then the husband shows up—meanwhile she has fallen desperately ill of fever—pays off and kicks out her paramour, and takes her back to England with him, believing he can forgive her and that all can be as before. But "he is not God," as the book says; he can not forget; and when the wife falls ill, and will bear a child—the child of the Belgian—the story grows painful in its portrayal of a man's agony. The conclusion is logical enough, and, in fact, the book, simply as an achievement of the imagination, can not be denied praise. But it is most unpleasant, told without the slightest attempt to blink the issues and the implications.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

The large circle of readers who expectantly await, annually at least, a new romance from Marion Crawford, will find in "Whosoever Shall Offend," the latest from his prolific pen, one more addition to his series of novels of Italian life. In this field he has long been supreme, for he knows Italy and her people as intimately almost as one of her own

writers. His characters have the Latin temperament, his atmosphere is Italian through and through, yet the point of view is distinctly Anglo-Saxon, a fact that makes his romances more popular reading than the sombre and powerful works of Matilde Serao, whose novels reach the English-reading public only through the medium of translations.

"Whosoever Shall Offend" is sombre enough in outline. It is the story of a villain's deliberate scheming to put out of life his wife and his stepson in order that he may gain possession of the rich inheritance left by them. His plot involves a murder by poisoning, which has a tragic thrill of reality about it, recalling, as it does, some details of the Bologna murder mystery, which has recently aroused the interest of all Europe. Falco Corbario, the man whose crimes precipitate all the action of the story, is drawn in broadest lines as a craftily scheming assassin, callous to the point of degeneracy. But in the main, the book is one of incident, not of character study. There is a pleasant opening picture of Italian villa life in the country about Rome, and the young loves of Marcello and Aurora are charmingly indicated. But crime and tragedy hold the centre of the stage throughout, and in another environment or in less able hands, the elements of the plot would be pure melodrama. Fitted into appropriate surroundings, they seem to gain a tinge of realism. The villainies of Corbario are accepted as a phase of Italian character, the fiercely passionate Ercole becomes an impressive figure in spite of a hint toward theatricalism, and the peasant girl Regina, whose one animating impulse is self-surrendering love, captivates the fancy. She is a creature of splendid vitality, dazzling to the judgment, and may be reckoned as one of Marion Crawford's best creations. So directly is the story told, carried along as it is with a swiftness of movement not common with this writer, the book will assuredly take its place as one of the most absorbing of Marion Crawford's Italian romances.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

## A Museum-Monument for Zola.

A suggestion has been made for the purchase of the house in which Emile Zola was born, and its transformation into a public monument to his memory. The house is situated at Medan, and is the goal of an annual pilgrimage of the admirers of the great writer, but it is in imminent danger of being sold to a private purchaser, who, in all probability, will make considerable alterations in its appearance. M. Alfred Bruneau, however, is making a great effort for the preservation of the place, and calls on all good republicans to subscribe their mites to the sum necessary for its purchase. He points out that the habitation of Gambetta has been saved from spoliation, and, as Zola did as much for France by his writings as Gambetta did by his oratory, a similar honor should be accorded to the founder of the League of the Rights of Man. Both of them battled equally in the cause of the people, and both names will go down to history among those of the greatest men France has produced.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
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Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar.....	6.70
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Argonaut and Out West.....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set.....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset.....	4.25



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Some Serious Books of Moment.

One of the most beautiful books that has fallen into our hands this autumn is "Italian Villas and their Gardens," the letter-press of which is written by Edith Wharton and the pictures for which were painted by Maxfield Parrish. These are the essays and reproductions of paintings which have appeared in the pages of the *Century Magazine* during the year, and which have been one of its admirable and distinguishing features. In book-form, on a larger page, Mr. Parrish's work seems even more charming, and Mrs. Wharton's graceful and individual style is no less pleasing when read in full large type between handsome covers. The volume is in form a royal octavo, and should prove one of the most popular of books for holiday presentation.

Published by the Century Company, New York; \$6.00 net.

One of the most interesting works in the department of biography in the list of the year's books is "Autobiography: Memories and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway," published in two volumes, totaling nearly a thousand pages. Mr. Conway, during his long and active life, has met and known an extraordinary number of distinguished people in Virginia, in Massachusetts, and in England. He has been a lawyer, a minister, an editor, and a journalist, both in this country and abroad. He is the author of numerous books. During all this period he has kept a record of his relations with noted people, the extent of which may be inferred from the fact that it required four years to put the memoranda into shape for publication. We have no hesitation in recommending this work to all serious readers.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; two volumes, \$6.00.

A pleasant book, written in the author's well-known discursive style, is "An Irishman's Story," by Justin McCarthy. It is a work more personal than the same writer's "History of Our Own Times," and, despite that McCarthy has suffered partial loss of sight and is broken in health, it is vivacious and optimistic. It tells the story of his life from the earliest memories of his birthplace, near Cork, to his retirement from political activity, in 1900. There are reminiscences of Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Gladstone, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Dickens, Bryant, Ripley, Greeley, Sumner, Phillips, Bayard Taylor, and others.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50.

Another work in biographical vein is "Aubrey de Vere: A Memoir Based on Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence," by Wilfrid Ward. De Vere was the ideal figure of a poet. Sara Coleridge said of him: "I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he is, but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with." De Vere was the friend of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, Browning, and Newman, and his correspondence with these men is very charming. His poems are of no very great importance, and, indeed, Mr. Ward devotes more space to De Vere the Roman catholic pietist than to De Vere the poet.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Still another autobiography is that of Alexander Bain, for many years professor of logic and English in the University of Aberdeen. His best-known works are "Logic Deductive and Inductive," and a critique of John Stuart Mill. The works is valuable to those interested in the personal development of Professor Bain's philosophy.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Eight out of the proposed total of twelve volumes of that monumental enterprise, "The Jewish Encyclopedia," are now published. The eighth volume extends from Leon to Moravia, and, like its predecessors, is profusely illustrated. As we have previously remarked, this is a notably interesting work, not only to those of Jewish race, but to all who have to deal with Jewish history. No library with pretensions to completeness should omit placing on its shelves "The Jewish Encyclopedia."

Published by Funk & Wagnalls; sold by subscription only for the complete set; per volume, \$4.00.

Olin D. Wheeler, author of a handsome illustrated work in two volumes, entitled "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," personally traversed in 1900 some of the main portions of the route pursued by Lewis and Clark nearly a hundred years before. He was accompanied by photographers, and had with him at all times the printed narrative of the pioneer explorers. He was thus enabled to give a vivid idea of the famous expedition, and to write of it from special knowledge.

He has retold the story of the expedition with notes on the subject drawn from his own experience and that of other explorers, and has added to this an account of the Louisiana Purchase. There are in all two hundred illustrations, which add greatly to the interest of the work.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Augustus C. Buell's "Life of Andrew Jackson" is avowedly a sort of balance to James Parton's life of the same picturesque personality. According to the publisher's preface, Mr. Buell wrote to them before his death: "It is at least an American book—not an English one, like Parton's. I could not have written an anglo-maniac book if I had tried, but if I had tried and succeeded, it would not have been Jackson." Accordingly, the reader finds, as he expects, that the biographer approves of all of Jackson's radical acts, and denominates him a great and heroic figure. It is doubtful, however, if Buell is more dependable than Parton. Mr. Buell was a facile writer, a journalist of some note, but not a serious historical student. His work is therefore readable and interesting, rather than authoritative.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.00.

## Juvenile Books.

"It All Came True," by Mary F. Leonard. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents—a story for girls.

"The Minute Boys of the Green Mountains," by James Otis. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25—a story for boys.

"Our Birds and Their Nestlings," by Margaret C. Walker. Illustrated in colors. American Book Company—for school reading.

"The Nursery Fire," by Rosalind Richards. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—entertaining short stories for children.

"Dorothy's Spy," by James Otis. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents—a story for children of the first Fourth of July.

"Biddy's Episodes," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a story for girls by this veteran writer; she is now over eighty.

"Is There a Santa Claus?" by Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; 75 cents—a charming and whimsical answer to an old question.

"The Pearl and the Pumpkin," by Paul West and W. W. Denslow. Many illustrations in color. G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25—for children of seven or eight.

"Little Metacombet; or, the Indian Playmate," by Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents—a juvenile story of a New England Indian boy.

"Red Hunters and the Animal People," by Charles A. Eastman. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net—a well-written volume for boys by an educated Sioux Indian.

"Strenuous Animals," by Edwin J. Webster. Many illustrations by E. W. Kemble and Bob Addams. Frederick A. Stokes Company—a funny bunch of stories for young folk.

"Denslow's Scarecrow and the Tin-Man and Other Stories." Many pictures in colors. G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25—one of the best of picture-verse books for very small children.

"Rhymes and Jingles," by Mary Mapes Dodge. Profusely illustrated in black and white by Sarah S. Stilwell. Charles Scribner's Sons—charming verses for young folk in beautiful binding.

"The Merryweathers," by Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.25—the concluding volume of the Margaret and Hildegard Series, by the famous author of "Captain January."

"Comedies and Legends for Marionettes," by Georgiana Goddard King. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company; \$1.25—a necessary book to any one who desires to arrange a little marionette theatre for children.

"Jack in the Rockies; or, A Boy's Adventures with a Pack Train," by George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company—a stirring story by a well-known naturalist and writer for boys.

"Kristy's Queer Christmas," by Olive Thorne Miller. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25—a book for children of eleven or twelve by a capable writer of children's stories now resident in California.

"In the Miz," by Grace E. Ward. With eight full-page plates in color and numerous text illustrations from drawings by Clara E. Atwood. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a clever series of short stories for young children.

"Freckles," by Gene Stratton-Porter. Illustrated and decorated by E. Stetson Crawford. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a unique story of a boy waif who guards a tract

of valuable timber land, and comes to know about living and growing things, and to love "the Angel of the Swamp."

"Nelson's Yankee Boy: The Adventures of a Plucky Young New Englander at Trafalgar and Elsewhere, and Later in the War of 1812," by F. H. Costello. Profusely illustrated. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

"Mary's Garden and How It Grew," by Frances Duncan. Profusely illustrated. The Century Company; \$1.25—a book designed to waken in children love of a garden and its care; cast in story form; well written.

"Goop Tales Alphabetically Told: A Study of the Behavior of Some Fifty-Two Interesting Individuals, Each of Which, while Mainly Virtuous, Yet Has Some One Human and Redeeming Fault," by Gelett Burgess. With numerous illustrations by the author. The Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50.

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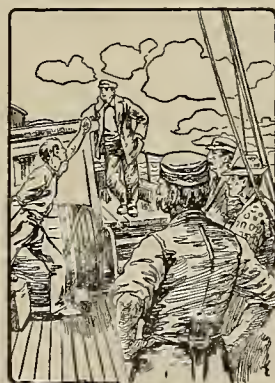
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

President Jordan has made some additions to his allegory, "The Wandering Host," originally issued by Messrs. Whitaker & Ray, of San Francisco, and the American Unitarian Association has arrayed it with green page borders figuring a forest path, and have made a holiday book of it. Its former title was "The Story of the Innumerable Company." Its intention is to show the growth of the Christian idea from beautiful but narrow asceticism to broad charity.

The Macmillan Company will publish next week a book on "Poverty," by Robert Hunter. It is believed that ten million persons suffer from poverty in this country, and the book is a study of those who are insufficiently fed, badly clothed, and poorly housed. It is stated that this is the first practical attempt to demonstrate the amount of distress in the United States, and to compare it with that of different countries in Europe.

McClure, Phillips & Co., about the middle of this month, will bring out a book entitled "The Americans," translated from the German of Professor Hugo Münsterberg's "Die Amerikaner," an explanation of the American people, dealing with their customs, history, and political life.

The election of Mr. Roosevelt has been made the occasion for the issuance of an Italian translation of his book, "The Strenuous Life," which is having a large sale in Italy.

Stewart Edward White's works on outdoor life have brought him recognition from the United States Government. Mr. White has written from Santa Barbara, where he now lives, to an Eastern friend: "In me you address a Federal officer. The President sent me a commission, the other day, as general inspector to California forest preserves. This is an office without salary, nor duty, but gives me all the powers, police and otherwise, of a reserve officer, and also various incidental privileges of feed, pasture, etc. When you visit us I will let you see my beautiful tin star." Mr. White is now at work on a new book, in which he is collaborating with Samuel Hopkins Adams, entitled "The Mystery."

A dramatization of Katherine Cecil's novel, "The Masquerader," is to be produced at the St. James Theatre, London, by George Alexander.

Albert Bigelow Paine's life of Thomas Nast, which has been running as a serial in *Pearson's Magazine*, is to be brought out in book-form next week by the Macmillan Company. Nast's services were highly appreciated by at least two Presidents of the United States. President Lincoln called the cartoonist "Our best recruiting sergeant," and President Roosevelt once said to him, "I learned my politics from your cartoons."

L. C. Page & Co. will issue early this month a new book by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "A Woman of the World: Her Counsel to Other People's Sons and Daughters." The author when at St. Louis lately was presented with the keys of the city.

The Manila "lit'ry critics" are slashing Walter Savage Landor's book on the Philippines, "The Gems of the East." The *Sunday Sun's* reviewer calls the traveler-author "Savage Slander," and adds: "The book has a whole lot of nonsense in it that is worth while anybody's time who likes humor. . . . The presumption of any man to dash through a country like this, and pretend that he is an authority on things in general, is too laughable for words. Anybody wishing to obtain some solid knowledge of these islands don't read 'Gems of the East.'"

Lord Brampton's "Reminiscences," recently published, has some good stories. One concerns a British judge who had, by accident, sentenced only fifteen of sixteen prisoners capitally convicted. He was told of his error. "What is the prisoner's name?" asked Graham "John Robins, my lord." "Oh, bring John Robins back; by all means let John Robins step forward. I am obliged to you." The culprit was once more placed at the bar, and Graham, addressing him in his singularly courteous manner, said, apologetically, "John Robins, I find I have accidentally omitted your name in my list of prisoners doomed to execution. It was quite accidental, I assure you, and I ask your pardon for my mistake. I am very sorry, and can only add that you will be hanged with the rest."

Writing on the subject of plots for stories, Andrew Lang remarks that "all the material, all the stuff or stock of the newest *puces* at Mr. Mudie's is as old as the hills, older than the more recent geological formations," and he cites "East Lynne," by Mrs. Henry Wood, as an example. "Dean Stanley," says Lang, "read it in the desert while traveling with his present gracious majesty, then Prince of Wales, the royal eye may have caught these exciting pages, and in 1903 the drama of 'East Lynne' acted on the boards of the Town Hall, St. Andrews.

About 1859 the novel was new; it still elicits the tears of sensibility. But the stuff of it, the plot? What about the repudiated wife, the mother, who returns, unbeknown, as governess in the family where she had been the mistress? You find her (I consult Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Greek Mythology and Biography") as Nephele, wife of Athamas: see Apollodorus and Hyginus. Probably Mrs. Henry Wood did not consult these ancient authors, perhaps she did not take the story out of the learned Lemprière, but she somehow used the same old materials, far older than Homer. Thence she fashioned a novel infinitely more popular and permanent than our masterpieces of 'artistry,' that beloved word."

## New Publications.

"The Art of Wise Investing," Moody Publishing Company.

"Laboratory Manual of Physics," by Edwin H. Hall, Ph. D. Henry Holt & Co.

"Pitman's Shorthand Reading Lessons No. 2," Isaac Pitman & Sons; 25 cents.

"Manual de Fonografía Española," by Guillermo Parody. Isaac Pitman & Sons; \$1.50.

"Lessons in Music Form," by Percy Goetschius. The Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

"Germelshausen," by Friedrich Gerstäcker. Edited with notes and vocabulary by Lawrence A. McLouth. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Sorrows of Sap'ed," by James Jeffrey Roche. Illustrated in color. Harper & Brothers—a would-be-funny book.

"The Symphony Since Beethoven," by Felix Weingartner. Translated by Maude B. Dutton. Frontispiece. The Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.00.

"Lace: Its Origin and History," by Samuel L. Goldenberg. Profusely illustrated. Brentano's—an excellent book, interesting to any woman.

"Science and Immortality," by William Osler, M. D., F. R. S. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; 85 cents—a suggestive essay by this noted professor of medicine.

"The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated in colors. L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50—a rather undistinguished historical novel.

"True Bills," by George Ade. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.00—another small but good collection of Fables in Slang by the inimitable originator of the same.

"The Expert Maid-Servant," by Christine Terhune Herrick. Harper & Brothers; \$1.00—good advice to mistress and maid from a well-known writer on household economy.

"Swedish Life in Town and Country," by O. G. Von Heidenstam. Profusely illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.20—an interesting addition to a well-known and popular series.

"Los Puritanos y Otros Cuentos," by Armando Palacio Valdés. Edited with introduction and explanatory notes by W. T. Faulkner, A. M. William R. Jenkins; 50 cents.

"Debonnaire," by William Farquhar Payson. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50—a rattling good story of Old Quebec and New Amsterdam in the time of Louis the Fourteenth.

"Health, Strength, and Power," by Dudley Allen Sargent, A. M., Sc. D., M. D., of Harvard. Profusely illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Company—a good manual of exercise without apparatus.

"Sea-Wolves of Seven Shores," by Jessie Peabody Frothingham. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net—a remarkably interesting book in which is told the stories of the world's greatest pirates.

"Painted Shadows," by Richard Le Gallienne. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a collection of short stories which have appeared in the magazines; they are *bizarre*, but poetic, and uneven in merit.

"The Loves of Miss Anne," by S. R. Crockett. Illustrated in colors. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50—an idyl of the Scotch highlands, told in Mr. Crockett's well-known style; it is a charming love-story.

"In the Closed Room," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated in colors. McClure, Phillips & Co.; \$1.50—a beautifully printed book, in which is told for grown people a beautiful and delicate story of a child.

"Black Friday," by Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50—a spirited, energetic story, in which General Grant, the famous Jim Fiske, and Jay Gould figure; the title is self-explanatory.

"Imported Americans: The Story of the Experiences of a Disguised American and His Wife Studying the Immigration Question," by Broughton Brandenburg. Profusely illustrated from photographs by the author. The Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50—an absorbing book by a man who, with his wife, went to Italy and came back in the

steerage with immigrants in order to learn of the immigration problem at first hand.

"The Courtesies: A Book of Etiquette for Every Day," by Eleanor B. Clapp. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"Wall Street Speculation: Its Tricks and Its Tragedies," by Franklin C. Keyes, LL. B. Columbian Publishing Company, Oneonta, N. Y.; 25 cents.

"Tom Jones," by Henry Fielding. Abridged by Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50—cut down from fifteen hundred to four hundred and fifty pages; a hard job well done.

"A Young Man in a Hurry," by Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—light, but spontaneous and clever, short stories which have already appeared in the magazines.

"The Poultry Book," by Harrison Weir, F. R. H. S. Edited by Willis Grant Johnson. In XVIII parts. Part XIII. Many illustrations; some in color. Doubleday, Page & Co.; 60 cents.

"Ideals of Science and Faith: Essays by Various Authors." Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.60 net—the authors of the essays reprinted are well-known scientists and theologues.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Mechanics', and Public Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "Little Citizens," by Myra Kelly.
2. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
3. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
4. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
5. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "An Irishman's Story," by Justin McCarthy.
5. "Imperator et Rex." Anonymous.

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "Traffics and Discoveries," by Rudyard Kipling.
4. "A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker.
5. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.

## TEA

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LITERARY NOTES.

Greed and Graft.

Was any one held criminally liable for the burning of six hundred people in the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago? No. Will any one be punished by the law for the loss of nearly a thousand lives by the burning of the steamship, *Slocum*? No. When buildings topple over and kill people, when the negligence of corporations causes loss of life, does the law single out some one and say: "Thou art the man?" By no means. What is to be done about it?

These, and their allied problems, are the ones discussed by Robert Herrick in his powerful novel of Chicago, "The Common Lot." It is an acute and dispassionate study of greed and graft, of commercial immorality, of the hidden crimes against their fellowmen of "prominent citizens"—of the architect, the contractor, and the city official.

When the story opens, the leading character, Jackson Hart, with the fever to be rich burning in his veins, is just striking out for himself as an architect in Chicago. We witness his gradual slump into dishonest methods, until at last he connives with contractors worse than himself in the erection of fire-trap hotels and apartment-houses. One of them burns with great loss of life, and we witness Hart's repentance and final regeneration after he has been crushed into the dust. The contrast between the greediness of the architect and the idealism of the wife is well drawn. The minor characters are carefully and effectively portrayed. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the details of business life in the Windy City. So altogether "The Common Lot" is an impressive bit of writing, one that might well serve as a text for a sermon, or as a topic for an editorial. It is emphatically a book for thinking people who are oppressed by the lack of responsibility that men feel regarding the ultimate result of things done in their regular course of business. So complex is modern life that in disasters like the Iroquois fire and the burning of the *Slocum* and the thousands of similar minor accidents that occur daily, no one individual man feels that he is responsible—that he is the murderer.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York: \$1.50.

A Story of Success.

George Cary Eggleston, the author of "A Captain in the Ranks," which, as he explains in a brief preface, supplements his trilogy of previously published romances illustrative of Virginia character, has, in its opening chapters, a tone of almost military conciseness and brevity, which harmonizes well with the character of his Virginia hero.

Guilford Duncan, who has been officiating as captain in the army of Northern Virginia, finds himself at the close of the war destitute of any resources. He resolves to bury the bitterness engendered by the struggle, and to become an American citizen, unbiased by past events. The severe training resulting from his military experience, added to his natural efficiency, cause him, after his first hardships are past, to prove his ability; and the young man, who has adopted a Western city for his new sphere of action, rises rapidly.

The book offers an excellent portrait of able young manhood succeeding through the sheer momentum of ability, integrity, and industry, and would be particularly appropriate reading for youths just embarking on a business career. Several interesting portraits of typical business men and their methods appear in the book, and, of course, a nice girl, whom the hero marries. We doubt, however, whether young America will altogether accept Guilford Duncan's somewhat punctilious and old-fashioned method of courtship as exactly typical of the national character when engaged in that pleasant pastime.

Published by A. S. Barnes, New York: \$1.20 net.

H. W. Boynton's Essays on Literature.

"Never mind whom you praise, but be very careful whom you blame," was the caution given critics by Edmund Gosse. H. W. Boynton, in one of the essays that comprise his volume, "Literature and Journalism," quotes Gosse's advice, but does not follow it. Rather, he shows his lack of faith in the precept by reversing the order. Mr. Boynton is inclined to the view that there is really little that is high and enduring in modern literature—little that is natural, unforced, and inspired. He can not accept Pater as one who is wholly free from affectations, and says of Stevenson that as a boy he "began to imitate and contort, and . . . never quite outgrew the notion that art is a trick." The mystics and the symbolists, Yeats, Maeterlinck, Mallarmé, and others of their cult, seem, says Mr. Boynton, "to prefer hallucination to fact, the sound of the wind blowing through a rag of tapestry to a human voice, fancies that glimmer and loom upon the dim borders of the mind to sound and fruitful imaginings." Their range of motive, he thinks, is too narrow, and their inspiration has too

little of the really human behind it. It is the human, personal, living note that Mr. Boynton, in nearly all his essays, demands. He thinks Stockton a finer humorist than Mark Twain, whose wearing, for years, of the jester's motley, has made people unwilling to accept him as the hard-thinking, serious man he is. Altogether, Mr. Boynton is inclined to believe that American humor is somewhat inferior to the British variety—that we are jesters, clowns, jokers, rather than humorists. *Punch*, he says, has contributed through its columns an amazing amount of genuine literature, and he asks whether *Life*, with its "little dabs of Dolly-in-the-Conservatory" verse, its stunted though suggestive editorial matter, its not over-brilliant jokes about the mother-in-law and the *fiancée*, and the overwhelming prettiness of its illustrations, can show much of a hand against its sturdy British contemporary. One is inclined to feel that the writer, in his anxiety to give *Punch* full justice, exhausted his fount before getting to *Life*.

As to the quality of Mr. Boynton's work: it is good, although not overwhelmingly so. He writes in a smooth, easy, generally understandable vein, on a wide range of literary topics, advancing some new ideas, shattering some illusions, is in no way revolutionary, and is in many ways instructive. He tears down to a great extent, but suggests good plans for rebuilding. And he thinks that there is a very thin partition between literature and the higher journalism, the inherent and insurmountable barrier to the latter's right to be classed with the former being the lack of the intimate personal note. It is not very hard to agree with the critic who says that, accepting his own dictum, Mr. Boynton is on the journalistic side of the fence. Pleasant reading as his essays are, they conjure up no mental picture of the man who wrote them.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: \$1.25 net.

Good Plot, Well Worked Out.

The life history of the Rev. John Morton, known as the "mad parson" by the East Enders among whom he preaches, is the subject of a keenly interesting novel by W. B. Maxwell, called "The Ragged Messenger." John Morton is one of those men to whom the sufferings of the poor are an intolerable scourge to the spirit, only to be relieved by preaching a doctrine of boundless benevolence and unquestioning charity, and by the free gift of all he himself possesses. When by a turn of the wheel of destiny a stupendous windfall comes to him in the shape of a fortune of many millions, his creed remains unchanged. His money is a sacred trust, to be expended for the needy, his own surroundings remaining, as before, bare of all but necessities. But in the eyes of the world the possessor of ten millions is a very different person from a penniless clergyman under the ban of the church, preaching his message in streets and byways. The fortune that has come to him complicates the fate of many people, most of all his own. An unscrupulous woman comes into his life, and he marries her. She does not love him, but she loves ease and luxury and all the pleasant things that she believes his money will bring her. In his absorption he does not know that the life she leads by his side is suffocating to her, that she feels only aversion toward his pensioners, his charities, his talk of the homes he is building for the suffering and the sinning. The situation is powerfully worked out, and the story moves on with increasing interest to a strong climax. The central figure of the clergyman is a fine piece of work, drawn with a skillful bringing out of both the lovable side of his nature and the side that leans to fanaticism. The miseries of the poor are not made a feature of the book. It is more the little group of workers who surround the master that are brought forward, and there is a sprinkling of worldly triflers among them who give the needed touch of lightness to the story. In contrast to the adventures there is much charm in a lighter sketch of Lady Sarah, who, without knowing it, gave her heart to the penniless clergyman before the days of his prosperity. In all the characterization, indeed, as well as in the strong dramatic interest of a well-planned and well-worked out plot, the book shows evidence of being the work of a writer of unusual ability.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Will Appeal to the Sentimental.

In writing "The Prince Chap," which he calls "A Story in Three Curtains and Several Scenes," Edward Peple has based his tale on a play already written, in which he improved on the traditional plan of a prologue, showing the heroine in childhood, to be followed by the drama where the maiden has budded into womanhood. His play and "The Prince Chap" as well, presents the heroine at the three different ages of five, eight, and eighteen years.

Beyond this departure, there is no novelty of any sort attempted in plot or characters. Everything in the book is on a theatrical basis, and is aimed straight at a public which deeply

loves a play of the light sentimental order. A struggling young artist, who finds himself in *loco parentis* to a winsome little creature left to his care by a mother dying in poverty; an attached servant, devoted to his master's interests through any amount of arrears of wages; a boarding-house slavey, whose English is *sui generis*, recognizable at first hearing by the practiced theatre-goer—this is the group presented in the first scene. There is a clashing element hinted at in the shape of a beautiful girl, in some comfortably remote quarter, who is waiting for the young sculptor to gather together a pile of shekels before he can claim her. She appears in person in the second act, but with a convenient admirer in tow. It is in the third act that danger signals are sent out. Here she emerges as a richly dowered widow, still young and beautiful, and with an eye to a second nuptials. But "The Prince Chap" is not a book dealing in baffling situations. Any school-girl knows that by every precedent a guardian must infallibly marry his ward, and in "The Prince Chap" this climax is obvious from the very first page.

In carrying out this not unhackneyed plot, there is much gay dialogue and many direct appeals to the young and sentimental, with whom the book will no doubt be a prime favorite.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Sunset's" Christmas Number.

The cover design of the Christmas *Sunset Magazine* is a striking one by Maynard Dixon, representing Santa Claus "Off the Range." Rufus M. Steele, Sunday editor of the *Chronicle*, tells how "San Francisco Grows" in a wideawake article, profusely illustrated. William Greer Harrison, president of the Olympic Club, has a stirring essay on outdoor life in California; Professor Henry Morse Stephens, of the University of California, tells of the work to be done by the Pacific Coast branch of the American Historical Society. The characteristics of Miss May Sutton, of Pasadena, tennis champion, are pictured and described by Edward Rainey. There are Christmas stories by Mabel Craft Deering, Roy Newberry, Ednah Robinson, Ella M. Sexton, Samuel Hubbard, Jr., and Will Irwin; and good Christmas verse by E. A. Brininstool and Jeannette Campbell. There are portraits of Bertha Runkle and Alice Prescott Smith, with reviews of their work, and a timely article by William Dallam Armes on the "Star of Bethlehem," Professor Gayley's miracle play. Other contributors include Wallace Everett, May L. Cheney, William McLeod Raine, A. J. Waterhouse, Anna Spero, Adeline Knapp, William A. Lawson, Gelett Burgess, Alberta Bancroft, and Lorenzo Sosso. Among the artists who contribute, besides Mr. Dixon, are X. Martinez, Anna Frances Briggs, Mary C. Brady, Florence Clayton, Lucia Mathews, and Blanche Letcher.

The translator of the long-delayed Tolstoy novel, "War and Peace," is Mrs. Garnett, daughter of Richard Garnett, of the British Museum Library, and a very prominent woman in London literary circles. She is probably the best-known translator of the standard edition of Tourgenieff. "War and Peace" is published in three remarkably handsome volumes.



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In "Her Own Way," Clyde Fitch has reached a higher plan of truth and sincerity than any to which he has previously attained. Many true, if superficial, portraits he has given us of men and women of vigorous social or financial ambitions, and contrastedly feeble emotions. But in the strength and womanliness of Georgiana Carley, and in the firmness with which she clings to her own conceptions of what makes life worth while, he has presented a higher type of womanhood, and one painted with firmer, surer strokes, than we have looked for at his hands.

The play, however, opens with an effect that is eminently characteristic of this most ingenious contriver of dramatic novelties. Four children, waited upon by an attentive butler, and an occasionally reproving maid, are celebrating a birthday-party by filling their young tummies with rich food, the indigestible nature of which serves as an index to the character of the maternal Carley. The prattle of the four tots includes gossip about things of which sensibly reared children should know nothing, and incidentally puts the audience *en rapport* with the situation. This scene is one of those effects of whose importance Mr. Fitch is strongly convinced, a conviction in which his public seems to back him up. It is not essential to the important events in the play, but it is offered as a cynical comment on the extravagance and lack of sense of the typical parent of New York society. It is also one of those touches which the public comes away talking about, thus more fully advertising the piece.

The business that is set down for these small people would almost put James Herne to the blush, so minutely has the author indicated the vagrantly playful instincts of childhood when the four shrewd atoms of humanity are pushed aside to do byplay, while their elders take the centre of the stage. The children are so carefully trained and their performance is so surprisingly good, that it is evident they travel with the company. Nevertheless, the sound of their shrill, strained voices becomes monotonous after a time, and one feels that they should be dismissed from the scene sooner.

"Her Own Way" is a love-story, complicated with finance. The disturbing factor in the course of true love is a multi-millionaire, who has a belief in his own star. He is the villain of the piece, but is far removed from the conventional stuffed figure of the drama. In fact, Sam Coast is one of the best and most virile characters Mr. Fitch has yet given us. There is many an American financier like him, whose belief in the power of money goes as far dominating his life and actions, and only too often convincing him of the corrections of his deductions. There is a reflection of life, too, in the homage we find ourselves unconsciously paying to the dominance and force of this man, even when it is misdirected. Seen beside his, the figure of the soldier lover, in spite of the key of simple manliness in which Charles Cherry pitched his portrayal, fails to present any specially salient characteristics, and is merely the agreeable accessory to a nice love-story. It is quite odd how thoroughly Mr. Carew's pugnaeous profile and firm aggressive jaw suit the character of the man who has known how to wrest a difficult success from destiny. His conception is the true one, and carefully and consistently carried out.

Miss Elliott's beauty is cast in a severer mold since we last saw her but she still gives a curious impression of being externally a sort of human exotic, with a core of inner coldness. She is ambitious, and does not stand still in her art, but although she is technically a finished actress, and never offends by noisy futility she rarely surrenders herself wholly to the emotions of the moment. A hampering self-consciousness seems to come between her and that glow of self-forgetful ardor which is the artist's surest means of reaching the sympathies. Occasionally Miss Elliott reaches the high water mark, but she always does it by dropping a few mannerisms and affectations and attaining to a greater simplicity. She does a very pretty bit of acting when Georgiana reads her love letter to her brother, and is simple and womanly in the earlier scene of pity and forgiveness toward the brother who is such a presiding father with the family fortunes. How handsome she looked in the last act—sombre-browed St. Cecilia, playing her part with the aspect of one who is lost in melancholy thoughts. For some time she looked, in her unrelieved black,

more classically beautiful than in an earlier act, when, in her ball dress of white and silver, she placed a crown of laurel leaves on her rich dark hair. In this act the audience is treated to an exhibition of the heroine having her hair dressed for the hall; another of those characteristic bits of detail in the taste for which Clyde Fitch and his New York audiences find themselves in such thorough accord. It was a very deft piece of work on Miss Elliott's part when she finally snatched the tortured tresses from the hair-dresser's hands, and in two shakes had, without any adventitious aid whatever, built up that most simple, graceful, and effective coiffure which is the envy of the thin-haired woman who is addicted to "rats."

The fluent hair-dresser, whose discourse—full of a vague assimilation of things beyond her ken—pours out like a broad, placid, good-tempered mill-stream, affords a hit of cheerful comedy that is greatly appreciated by the audience. She, too, is a type, standing for the unlettered, but capable and likable attendant, who goes from house to house of the rich, making herself indispensable by her cheerful gossip, her practical service, and her unembarrassed and unencroaching sociability.

Georgie Lawrence, with her shrewd, good-humored face, her air of hearty good-will, and the demeanor of placid unconsciousness with which she caused the untutored Miss Shindle to make frequent interruptions into the integrity of the English language, was delightfully placed. The whole company, indeed, is of excellent quality, and each one serves well in bringing out the good points of the piece. Fanny Addison Pitt, who but a short time since—during the Ethel Barrymore engagement—exhibited her versatility in two widely different rôles, gives a very neat take-off of the elderly, beauty-doctored, shallow worldling who fatuously haunts a society where she is no longer wanted. Miss Thorne, who very plausibly represents this same type in its unpromising youth, although somewhat handicapped by her weak voice, was not prevented from making Mrs. Carley's fit of hysterical rage very real. Mr. Herz, too, helped realities by his quiet, but telling assumption of the character of Steven Carley, the man who perpetually speculates on chance tips, and keeps his much-tried family on the ragged edge of financial collapse.

The play is of the kind that acts easily and well, the characterization skillful and consistent, the lines excellent, very witty in the lighter scenes, and with a sterling ring to them during the serious ones. One misses agreeably the many false notes that multiply discords in Clyde Fitch's earlier works. Of course, the piece has its point of weakness and improbability. Rare is the play that has not. For when a woman, alone with the man who is longing for her, gently, tenderly, irresistibly woos him by everything but words to speak to her of love, he generally makes the avowal to her, and not to his rival. And yet such wistful sentiment attends the parting of the lovers that the listener does not pause to criticize, but tenders his sympathy unreservedly. It is a scene that in its subdued but earnest feeling is particularly well acted by both participants.

Take the whole performance, however, play and players, and it amounts to such a compact, sympathetic and finished piece of work as to make one realize the admiration that Ethel Barrymore was moved to in New York when she compared it to a performance at the Comédie-Française.

The Sidney Drews always figure as the leading lights at the Orpheum, for they belong to the best talent on the vaudeville circuit. They can really make something noteworthy out of the merest trifle of a play; a fact they have accomplished this week with "When Two Hearts Are Won." It is a playlet with the old idea of an amiable husband lashing himself into a fictitious fury for the purpose of subjugating a shrewish wife. Mrs. Drew presents the termagant bride as so formidable a subject for a woman-tamer to exercise his powers upon that the men in the audience testified the most frantic delight, when the meek husband suddenly began to raise a rival bellow, to pugilistically tear off his collar and roll up his sleeves, to hurl the infinitesimal black and tan pet of his shaken bride into a steaming soup tureen, and to casually over-

turn all the furniture in an access of carefully wrought-up frenzy.

It is rather primitive, this well-worn idea of a strategic Petruchio taming his Katherine, but it always appeals; perhaps because there is an incipient domestic tyrant in almost every family. Even the most pitifully insignificant character, provided it is supplied with a sufficiently large bump of selfishness, will acquire the habit of despotism when unopposed. At all events, a situation of the kind always touches some sympathetic risible nerve instantaneously, and the Drew couple play into each other's hands so neatly and so well, and the fun in the situation surges up so suddenly and so irresistibly, that it would be easy to imagine a subject in the grip of a settled melancholia having his gravity swiftly and violently expelled.

A neat hit of work is done by Augusta Glose, a nice-looking and rather pretty girl, who has so far escaped the vaudeville earmarks. Miss Glose, although she has no voice to speak of, has ability in imitations, and takes off the various types of girls—the tough, the lackadaisical, the æsthetic, the athletic—in walk and talk. Quite the neatest thing she does is her imitation of a little girl singing to her doll in the sweet, uncertain pipe of childhood, with erratic, but realistic deviations from time and tune, and with a lisping tongue that persists in bobbing curiously up into the centre of the mouth in the manner presented by childish lipsers.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

William T. Stead writes in the *Review of Reviews* of his impressions of Pinero's "The Wife Without a Smile"—practically Mr. Stead's second theatrical experience, for, except for "The Tempest," witnessed a few nights before, he had not seen a stage performance since boyhood. The "dancing doll" comedy was quite a shock to him. Mr. Stead acknowledges that the play made him laugh, but says that after two hours of troubled sleep he arose at four o'clock in the morning to write a condemnatory notice of it.

Ignace Paderewski will arrive here from Auckland on December 12th.

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Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee, November 27th. Second and last week of the musical tomfoolery,

## -- THE SHOW GIRL --

Beginning Sunday matinee, December 4th, the royal comedians, Williams and Walker in the new *In Dahomey*.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, November 27th.

Novelties and Surprises.  
Sam Elton; Marguerite Le Roy and Sig. G. Ricci; the Josselyn Trio; Clement de Lion; Webb's Seals; DeWitt, Burns, and Torrance; Tyce and Jermon; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, presenting "A Model Young Man." Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c and 50c.

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Look out for the Christmas

Number of the Argonaut, to be published December 19th. A special feature will be an illustrated letter on "The New Berlin" by Jerome Hart.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## New Soubrette in "King Dodo."

"King Dodo," the comic-opera success, will be produced at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday night. Careful preparations for this piece have been going on for weeks, and the management promises something unusually good. Willard Simms has been cast as Dodo, king by divine right. Edith Mason returns to the Tivoli, and will have the boy part; Teddy Webb will be seen as Dr. Fizz, court physician. Besides these will be Irene Outtrim, an English soubrette of renown, who will make her American debut in "King Dodo." Other rôles will be taken by Edward Clark, Ben Dillon, William Schuster, Bessie Tannehill, and Dora de Fillippe.

## Two Weeks More of Maxine Elliott.

The Columbia Theatre management announces, in reply to many inquiries, that Maxine Elliott will not be seen during her three weeks' engagement in any other play than "Her Own Way." She has been playing this Clyde Fitch comedy for two seasons, and is at the Columbia with the same company that appeared with her in New York. There will be no Sunday night performances, and matinees on Saturdays only, during Miss Elliott's engagement. Other attractions billed for early production at the Columbia are "The Chinese Honeymoon" and "The Billionaire."

## Ambitious Work at the Alcazar.

Hall Caine's play, "The Christian," will be seen at the Alcazar Theatre, commencing Monday night. The two leading parts offer good opportunities for Mr. Craig and Miss Lawrence. The rôles of John Storm and Glory Quayle are hard, exacting ones, but it is expected that they will be well handled in the Alcazar production. "The Professor's Love Story," J. M. Barrie's comedy in which E. S. Willard was so successful here, will soon be put on at the Alcazar.

## Colored Comedians Coming.

The musical tomfoolery, "The Show Girl," at the Grand Opera House, will commence its second and last week to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Williams and Walker, who now style themselves the "Royal Comedians" will begin an engagement in the new "In Dahomey" at the Sunday matinee, December 4th. The company is composed of over fifty colored artists, most of whom have attended the best schools and colleges for colored people, and are graduates in music and the higher branches of education. Williams and Walker have just returned from London, where they had the honor of appearing before his majesty King Edward the Seventh and his royal consort at Buckingham Palace.

## "The Star of Bethlehem."

At Lyric Hall next Monday night and every night during the week, with matinees at half-past three on Wednesday and Friday, and at three on Saturday, the Ben Greet company of players will present the miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem," reproduced from the old English cycles by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the State University. A special feature of the production will be the music by a choir, a boy soprano, and harp. The costuming is correct, and, where needed, beautiful, and lovers of the highest in dramatic art and literature are promised a treat. The clergy are taking a great interest in these performances. While "The Star of Bethlehem" is a companion picture to "Everyman," it is cheerful and joyous in character. Quite a force of supernumeraries will be used. The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## New-Comers at the Orpheum.

Sam Elton, "the man who made the Sbah laugh," will make his first appearance in America at the Orpheum this coming week. Those who have seen this versatile entertainer in London pronounce his work inimitable. Marguerite Le Roy, late prima donna soprano of the French Opera Company of New Orleans, will be heard for the first time in San Francisco. Mme. Le Roy will be assisted by Signor G. Ricci, a violinist. The Jesselin trio—Cleofus, Rosa, and Dora—acrobats, will also be new to this city. They present a novel act which they call "Pictures in the Air." Clement de Lion, a European billiard ball manipulator, is another Orpheum importation. De Lion rolls up his sleeves, exhibiting his bare hands, absolutely empty, then, apparently from the air he causes heavy billiard balls to appear and disappear. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, for their second and last week, will present "A Model Young Man," and Lillian Tyce and Irene Jermon will change their songs and stories. Webb's seals, De Witt, Burns, and Torrance, and the Orpheum motion pictures, will complete the programme.

## German Comedy at the Columbia.

At the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night, the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble will make its appearance in German comedy, presenting for the first time in San Francisco the new Blumenthal and Kadelburg work,

"Grossstadtluft." There are a number of cleverly conceived and well-worked-out comedy situations and complications in the piece, and the players promise to make the most of every one of them. On the following Sunday night, December 4th, the players will appear in a revival of "Im Weissen Roessl" ("At the White Horse Tavern"). Seats for both nights are on sale at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre. The cast for the production of "Grossstadtluft" includes, among others, Josephine Lafontaine-Neckhaus, Otto Rauchtuss, Etta Eiben, Max Carl Weiss, Max Horwinski, Jr., Frida Shanly, Richard Lenz, Bruno Burghardt, and Edward Horwinski.

## The Central Next Week.

"The Little Church Around the Corner" is the title of the play that goes on at the Central Theatre Monday night. The story tells of the separation of a husband and wife through the workings of an enemy. There are several dramatic scenes in the piece, a notable one being where the villain is thrown from the high tower of Blackwell Island. There is a vein of sprightly comedy through the play, which will be put on with all the Central favorites in the cast.

## For the Theatrical Managers' Charity Fund.

Great interest attaches to the sixth annual benefit, under the auspices of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy, to take place at the Orpheum, Friday afternoon, December 9th, at one o'clock sharp. Since the organization of the association, five years ago, untold good has been accomplished. Whenever any appeal for charity or any worthy cause is made, the theatrical managers are always the first to respond, and now that their relief fund is low, they feel confident that the public will answer readily and that the house will be packed. The programme will be made up from the best people and acts then playing at the principal theatres in the city, and the performance will be continuous. The entire lower floor, including box seats, will be two dollars, while seats in the balcony will be one dollar. Tickets are now to be obtained at the various theatre box-offices.

## Irving Celebrates an Anniversary.

Sir Henry Irving made his first appearance on any stage at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, on September 18, 1856, when he personated the Duke of Orleans in the historic play, "Richelieu." Recently he played at Sunderland for the first time since his debut. He was entertained at luncheon in Sunderland town hall, and received a casket containing an illuminated address. In the course of his speech, Sir Henry referred to the "trembling hope" with which he awaited, forty-eight years ago, the rise of the curtain, and his subsequent disappointment when one critic bluntly advised him "to take the first steamer back to his comfortable home, and abandon all ideas of pursuing a vocation for which he was manifestly unfitted."

## "Parsifal" in English.

Colonel Henry W. Savage's production in English of Wagner's "Parsifal" has met with success. While the singers are not equal to those who have taken part in the German rendition of the opera under Corried, they are eminently satisfying. The *Sun*, in criticising the performances, says of Putnam Griswold, formerly of Oakland, who sings Gurnemanz: "He has had very little stage experience, but he ought to find a place for himself. A fine, fresh, sonorous, and singularly interesting voice is his."

The *World*, in a whimsical Sunday article on "Parsifal," alleges that this is a sample of the snatches of conversation that may be heard near the theatre during the interval between eating and going back to witness the rest of the performance:

"Never anything like it" . . . "leit-motif and orchestration" . . . "seven Martini cocktails" . . . "the ethical significance

of it all" . . . "pink chiffon, trimmed with black lace" . . . "sure, it's in English!" . . . "beauties of renunciation of sensual delights" . . . "frankfurters and potato salad, and some sauerkraut, and a stein of Nuremberger beer" . . . "is this Wagner the same fellow that wrote 'The Simple Life'?" . . . "an 8 to 1 shot" . . . "they're going to have trouble with that Kundry" . . . "two books of trading-stamps" . . . "the inner life of man's soul" . . . "and then the automobile blew up" . . . "at Bayreuth in 1882" . . . "ma and the girls went to see 'Wang.'"

## TEA

Do you think you know all there is in those three letters, t-e-a?

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty:  
"Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

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The chosen winter playground of the whole fashionable world. It is conceded by all who know Egypt that

## Thomas Cook &amp; Son

Own and operate the best fleet of Dababees and Tourist Steamers

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The service is pronounced by epicures to be perfect.

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(Under Palace Hotel)

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## LARGE SUNNY OFFICE ROOM

Suited for Studio.

Third floor, California Building, corner Sutter and Grant Avenue. Apply Argonaut office, 246 Sutter Street.

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

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Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital . . . . . \$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital . . . . . 1,250,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 200,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Director; C. E. Ladd, Director; Gavin McNab, Director.

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## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus . . . . . \$1,401,160.93

Total Assets . . . . . 6,943,782.82

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SAN FRANCISCO

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## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus . . . . . \$2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash . . . . . 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904 . . . . . 36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWNY; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODEFELLOW.  
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Deposits, July 1, 1904 . . . . . \$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital . . . . . 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds . . . . . 935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Pres.  
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Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

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Authorized Capital . . . . . \$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital . . . . . 500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904 . . . . . 4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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S. L. ABBOT . . . . . Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY . . . . . Secretary  
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710 Market St., opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital . . . . . \$1,000,000  
Paid-Up Capital . . . . . 300,000  
Surplus . . . . . 235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904 . . . . . 9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

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CAPITAL PAID UP . . . . . \$600,000

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Arthur Legallet . . . . . Vice-President  
Leon Bocquerez . . . . . Secretary  
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## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital . . . . . \$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve . . . . . 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
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Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits . . . . . \$16,000,000.00

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Cash Assets . . . . . 5,175,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders . . . . . 2,441,485

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## Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

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Subscribed Capital . . . . . \$16,000,000.00  
Paid-In Capital . . . . . 3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve . . . . . 400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over . . . . . 200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager



VANITY FAIR.

"Probably on no first night of any Horse Show has there ever been such a gorgeous and wondrous display of the milliner's art," says the *World* of the spectacle which opened in Madison Square Garden last week Monday. "Viewing the boxes from an elevation at either end of the Garden," it continues, "the eye caught a solid bank of light color down the edge of the promenade. It was almost a solid fringe of white furs and feathers, broken here and there by some vivid color like a Yale blue or a startling crimson that would make a universal favorite of any young woman wearing them at a Harvard football game. Back of this colored ribbon was massed the public in its more sedate coloring of black. If any one wants to know what the fashion is this year the display at the Horse Show will tell them. It is lightness, brightness, and color from head to heel. To wear a hat without a feather, judging from the Horse Show crowd, will be a crime this year. And as light and fanciful as were the feathers in my lady's hat were the gowns and the wraps she wore. True, there were lots of furs displayed, but they were mostly light and white of the ermine variety. When society had settled itself comfortably in its boxes, the great walk-around and the horses were practically forgotten. Dressmakers, milliners, and the makers of fashionable men's clothes made up probably one-third of the crowd that stood solidly in front of the boxes and refused to move, even when poked in the ribs by a policeman's club. They were there to get the latest European styles, and were not to be moved by any man in an eighteen-dollar suit of clothes made by contract with the city in the distinctly unfashionable portions of New York. The women proved the stickers. Women armed with lognettes and accompanied by several assistants would stand for several minutes in front of boxes occupied by women clad in the latest Parisian modes, and with calm and stolid stare would run over every detail of the costumes while their assistants carefully jotted them all down. No horse in the ring striving for a blue ribbon ever underwent the close inspection that the society folk underwent, and to their credit be it said they bore it bravely and never flinched."

At a not far-distant date such an incident as the following will excite no comment: The scene is a fashionable little dinner-party, with an animated group round a beautifully decorated table lit with candles under glowing crimson shades. White chrysanthemums and pale-pink roses surrounded with smilax and a fairy tracery of fern cover the centre and corners of the festive board. Enter a servant bearing an empty blue and white china bowl, which is placed before the charming hostess. The hostess rises with a subdued rustle of silk, and proceeds to rip the table decorations to pieces. No, it is not insanity, but merely the first stages of the new chrysanthemum salad—a delicacy which promises to become speedily popular. The petals are pulled off and mixed in the bowl, and a few rose or violet leaves dropped in add to the appearance. White chrysanthemums are best, as the colored varieties look rather "messy" when mixed with oil and vinegar. The flavor is by no means insipid, for the flower has a well-marked, delicate taste, as delicious in its way as asparagus, while the poetry of the whole dish should appeal to the aesthetic and artistic as well as to seekers after novelties. At least, so says the *London Mail*.

A British jury which recognized the time-honored and undeniable right of a woman to change her mind, had before it in London, the other day, an action for damages for breach of promise. The plaintiff was Miss Ivy Georgina Beatrice Gould, aged twenty-six years, and at one time under-housekeeper at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, and she sued Captain Guy A. Sabine, formerly of the Third Inn-killing Fusiliers and afterward of the West African Frontier Force. The defendant admitted the promise, but said it had been rescinded by mutual consent. In proof of this he offered as evidence a letter written by the lady, running: "DARLING GUY—My heart is so full at your long silence. I can not understand it all, and the more I think about it the more strange it seems. . . . If it is that you no longer care for me, or feel that you have made a mistake, write and tell me so, for I hope I have more pride than to want to marry any man against his will, even if it were to break my heart. It is better to break it now than afterward. . . ." The plaintiff admitted that she wrote the letter. Also the following: "My DARLING GUY—Do please write and tell me what is the matter. . . . I am quite willing to give you up if it is for your happiness and you wish it, but this silence is dreadful; I can not believe that you are not true and sincere to me in spite of everything. . . . I shall register this letter in case the others have been astray." The defendant's attorney introduced: "You were at that time quite willing to give him up for his happiness?" to which the lady replied: "No, I had no thought of

giving him up; nor did I think he wished it. I used the phrase because I did not know what I was writing." Mr. Turner, for the defense, said his client's case was that he accepted the plaintiff's offer to release him from his engagement. Captain Sabine was called, and stated that while in West Africa he received the plaintiff's letters, and believing that they contained an offer to release him from his engagement, he accepted it. But the jury didn't take this view of it, despite the letters offering to release the officer, and awarded Miss Gould six hundred dollars and costs.

"Hoy & Martin, attorneys and counselors at law," is the sign in sufficiently assertive letters on an office door in a New York office building. But burglars who seek to be restored to their families, and unhappy women and men who yearn to be divorced from theirs, need not seek legal advice from Hoy & Martin. The largest fee will not tempt either of them to practice in the criminal or divorce courts. Miss Helen K. Hoy has formed a law partnership with Miss Sadie E. Martin. Miss Hoy told a reporter: "When I was at college I took deep interest in dramatics, music, and athletics, as well as in my studies, but I felt that to be truly educated I must know the law of my nation. That was my reason for entering the law school of the University of New York. While I was there I taught at a young ladies' seminary and did some writing. So my days were pretty well occupied, and at night I pored over the law. I do not see why we should not be as successful at the bar as men are. Success is won by ability and personal magnetism. If we have enough of both, we must succeed, although we are women and—and not old." As for ability—at the end of Miss Hoy's first year at the law school she won a scholarship which paid for her tuition for two years. At the end of the second year she wrote the essay that won the J. P. Munn prize. When she was graduated last year, Miss Hoy stood first of the class of ten other women and ninety-nine men. "As for personal magnetism," declared the interviewer, "Portia, in comparison, would do very well for a lawyer's stenographer."

The diverting feature of the wedding of Miss Mary E. Stillman to Edward F. Harkness in New York, the other day, was the arrival of Celia Johnson, a white-haired negress, who had been a servant in the Stillman family for thirty years, until given a house in New Jersey and pensioned by Stillman. She drove up Fifth Avenue in a rickety farm wagon, that carried an enormous pumpkin and a harrel of apples, presents for the bride. At the Stillman residence the servants tried to prevent her entering, until Stillman appeared, welcomed her, and conducted her to the drawing-room, where she witnessed the wedding. The groom is worth \$25,000,000.

A young girl writes to the *New York Globe* the following query: "My mother has recently died, and I am wearing black and white. Can I, with propriety, wear a tourist coat of mixed (black and white) goods by adding a black band to a sleeve?" The *Globe* replies that "the black band is no longer

considered good form, except for the servants (coachmen, footmen, etc.) of a family in mourning. Have a black velvet collar on the coat instead. If, however, you wish to wear the band, have it of black cloth or cashmere, three inches wide, and on the left arm."

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the bailie of the drunk and disorderly. "Am verro sorra, sir," returned the charge, "but a cam' up frae Glesca in bad company." "What sort of company?" "A lot o' tee-totalers." "Wha—at!" roared the bailie; "you mean to say, sir, that tee-totalers are bad company?" "Well," rejoined the prisoner, "ye ken how 'twas. A had a hale mitchkin o' whusky wi' me, an' a had to drink it all to myself."—*Judy*.

For Safety

in the delicate process of feeding infants, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unexcelled except by good mother's milk, as it is rendered perfectly sterile in the process of preparation. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.

— REPLACE THAT BROKEN TRUNK WITH A NEW ONE. Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. This ad. is good for 10% off everything you buy.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
November 17th ..	62	52	.00	Cloudy
" 18th ....	61	50	Tr.	Clear
" 19th ....	60	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 20th ....	60	50	.00	Cloudy
" 21st ....	58	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 22d ....	60	50	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending November 22, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000	@ 104 1/2		
Bay Co. Power 5%	1,000	@ 101 1/4	101 1/4	102 1/2
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%	8,000	@ 103 1/2	102 3/4	103
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.				
C. T. 5% .....	5,000	@ 85	84 1/2	85 1/2
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	40,000	@ 100 1/2	100	
Market St. Ry. 6%	5,000	@ 116	116	
Market St. Ry. 1st				
Con. 5% .....	7,000	@ 117	116 3/4	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000	@ 119	118 3/4	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	6,000	@ 105 - 105 1/2	105	
Oakland Transit				
5% .....	10,000	@ 113 1/4	113	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	16,000	@ 104 1/2	104 1/2	105
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	1,000	@ 100	100	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1909 .....	29,000	@ 108 5/8 - 109	109 1/2	
S. P. R. of Arizona				
6% 1910 .....	7,000	@ 109 - 109 3/4		
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1905; S. A. ....	1,000	@ 101	101	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
1905; S. B. ....	7,000	@ 102 1/2	102	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6%				
1906 .....	6,000	@ 104 1/2	104	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%				
Stpd .....	8,000	@ 108	108	
S. V. Water 4%				
3ds. ....	2,000	@ 99 3/4	99 3/4	
S. V. Water Co.				
Gen. 4% .....	113,000	@ 99 1/2	99 1/2	
United R. R. of S.				
F. 4% .....	134,000	@ 86 1/4	86 1/4	

	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.		Bid.	Asked
Water.				
S. V. Water .....	225	@ 39 1/2 - 40	39 3/4	40
Powders.				
Giant Con. ....	30	@ 63 1/2	61	
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S. ....	650	@ 71 1/4 - 74 1/2	71 1/2	
Honokaa S. Co. ....	1,650	@ 17 - 17 1/4	17	17 1/4
Hutchinson .....	2,455	@ 13 3/8 - 15 1/2	14 1/2	14 3/4
Kilauea Sugar Co.	900	@ 5 - 6	6	7
Makaweli S. Co. ....	455	@ 31 1/2 - 32 1/2	32	32 1/2
Onomea Sugar Co.	700	@ 31 1/2 - 33	33	
Pauuhau Sugar Co.	1,700	@ 19 - 19 1/2	19 1/2	20
Gas and Electric.				
Pacific Lighting .....	200	@ 60	60	61
S. F. Gas & Electric	460	@ 54 1/2 - 56 1/2	56	56 1/2
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers .....	340	@ 95 - 98 1/2	95 3/4	95 3/4
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	50	@ 77 1/2	77 1/2	
Oceanic S. Co. ....	230	@ 3 1/2 - 3 3/4	3 3/4	
Pacific States Tel.	285	@ 104 1/2 - 105	105	105 1/2

The market has been active for the sugars, and about 8,500 shares changed hands, and losses of from one-half point to two and three-quarter points were made, the latter in Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar; at the close Pauuhau, Makaweli, and Hutchinson were a shade better.

San Francisco Gas and Electric sold up three and a quarter points to 56 1/2, on sales of 460 shares, closing at 56 bid, 56 1/2 asked.

Spring Valley Water was steady at 39 1/2 - 40. Alaska Packers Association sold off one point to 95 on sales of 340 shares, closing at 95 1/2 bid, 95 3/4 asked.

Sales of Giant Powder were made at 63 1/2, California Wine Association at 77 1/2, Oceanic Steamship Company at 3 1/2 - 3 3/4, Pacific States Telegraph and Telephone Company at 104 1/2 - 105.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

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The American Gentleman's Whiskey

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Perfect Breakfast and Diet Health Cereals.

PANSY FLOUR for Biscuits, Cake and Pastry.

Unlike all other foods. Ask Grocers.

For book of sample, write FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

### PHOENIX ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON

Established 1782

The Baltimore losses of the Phoenix of London were paid by funds furnished by the home office for that purpose, and did not affect the United States assets.

### Providence Washington Ins. Co. OF RHODE ISLAND

Established 1799.

### PELICAN ASSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK

### GEORGE E. BUTLER, General Agent,

(Successor to Cross & Co., established 1843)

### 200 PINE STREET.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During the funeral of an unpopular man in a New England village, a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied, "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied!"

John G. Carlisle, who has a farm on Long Island, was discussing with his foreman the advisability of putting on a new man. "No," said the foreman, "I wouldn't bother to take on Frank. He wouldn't suit." "Why not?" "Well, because you couldn't place no dependence on his stickin' to the job. He's such a freckle-minded cuss he never stays at any one thing."

Some one asked President Jordan, of Stanford University, why it is that the two leading educational institutions of California have granted so few doctor of philosophy degrees—only twenty-five in seven years. Dr. Jordan reflected for a moment, and then said: "By wider introduction of the 'trading-stamp' principle in higher education the number of degrees could be increased, but with no gains to science and art."

Two men went into a Boston drug-store and told the proprietor they had made a soda-water bet and would have their sodas now, and when the bet was decided the loser would drop in and pay for them, if that would be satisfactory to the druggist. He answered that it would, and after the sodas had been enjoyed, he asked: "By the way, what was the bet?" "My friend, here," said one of the men, "bets that when Bunker Hill Monument falls it will fall toward the north, and I bet it won't."

"When I was a student at the University of Virginia," said Surgeon-General Rixey, of the navy, "there used to be an old man named Tom Crabbe who cleaned my boots and ran my errands. Tom, one morning, came into my room in an excited and gay mood. 'My daughter, sir,' he said, 'has a little baby. A fine child. Twelve pounds in weight.' 'When was it born?' said I. 'This morning,' answered Tom. 'Is it a boy or a girl?' 'Do you know, sir,' he said, 'I forgot, in the excitement, to find out whether I was a grandfather or a grandmother!'"

An eccentric Wesleyan minister caused some surprise one Sunday by declaring that he did not in the least object to people sleeping while he was preaching. A few minutes later he and his hearers were disturbed by the loud snoring of a man just below the pulpit. "Give him a tap on the head," said the minister. This was done, ineffectually. "Give him another," came the order again. Still the man slumbered. But at length, by dint of much tapping and shaking, he was recalled into abashed consciousness. "You are making a wretched noise," roared the minister, leaning over the pulpit edge; "I don't mind you sleeping, but you are preventing other people from sleeping!"

Recently, while Chauncey Depew was at one of his clubs, some one showed him a newspaper cutting on a bulletin-board. This revealed a picture of the oldest statue known, a recent find, possibly the effigy of the Babylonian monarch, King Da-Udu, or David. In the cutting was a suggestion that the funny-looking personage, who may have been an ancient after-dinner orator, bore a striking resemblance to Chauncey M. Depew. New York's junior senator studied the thing closely for details, and laughed uproariously. Then his companion indicated a smaller clipping pasted just below. He adjusted his glasses, and read:

"In the days of old Rameses,  
Are you on?  
These stories had paresis,  
Are you on?"

The Punkville Debating Society was in regular session, and Mr. G. Watkins Spurling was making an earnest plea on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That man's every act is the result of a selfish motive." "I go further than that, Mr. President," he said; "about three-fourths of the things a man does is because he's envious of what somebody else does. The pin-headed speaker that had the floor last on the other side lied like a pirate when he said—'Here the president of the society rapped on the desk.' The gentleman must not use such language as that," he said. "Why not?" "Because it isn't parliamentary." "It may not be parliamentary, Mr. President," vociferated Mr. G. Watkins Spurling, loosening his collar and rolling up his sleeves, "but, by gum, it's congressional!"

A colored Virginia preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Brethren an' sistern, I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle, an' I am gwine ter take as example de chillren of Isreal acrossin' of de Red Sea. Der wus Moses on de brink of de sea, and

right behin' him wus de army of Pharaoh. An' all at once'st, breddren, de sea froze over es solid es a rock, an' de chillren and Moses walked across." In the congregation were some young negroes who had been to college, and whose orthodoxy had been slightly warped. One of them arose, and said: "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause the geographies tell us that water don't freeze at the equator." The old man hesitated a moment, and then replied, scornfully: "I jest knowed one of you young niggers wus gwine ter dispute de work of de Lawd. Young man, when the Red Sea froze der warnt no geograph, and der warnt no equator."

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## A Solemn Thought.

There are some things wealth can not buy,  
Both physical and mental;  
Tacks feel the same upon a rug,  
Ingrain or Oriental.—*New York Sun.*

## Feminine Figures.

Arithmetic 'tis well to shun,  
Of puzzles it has plenty;  
For instance, I was twenty-one  
When Madge was sweet and twenty.  
Old Time, as fast the seasons flow,  
Worked on me with his heaven;  
I felt the weight of thirty-two  
When Madge was twenty-seven.

The marvel grew to huge estate,  
Madge proved of time so thrifty,  
Remaining simple thirty-eight  
Long after I'd turned fifty.

My brain is plunged in awful whirls  
By mathematics' rigors,  
And who shall now maintain that girls  
Have no control of figures?

—*London Punch.*

## A Good Motto.

Upon the door I saw a sign;  
I cried, "A motto! And it's mine!"  
A wiser thing I never saw—  
No Median or Persian law  
Should be more rigidly enforced  
Than this, from verbiage divorced;  
Its logic's firm as any rock—  
"Push—don't knock."

'Twas simply meant to guide the hand  
Of those who wished to sit or stand  
Within the unassuming door  
This weight of sermony that bore.  
'Twas never meant to teach or preach,  
But just to place in easy reach  
The ear of him who dealt in stock—  
"Push—don't knock."

But what a guide for life was that—  
Strong, philosophical, and pat;  
How safe a chart for you and me  
While cruising o'er life's restless sea;  
Push, always push, with goal in view;  
Don't knock—avoid the hammer crew.  
This rule will save you many a shock:  
"Push—don't knock."

When on that door I see the sign,  
I say, "Great motto, you are mine!"  
No stronger sermon ever fell  
From human lips; no sage could tell  
The hothead youth more nearly how  
To point always his vessel's prow;  
There are no wiser words in stock:  
"Push—don't knock."

—*Baltimore American.*

## The Blazed Trail.

He leans upon his axe.  
Before him prone a forest monarch lies.  
The vastness of the woods yet drones  
And echoes back the thunders of its fall.  
At length vast silence comes. He sighs.  
Vast is the forest looming up beyond,  
Vast is the sigh he heaves.  
Vast are his words, reflective of vast thoughts.  
"Gee, Bill!" he says, "I shore am tuckered out.  
Gi' me a chaw."—*Ben Blow in Judge.*

## TEA

Does it pay to advertise?  
Depends on circumstances.  
What circumstances?  
The tea and the dealing.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

"Don't you think Miss Lingerlong's face looks rather worn?" "Well, she has been wearing it since 1868."—*Town Topics.*

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## The Chorus-Girl, Chop-Suey, and Clarence.

"I'm waiting for Irene McGee," said the Chorus-Girl; "we've got a date to go somewhere and eat chop-suey, and Irene is one of the most bashful girls at the Casino, and she wouldn't go to none of them Chinese restaurants alone for nothing you could give her."

"It's terrible when the craving for chop-suey comes over you, generally about midnight, when you have your hair up in curlers and are laying off on the sofa, reading 'The Coquette's Crime; or, the Mysteries of a Michigan Marriage,' by Bertha M. Mudd, and first you think it's memories of the past, or maybe peroxide is affecting your brain, or that your heart's affected, and then it dawns upon you that your system is craving chop-suey, and you've simply got to get it. Say, I wonder if the Chink chefs dope the dish?"

"If you are living in an apartment-house you can get the elevator boy to put an 'Out of Order' card on the car and hike out for a pail for you, but if you are leading the simple life in a furnished room in Forty-Sixth Street you have to wake up some other soubrette to go out with you and get it."

"None of them will refuse. Wake any of them up and say, 'Rosalie, let's duck out for chop-suey!' and you'll never get a 'No.'"

"I have to take my chop-suey in the daytime now, for we've recently got acquainted with little Clarence Caraway, whose money is his license to butt in."

"Clarence Caraway is one of those boys who only think they can see life by the aid of artificial light."

"Some one has toiled and scrimped and saved to leave an estate for him to spend. Some of the girls marry them quick, and then settle with their relatives and the trust company, for if you leave a young man with money loose too long you'll find yourself left at the post in the Alimony Stakes."

"Clarence Caraway is a bird-like boy of twenty-two. He looks like a dashing young tonsorial artist, and all he remembers of his trip abroad is 'I say now, that's ripping!'"

"Sometimes I think that parents who leave their children well off leave them worse off. Mamma de Branscombe met him at the races; Dick Durkin, the jockey who gives her tips, introduced them."

"Clarence is just at the age when he thinks lightweight pugilists and jockeys are the salt of the earth, because their mental processes don't fatigue him to follow."

"I don't mind going out in electric cabs to dine at the St. Regis with him, but if you are seen too often in public with kids like Clarence Caraway, the newspapers get hold of it and print your picture as 'the spendthrift's fiancée,' and if you can't get him cornered quick in some denominational matrimonial agency you are talked about terrible."

"None of that for mine! I come from the very best people in Altoona, and while I have never wrote home for money yet, I know it would break my mamma's heart if the least suspicion of scandal was directed toward me."

"There are only two careers open for a chorus-girl—to be married and marred, or be scolded and starved, and neither appeals to me."

"And that's why I am cold to Clarence Caraway. Just as most newspaper men become press-agents when they die, just so the chorus-girl's only hope is to catch a millionaire when he's young and marry him, and then fight it out with his family as to whether she'll take the money now or wait till she gets it."

"I'd sooner advertise in the matrimonial papers for a husband and get a retired lumberman of Paw-Paw, W. Va., who wears a regalia on his chin, and who thinks he has overburdened you with happiness by putting in the only bath-room in town because he loves you so."

"So I've side-stepped the child-stealing proposition, and Mamma de Branscombe, who always trusted her husbands implicitly, but not too much, hasn't made up her mind whether she will let Amy have him or cop him out for herself. She better be nice to me or I'll tip off the Gerry Society that there is a case or kidnapping about to be pulled off by the Broadway Black Hand."—*Roy L. McCordell in the New York World.*

— HAND-BAGS, TRUNKS, VALISES, SUIT-CASES, umbrellas, all kinds and all prices. Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. This ad. is good for 10% discount.

## BOOTH'S DRY GIN

FOR  
COCKTAILS,  
FIZZES  
AND  
RICKEYS

Commands the  
highest price  
in London and  
is recognized  
as the Best Dry  
Gin the world  
over.

## HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Centemeri Gloves  
**fit**  
109 Grant Avenue

## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
\*Finland, Dec. 10, 10:30 am | St. Paul, Dec. 24  
New York, Dec. 17 | St. Louis, Dec. 31  
\*Calling at Dover for London and Paris.

Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland, Dec. 17, 10 am | Haverford, Jan. 14, 10 am  
Merion, Dec. 31, 10 am | Friesland, Jan. 28, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Minnehaha, Dec. 10, 8 am | Menominee, Dec. 24, 10 am  
Manitou, Dec. 17, 10 am | Minnetonka, Dec. 31, 1 pm

## DOMINION LINE.

Montreal—Liverpool—Short sea passage.  
Canada, Dec. 10

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE.

NEW YORK—ROTTERDAM, VIA BOULOGNE.  
New Twin-Screw Steamers of 12,500 Tons.  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 A. M.

Statendam, Dec. 7 | Rotterdam, Dec. 21  
\*Amsterdam, Dec. 14 | Statendam, Jan. 11  
\*Carries Steerage only.

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Finland, Dec. 10 | Kronland, Dec. 24  
Zeeland, Dec. 17 | Vaderland, Dec. 31

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Cedric, Dec. 7, 5:30 am | Baltic, Dec. 28, 10 am  
Oceanic, Dec. 14, 10 am | Cedric, Jan. 4, 4:30 am  
Majestic, Dec. 21, 10 am | Teutonic, Jan. 11, 10 am

Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric, Dec. 10, Dec. 21, Jan. 25

NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.  
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA AZORES.  
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA, ALEXANDRIA.  
From New York.

Republic, Dec. 1, Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic, Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18

## From Boston.

Romanic, Dec. 10, Jan. 28, March 11  
Canopic, Dec. 10, Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
First-class \$55 upward, depending on date.

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
21 Post Street, San Francisco.

## Occidental and Oriental

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows:  
1904  
S. S. Coptic, Saturday, November 26  
S. S. Gaelic, Tuesday, December 13  
(Calls at Manila).  
S. S. Doric, Thursday, February 2, 1905  
S. S. Coptic, Saturday, February 25  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Nov. 25, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Sonoma, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 1, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Albatross, for Honolulu only, Dec. 10, at 11 A. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 323 Market St., San Francisco.

## THE LATEST STYLES IN

## CHOICE WOOLENS

## H. S. BRIDGE &amp; CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,  
622 Market Street (Upstairs),  
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

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## 112 Sutter Street

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## SOCIETY.

## The Babcock-Eells Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Eells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells, to Lieutenant John F. Babcock, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday afternoon at Trinity Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed at half after three by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Miss Dorothy Eells was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Isabel Kittle, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Stella McCalla. Mr. John S. Eells acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant Needham L. Jones, U. S. N., Lieutenant Harry H. Rousseau, U. S. N., Mr. William D. Page, Mr. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. John Kittle, and Mr. Wharton Thurston. A reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 2415 Pierce Street, followed the ceremony. After their wedding journey, Lieutenant Babcock and Mrs. Babcock will reside in San Francisco.

## The Cuthbert-Simpson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, to Rev. William James Cuthbert, of Kioto, Japan, took place on Wednesday at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony was performed at noon by Bishop Partridge, assisted by Rev. Burr Weedon. Miss Amalia Simpson was maid of honor, and Miss Helen Partridge was bridesmaid. Rev. Cecil Marrack acted as best man, and the ushers were Dr. Harold Hill and Mr. F. W. Dixon. A wedding breakfast and reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 2520 Vallejo Street, followed the ceremony. Rev. and Mrs. Cuthbert, on their return from their wedding journey, will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson until January, when they will go to Japan.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Wells, to Mr. Selby Hanna. The wedding will take place in January.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lonsdale, of Baltimore, to Mr. Edward Howard, of San Mateo.

The wedding of Miss Marie Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Captain Haldiman P. Young, U. S. A., will take place on Saturday afternoon, December 31st, at the residence of her parents, 2111 California Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin will give a ball on Friday evening, December 2d, at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Miss Anita Harvey.

Miss Irene Sabin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, made her formal debut on Saturday at a tea given by her parents at their residence, 2828 California Street.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, and Miss Elizabeth Huntington gave a theatre-party at the Columbia on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Hazel Noonan, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a dinner at her residence on Pacific Avenue on Monday evening in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson. Others at table were Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Mr. George Cadwallader, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. William Page, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, and Mr. Frank King.

Mrs. William J. Gunn and Miss Amy Gunn gave a tea on Monday at their residence, Green and Devisadero Streets, in honor of Miss Mabel Gunn.

Miss Gertrude Hyde Smith gave a tea on Monday afternoon at her residence on Green Street.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and Miss Amy Gunn gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton.

Mr. Thomas Barbour gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton and Mr. Josiah R.

Howell. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. James, Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mr. Enrique Grau, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Anita Harvey.

Miss Elsa Draper gave a tea on Sunday at her residence, 3032 Jackson Street, in honor of Miss Ursula Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. La Boyateaux gave a dinner and theatre party on Monday evening in honor of Miss Carol Moore and Miss Maisie Langhorne.

Miss Paula Wolff gave a tea on Friday in honor of Miss Adelaide Keyes.

Miss Ruth Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Houghton, made her formal debut on Tuesday at a tea given by her parents at their residence, 1215 Harrison Street, Oakland.

Miss Eugenia Hawes, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, will make her formal debut on Saturday at a tea to be given by Mrs. Schroeder.

Miss Mabel Watkins gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence in Sausalito.

Mrs. Mills was given a luncheon by the Mills College Alumnae at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday.

## Concert for Old Ladies' Home.

The Orpheus Club, of Oakland, consisting of eighty male voices, will give a concert at the Alhambra Theatre at eight-fifteen Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. The board of managers feel that this appeal to the public to help a most worthy institution, one that has as its especial aim the care of women who are old and friendless, will meet with a ready response. Tickets may be obtained from Sherman, Clay & Co., or from any member of the board of managers, which is made up of the following ladies:

Mrs. John I. Sabin, president; Mrs. Joseph Trille, vice-president; Mrs. James Newlands, recording secretary; Mrs. O. F. Hilton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. S. L. Foster, treasurer; Mrs. Phillip Caduc, Mrs. Alfred Clark, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mrs. James W. Hamm, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. F. C. Young, Mrs. A. M. Prindle, Mrs. M. A. Ranus, Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, Mrs. Louis C. Sanford, Mrs. S. V. Smith, Mrs. George Sneath, Mrs. F. L. Southack, Mrs. Robert Tausig, and Mrs. George E. Wellington.

## The following are the patronesses:

Mrs. Monroe Salishury, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. George F. Chapman, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Robert Bruce, Miss Murison, Miss Hamlin, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Charles Morris, and Mrs. H. J. Morton.

## Winter and Spring Golf Dates.

The tournament committee of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club announces the following schedule of events for the members of the women's annex for the season of 1904-1905:

Tuesday, November 20th, 18-hole handicap, medal play; Tuesday, December 13th, bogey handicap, 18 holes, match play; Tuesday, December 27th, qualifying round for Council Cup, medal play; Wednesday, December 28th, first round, match play; Thursday, December 29th, semi-finals; Friday, December 30th, finals; Tuesday, January 10, 1905, a driving, approaching, and putting contest; Tuesday, January 24th, 18-hole handicap, medal play; Tuesday, February 7th, qualifying round for Council Cup, medal play; Wednesday, February 8th, first round, match play; Thursday, February 9th, semi-finals; Friday, February 10th, finals; Tuesday, February 21st, women's foursomes, 18 holes, medal play; Tuesday, March 7th, bogey handicap, 18 holes, match play; Wednesday, March 21st, a driving, approaching, and putting contest; Tuesday, April 5th, qualifying round for Council Cup, medal play; Wednesday, April 5th, first round, match play; Thursday, April 6th, semi-finals; Friday, April 7th, finals; Tuesday, April 18th, 18-hole handicap, medal play.

Play will commence at 9:30 A. M. in all cases.

Winter does not lessen the attractiveness of a trip to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, from which, at all seasons, a most magnificent view can be obtained. The trip up the mountain on the crooked railway is a unique experience, and a sojourn at the Tavern of Tamalpais is a delight.

Alfred A. Farland, one of the greatest banjoists the world has known, will give a single recital in this city at Steinway Hall, Tuesday evening, December 13th.

— PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BEARING THE NAME OF Rasmussen will never be cheapened by becoming an advertising gift of any dry goods, grocery, or vegetable store. The word Rasmussen stands for the best and most exclusive in Photographic Portraiture. Sitting, by appointment, 139 Post Street.

— DESIRABLE TENANT WANTED FOR LARGE, sunny, office room, suited for studio. Third floor, California Building, corner Sutter and Grant Avenue. Apply Argonaut office, 246 Sutter Street.

## The Fruit and Flower Mission.

The Argonaut received on Monday, through the mail, a fifty-dollar note, the annual Thanksgiving donation of "M. R. and M. F." to the Fruit and Flower Mission. With the offering came this note:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 21, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: With this you will find fifty dollars for the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission as a donation toward defraying its Thanksgiving Day work.

In notifying the treasurer to call on you for the above amount, you will greatly oblige. Yours respectfully, M. R.—M. F.

The treasurer of the mission, to whom the money was at once forwarded, acknowledged its receipt, and sent a note of thanks to the generous but anonymous donors. The letter with the fifty-dollar note came to the Argonaut by special delivery, and gives absolutely no clue to the identity of "M. R.—M. F." So our only means of conveying to them the thanks of the Fruit and Flower Mission is by printing the note of acknowledgment received by us, which is as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1904.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: We acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the extremely welcome donation of fifty dollars from our unknown benefactors, "M. R.—M. F." This sum has been forwarded by them, as usual, through your paper; and, as usual, we are obliged to rely on your kindly offices to convey to the donors our weak expression of a very strong gratitude.

The unfaltering regularity with which "M. R.—M. F." lend their substantial cooperation to our mission, makes us hold to believe that they thus symbolize their approval of the nature of our efforts; and though the identity of these good friends remains still unrevealed to us, yet we feel sure they are, more or less closely, observant of the methods of our mission; in which event we feel they will be amply rewarded by a contemplation of the unworldly sunshine which is brought to so many humble and deserving homes through our modest endeavors, and to which "M. R.—M. F." have so regularly, loyally, and generously contributed.

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION.  
By GUSSIE MANDLEBAUM, Treasurer.

## Music at Hopkins Art Institute.

At the concert given on Friday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, where the fall exhibition is being held, the following musical programme was rendered under the direction of Henry Heyman:

Organ, "Festival March," Lemmens, Mr. Otto Fleissner; romanza from "Zaza," Leoncavallo, Mr. Oscar Sidney Frank; violin, "Romanze," op. 262, Reinecke, Mr. Henry Heyman; aria, "Mein glühendes Herz frohlocke," Bach, Mrs. Wilhelm Buergermeister; organ, "Andante" in F, Wely, Mr. Otto Fleissner; song, "Tis Time Enough," Nevin, Mr. Oscar Sidney Frank; violin, "Arioso," op. 17, Lauterbach, Mr. Henry Heyman; songs: (a) "O Sonnenschein," H. von Bülow, (b) "Confidence," MacDowell, (c) "Lullaby," Chadwick, Mrs. Wilhelm Buergermeister; organ, "Swedish Bridal Procession," Soedermann, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

The next concert will take place on Tuesday evening, December 1st.

Matteo Sandona will give an "at home" at his studio, Union and Larkin Streets, today (Saturday) for the purpose of showing his collection of paintings. Several portraits will be on exhibition, including those of Miss Gertrude Jolliffe and Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones.

The musical programme at the unveiling of the McKinley monument at the Baker Street entrance to Golden Gate Park on Thursday was under the direction of Henry Heyman.

— MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

## Celebrated "Knox" Hats.

Winter styles, Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

## Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.

## AUTUMN DAYS IN ROSS VALLEY

Wanted, responsible tenant for furnished house in Ross Valley. Nine rooms and bath; flooded with sunshine. Nominal rent. Address Argonaut, Box 50.

## THE BUCKINGHAM

655 Sutter Street,

San Francisco's New and Exclusive Apartment Hotel.

American plan. European plan. Arrangement: 1 room with bath; 2 rooms with bath; and 3 and 4 rooms with 2 baths. Furnished or unfurnished.

F. B. SIGNOR, Manager.

Telephone Main 3180.



## Cords' Pinoleum Cough Cure

is nature's remedy — the healing principle of the Mountain Pines. It stops the cough, cures the cold. 25 cents a bottle at 362-366 Sutter Street, S. F.

Get free booklet, "The Secret of the Pines."

Christmas remembrances are now ready.

They're individuality. Come and see them.

Charlotte F. Williams.  
Artist-Decorator.

Tel. John 1911

121 Post St.

## XMAS ART WORK

Orders received for lace-work, modeled leather, wood-carving. Private instructions given on any piece of decorative art.

## FRANCES RICHARDS

131 Post Street, Room 6.

Interior Decoration,  
Furniture, Carpets,  
Upholstery Fabrics,  
Domestic and  
Oriental Rugs

John Breunel & Co.  
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261 to 281 Geary St.  
AT UNION SQUARE.

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### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and family have gone to Bakersfield, where they will spend the holidays.

Mrs. W. J. Gunn and Miss Amy Gunn departed on Thursday for New York. They will remain there until the holidays, when they will go to Porto Rico, where Miss Gunn's wedding to Dr. Thayer takes place in January.

Mr. William G. Irwin arrived from Honolulu on the Oceanic steamship *Sonoma* on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tohin (*nee* Russell) have returned from Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Tohin will spend the winter at the De Sahla residence, 1916 Octavia Street.

Mrs. John Boalt has returned from Europe, and has taken a flat on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxtun Beale will spend the winter at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Mrs. James W. Keeney and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow returned from the East Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson have taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mrs. Ella Hotelling has returned, after a three years' absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Florence Nightingale, and Miss Ellis have arrived from Shelter Island, N. Y., and are at Mr. and Mrs. Smith's Oakland residence, "Arbor Villa."

Mr. Ernest Wiltsee departed on Tuesday for a month's trip to Oregon.

Mrs. William B. Hopkins has returned after a two years' absence in Europe.

Colonel T. W. M. Draper has returned from a short trip to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Irving and children have recently taken apartments at The Buckingham, where they will spend the winter and spring months.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani and Congressman Kalanianoale arrived from Honolulu on Monday on their way to Washington, D. C.

Governor Pardee and Mrs. Pardee were at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Birkmaier and the Misses Birkmaier are in Baltimore, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Alfred Bacon and Miss Alice Bacon returned on Saturday to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Levi Strauss, of New York, has taken up her residence at The Buckingham.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has returned from a trip to St. Louis and the East, and is at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street, for the winter.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Miss Helen Hecht, Mrs. William Fries, and Mr. Summit L. Hecht are in New York. They are expected home the first week in December.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Peters, of Alameda, Mrs. E. Whittam, of Manchester, England, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Litchfield, Mr. T. P. Amoss, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, and Mr. E. H. Kinney.

New York's grand-opera season opened on Monday night. "Aida" was given, with Mme. Eames in the title-role, and Caruso as Radames. The Metropolitan Opera House was crowded, and speculators sold orchestra seats for from \$30 to \$40, and \$10 was the smallest sum for which they would sell tickets to the upper gallery.

Thursday night, December 8th, will be Press Club night at the Tivoli Opera House. Besides the production of "King Dodo," there will be stunts by the members of the club, and the club quartet will contribute selections.

Nance O'Neill appeared at Daly's Theatre, New York, on Monday night, in "Magda." The dispatches announce that she had a good reception.

The San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will give a charity ball at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening, December 21st.

### The Buckingham Cafe's Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar *table-d'hôte* dinner will be served at the Buckingham Cafe, 655 Sutter Street, from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening:

California Oysters.

Consomme Imperial. Ox Joint a la Anglaise.  
Queen Olives. Celery. Salted Almonds.

Boiled Cod, Egg Sauce. Potatoes Natural.

Turkey Croquettes, Green Peas.  
Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce.  
Compoite of Pears a la Coide.

Frozen Claret.

Roast Domestic Duck, Apple Sauce.  
Broiled Chicken, Maitre de Hotel.

Succotash en Cream. French Peas Saute.  
Mashed Turnips. Mashed Potatoes, Mexican Salad.

Apple Pie. Coconut Custard Pie.  
Charlotte Russe. Strawberry Ice-Cream.  
Assorted Cake.

Cafe Noir.

American Cheese. Water Crackers. Swiss Cheese.

### Army and Navy News.

Rear-Admiral Bowman McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla gave a reception at their quarters on Mare Island on Monday afternoon in honor of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles R. Darling and Mrs. Darling. Mr. Darling is here inspecting the naval shipbuilding yards and defenses of San Francisco and vicinity.

Rear-Admiral Theodore Jewell, U. S. N., has been retired, and the vacancy will be filled by the promotion of Captain Royal B. Bradford, U. S. N., to rear-admiral.

Mrs. Clover, who left here in July for Japan, has recently left there and gone to Shanghai, where she was joined by her husband, Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N. They will go shortly to Manila, where Commander Clover's ship is stationed.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore, U. S. A., has been inspecting the troops at the Presidio this week.

Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Jocelyn have taken apartments at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Lieutenant Verge E. Sweazey, Medical Department, U. S. A., departed on Monday for Washington, D. C., where he will remain for two months before going to his new station at Fort Mackenzie, Wyo.

Lieutenant Frederick Kellond and Mrs. Kellond (*nee* Selfridge) have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge at their residence, 2615 California Street, prior to their departure for Lieutenant Kellond's station at Vancouver Barracks.

Rear-Admiral John R. Bartlett, retired, U. S. N., died at St. Louis on Tuesday of pneumonia.

Major Walter S. Alexander, Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has retired, and will go into business.

Lieutenant Henry S. Kierstedt, Medical Department, U. S. A., is at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Lieutenant U. S. Grant, U. S. A., will be stationed at Washington, D. C., as military aid to the President.

Lieutenant Louis H. Basb, U. S. A., and Mrs. Basb (*nee* Runkle) expect to sail for the Philippines about December 1st.

Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur, U. S. A., has been appointed assistant to Colonel Thomas Handbury, U. S. A.

There will be a number of good contests at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) under the auspices of the New California Jockey Club. In fact, the five or more races every day in the week furnish good sport, and attract large crowds.

Burton Holmes, the traveler, will lecture before the Tuesday Club of Sacramento and the Home Club of Oakland. His series in this city will be given at Lyric Hall, commencing Tuesday, January 10th.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

### Shopping Commission.

Household and personal shopping done in New York City. Orders carefully and promptly attended to. Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City.

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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# The Argonaut.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Probably no articles ever printed in an American magazine have had such a success as Thomas Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." The style is scintillant and impressive. The reader is dazed, bewildered, entranced, awed, spell-bound. His fascinated eyes follow Lawson's verbal gesticulations as a band of Fiji Islanders might watch a prestidigitator like Hermann, as a cobra might glue its beady eyes on a bronze-skinned charmer with his flute.

Judged merely as a story-teller, the Boston financier has qualities that a Dumas might envy, and any one of our novelists emulate. As a work of art, "Frenzied Finance" is indisputably a great piece of writing.

It must be admitted, however, that, fresh from the re-reading of the whole series of articles which have swelled the circulation of *Everybody's Magazine* from

a hundred thousand or so in July to nearly a million in December, the impression of the whole is disappointing. As you read, vast revelations seem to be being made, but when you have finished, what you thought you had grasped seems to dissolve and vanish like a vision.

Lawson seems, indeed, to have all the characteristics of the conjuror. As you gaze, you see the magician break a dozen financial eggs in the brand-new hat. You see him pour on these a kettle of boiling water. You see him stir the mass with vigorous flourish, and you see the omelet come neatly forth. And then, behold, when the hat comes back to its owner, it is as good as new. You sadly admit you were hypnotized—or something.

So far as we can see, when all the vivid detail is cut away—when the details of the changes of color in H. H. Rogers's eyes, and the accounts of the various crafty expressions on the face of unspeakable Addicks are eliminated—what remains is a general attack on the business morals of operators in high finance; the statement that Amalgamated Copper cost the owners \$39,000,000, was unloaded on the public at \$75,000,000, and bought back, after a fierce bear campaign, at \$36,000,000, netting the manipulators a profit of some \$40,000,000; and that the Massachusetts legislature was bribed in 1896.

All this, heaven knows, is bad enough, but it by no means justifies the amazing extent and variety of Lawson's verbal pyrotechnics. From the point of view of yellow journalism, his style is perfect. His hints and insinuations of the amazing things he is going to tell are in accord with the best principles of romancing. His methods are those of the serial story-teller who, at the end of a chapter, leaves the hero falling through space from a third-story window, and in the first paragraph of the next installment neatly catches him on a load of hay that the *deus ex machina* brings up to the scratch at just the proper moment. But Mr. Lawson's style does not jibe with his assertions that his motives in telling the tale he does are in the highest degree altruistic.

Regarding most of what Mr. Lawson says, the layman is able neither to determine its truth nor falsity. But to this rule there are exceptions. One of them is in the matter of life insurance. Mr. Lawson, having darkly hinted regarding the methods of certain companies, one of his readers addressed John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. McCall replied, stating, among other things, that "Mr. Lawson has repeatedly applied to us for life insurance, but we were obliged, under our rules, to decline him." Lawson, replying, flatly denies this, saying: "John A. McCall has repeatedly urged me to come into the New York Life Insurance Company. Absolute truth of this assertion is printed below. Mr. McCall's letter, reproduced here, would be accepted as complete truth in any court of justice. . . . Mr. McCall left no stone unturned in his efforts to get me into the New York Life Insurance Company." The letter referred to in the quoted passage is, indeed, addressed by McCall to Lawson, but it is perfectly evident to the veriest tyro in business that the letter is merely a circular such as are sent out in tens of thousands, hit or miss, by all the great insurance companies. Doubtless McCall never saw the letters thus sent out, and so Lawson's statement that "McCall left no stone unturned" is as misleading as any statement could well be, and, as a matter of fact, the *Insurance Press* makes the unqualified statement that on July 25, 1892, Mr. Lawson applied to the New York Life Insurance Company for insurance. He answered "No" when asked if he had ever before made any application to any com-

pany or agent. The *Press* further states that it was subsequently ascertained that Lawson had been previously rejected by two companies, and that his application was therefore declined. This seems pretty conclusive.

*Ex pede Herculem.* One instance of sophistical reasoning based on false premises—an instance so clear that no man of business will fail to see that Lawson misrepresents—gives rise to the suspicion that other parts of his story may be equally misleading.

Again: Lawson tells in his last article how the Massachusetts legislature "is bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the markets and wharves." One would think that these "revelations" of his would stir the upright newspapers of Massachusetts to righteous wrath and to a desire to give every support in their power to a person doing so great a public service as Lawson asserts that he is. Yet they are quite calm or openly amused. Even the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*—a journal noted throughout the land for its courage, honesty, and fidelity to the public interest—makes light of the "terrible story." "It is a striking picture," says the *Republican*, "that of our Solons linked in corruption like a mammoth chain of sausages hung up for sale; or of a General Court which 'stinks and shines, and shines and stinks like a rotten mackerel in the moonlight.' But the depiction is not to be taken seriously." And the *Republican* goes on to quote with approval some remarks of a representative who speaks of "that small percentage of venal members," and otherwise makes light of Mr. Lawson.

As it is believed that the Standard Oil is taking legal measures against Lawson, in order to compel him to tell on the witness-stand what he alleges in print, the public will probably know far more about Lawson next summer than it does now. But for the present—while we are quite ready to believe that the metropolitan press is subsidized; that State legislators are bought; that United States senators are improperly influenced; that the public is swindled by stock manipulators; and that the standard of business morals in Wall Street is low—we are not quite certain that it is the part of wisdom gudgeon-like to swallow whole this tale that Lawson tells. He seems to us a born romancer; one of these men whose imagination (sometimes quite innocently) paints truth in such vivid colors that it is all but unrecognizable; an eccentric, erratic, sensational person; one with brains, but undisciplined; one who is so constituted that he could not tell a plain straightforward story without embellishment to save his life; one who is contributing liberally to the gayety of nations and the discomfort of multi-millionaires, and who should therefore have our thanks, but not our unqualified approval or implicit confidence.

One of the sad, sad things in this beautiful world is the way scholars—Latin scholars—fight with one another. Latin, as everybody knows, is a dead language. Not subject to the mouthings of the vulgar, classic Latin has remained unaltered and unchanged for thousands of years. Thus, if a Spaniard knows his Cicero, his Horace, and his Virgil, but not Danish, he can make himself intelligible to the Dane who knows no Spanish, but does know his Virgil, Horace, and Cicero. Latin is therefore used as the medium in which to write abstruse scientific works. Being in Latin, they are intelligible to the men of science of the whole world. Being in Latin, they are not subject to the fluctuations in the meanings of words to which all spoken languages are subject. Such is the pretty theory.

But in practice, the case stands differently. In fact no two Latinists are ever able to agree on a



Latin sentence. Let a scholar crawl painfully up a shaky ladder to in-cribe on the façade of a public building a Latin motto, and all his scholastic brethren begin to hurl at him hard rocks of criticism and vegetables of contempt. You can bet on it. It never fails. And the Kaiser's message to the President is a fine case in point—as the scientists say, it is a "beautiful specimen." What the Kaiser wrote was *Tuum quod bonum felix faustumque sit populo Americano*. Instantly the word-sharps leaped upon it with unholy joy. Professor H. A. Sill, of Cornell, devoted half a column in the *New York Post*—practically the organ of the universities—to an exegesis. Professor N. W. H., in the same journal, says that the word *tuum* puzzled him considerably. Professor James G. Croswell contributes a stickful of meaty comment, and remarks in conclusion: "I forbear to translate, feeling that there are too many dangers in ambush." Cautious man! Professor V. V., of Brooklyn, writes: "It is evident that the slightly altered form of the well-known Roman formula has led many of our minds astray as to the imperial meaning." He suggests that a comma be placed after *bonum*, and that *est* be supplied. Professor Charles H. Ward, of Columbia, wants to know "why all this pother about the Kaiser's Latin? It is perfectly good and simple: 'May that be thine which is well, happy, and fortunate for the American people!'" Professor H. thinks Professor Ward's translation is "not good sense," and suggests the addition of *id, est, a comma, the transposition of quod, and the alteration of American to Americano*. And finally the Reverend Theodore C. Williams remarks: "How hard it is to write good Latin." We quite agree with him in view of the exhibits.

This sort of thing happens every time. Even Secretary Hay was caught napping, the other day. He said in a speech on Roosevelt that many great men, besides the hero of San Juan, have been soldiers; even Horace could say: "*Militari non sine gloria*." But a gentleman in the rear rises to remark that it was in no bloody affray that Horace fought, not without glory, but in the sweet wars of Venus! The couplet runs:

"Vixi puellis nuper idoneus  
Et militavi non sine gloria."

and Michael Monahan neatly construes it:

"I have been a slick fellow with the girls.  
And have fought with glory in the wars of Venus."

So, apparently, there are pitfalls everywhere for the feet of the Latinist. And what a commentary on scholarship when a dozen of the *Gelehrte* quarrel and jabber over a single simple sentence. After all, is it any wonder that the plain man of affairs views the scholar with a trace of contempt, and all his ways with more than a trace of superior and satisfied amusement?

A good many of the military experts appear to think that the terrible cold of the Manchurian winter will check further military operations for several months. They cite as proof of this the fact that General Kuropatkin has notified certain attachés that they might as well return home for the winter. On the other hand, the latest dispatches tell of aggressive movements on the part of some Russian troops under Kuropatkin, and the retreat of Japanese who had attempted a flanking movement. One thing is certain, if it is General Kuropatkin who is to make a forward movement, the time for it is now. When Port Arthur falls, General Oyama's army will be reinforced with a substantial number of men now fighting there under General Nogi, and Kuropatkin would then have a considerably more difficult task. If, on the contrary, it is Oyama who hopes to carry on the campaign, winter or no winter, it may be expected that the attack will be delayed until the fall of Port Arthur. There, General Nogi appears to have made gains of late, and success is by no means so far away as it was, but his victory, when it is attained, will have been most dearly bought. The Japanese make no statement of the extent of their losses, but, judging merely from superficial knowledge of events, if their total loss in killed and wounded during the campaign reaches three or four times the loss of the Russians it will not be surprising. And still the pro-Japanese press contends that the Japanese have been successful! As to the Baltic fleet, one section of it has passed Port Said, and the other was reported from Ivory Coast, West Africa, on November 21st. The naval calculator estimate that it will certainly not reach the Vello Sea before February or March.

That ultra-standpat journal, the *Chronicle*, heads an editorial: "Not Much of a Tariff." Doubtless the *Chronicle* is right, but it seems just a little strange, just a trifle queer, that from Maine to California nearly all of the newspapers of importance should be talking,

not unfavorably, about tariff-revision. Why should the *Sun* say in a column article: "No doubt remains in the minds of Republican leaders, even those who are opposed to any tariff changes, that the Dingley schedules will be amended by the Fifty-Ninth Congress"? Why should the *Oregonian* say: "Readjustment of tariff schedules will be compelled soon"; the *Independent*, that "the tariff ought to be revised"; the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, that "there is no longer excuse for continuing the timid policy of reaction"; the *Sacramento Union*, that "sooner or later the President will force Congress to consider tariff-revision"; the *Springfield Union*, that "there is very genuine sentiment that schedules should be adjusted"; the *Cincinnati Tribune*, that "the people are ready to demand reduction in the schedule"; the *Lincoln State Journal*, that "the best solution of the whole tariff question is to hold an extra session"; the *Chicago Chronicle*, that "it is the all but universal opinion among leaders of the dominant party that the time has arrived for tariff reduction"; the *Sioux City Journal*, that "a decided majority of the people favor revision of the tariff"; the *Detroit Free Press*, that "the country has outgrown the law"; the *Cleveland Leader*, that "it is the bounden duty of a Republican Congress to take up the tariff question"; the *Chicago Record-Herald*, that "nothing short of a genuine, honest, direct revision of the tariff law will meet the needs and wishes of the overwhelming majority of the people"? And all these are Republican journals! Almost we are convinced that the *Chronicle* is mistaken. Did we not know that the thing was impossible, we should even be inclined to say that in its sleepy way the *Chronicle* had not yet discovered that there is any tariff question at all.

An event of vast importance in the history of Russia and in the history of the world, occurred in St. Petersburg on the 19th ultimo. The representatives of the Russian *zemstvos*, conservative men of all the provinces of the empire, assembled and unanimously agreed upon a memorial to the Czar, which reads like a declaration of independence, and which was published throughout Russia. It asks for the abolition of government based upon arbitrariness and personal caprice; for freedom of conscience and speech and of the press; for freedom of meeting and of association; it asks, in brief, that the government of Russia be transformed from an irresponsible bureaucracy into a constitutional monarchy. That the requests of the *zemstvos* representatives will be granted by the Czar, to whom Prince Mirsky, the liberal minister of the interior, has presented the memorial, is scarcely expected; but the mere fact that such a document was permitted to be printed throughout Russia is in itself an unprecedented event. All Russia—the whole world—is thrilled by it. Whatever the Czar's answer (and the conviction grows that he is weak and capricious, now swayed by good and now by bad influences), Russia can never be quite the same as before this assemblage of her sober, conservative citizens blew such a trumpet blast for progress.

On Tuesday next the Fifty-Eighth Congress will assemble in its third and final session, ending March 4th. And, according to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, the unfinished business of last session will occupy most of its time. There are, it appears, thirteen regular supply bills which must be disposed of. The Philippine public improvement bill has the right of way in the Senate. The Fairbanks public building bill, providing for the purchase of an entire square in Washington, and the erection of buildings, is also well up on the calendar. It is said that the President will urgently recommend the passage of the Philippine tariff bill, and there is a pure-food bill to come up also. The bill providing for the government of the canal zone, a good roads bill, a Statehood bill, the eight-hour bill, and the anti-injunction bill are also likely to cause discussion. The Smoot inquiry will also be resumed. It is pathetic to note that the last official act of Senator Hoar was to announce that on Tuesday, December 6th, he would ask unanimous consent for the consideration of the bill for the protection of the President. Senator Lodge will probably make the request for his late colleague.

The *Examiner*, for reasons best known to itself, has during the last month or two kept a seemingly malignant pen employed in an endeavor to convince the public that Assessor Washington Dodge is venal. Last week it ended its sinister series with an attack in which it stated, with ill-natured jocularity, that Mr. Dodge had

failed to assess the property of the Monticello Club while he was a member of that organization, but had immediately clapped on an assessment when he, with others, resigned. Since the statement was false, and Mr. Dodge is getting tired of this sort of thing, he had Robert, the *Examiner's* editor, arrested on the charge of criminal libel. And now the *Examiner* says it was all intended as a joke. A joke, indeed. How infinitely humorous to call a man a villain; what a fine pleasantry to say that he lies; how droll and amusing to charge him with being false to his oaths of office; what a frolicsome quip to impeach a man's honor and how witty to hold him up to ridicule as a cheat. Truly, that was a wonderful joke of the *Examiner's*, but we fear the community is not quite educated up to such subtle and delicate humor. It is, we fear, more likely to be amused at the spectacle of Mr. Robert vehemently endeavoring to keep out of jail than at Mr. Dodge in the rôle to which the *Examiner* would fain assign him.

Major John Bigelow, in his annual report, recommends the acquisition of the Yosemite Valley, now owned by the State of California, as a national park. This is a sound recommendation. There are half a dozen reasons why the Valley should be taken over by the nation. First, because the land surrounding the Valley is already nationalized, and it is absurd to have parts of what is practically the same tract of land under two different jurisdictions. Second, under national ownership, the Valley will be better cared for than now; a comparison of the condition of Yellowstone and Yosemite Parks demonstrates this. Third, under the present law, the park commissioners may not lease the hotel rights in the Valley, except for a period of years so short that it prohibits concessionaires from building; there are therefore no suitable accommodations for visitors. Fourth, the Valley is annually visited by as many people from outside as from inside California, and it is only proper, where the people of the whole nation are concerned, that the nation should bear the burden of expense. As a matter of fact, there is little doubt but that a measure receding the park to the Federal government will be passed by the legislature this winter. It will have the support of Governor Pardee, of the Sierra Club, of the Native Sons, and of improvement organizations generally. With such support, it can hardly fail.

It was away last June that the *Argonaut*, after pointing out the inevitability of the growth of radical feeling during the next four years—a growth favorable to the hopes of Hearst and other socialistic agitators—put the question: "Will Theodore Roosevelt spike all the guns of William Randolph Hearst between now and 1908?" Right now, it almost looks as if the question might be answered in the affirmative. Even Democratic papers see this clearly. The *World* says that "if the President succeeds in forcing a reasonable revision of the tariff; if he adopts vigorous measures for the enforcement of the anti-trust and interstate commerce laws," the radical Democracy will have no paramount issue in 1908. A Massachusetts manufacturer, whose views have the qualified approval of *Harper's Weekly*, says that Roosevelt should revise the tariff and enforce the laws against trusts, and that "if he does not take this course, the next period of depression will bring in a Socialist President, and the whole conservative fabric will be overthrown." It is this general feeling that makes so significant the statement that the near future will see a rigid investigation of corporations like Standard Oil, and that lends weight to the talk about revision of the tariff.

Many citizens of California would like to see the Japanese excluded from our shores, as the Chinese are now. The American Federation of Labor adopted a resolution calling upon Congress to pass such a law. In their fight, they will have behind them a considerable sentiment. But some of these same men appear to believe that the success of the Japanese in the present war will have no immediate sinister effect upon the United States. They appear to think there is no necessary irrepressible conflict between a desire to see the Japanese beat the Russians and a desire to keep Japanese laborers out of the West. In this it seems to us that they are in error. Suppose that Japan wins. Would she not angrily resent as an insult a "Japanese exclusion law"? Might she not peremptorily refuse to submit to it? Might she not resist its enforcement? These questions, in substance, are asked by the *Sun*. They seem to us pertinent. What has the sympathizer with the Japanese nation who still would like to see Japanese laborers prohibited from entrance here to say to them?



## THE PRUSSIAN PALADINS.

By Jerome Hart.

The monarch whom we name "Charlemagne" the Germans call "Carl der Grosse," and they claim him and all his paladins as Germanic heroes. The claim is not recognized by all other European nations. To-day the Germans dub Kaiser Wilhelm the First "Wilhelm der Grosse." While this claim to greatness may not be disputed by other nations, I do not think it is generally recognized. In fact, outside of Germany it is probably not even generally known. Yet the conqueror of Napoleon the Third is called "William the Great" on nearly all the numerous monuments in Germany glorifying the feats of arms of William and his Prussian paladins.

Not only in Prussia but all over Germany does one see monuments erected to the heroes of the Franco-Prussian War. It might be supposed that, in these monuments, only Saxon heroes would be seen in Saxony, only Wurtemberger warriors in Wurtemberg, only Bavarian chieftains in Bavaria. Not so. Kaiser Wilhelm the First, Von Bismarck, Von Moltke, the crown prince, Von Roon, the "Red Prince"—these and others you see all over Germany in bronze or marble. It is another proof of the Prussianizing of the German people. If you interrogate intelligent Saxons or Wurtembergers, Bavarians or Badensers, they seem to share the Prussians' pride; I do not say that they are as proud of the Prussian heroes as of their own, but they certainly seem to have a national feeling of pride in the Prussians. I asked a Dresden bookseller how the German Emperor compared in popularity there with the Saxon King. He replied bluntly: "Our [sic] emperor is more popular than the [sic] king." When asked the reason, he replied: "The king and his court are Roman Catholics; the Saxon people are Protestants." This statement is true, whether the deduction is or not. The Roman Catholic church of Dresden is called "The Court Church," and is connected by a bridge with the second floor of the Royal Palace.

King George of Saxony died while we were in Dresden, his capital city, and the people seemed to bear their loss with equanimity. He was a brave and able soldier, so well thought of by Moltke that he entrusted the king with the command of an army corps. This proved that he was worthy of his command, for Moltke never wasted his soldiers by intrusting them to royal or imperial nincompoops. Yet King George, even in Saxony, does not seem to be so blazoned forth on canvas, or wrought in bronze or marble, as the Prussian warriors.

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If there is a certain harmony in the view entertained by the German people of the Prussian heroes, there was little harmony among the heroes themselves in their lifetime. It must have been not without difficulty that the German people reached this harmonious view. For there were wrangles and jangles among the paladins. When one sees the statues and busts of Bismarck and Moltke amiably together (when they hated one another); or acting as supports to Kaiser Wilhelm the First (for whose favor they were jealous rivals); or perhaps as a background to the crown prince (of whom Bismarck was an enemy, and Moltke a tactical critic); when one reflects that some of these monuments were erected by Kaiser Wilhelm the Second, and nearly all of them dedicated by him (who dismissed his grandfather's Iron Chancellor, was bitterly abused by Bismarck, and is believed by many people to have treated his dying father, the Emperor Frederick, in a most unfilial way)—when these things are considered, as one gazes on the many monuments to the Prussian heroes, it is difficult to repress a smile. The letters, diaries, and private papers of these illustrious dead men have been slowly published as the years rolled by, and all manner of embarrassing revelations have been made. Skeletons have been dragged from closets. All sorts of intrigues have come to light. The last volume of Bismarck's memoirs has never been published—it was suppressed by his son for prudential reasons. Now that Prince Herbert is dead, it is soon to appear.

The letters between Wilhelm the First and Bismarck apparently indicate the most touching friendship. Yet it is common talk in Berlin that the old Kaiser wearied of Bismarck's dictatorial temper, and toward the end of his life grew very restless under the rule of the Iron Chancellor. In fact, the present Kaiser's circle defend him in his ousting of Bismarck by saying that the chancellor's dismissal was in consonance with his grandfather's expressed wish. So, too, Kaiser Wilhelm the First is said to have commented sneeringly on Bismarck's nepotism; and his rapid promotion of his son Herbert brought forth the old Kaiser's caustic comment, although he permitted it all.

The jangles and wrangles of these Prussian demigods have slowly leaked out with the flight of years. The publication of the private papers, letters, and journals of other men and of some women—for great ladies have much to do with affairs in Europe—has shown how the heroes' quarrels sometimes imperiled the Vaterland. It is evident now that Moltke believed that the disagreements between the crown prince and Frederick Charles endangered the Battle of König-

grätz; also, that the official account of the crown prince's fortuitous arrival at three o'clock, turning the fortunes of the day, was as lying as most bulletins are. Correspondingly, Moltke did not like the continual interference of Civilian Bismarck with the plans of Soldier Moltke, and did not hesitate to say so. It was in his opinion as absurd as the constant wearing by Bismarck of the uniform of a general of cuirassiers, when (as Moltke said) he was neither a general nor a cuirassier. Although Bismarck by no means relished the rebuffs he received from Moltke, he continued to interfere. In military matters, however, he rarely had his way directly, usually attempting to attain his ends by working through the old Kaiser.

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It is probable that Bismarck's personal and political opposition to Moltke had on one occasion a powerful effect toward maintaining the peace of Europe. Seven or eight years after the Franco-Prussian War, Moltke became imbued with the idea that France was about to attack Germany, and that the only safety for the Fatherland was for the German army to attack first. The military party, of which Moltke was titular head, was then very strong in Germany, but was opposed by Bismarck, partly through jealousy of Von Moltke and partly for political reasons. Moltke's contemplated attack filtered into official France through the usual "Black Cabinet" and spy channels. The Duke Décazes became much alarmed, and sent General Le Flô to St. Petersburg on a secret mission to the Czar, urging Alexander to stay Germany's hand. This the Czar promised to do. Gortschakoff urged his master to be a friend to France. What consideration Russia gave, if any; what connection this promise had with the secret treaty between Germany and Russia, divulged in after years by the dismissed chancellor—in short, what negotiations took place between the Czar and Bismarck, is not yet known. It will probably come to light in the hitherto suppressed volume of Bismarck's memoirs. But the fact is known that Bismarck threw his powerful influence against Moltke and his scheme, and killed it. But it was purely on personal and political grounds that Bismarck killed Moltke's plot. It was not so much to preserve the peace of Europe as to humiliate his hated rival and to discredit the Moltke military party. This he succeeded in doing; after this, Moltke and Bismarck hated each other more bitterly than before.

It is true that, years afterward, in the "Bismarck Memoirs," edited by Maurice Busch, the prince, while admitting the truth of the Le Flô-Gortschakoff incident, denied "the existence of an anti-French party in the general staff of the German army." One may choose between Bismarck's word in 1877 and Bismarck's word in 1880. The great chancellor has more than once officially avowed his indifference to truth. In fact, it is now believed that in 1870 he garbled the communications of Benedetti, the French ambassador, to his master the emperor, in order to force the bringing on of war with France. However that may be, we have his two opposing statements made at different times. Furthermore we have the statement of another chancellor, Gortschakoff, and his literary lackey, Blowitz, as against the statements of Chancellor Bismarck and his literary flunky, Busch. From the memoirs of the time it would seem that Blowitz purveyed political gossip and broken meats from great men's tables to the *Times* of London; Busch performed the same honorable functions for the *Telegraph* of London. How interesting for us to know that these two great journals, from which our American dailies derive most of their "special telegraphic news," are fed by flunkies from the back-stairs of European chancelleries. And what is worse, that this political pap is carefully sterilized and pre-digested for the infantile Anglo-Saxon stomach.

From the old Kaiser's letter to Bismarck of second October, 1879, it is evident that the chancellor had brought his master into line against Moltke. The Kaiser wrote: "If we have another war with France I do not share the opinion of Moltke, who believes our forces sufficient to enable us to pursue such a war without allies."

Concerning Moltke, Bismarck remarked one day to Busch that he was glad he had canceled all he had said about his rival in Busch's first book. "If I had let you print my remarks on Moltke, the effect would have been terrible."

No doubt—but Bismarck was less scrupulous in his oral utterances about the marshal. Nevertheless in 1875 he wrote to the Kaiser concerning Queen Victoria's letter to his master in which she urges the Kaiser not to break the peace of Europe by another attack on France. Bismarck writes that some one has sent rumors of such an attack to the queen, and hints that it may be Moltke. He says it is possible that he [Moltke?] "may have spoken of an attack against France, although he has never received such an order." Does this mean "received orders" from Bismarck?

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Sneeringly speaking of the crown prince to Busch, Bismarck said: "He is of that class of people who would prefer to have peace at any price. He has a horror of struggle. What he loves is a tranquil life, plenty of money, and praise from the newspapers. The crown prince does

not care so much about ruling as about amusing himself. He would resemble Frederick William the Third, who was fond of haunting low theatres and pinching the cheeks of little actresses, if he were not so effeminate." At another time Bismarck said of him: "When the Emperor Frederick was still crown prince he must have shown his diary to his friends in England, pettifoggers and other political charlatans. They must have put into his head the remarks he has inserted there. Like all mediocre men, the crown prince loved to copy, and to write diaries, letters, etc. He had nothing else to do, for his father the Kaiser always kept him ignorant of our policy. He never spoke to him of it and forbade me to make any communication to him on this subject. Our relations were friendly until he wrote me an impudent letter in 1863."

In his talks with Busch, Bismarck never lost an opportunity to show his feeling against the Empress Augusta. "She never ceases," said he, "to intrigue against me with the Ultramontanes, and it is to her I owe the insulting and brutal anonymous letters I receive daily"—pointing to a heap on his desk. And another time, speaking of an article in the *Grenzboten* to Busch, he said: "You may be sure that some of the passages [reflecting on the emperor] will be marked and sent to William. Augusta will take care of that. When she fails to do that sort of thing, Prince Frederick Charles attends to it for her."

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The relations that existed between the present emperor and his parents, during his father's fatal illness, could hardly have been affectionate. There are those who say that they were very bitter. After the death of the Emperor Frederick, after his voiceless reign of a hundred days, his widow, the dowager empress, William's mother, found Berlin an inhospitable dwelling-place. A recent book about the Kaiser, purporting to be inspired, actually tells the tragic story of the Emperor Frederick's long illness without once mentioning his devoted wife. It was rather a difficult thing to do, but the writer accomplished it—her name does not appear from cover to cover. From perusing the various memoirs and diaries, there can be no doubt that there were two cliques in the household of the stricken Hohenzollern at San Remo; that the clique of English physicians and surgeons, headed by Sir Morell Mackenzie, sided with the crown prince and his wife; that they were determined to prolong his life until the death of the old Kaiser, then semi-moribund; that thus they would insure Frederick's being Prussian King and German Emperor, were it only for a day. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the clique of German physicians and surgeons intrigued in the interest of the sufferer's son, the present Kaiser; that they would have preferred to see the crown prince die before his father rather than that he should occupy the throne; that the two sets of surgeons quarreled bitterly over the making of the tube for the patient's throat; that they could not agree whether it should be of English or German make; that finally it was made by a Riviera goldsmith, a neutral person; that when the old Kaiser died, and the now voiceless son became king and emperor, the German clique, headed by Bismarck, dug up some Prussian statutes declaring that a fatal disease incapacitated any person from becoming a Prussian ruler; that they went so far as to agitate the project of excluding Frederick from the throne.

In the letters between the old Kaiser and Bismarck during Frederick's illness, there are passages in which the Kaiser urges the chancellor to place his grandson, young William, in one of the governmental ministries, in order that he may prepare himself for the tasks of a ruler; Bismarck agrees with the Kaiser, and acts on the suggestion; then the Kaiser learns that the dying crown prince has heard of this, and jealousy of his own son so irritates him that his condition becomes worse; whereupon Kaiser and chancellor determine openly to remove young William, but to place the grandson secretly in another ministry, and keep the fact from his father's knowledge.

The book I refer to above—"Imperator et Rex, William the Second"—is couched throughout in a vein of fulsome eulogy. I was rather curious to see how the writer would handle the San Remo episode, so I read that part of the book with close attention. It abounds in apostrophies to the young William for his "love for his father," his "unselfish devotion," his "trying position," and similar cryptic passages. I was so puzzled that I feared I had not understood the writer, and I read the chapters all over again. When I had finished, I came to the conclusion that the reason I did not understand what the chapters meant is because they do not mean anything. The writer's narrative bears a specious appearance of meaning on the surface, which disappears utterly when subjected to close scrutiny. The general tone of the writer is that during the entire episode of his father's illness and death, young William was a much injured man—heaven only knows why.

It is my belief that a majority of the German people are in the same curious mental attitude; that they believe some great wrong was attempted at the time of old Kaiser Wilhelm's death; that Kaiser Frederick was the object of the plot; that the plot failed; that the present Kaiser had nothing to do with it—nor Bismarck—nor Moltke—nor any of the Prussian heroes. That they are all as white as snow. That even

WRANGLING  
AND JANGLING  
PALADINS.BISMARCK  
VERSUS  
MOLTKE.KAISER WILHELM  
AND HIS  
PARENTS.



can not escape calumny. That somebody else was responsible for these wicked plots, but not they.

Very like. I suppose it must have been the devil.

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If there be doubt as to the feelings that existed between the present Kaiser and his parents, there can be no shadow of doubt as to the feelings of Bismarck.

From all sorts of sources comes testimony of the bitterness of his resentment after his fall. From so unsuspected a source as an American's diary we find another corroboration of it. Henry Villard, the financier and railway magnate, visited Bismarck not long before his death, and relates in his memoirs that the venom of the chancellor's remarks concerning the Kaiser and the clique to whom he attributed his dismissal deterred Villard from repeating them on German soil, lest he should be arrested for *lèse-majesté*. Villard's "Memoirs" were published posthumously, his death having taken place two or three years ago. He says that Bismarck not only bitterly assailed the present emperor, William the Second, but also his father and mother, the Emperor and Empress Frederick, and likewise his grandmother, the Empress Augusta, widow of the old Emperor William. Excepting William the Second, all of these persons are now dead, yet all of them left diaries, letters, and other papers, some of which have been published. There can be little doubt as to the unfriendly feeling and sometimes bitter hatred which existed among these, the Lord's anointed.

I think it is in the memoirs of Sir Mount Stuart Grant-Duff that the incident is given (related by an English diplomat) of the demeanor of Bismarck when the news reached him that the emperor had accepted his resignation. He was so violently agitated that he was forced to withdraw. His son, Count Herbert, came forward, made excuses for him, and dismissed his guests.

To show the feeling between Bismarck and Emperor William the Second, the chancellor complained one day to Busch of the "espionage of which he was the victim." He declared that the young Kaiser had put spies at his heels who took note of all the persons with whom he had any intercourse. "This was one of the reasons which led me to resign. That young man now tries to make out that my withdrawal was voluntary. He fears the opinion of the German people. If the truth were known he has gone so far as to approach Schweninger, my physician, and try to force him to say that my retreat was due to ill-health." Bismarck also asked Busch to help him remove certain private papers from the chancellery, saying he feared the young emperor would steal them.

Bismarck also told Busch that his enemies had even accused him to the emperor of being a morphinomaniac, one of the principal calumniators being the Grand Duke of Baden. He said that the emperor had sent for Dr. Schweninger, and closely questioned him regarding his patient's habits.

"I have rarely taken morphine," commented Bismarck, "and only when urged to do so by my physicians, although my enemies convinced the emperor I was morally incompetent and not responsible for my actions." When Busch asked Bismarck if his relations with the emperor had not become more cordial of late years (1890), he replied that any change in their relations was impossible.

During the lifetime of the old Kaiser, Bismarck had hoped to receive at his hands the title of Duke of Lauenberg, with the estates and emoluments going with it, which would have given him almost semi-royal rank. Knowing this, the young Kaiser, in March, 1890, determined to placate the old lion and to beg for public opinion by conferring upon Bismarck the title which his grandfather had practically promised him. He gave the title *without the revenues*—a barren honor. Bismarck declined by letter, and requested that the act should not be made public. This did not suit the Kaiser's ends, however, and the matter was immediately made public. Bismarck then allowed his letter also to become public, declining the honor: "I request your majesty most humbly to be permitted to bear in future only the name and the title that I have borne up to now." As if to show his contempt for the emperor and the title, he not only never bore it, but refused to pay the petty fees of registration, and even went so far as to return to the postal authorities letters addressed to him as Duke of Lauenberg.

But if Bismarck hated young Kaiser Wilhelm in his lifetime the Kaiser returns the hatred now, even though Bismarck be dead. Only a few weeks ago, here in Berlin, a play entitled "The Dead Lion," by Oskar Blumenthal, was submitted to the management of the Berliner Theatre. It was favorably passed upon, and was about to be produced. Suddenly difficulties came. The scene of the play was in Spain, some centuries ago, and it related to a stalwart old chamberlain, dismissed by an ungrateful king. The censor scented in this some allusion to the fall of Bismarck; rumor says the matter was submitted to the Kaiser; at all events it was prohibited in Berlin, and was brought out in Hamburg, which is freer than Berlin, the Kaiser Stadt.

All of this is semi-historical gossip, and perhaps not worth printing were it not for the high position of the personages involved. Is it true? Is it false? Or is it partly false and partly true? If it be true it shows

how lofty position can warp the most friendly, the most cordial, the most tender sentiments of our kind; that the loyal friendship of years, the love of a son for a father, of a father for a son, even of a son for a mother, may be poisoned by the promptings of ambition. When we reflect that these are the great ones of the earth, that they are born to power, and that they believe themselves appointed by divine right to govern lesser mortals and to appoint their ministers and chancellors also to govern lesser mortals, one is reminded of the cynical remark of the great Swedish chancellor, Oxenstierna, who, when he sent his young son forth to make a tour of the courts of Europe, said:

*"Go forth, my son, go forth, and see by what manner of men the world is governed!"*

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At one time, during our stay in Germany, there were

three thrones vacant—that is, three petty potentates, sovereign's functions were exercised by three regents. Bavaria, of course, comes first—King Otto (who succeeded another crazy king, Ludwig) has been insane for years; Regent Luitpold reigns in his stead, and he will probably be succeeded by his own son as regent. The insane Prince of Lippe's representative was replaced as regent by the Count of Lippe-Biesterfeld, and a sudden death in this little country led to the Kaiser's attempted interference with the succession. The aged King of Saxony, who was slowly sinking, semi-moribund, suffering from senile decay, and some said softening of the brain, had appointed his son as regent, but his death soon put an end to the short regency. Then there are several minors among the petty German rulers whose places are filled by regents.

Americans can not help wondering if the German people will not some day weary of paying so many millions yearly to these royal and grand-ducal figure-heads. Yet truth impels one to say that they show no signs of it yet. The Germans seem to me the most monarchical and least republican people of Western Europe. It is amazing, too, for they are an eminently sensible people, and all these princely puppets deem themselves ruling by "divine right"—all, from the Kaiser down. The Kaiser is so clever a man that it might be supposed he did not believe in his own "divine right." Yet he does—on this subject he is as mad as King Otto.

If all these European rulers are monarchs by "divine right," how very odd that Divine Providence does not furnish forth their noddles with a better quality of brains. I do not mean the Kaiser—no one can question his cleverness, and aside from a few mediæval hallucinations and "divine-right" delusions, he is a keen-witted, broad-minded man. Then, again, he is no *roi fainéant*—the Kaiser is not a sluggard—he is one of the hardest-worked men in his dominions. But consider the other princely lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto them; humble millions toil from dawn to dark to pay for their robes and their crowns, their honest wives and their left-handed ladies, their duchesses and their mistresses, their legitimate and their morganatic children, their automobiles, their racing-stables, their ballet-dancers, their opera-houses, their court composers, their court poets, their court chaplains. And what for? In heaven's name, what for? If they had any brains, or did anything but use up valuable air which might be breathed by more useful persons, I could understand their loving subjects' loyalty. But the German people have a thoroughly organized imperial government, and if they need the minor ones they are paying dear for their double system.

It is odd, too, that Divine Providence, having made these pretty potentates rulers by "divine right," and having chosen to afflict so many of them with lunacy, should have provided them with so little raw material for lunacy, such a slender modicum of brains for the moon to work on. In short, considering that their habits of life are purely—or impurely—physical, rather than intellectual, one would imagine that they would suffer in their intestinal convolutions rather than in their cerebral ones.

But these lunatic rulers, these minors and regencies, these scores of courts and hordes of courtiers, these royal wrangles and scandals, these eloping princesses with favored flunkies—all these little incidents of an over-kinged country might, one would think, tend to sow the seeds of anti-monarchism among the German peoples. But to a superficial observer it does not seem so. The Socialist party is very strong, but it does not seem specially anti-monarchical. If the Socialist party could have a king who—like Thiers's epigram on his master Louis Philippe—"reigns but does not govern"—if, in short, they could secure the reforms they seek, I think they would be perfectly content with a royal figure-head.

In brief, the German people seem to be so wedded to monarchism, so used to kingly rule, that they apparently think of no other kind. "The Republic of Germany" sounds almost like a joke. Perhaps, then, it is this feeling which makes the German people not only tolerate their little potentates, but loyal also to their emperor. The national chant, "Deutschland, Deutschland, über aller," seems largely, if not entirely, to have displaced local patriotic songs. And as the national ideas and ideals are largely Prussian ones,

the Germans generally have passed largely under the Prussian influence in more than governmental matters. One of the most significant evidences of this is that they have consented to receive as their own the Hohenzollern Valhalla—to install in Imperial Germany's Hall of Fame the Iron Bismarck, the Silent Moltke, the Red Prince—in short, Wilhelm der Grosse, and all his Prussian paladins.

BERLIN, October, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Berteaux, the new French war minister, is a wealthy stock broker and deputy of Versailles, personally one of the most sympathetic men in the French parliament, thoroughly familiar with military matters, having for years been chairman of the Army Committee of the Chamber of Deputies.

Admiral Sir John Fisher, who was recently made by King Edward the First Naval Lord, which means practically that he is the executive head of all Britain's fleets, is the son of a Scottish officer and a Cingalese woman of high rank. It is said that only when one looks for it, is it possible to detect the Asiatic element in Sir John's face.

Frederick Vanderbilt seldom goes anywhere in society. He dislikes it extremely, and it is said that he frequently absents himself when his wife has house-parties. They are a devoted couple, and Mrs. Vanderbilt herself is not much taken with society of to-day. She is fond of literary people, and of entertaining men and women of brains.

Zenos J. Rives, unknown beyond the limits of his home city, Litchfield, Ill., is representative-elect from the twenty-first Illinois district, and the fact is as surprising to him as it is to his defeated opponent, Rives is only twenty-three years old, and is just beginning the study of law in Litchfield. He did not make a campaign of his district at all. Representative Caldwell, who is defeated for reelection, is one of the popular men of Illinois, and has been repeatedly elected to the Lower House of Congress without difficulty. He was renominated without opposition and was thought to have the election won, but the Roosevelt landslide carried Mr. Rives into Congress, to almost everybody's infinite amazement.

Sarah Bernhardt, whose perseverance knows no flagging, is now engaged almost continuously in her spare moments in studying the English language, with a view to appearing, and that first in the United States, in a play written in English. She will make her first efforts in a play written by Pinero, but has not decided just when or where. She may appear in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or in an entirely new play. Her English and French instruction books accompany her everywhere; she studies in her carriage, between the acts, and during the rests at rehearsals, and it is said that while taking her tub, one of her instruction books is fastened open where she may see its pages, so that she may waste no time. Bernhardt says that English is the hardest language she has yet attacked.

Sir Charles Wyndham recently told an interviewer of his first meeting with G. Bernard Shaw. "In those days," he says, "Shaw would not have a bit of linen about him. He wore soft shirts and long, flowing ties, which, with his tawny hair and long, red beard, gave him the appearance of a veritable Viking. Well, he came in and sat down at the table. Then he put his hand into his right trousers pocket and slowly drew out a small pocket memorandum book; then he dug into the left side pocket and brought out another. I waited. He thrust his hand into a coat pocket and fished out another of the little books, then still another and another. Finally he paused in his explorations, looked over at me, and said: 'I suppose you're surprised to see all these little pocketbooks. The fact is, however, I write my plays in them while riding around London on top of a bus.'"

W. L. Douglas—the Democratic shoemaker elected governor of Massachusetts by a plurality of 35,710 votes, whereas Roosevelt got a plurality of 86,279 votes—is the son of a sailor who was drowned at sea when the boy was five years old. When he was seven years old, "Bill" Douglas was bound out to a cobbler; at eleven, he began to be a wage-earner at \$5.00 a month and his "keep"; at fifteen, he was working for 33 cents a day in the cotton mills; at nineteen, he got the Western fever and got as far as Denver, into which he drove an ox-team after a thousand-mile trip. But the West was unkind to Douglas, and, after four years of knocking about, he came back to Plymouth, Mass., penniless, footsore, and weary, got married on nothing, and settled down at pegging shoes. In 1876, he borrowed \$875, and set up in business on his own hook. He is now worth about \$17,000,000. His election was due to the unpopularity of Governor Bates's veto of the bill prohibiting night work by women and children in the factories, to Douglas's remarkable campaign of advertising, brass bands, and barbecues, to his stand for reciprocity with Canada, which would give the mills cheap leather, and, generally speaking, to the confidence of labor in his fairness. Douglas's election was such a tremendous surprise even to his newspaper supporters that they doubted the evidence of their own telegraphic reports, and held back their special editions for hours.



## PETE'S PROMISED PIANO.

Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" Played Under Difficulties.

To most of its inhabitants, Icicle Pass is a hilarious and devil-may-care mining-camp in the Far North, and having come there they pride themselves on their courage and endurance. But to Pete it was a bit of Paradise, set like a gem in the diadem of the sunny South. Pete's childhood had been spent in upper Siberia, tied to the apron-strings of the Aurora Borealis, and the greater part of his youth in driving for some of the most unfortunate parties that ever attempted Nordenskiöld's route to the higher latitudes. So, returning wiser if not sadder, with nothing but one dog, a meagre tramping outfit, an incongruous gayety of soul, and the sobriquet of "North Pole," he thought himself almost "out" when he stumbled upon Icicle Pass.

"Hey!" he shouted, bringing his whistling and his dog to a simultaneous halt as a most surprising object caught his eye. "Hey! What in Satan's this?"

A woman—more, a white woman—was advancing toward him from the defile to the left, alternately waving her handkerchief and wiping her eyes.

It was an evening early in June, just after summer had burst Juno-like from the head of winter. The frost had retreated fully five inches underground, leaving slushy trails and trembling morasses, but the mosquitoes had not yet come out in numbers. Though nine o'clock had passed, the sun was still high, and there was not a cloud in the heavens. Moreover, here was—it might as well have been a fairy! And Pete, always hoping for the best, but fearing nothing—God, man, or devil—Pete, with sixty pounds of his worldly goods packed upon his shoulders and the other seventy slung in a canvas bag, pannier-wise across the back of his dog, came to a delighted standstill.

"Mighty! But yeh're a beaut!" his admiration involuntarily expressed itself.

"And you—you're a brute!" came the response. "Can't you see that my old man's passed it up and that I want your help or I wouldn't be here wingin' at no such spindle-shank gawk?" She began to cry, and North Pole drew his offending length down to the most apologetic stoop imaginable.

"God bless meh soul, ma'am, but I didn't mean nothin' of th' sort. I was speakin' teh meh leader there—a leader's all I've got left sence th' melt caught us—see?"

"If you're settin' up fer a gentleman, stop starin' and come help me put away my pard." The woman was mollified somewhat by his lie, though neither comforted nor altogether reassured.

The pass up which she led him was an almost impregnable gulch ending in a tiny plateau, where, tradition affirms, an ill-starred explorer of the country's unborn days once *cached* a pack of provisions. He was the first inhabitant. But the scaffolding not being sufficiently high and strong, it fell before the onslaught of a band of wretched Alaskan wolverines which found and devoured the treasure before the starving owner could get back to claim it. This was the first invasion. Then the plateau became an occasional stopping-place for travelers branching to the north of the trail beyond Chilkoot, and finally a gold discovery drew two or three shanties to the vicinity. This was the first boom. And now the owner of the little "Icicle Mine" had gone where his wife and his wealth booted not; and of his neighbors—one was away stocking up, and the other heaven knows where on the scent of a prospect. So Pete was called to-bury the dead. This was the first amenity of civilization.

Afterward he arranged with the widow to work the claim on shares; but as the weeks crawled by, though the "Icicle" did itself proud, and by the time the thermometer struck the first zero of the early fall had quadrupled the settlement by the magnetism of its fame, yet Pete grew more and more dissatisfied. The mine might yield beyond his yellowest dreams, but the widow—she yielded not at all. So his face narrowed and lengthened as if it had been squeezed out of shape by opposing circumstances.

"Jet, if yeh'll marry meh I'll give yeh the best weddin' ever seen this side o' the pole, with a minister an' a weddin'-march just like they has in Victoria."

But she finished weighing out the summer gains of the firm, stored her share in a boot-leg, and laughed. That laugh was the product of the polite drawing-rooms of a land kissed soft by fortune and the sun, but he knew nothing of this. He only felt that it did not jibe with the cold, straightforward North, and that it put the widow strangely but effectually out of his reach. It was worse when she dropped her comfortable, rough-and-ready talk and began to pronounce her final g's. That drove him distracted.

"Yeh're a fine lady, Jet," said he, flinging a handful of washings into a buckskin pouch, "but how are yeh goin' teh find yer mate up here most under th' circle?" She blushed. "Don't talk this way again! I let you work the claim. Maybe, when it comes to cleaning up again, I'll turn in and help if I've a mind. But it's the claim and not me—do you understand? If you don't—" she snapped her fingers defiantly, and then inconsistently patted him on the back.

He went away crestfallen, cursing the luck which at the same time had thrown gold and a distaste for mere riches into his path. Jet filled him with the first awe of his life, and from that time he was careful

not to lisp a forbidden word, even though the sun once more contracted the habit of sitting up late nights and filled all nature with gurgling, rushing, chirping sounds which went to his heart. But he busied himself, not only by rocking pay-dirt, but in painting Jet's cabin—an unheard-of extravagance. It seriously impeded the growth of the twin piles of nuggets in the bag and in the boot-leg. Perhaps Jet noted this, for, balancing the two in her hands one day, she suddenly exclaimed: "Do you think you're rich enough to support a wife?" Towering straight as an arrow to his own full height, she looked as pretty as a field of wild berries in bloom, and Pete damned the weakness which made his eyes drop before her coquettish smile.

"Come, wake up, boy! You're lively enough at the store or in Sike Marlett's saloon. What do you come moonin' around me for? Throw up your hands, sir! And snatching a pistol from his belt, she fired recklessly past his head while he obeyed in sheer astonishment.

"What in hell—" he began.

"Don't swear! But can't you see that the old man's been decently dead for a year now, and that—" She blushed furiously, but found it impossible to say another word, for Jim had dashed aside her guard with one masterful sweep of his arm.

"Why didn't yeh tell meh that was th' row, Jet? I thought yeh looked at me as if I was one of these wild Siwashes!"

She pretended to flirt a fan before her burning cheeks. "You have given a good description of yourself, old boy. But there are two things I want to say. In the first place, you know that a woman, especially one of my kind, doesn't come to Alaska for the fun of the thing. She may be glad that she had the courage to take up life again where hearts are warm, no matter where the spirit goes, and eyes are true, whether squinting over a digging or looking into the face of a friend. Existence may even become sweet—almost deadly sweet for her, Pete. But there's a reason why she's here, though she may never tell you what it is."

"Cut it out, that part. What's th' other thing yeh wanted teh say?"

"That you've got to stick to your promise to give me the biggest wedding—"

"You shall have it, Jet, th' best yeh ever seen this side of th' pole—or th' other side either. An' we'll have Mendulson's 'Weddin' March' played on th' pianah as we come up th' ile, an'—"

"Stop! That's enough, but I'll hold you to that!"

"But w'en, Jet, w'en? That's the pint."

"Whenever you have your piano ready!" And not another word would she add to the argument.

"I never thought a Siwash could pack a pianner over th' Chilkoot," said Marlett, pausing in his efforts to disguise the nature of the business carried on beneath his roof, while Pete patted the husky dogs which had dragged the instrument along the latter stages of the route. "I'd 'a' thought it would 'a' took a couple of screws, that's what I'd 'a' thought."

"Screws—over th' Chilkoot? Yeh come up the river, I know, but yeh ought teh know better 'n' teh talk of screws! W'y, even a wolverine would break 'is neck, let alone a horse."

"I know. But I wouldn't 'a' thought that a Siwash—"

"Wat's an Indian fer if it aint teh tote? An' it took 'im long enough. Aint we ben burnin' groun' fer a week? Yeh go on puttin' yer hoochino out eh sight! This shack's got teh look like a church—yeh understand? An' it will w'en these 'ere ribbons is stretched so's teh make th' ile. Jet told meh all about how it's done. Th' only thing we haven't got 's' a bridesmaid, an' that's the fault of yeh boys an' th' only other woman in this latitude, an' not me. We aint got no time teh discuss Siwashes or screws. Yeh hurry an' stow yer booze."

But though Pete in the plenitude of his impatience belittled the performance of the Indian, the world outside was giving it ample appreciation, for the story of the shipping of a musical instrument into the Arctic had appealed to the paragraphers, and they were everywhere enlarging upon it.

"But yeh'll want some of th' stuff left handy, won't yeh?" suggested Marlett. "Th' boys 'll be askin' fer a drink or two long afore the ceremony, mark meh word!"

"An' mark mine! Th' won't git it—unless mebbe it's enough teh drink th' bride's health in. If there's teh be any carouse it's on me, of course—but it's after we-is gone. D'yeh think I'm goin' teh introduce Jet teh a lot of drunks, espeshully after I've got 'er a pianah an' all the civilized fixin's, *includin'* a preacher?" And to break the impressive silence he began shooting nonchalantly among the small collection of glasses behind the bar. "Ever see a silk dress, Marl?" he added, suddenly.

"Humph! Meh mother—"

"Never mind yer mother, did you ever see one?"

Marlett had been born in an Indian camp, neither he or his mother having been consulted, and culture to him was a dream.

"Never mind, old man," continued Pete, with compunction. "Jest watch th' bride. She's got one stowed in her bundle—she told meh so. But th' pianah—"

"Who's going to play the piano?" It was Sam—Somber Sam, who had lately conferred much joy upon the lovers by announcing himself as an ordained min-

ister of the gospel on an indefinite leave of absence from his diocese.

There was a general falling of jaws. Marlett leaned against a whisky barrel, and no one dared, during an awful interval, to utter a word. Then North Pole began to swear, using a velvet whisper, but a fervency of intervention possible only to those who have spent long months in the solitudes of the furthest North, where thoughts ripen undisturbed.

"Ken Jet play th' pianner?" whispered the saloon-keeper, deferentially, but as one conscious of an inspiration.

Pete covered him instantly with both guns, glad of an object toward which to direct his vexation. "Ken she play? Throw up yer lemon-squeezers, yeh! Now I ask yeh as a civil question, ken she play th' piannah, or ken she do anything that yeh knows of? Ken she—yes er no?"

"Aw, come now! Of course she ken. I didn't mean it thet way. But ken she, I ask, ken she, bein' a bride?"

"It's a question of etiquette!" declared Somber Sam.

"It's a question of ken she, bein' a bride!" persisted Marlett. "She's got teh set here by the ivories teh play, aint she?"

"Of course, simpleton!"

"An', bein' a bride, she's got teh walk down the ile teh the music, aint she? Then, how's she goin' teh do both? I don't mean no offense, but how's she goin' teh do it?"

"I've got an idea!" cried the bridegroom. "Leave me alone an' I'll think it out."

The idea was not fully revealed till the hour when Jet, sitting in front of the instrument, was borne in triumph between the ribbons, on a platform suspended by ropes from the shoulders of six sturdy miners. A half-embarrassed smile twinkled at the corners of her mouth as, in spite of the instability of her situation, she caused the strains of Mendulson's "Weddin' March" to rise upon the air. Pete having fulfilled his express promise to give her the best wedding on the hither side of the pole, she was resolved to carry out her tacit one: to make him the best wife within that same stretch of country.

But one day, long after her resolve had found expression in fact, she approached him with a confession: "I didn't carry out my promise, Pete!"

"What—how do yeh mean?"

"I said I would make you wait till you bought me a piano, and you bought—Pete, it's a melodeon!"

HARVEY WICKHAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1904.

## Strange "Facts" About the Spanish War.

The *St. James's Gazette* says: "Last year we saw the remarkable spectacle of the Spanish nation suing a firm of Clyde ship-builders for having let them in for a war and incidentally causing them to lose 160,000 miles of territory and some ten million subjects. That, of course, was not the wording of the claim, but it came to that. Had they received in time the four torpedo-boat destroyers which they had ordered from the Clyde they would have been able to suppress the insurrection in Cuba, have prevented the landing of arms, and never have been brought into conflict with the United States. Spain claimed £75,500, and the Edinburgh Court of Session awarded her £67,500 and interest. But if Spain proved unready, America was even worse. When the *Maine* went down, she carried with her all America's supply of ammunition. There did not remain on board the American fleet or in the ordnance depots in the United States two rounds per gun. That was why negotiations were protracted. While the diplomatists were talking peace, men were working day and night in secret, turning out munitions of war. When sufficient had been manufactured, a sealed express was raced across America, taking precedence of every other train. At San Francisco it transferred its load to a swift steamer, which hastened to Honolulu, there to put its cargo aboard the *Baltimore*. The latter passed on to Hong Kong and distributed its store. Admiral Dewey sailed on April 15th for Manila, and in the bay on May Day that ammunition was turned to account in a manner with which all the world is familiar."

While steaming along off the coast of Mexico, recently, those who were on board of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Peru* noticed that the vessel's progress was much slower than it should be. The chief engineer was informed, and he reported the engines were making the customary revolutions. An investigation was made, and across the bow of the steamer a manta, a species of an octopus, was found clinging. A sailor was lowered over the side, and he attached sharp hooks to the monster and, with the aid of the capstan, its hold was released. It suddenly started away, taking the hook and line with it.

The highest-priced real estate in London is near the Bank of England. Land sells there at the rate of \$375 a square foot—\$16,250,000 an acre. From this centre the price diminishes in a receding tide, rising again in the Strand to a price of from \$60 to \$100 a square foot. In Bond Street, in the West End, a still higher price of \$175 a square foot, or more than \$7,500,000 an acre, has been reached.



## NEW YORK'S HORSE SHOW.

Successful from Every Standpoint—Some of the Competitors—The Masses Ogle the Classes—Gorgeous Gowns—Actresses Attend.

The twenty-first annual Horse Show came to an end last night in a blaze of glory. On every side one hears that it was an unqualified success. The people who went for the horses say that part of the exhibition was better than ever before; the people who went for the clothes say that part of the exhibition was better than ever before; and the people who went for the people say that part of the exhibition was better than ever before. The main point is that all sorts and conditions seem to have been pleased, and the Horse Show, which some years ago threatened to fall away into a sort of second-rate, non-fashionable, dealers' affair, is today more brilliant than ever.

I hear that the equine side of it was excellent. Of that I know nothing. It seemed, from what one heard and saw, that the owners and exhibitors of horses were more frequently seen in the ring than formerly, driving and riding their own exhibits. This was particularly observable with regard to the women, several of whom appeared on the tan-hark arena holding the ribbons over their own entries. The two who were the most noticeable for their expertness and the fineness of their horses were Mrs. Gerken and Miss Ella Ross.

I don't know who Mrs. Gerken is, except that she is said to be one of the best women whips in the country. Upon asking who Mr. Gerken was, all the information I received was that it was said he owned seventeen saloons in Manhattan. If this is true, Mr. Gerken must be a man of means. Whether it is true or not, both Mr. and Mrs. Gerken spend a good deal of their time exhibiting their celebrated string of horses at the various shows throughout the country, and Mrs. Gerken almost always drives herself. She has appeared a good deal at the Garden throughout the past week. Last night I saw her for the first time, driving two of her entries for the championship—a horse in single harness, and a pair of high-steppers in a spider phaeton.

In the former class there were only three competitors, Mrs. Gerken, Alfred Vanderbilt, and A. Batonyi, the professional whip. Each horse was a blue-ribbon winner, and they were pitted against one another on the last night for the championship. It was an inspiring sight to see them sweeping round the oval. Alfred Vanderbilt, who is a tall, thin, young man, with a kindly, intelligent face, wore a long, dark overcoat, in which he looked extraordinarily lank and lean, and a high, silk hat. He, too, is an expert whip, and he drove his magnificent animal, whose long stride carried it over the ground in a wild, free flight, with an easy mastery that was good to see.

His passage round the ring, and that of Mrs. Gerken, were followed by constant bursts of applause and howls of joy from the gates where the grooms cluster. Mrs. Gerken looked very trim and sportsman-like, seeming to sway slightly on her seat as she swept at lightning speed round the ends of the oval. She is cool and business-like, and her hand on the rein is the hand of a master. As to her costume, it was of a severe, smart simplicity—a dark-brown tailor suit, close-fitting and unadorned, and a crimson toque, set well forward on a trimly dressed brown head. Yet neither the lady nor the millionaire took the blue ribbon. Batonyi carried that off amid the applause of the crowd.

The other prominent woman was Miss Ella Ross, an English lady who came from across the seas with a string of horses and eleven vehicles. I don't know anything about Miss Ross except that she is rich, fond of horses, and has made a good deal of an impression here by her pluck and determination. In the early part of the week she drove her own four in hand, and had an accident. Since then I don't think she has driven herself, but she sat beside the man that is called her manager while he drove her fine pair of bays for the championship in their class, whatever it is I've forgotten. As far as one could see, she seemed a good-looking young woman and was very well dressed in a light dress just showing between the open fronts of her sable cape, and a large black hat with a drooping plume.

As to the attendance nothing could have been better in quality or larger in quantity. Nearly every evening the board walk has been jammed and the boxes full. The Horse Show is really for a large number of its visitors, the Social Show of the year. It is the only place where the masses can gaze upon the classes at close range. And it only costs a dollar! Then both masses and classes alike find it amusing to gaze upon the celebrities who drift in and out in the course of the afternoon. They are generally light celebrities in which all the New York world takes such a speechless, absorbing interest, and they are pleased to death to see and be stared at. Thus it happens that most people find the Horse Show one

of the best and cheapest diversions of the season, and certainly, when you realize that society celebrities, clothes, and horses are mingled into one compact and comprehensive whole, it must be admitted that you get a lot for your money.

Society was exceedingly well represented this season. The boxes were full afternoon and evening, and to pass the entrance of the Garden, say from about three to four, was to see a long line of carriages and automobiles discharging a freight so gorgeously clad that the most indifferent wayfarer's foot lagged, and eyes bulged to see such bright and beautiful things. Inside the Garden they were bunched up in boxes, held high aloft for the promenader to gaze upon. There is something quite regal, rather suggestive of a throned effect in this elevation of the box-holder above the throng. And the surging mass of promenaders staring up might easily be regarded as a crowd of obsequiously curious courtiers.

When the boxes are owned by any well-known person, such as a Vanderbilt or an Astor, the crowd stops in front and frankly and hungrily glares. It is quite a strange sight, oddly un-American, one of the many signs of the distinction fast growing among us, between the ordinarily well-to-do and the barbarically rich. In Europe one sees just such crowds staring fixedly and gloatingly at royalty. And the New York millionaire has already achieved a composed immobility of demeanor that is a fairly good imitation of the unstudied indifference which to royalty is second nature.

I was sitting near one of the Vanderbilt boxes last night, and I watched this crowd gathering and dispersing all evening. Most of the people who formed it had the air of belonging to the respectable middle class. They looked to be well-dressed, decent, prosperous citizens. The majority of them were women, but there was also a good sprinkling of men among them. They did not seem to be in the least conscious or uncomfortable about what they were doing. In fact, if you happened to be passing at the moment, you could hear their comments uttered with the unembarrassed frankness of children. On the other hand, the occupants of the box—a party of young men and women, the latter pretty and beautifully dressed—stared out over the heads of their admirers, apparently as unconscious of their existence as if they had been a plantation of fir trees. It was very amusing and curious: a pregnant commentary on the tendency of New York life to establish an immense dividing distance between the rich and the poor, a distance so wide that the former appear to the latter as beings of another world, to be gaped at and commented upon.

Most of the distinguished theatrical stars now playing here were in the Garden on one or more afternoons. There were only a few boxes which gave them harborage, as the fashionable world still regards the stage world with a sort of shrinking, fascinated fear. Mme. and Mlle. Réjane (I believe her name is really Porel) and Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her daughter were several times seen in Mr. James Hyde's box. Mr. Hyde is one of the rich bachelors of New York, who takes an artistic interest in the stage and its great lights. Incidentally, he is a very good-looking man, of a tall, dark, distinguished type, more like an Italian than an American. Tyson, the ticket man, had a box on the grand tier, and in this Edna May was seen. Anna Held contented herself with walking about the promenade. The actress, no matter who she was, was not represented in the boxes of the feminine leaders of the social world.

I have seen Mme. Réjane at close range in Venice—where she was wont to sit over ices and black coffee on the terrace at the Lido—so that I was prepared for the fact that she looks much older off the stage than on. She is by no means a young woman, and shows that she has worked hard and long for her success. In repose her face has the worn look—the effect of wear and tear that one often notices in the faces of women who are usually extremely animated—which vanishes the moment she begins talking. She has dark reddish hair, is only slightly made up, and has a handsome figure, tightly corsetted and erect. According to the canons of beauty she ought to be ugly; no one ever saw a more irregular, impudent, gamin face; but her vivacity is so charming, the play of facial expression so brilliant, her sense of humor so quick, so buoyant, so engagingly spontaneous, that she made the correct and elegant beauties of the Four Hundred about her look as stolid as graven images.

The two stage beauties were unquestionably Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Edna May. When I was in England I was continually hearing about Edna May, whom the English consider one of the most exquisite American women they have ever seen. I was therefore curious to see her, and I expected did some staring myself when she was pointed out to me in Tyson's box. She is young, tall, and slender, and her beauty is built upon the same enduring foundation as Lillian Russell's—a set of classically regular features, perfectly placed in a face of accurately oval outline. Her expression is also very mild

and sweet—suspiciously mild, you might say, for an acknowledged stage beauty of the two greatest cities in the world. As to her clothes, they had rather a careless air, as though their wearer might not take much interest in them. A soft white hat of vague outline, trimmed with some crushed-looking pink haws, was pinned on her head, and an exceedingly handsome dress of white lace clothed her tall and rather thin figure. A splendid set of ermine furs completed the costume, and, combined with her prestige and her prettiness, made her one of the most conspicuous figures in the Garden.

I only caught a glimpse of Mrs. Campbell one afternoon. She affects an artistic garb, and was sitting in the box with a long cloak thrown back from her shoulders, showing a collarless white lace blouse. A black hat, with a sweeping bunch of plumes, crowned her head. Mrs. Campbell is a beauty off the stage as well as on. She has the most lovely brow and eyes in the world, and a small, pale face upon which time seems to set no mark. She and Hilda Spong—both Englishwomen—are supposed to have the finest necks and shoulders on the stage. Miss Campbell is a pretty girl, if not the star-eyed goddess that her mother is. She, too, is dark, with a suggestion about her of something Jewish or perhaps gypsyish. She is more *mondaine* and less artistic in style, as one might see by her dress of pale gray velvet, which was fitted to her figure with care, and ended round the neck with a collar of an astonishing altitude.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 20, 1904.

## St. Luke's Twenty Minute Society.

The seventh annual reception and sale at St. Luke's Church will be held Tuesday afternoon and evening, December 6th, and also Wednesday afternoon and evening, December 7th. This is the seventh sale, and it is proposed to make it the best one of all. It is not the purpose of the Twenty Minute Society to undersell the Woman's Exchange, or in any way interfere with deserving persons who make articles for sale. It has been the habit of years for many people to select their Christmas presents from St. Luke's annual sale, and many novelties will be presented this year, some of them direct from the East and not to be found elsewhere, or in any of the shops. The sale is under the auspices of well-known society women, and some of the patronesses are:

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. G. H. Kellogg, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. Thomas Huntington, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Philip Caduc, Mrs. A. P. Talbot, Mrs. Burr M. Weeden, Mrs. Earle Brownell, Mrs. H. C. Davis, Mrs. John Simpson, Miss Sarah Hamlin, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. J. Goddard Clark, Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman, Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Mrs. Henry T.

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## Best's Art School Exhibit.

The usual fall exhibition of Best's Art School is being held at the studio, 927 Market Street, from December 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, at 10 A. M. to 9:30 P. M. The public is cordially invited. A very large oil painting of the Grand Cañon, recently finished by Mr. Best for the Santa Fé Railway, is also on exhibition.

The majority of the pictures are by the students. The newspaper caricatures and magazine illustrations are deserving of especial praise. Mr. Best's system of instruction is a breaking away from the old academic school, and aims to develop the originality of the pupils.

Young people who feel artistic ability should not fail to visit this students' exhibit.

An executive order has been received in this city from Washington transferring to the Navy Department the wireless telegraphic system installed last year and operated by the Weather Bureau. The meteorological work hitherto carried on by the hydrographic office of the Navy Department is, by the same order, transferred to the Weather Bureau.

D'Annunzio is writing a new three-act tragedy in verse, which he proposes to produce at the Scala Theatre in Milan in April. It is to be called "The Ship," and the action takes place in the lagoons and islands of Venice before the foundation of that city. There are four principal rôles.

The removal of the Southern Pacific offices into the Merchants' Exchange Building is in progress.

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## A STRANGE CONTROVERSY.

Hall Caine Accused of Making "Copy" Out of Sad Incident in His Friend Rossetti's Life—A Weak Defense.

A literary controversy of unusual interest is on in England. In Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," Oscar Stephenson, a young Iclander, places the only existing manuscripts of his musical compositions in the coffin of his dead wife. It is the act of a man stricken with remorse, wrung with sorrow. The passages in the book which relate the incident set this forth convincingly, for we read:

"Thora," he said, in a calm voice, "these are the only copies of my compositions, and I wish you to take them with you. They were written in hours when your faithful heart was suffering through my fault—when I neglected you and deserted you for the sake of my foolish visions of art and greatness. That was the real cause of your death, Thora, and in punishment of myself for sacrificing your sweet life to my selfish dreams, I wish to bury the fruits of them in your grave. Take them, then, and let them lie with you and fade with you and be forgotten. I will never write another note of music as long as I live, and from this hour onward my ambitions are at an end." Saying this he put the papers beside the body of Thora, and wrapped them in the long plaits of her beautiful hair.

But this self-sacrificing impulse of the hero of Caine's novel is not lasting. A few years pass, and then, inspired by the amorous Helga, his mistress, he causes the precious manuscripts to be dug up, in order that he may have money to play at Monte Carlo, and win the wanton woman back to him.

Of course, this incident in fiction is strikingly like one in fact, and the London *Times*'s reviewer excoriates the novelist for what he calls treachery to the memory of his dead friend—an "unpardonable offense"; and Mr. Caine has replied to the *Times* in a long article in the London *Allion*.

The incident to which allusion is made is perhaps familiar to many, but will bear rehearsal. Some biographers of the poet chiefly concerned make no reference whatever to it, and others are but brief, so it easily may have escaped the notice even of those familiar with the life of the poet.

In 1850, when Dante Gabriel Rossetti was twenty-two, he met a young girl of seventeen—of remarkable beauty, but of obscure and undistinguished family. Her father is variously reported to have been a cutler, a watchmaker, and an auctioneer. She herself, when Rossetti met her, was a milliner's assistant. Her education was ordinary, but she was dowered with a certain grace of mind, and we read that, having found one of Tennyson's poems on "a piece of paper which she had brought home to her mother wrapped around a pat of butter," she was so struck by it that she carefully cut it out and preserved it—a rather amusing story.

It is this girl, Miss Siddal, whom Rossetti painted in very many poses—her lofty neck, her uncommon features, her greenish-blue, unsparkling eyes, her large perfect eyelids, her brilliant complexion, and her wealth of heavy coppery-golden hair, are familiar to all students of the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites.

For nine years Miss Siddal served as model for Rossetti, and during almost, if not quite, all of this time, they were lovers, and the somewhat peculiar relationship was ended by marriage only in 1850, when Miss Siddal's life was despaired of.

But it was not a happy relationship. Rossetti, at the best, was not of puritanic and steadfast character, and, as Mr. Benson says, his "sensuous nature gained a firmer hold on him as he grew older." Mrs. Rossetti clearly was jealous and unhappy. Her own love was a steady and intense flame, and she was immeasurably wounded by his wayward conduct.

The world will probably never know, however, whether the slender loving woman met her death by her own hand or whether it was indeed an overdose of laudanum that caused it. Mr. Benson, the poet's biographer, thus relates the occurrence:

In February, 1862, she dined with her husband and Mr. Swinburne at the Sahlinière Hotel in Leicester Square. She and Rossetti returned early, and as she appeared to be tired and in pain, he advised her to go to bed; he himself went out to a drawing class at the Workingmen's College. Coming back later he found her unconscious; she had been in the habit, under medical orders, of taking laudanum, and she had miscalculated the dose. Four doctors were summoned, and all was done that could be done. Rossetti, in the course of the ghastly attempts to resuscitate her, went out distractedly to call on Ford Madox Brown at five in the morning; Mrs. Rossetti died an hour or two after. The finding of the coroner's jury was "Accidental Death."

Rossetti's demeanor at the inquest and during the sad days before the funeral was extraordinarily courageous and dignified. Just before the coffin was closed he left the room in which some friends were assembled, taking with him a manuscript book of poems, and placed it between the cheek and the hair of his dead wife. He then came back and said what he had done, adding they

had often been written when she was suffering and when he might have been attending to her, and that the solitary text of them should go with her to the grave. Rossetti evidently meant it to be a punishment to himself for sacrificing the gentle tendance of love to his ambitions, and for even deeper failures of duty, and the volume was buried with his wife in Highgate Cemetery that day.

In comment on this, Rossetti's biographer, Mr. Benson, remarks that "it may be doubted whether in the annals of literature there is any scene which strikes so vehement a note of sorrow and self-reproach—the abased penitence of a strong, contrite, and passionate soul."

Nevertheless, the poems were not to remain where they had so tenderly been placed. During succeeding years Rossetti began to indulge in choral, which finally caused his death. He was obsessed by the idea that he was visited by manifestations which proved that the spirit of his wife was near him. Once, so it is said, he picked up a chaffinch in the road, which allowed itself tamely to be caught, and he seemed to believe that it was in some way connected with the spirit of his dead wife.

However, as time passed, and one by one Rossetti's friends—Morris and Swinburne—attained distinction as poets, he, too, began to hanker after poetic reputation, and to reflect with pain and regret upon the hidden fruits of his best effort. Some of the poems he could remember, and thus recovered, but others not; and, at last, urged by his friends, and fretted by his inability to recall the poems, he agreed that the body of his wife should be disinterred. Mr. Benson says:

The matter was arranged with the home secretary, Mr. Bruce, afterward Lord Aberdare. One night, seven and a half years after the funeral, a fire was lit by the side of the grave, and the coffin was raised and opened. The body is described as having been almost unchanged. Rossetti, alone and oppressed with self-reproachful thoughts, sat in a friend's house while the terrible task was done. The stained and moldered manuscript was carefully dried and treated, and at last returned to his possession. He copied the poems out himself, and destroyed the volume. But it is impossible to resist a certain feeling of horror at the episode. Rossetti was not a man to have yielded tamely to the suggestions of friends in this or any other matter; such grace as belonged to the original act was forfeited by the recovery of the book; and there is a certain taint about the literary ambition that could thus violate the secrecy of the grave, however morbid the original sacrifice may have been.

The book was published; it met with a chorus of praise, and Rossetti stepped at once into the front rank of contemporary poets.

Such is the strange true story which Hall Caine, Rossetti's intimate friend, now makes "copy" of in his novel, and his defense, at best, is weak. Mr. Caine says in his own half:

My answer is that in so doing I think I was true to the principles of art, and I am sure that I was following the precedent of great writers. Did not Charles Reade employ fact for the purposes of fiction when he used the letters of Erasmus in the making of "The Cloister and the Hearth"? Did not Charles Dickens do the same when he used Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" in the writing of the "Tale of Two Cities"? Have not other novelists shot the web of fact into the web of fiction, and have they thereby wronged the principles of imaginative literature? What of George Eliot in "Middlemarch," of Dickens in "Bleak House," of Lytton in "Eugene Aram," and of a score of other novelists in novels great and small? Does it follow because Harold Skimpole is a rough portrait of Leigh Hunt that the public is to attach the incidents of the novel in which he figures to the facts of Hunt's biography? Because a brilliant and illuminating sketch of Rossetti himself appears in "Aylwin," is it to be concluded that Mr. Watts-Dunton has saddled himself with the responsibility of pinning on to Rossetti's life even the fringe of the romance of Sinfi Lovell? Dickens said: "The author no more thought (God forgive him) that the admired original (Leigh Hunt) would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture."

The reply to this, as the London papers do not fail to point out, is that the world is always ready to believe the worst; and that it will fail to know exactly where ends the fact and where begins the fiction. It is liable to believe, in its loose-thinking way, that Rossetti exhumed his poems for purposes purely mercenary. And, besides, it is pertinently asked, "Will the fame of the Lord Hertford ever recover from the wound it received when Thackeray took a part of him as model for the Marquis of Steyne? In 'Diana of the Crossways' did not Meredith create an impression which the defenders of the Hon. Mrs. Norton were never able to dissipate? Will not Leigh Hunt be Harold Skimpole to many because Dickens in some things identified the two? Will not Smithson always be associated with Pickwick?" These questions are quite unanswerable. At the very best, Mr. Caine's act was in the worst of taste.

## Death of an English Jester.

Dan Leno, who died recently in London, was probably the king of English jesters and comedians. He had been on the stage for forty of the forty-three years of his life, and as a singer and eccentric comedian had made himself a national favorite. He was called to Sandringham to play before the king once, and counted it the triumph of his life. Leno's early life was one of terrible hardships and privations. With his father, also a singer and dancer, he wandered from town, hungry, footsore, and penniless. At last he began to attract attention in London. There he wrote and sang a parody on the song, "Queen of My Heart," from "Dorothy." His successes after that were innumerable. Among the songs that he made household words in London, in fact, throughout England, were "The Shop-walker," "The Railway Guard," "Our Stores," "The Boot Shop," "The Beef-Eater at the Tower," "Buying a House," "At the Zoo," "The Huntsman," "Mrs. Kelly," and others. Leno was the unfailing delight of the children at the Christmas pantomimes.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## "From Crypt and Choir."

Louis Alexander Robertson's new volume of verse, "From Crypt and Choir"—a notably good title, by the way—marks no advance upon "Beyond the Requiem" and "The Dead Calypso," the books from his pen that preceded it. On the contrary, there is evidence here and there of the denial of that "instant's toil" which may "stand all eternity's offense." There are indications of less rigorous self-criticism than we know Mr. Robertson to be capable of. There are signs, indeed, of carelessness and haste. An exacting standard of poetic excellence would, for example, never have permitted to remain a line so mixed in figure as "And lark-like cleaves the melting mists to clasp the hring dream."

where the temptation to follow the inevitable "cleaves" with the alliterative but grossly illogical "clasp" was evidently not to be resisted.

Again, in the lines,

"From out the treasured past one grain of gold  
To gild with flattering pen a present pride,"

Mr. Robertson falls into precisely the same error. Not less noticeable and certainly a more serious flaw in the blank verse in this book is the tendency to end his lines nominally, adverbially, and prepositionally—thus:

"Mingled together in a breast on which"  
"He also told that listening host that she"  
"Found only in a few, and only when"  
"He said, as well, she loved to worship in."

Such lines are not occasional but of constant occurrence, and of such as this it can only honestly be said that it is very indifferent blank verse.

Far happier is Mr. Robertson in his sonnets and lyrical pieces. Here, indeed, he often rises to the level of poetry. Here he stands on firmer and more familiar ground; he is far more at his ease. As an example, take the sestet in the sonnet "Helen"—its impious truth, its blasphemous validity give it didactic weight, while its expression has poetical qualities in a marked degree:

"Virtue hath rarely worn Fame's glittering crown.  
Where are the women of the past who reigned  
In spotless robes? Penelope, Lucrece—  
Ah, God, how few! But Helen's glorious gown  
Defies the dust of ages, and though stained  
With Passion's grapes, gives glamour unto Greece."

Very good, also, is the sonnet to Prosperina:

"Daughter of Ceres, throned within the shade  
Of Hell's black arches, ever gazing through  
The gloom to where all wet with morning dew,  
The violet greets the sun in Enna's glade.  
Year after year it flourishes to fade,  
But through the mists of time thy face we view.  
As fair as when great Pluto paused to woo,  
When at thy side his foaming steeds were stayed.  
The fragrant fields of sea-girt Sicily,  
That bloomed beneath thy feet, have barren crown  
And all the music of her streams is still.  
The birds sit mute on every withered tree,  
With thistles now that velvet sward is sown,  
The winds that wanted with thy hair are chill."

Such a sonnet as this tends to justify its existence to those who hold that a piece must either allure by its sheer beauty or attract because its author has a vital, necessary thing to say, a philosophy to embody, an ethical scheme of things to express. Certainly Mr. Robertson's work, in this book, gives no indication of that. As Thomas Hardy has recently said, the great defect of modern literature is its lack of a philosophic standpoint, and in that defect Mr. Robertson clearly is a sharer. His lyrics are but the giving voice to moods and have no philosophic harmony. But, on the other hand, he does, indeed, frequently succeed in conveying his keen, sensuous perception of beauty. He tells us, beautifully, of

"When Triton's thrilling trumpet tone  
Sang first across the restless blue,"

He sings us of women,

"Ah, fan and fond, low-voiced and lovely,  
Lured,  
Made of the classic clay that wakens men  
To valorous deeds, or drags them with desire."

And in "Happy Days" he writes:

"The Mirth, the Music, and the Wit and Wine  
With whispered kiss and dreaming eyes com-  
bine

And kindle in my heart the love that lights  
The way from happy days to heavenly nights.

"Oh, heavenly nights! An Arctic winter were  
Too short to linger by the side of her  
Whose lips would make it seem a night in  
June

On whose brief bliss the dawn would break so  
soon."

This is very creditable achievement, and gives Mr. Robertson a secure and definite place among the minor lyric poets of America.

Published by A. M. Robertson; \$1.00.

## New Publications.

"Three Weeks in Europe," by John U. Higinbotham. Illustrated. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

"Frog Hollow Post Bag," by Henry D. Muir. Poems. Frontispiece. Richard G. Badger.

"A Guide to Parsifal," by Richard Aldrich. Illustrated. The Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.00.

"One Hundred and One Beverages," Compiled by May E. Southworth. Paul Elder & Co.; 50 cents net.

"Beneath Virginia Skies." A novel by Georgie Tillman Snead. Illustrated. The Scott-Thaw Company; \$1.50.

"Wellington: Soldier and Statesman," by William O'Connor Morris. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

"Stories of the Good Green Wood," by Clarence Hawkes. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents—a good nature-book for boys.

"The Queen's Advocate," by Arthur W. Marchmont. The Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50—a dashing but flimsy historical novel.

"The Private Tutor," by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a fairly readable novel whose background is Rome.

"Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan. The Unit Books. Howard Wilford Bell. New York; 68 cents net—a neatly printed and very cheap edition.

"When Little Boys Sing," by John and Rue Carpenter. Illustrated in colors. A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25—twelve songs with music for children.

"Correct Writing and Speaking," by Mary A. Jordan. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00 net—a very good little manual by the professor of English in Smith College.

"Imaginary Obligations," by Frank Moore Colby. Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.20 net—clever, individual essays on literary topics, most of which have appeared in the *Bookman*.

"May Iverson: Her Book," by Elizabeth Jordan. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—unusually acute stories of girls in a convent school; they are romantic, amusing, and pathetic.

"Balance: The Fundamental Verity," by Orlando J. Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25 net—an affirmative argument for immortality—clear, suggestive, and interesting, if not conclusive.

"The Greek Poets: An Anthology," by Nathan Haskell Dole. Frontispiece. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2.00—a large, handsome volume, the selections for which have been made with evident care.

"Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities," by Laurence Hutton. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net—pleasant sketches of Scotch schools in the late Mr. Hutton's well-known manner.

"The Chronicles of Don Q.," by K. and Hesketh Prichard. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50—good dramatic tales of a fiendish, culture-like Spanish brigand; sensation without sensationalism.

"The Strategy of Great Railroads," by Frank H. Spearman. Maps. Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net—a series of intensely interesting articles dealing with the big railway systems, their history and their methods.

"City Government in the United States," by Frank J. Goodnow, LL. D. The Century Company; \$1.25—a capable text-book for the student and general reader by the professor of administrative law and municipal science in Columbia University.

"Nancy's Country Christmas and Other Stories," by Eleanor Hoyt. Illustrated in colors. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—delightful sketches of a bewitching girl written in the same vein as "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," so popular last year.

"Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings: Being a Selection of the Poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Which have to do with the History, the Scenery, and the Art of Florence." Edited by Anna Bennesson McMahan. With over sixty full-page illustrations from photographs. A. C. McClurg & Co.

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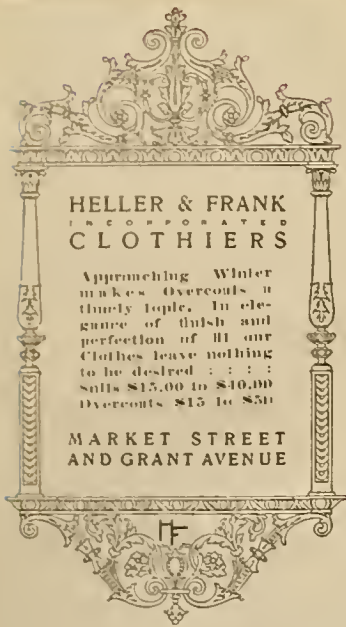
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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Two large editions and part of the third of "The Sea-Wolf" were sold out before publication. Judging by the initial demand, Mr. London's novel will be the most widely read book of the year, with the possible exception of "The Crossing."

W. D. Howells has gone to San Remo, where he may remain all winter. It is understood that he is now at work on a book recording his impressions of England revisited.

One of the centenaries of this year is that of Eugene Sue, author of "The Wandering Jew" and "The Mysteries of Paris," which have been translated into nearly every modern language. There will be some sort of celebration of his one hundredth birthday in Paris. Sue was born to fortune, the son of a fashionable physician, but he ran through the \$160,000 his father left him in two gay years, and took to writing for the newspapers. His "Mysteries," the first installment of which was merely a record of some of his own experiences of the nether side of Paris life, first appeared as a *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*.

Hilaire Belloc is now at work on a study of the career of Marie Antoinette, which will be published in New York and London next year.

The Longmans will publish soon "The Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley."

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company is issuing a novel by Miss Frances Charles, who introduces a remarkable young woman capable of riding about the upper Missouri region in a divided skirt, and casually using pistol or gun upon those of whose ways she does not approve, and capable of the still more remarkable feat of being so tanned as to be mistaken for an Indian, yet looking "royally beautiful" in "a white evening glory of gown."

The Macmillan Company announces for publication before Christmas a new volume by Edward Carpenter, author of "Towards Democracy." It will be entitled "The Art of Creation: A Series of Essays on the Self and Its Powers."

The publishers announce a new volume by H. Irving Hancock. In the book Mr. Hancock will attempt to show the constitutional benefits of the Japanese method of training, and will entitle his volume "The Case for Physical Culture." Mr. Hancock is working the interest in things Japanese for all it is worth. This is his fifth book on the subject in less than a year.

It is announced that the French translation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," is now in the second edition.

Further details of the funeral of Lafcadio Hearn are at hand. Seven Buddhist priests read the Sutra. There were present only three Occidentals, about forty Japanese professors, and one hundred students, his widow, and his three sons. It is said that Hearn's isolation was so complete that no member of the foreign colony even knew where he lived; in his home, he always spoke Japanese, wore the Japanese dress, and lived in the Japanese manner. His eldest boy Kazuo, by name, eleven years old, speaks Japanese better than English. However, Hearn wished to educate the boy in America, and had intended to come to America last autumn, but was prevented by illness.

"I have always preferred a road to a church, always a man to a masterpiece, a singer to his song, and I have never opened a book when I could read what I wanted on the hillside or by the river bank," says Maurice Hewlett in the preface to "The Road in Tuscany: A Commentary," which will be issued shortly. It will be in two volumes, and illustrated.

"Life in Sing Sing," by Number 1500, is announced for immediate publication. The author is said to be a man of education; "he knew the world before he knew the prison, and during six and one-half years in the most famous penitentiary in the world, had an unusual opportunity to observe its peculiar life." In his unique capacity as founder and first editor of the *Star of Hope*, he kept in touch with all sides of prison existence.

The author of "A Russo-Chinese Empire," Alexandre Ular, has the following to say of the Yellow Peril in his book: "In the first period we should see Western capital working in China with the aid of machines and tools manufactured in the West, but naturally handled by Chinese labor, which is cheap. During this phase China will be able to be an excellent outlet for Western industry. But only the great capitalists will profit by this state of things. In the second period, European capital will work in China with the apparatus manufactured in China herself at extremely low prices; already the rebound in the markets and productions of the West will be terrible. But at this time the capital

employed will still be very productive. In the third period, Chinese capital, that is to say, the inexhaustible economic force of the immense productive coöperative societies, the enormous capital of the workers themselves, will be substituted for European capital. The struggle of capital against organized work is a vain one. The rapid and disastrous decline of the European states will then be inevitable. In the fourth period, lastly, the present industrial countries will serve as outlets for Chinese production, and the ruin of Europe will be final."

Up to December 31, 1902, the total coal production for the United States is estimated at 4,860,000,000 short tons. That means that a pyramid built of this material as high as Pike's Peak (14,108 feet) would have for its base a rectangle 1.14 miles square. If the coal were spread out over the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut it would cover both of them a foot deep. At least, so says William Jasper Nicolls in his "Story of American Coals," just published in a new edition by the Lippincotts.

## The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mercantile, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

## PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
2. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
3. "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope.
4. "Adolescence," by G. Stanley Hall.
5. "The Home," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman.

## MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
4. "Captains of the World," by Gwendolen Overton.
5. "The Son of Loyal Langbrith," by William D. Howells.

## MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "Keystone of Empire," Anonymous.
5. "Napoleon," by R. M. Johnson.

## The Light Reading of Noted Authors.

"One is calculated to receive a rude shock," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "on reading the confessions of authors on their holiday literature. Academicians, among the number, ad-

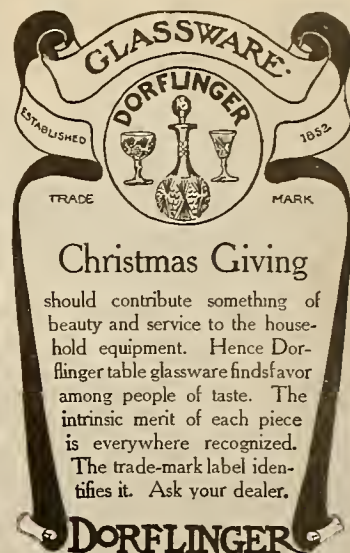
mit that they have very little time to read even on a holiday, pursued as they are by proofs and haunted by the constant necessity of putting 'black on white.' Most of their deep reading was accomplished in their salad days; their intellectual food nowadays is still 'salad' enough, though in another sense. One dramatic author of distinction owns to passing his days with a book by Mr. Bostock on how to train wild animals, with 'The Arabian Nights,' a treatise on irrigation, and 'Bubu de Montparnasse.' There is also a pale reflection in his reading of Pascal, Racine, Voltaire, and Chateaubriand; but who could imagine a greater mixture? The truth is the author of to-day has largely to regulate his literary absorption by the necessities of his daily work. He has little time to do more. M. Alfred Capus has an interesting contribution to make to the subject. He is not quite sure that it is reading that forms the literary talent; it is other things. For instance, it was not Walter Scott that incited Balzac to literary production, but the arrival of writs."

## Nemesis.

Still surging, surging, surging onward, wave behind wave before,  
Human billow-battalions rolling to War's insatiate shore,  
Curving, swerving, breaking, reforming, ever replenished tide,  
Wending, they know not whither or why, to die as their kin have died,  
From wailing matron and weeping maid in famishing homes afar;  
Roofless, sleepless, heedless, lifeless, doing the will of the Czar.

But sloughing the raiment of graceful peace, and winged with the scales of war,  
And grafting on thoughts and things that were the things and the thoughts that are,  
An ancient People, impelled by wrath at smart of a triple wrong,  
Than doggedly dauntless yet dauntless more, than colossal strength more strong,  
Scale peaks and passes, and clamber up cliffs that only the thunders know,  
Till the granite Muscovite ranks are shattered, and scattered like drifting snow.

And the strong young Scion of yet young Sire keeps watch, hut with war-flag furled,  
And British sentinels motionless stand at the fortress-gates of the world,  
While Nemesis nears fraud-pilfered Port with narrowing knots of steel,  
And the prowling Sloth skulks snowward more, with the feet of Fate at its heel;  
And high in Heaven reigns Right Divine, still wields the sceptre and rod,  
And worshippers throng to Buddhist shrines, praising the will of God.—*Alfred Austin.*



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—*New York Globe.*

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—*New York Times Saturday Review.*

"It is a story full of human nature, human passion and strife, and may easily become the most discussed novel of the season."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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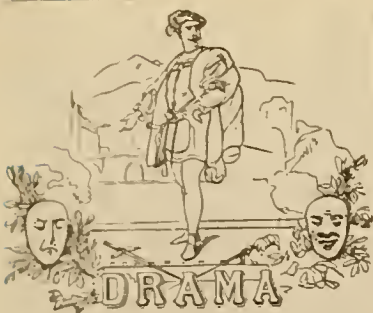
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By H. G. WELLS

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"The Star of Bethlehem" does not come under the head of ordinary drama, and will appeal only to the tastes and interest of a comparatively limited number. It was regarded on Monday night by the audience assembled to witness its first presentation in San Francisco as something in the nature of a religious ceremony. No applause whatever punctuated a performance which, in spite of its scenes of primitive comedy, is deeply devout in spirit, culminating as it does "in the adoration of rich and poor alike and the manifestation of the Christ Child to all who seek Him."

Professor Gayley has selected his material from thirty old plays and liturgical fragments, and has embodied in his arrangement the first specimen of comedy in the English drama. As may be seen, it is the intellectually curious, rather than the light-minded public in general, that will assemble to witness a performance so remote in spirit from ordinary stage representations.

The stage is set with a central curtained space and a number of curtained exits, similar to the style adopted in "Everyman," and does duty by turns for Bethlehem, the desert, Herod's palace, and the manger at Bethlehem in which the Christ Child is viewed by his worshipers. As a sort of connecting link to lessen the episodic nature of the piece, the angel Gabriel, personated by Constance Crawley, appears between scenes, and in a devotional attitude and in solemn, exhortatory tones, announces the purport of the scenes preceding or following.

The play, after a preliminary processional hymn by singers costumed as monks and nuns, begins with a comedy scene, in which four shepherds, following the traditions set by the original miracle plays, converse in the old-fashioned North country dialect. On this account, and from the curious, inverted style affected in mediaeval times, it is difficult to follow their discourse with perfect understanding. The comedy one must not expect to be amused at. Like many of Shakespeare's scenes of simple buffoonery—which intelligent people still laugh at good-naturedly, because they will not be guilty of an apparent discourtesy to the intentions of the greatest dramatist of them all—it was aimed at the groundlings, and is of the roughest, simplest, and most primitive type. One merely regards it with dispassionate, abstract curiosity, as the faint dawn of that noble institution which subsequently gave to the world a long and illustrious line of brilliant actors and composers of legitimate comedy, and finally left us—only temporarily, we hope—in the lurch, with horse-play set to music to appease our thirst for a draught whose early brewings were presided over by such men as Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan.

In a succeeding scene the Magi appear as three kings bearing precious gifts to the undiscovered ruler, whose birth has been foretold by mysterious portents. They assemble severally, from distant parts of the hall, greeting each other in words that express a solemn exaltation of spirit. The actors who assume the characters are all three men of fine bearing, with full, resonant voices, and impressive declamation. They are appropriately costumed, two in the Oriental dress, and one in the costume of a Knight of the Crusades, and are followed by picturesquely clad black slaves bearing the gifts of their royal master.

These homely beginnings of the drama are finally vitrified by the presence of Herod. The wicked king, clad in robes of sinister red, receives the royal strangers, but, disquieted at their news, communes with his dark thoughts, and harshly drives his soothsayer from his presence when they point to ominous portents on their charts. Herod summons the spirits of evil to assist him in preventing the discovery of the unknown child and "Bethlehem, bold bachelor," sends his imps who come vomited from the mouth of a huge, raw-boiled demon, a very creditable monster, arranged like a cut-out picture, and which swiftly propelled from the side, apparently expelled from his huge jaws a crew of red-clad, screeching imps to further the wicked purposes of the king. But the angel Gabriel removes from the vision of the three kings the mists spread by wicked arts. Gabriel appears, bearing the annunciation, to announce that Mary is the chosen vessel for the sacred birth.

In the final scene, the central space, representing the stable, with the star blazing in the humble front, contains the Holy

Family. Mary, clad in the virginal blue and white of the Madonna, with Joseph, a homely figure, by her side, and Ancilla and Gabriel in the background, bends above a simple basket cradle from which emanates a mysterious radiance. Silent, fixed in adoration, they gaze upon the Holy Child, while kings and shepherds draw near, offer their gifts, and adore, and "angels and men acclaim one birth, one Christ, one Prince of Peace." The singers, who are stationed in a loft to the right, burst forth into the exultant crescendo of "Noel" and "Adeste Fideles," and the miracle play is over.

Viewed aside from its religious significance, "The Star of Bethlehem" impresses the looker-on as a quaint specimen of old-world, almost touchingly primitive, drama, highly pictorial, but declamatory rather than dramatic. John Sayer Crawley's Herod was the only really dramatic bit in the play. The text is difficult to follow to the petted modern ear, accustomed, as it is, in the better class of drama at least, to the clear-cut phrase, and the elegance and conciseness of diction which banish ennui.

A choir of singers, of somewhat mediocre quality, renders at intervals selections sacred or profane, according to the context. Ben Greet, who gave a very good impersonation of a vagabond shepherd, favored the audience with the Coventry carol, "Little time child," sung in comic style, and several other old English melodies made a quaint and appropriate accompaniment to the piece.

Tivoli stock is up this week: "King Dodo" is put on in excellent shape. Edith Mason has come back, looking like a fetching little flaxen-haired doll practicing the swash-buckling act, and the chorus-girls, making a brave show with their pretty faces and figures, are more than usually entrancing.

It goes without saying that Willard Simms lags far to the rear when compared with Raymond Hitchcock, the Chicago exponent of the rôle, who has a bigger share of the effervescence of youth and a far greater endowment of spontaneous fun. But the Tivoli comedian has all the tricks of the trade at his finger ends, and he never lets an opportunity slip unheeded in an exceedingly meaty part. The make-up for the character of King Dodo is important, and that of Mr. Simms is an unqualified success in suggesting the mysterious bird that is King Dodo's namesake. True, the frisky monarch is far from resembling an Adonis when he sheds old age and his dodo resemblance, and begins kissing the girls; but he is very nimble on his legs, and kiddish about his head-gear; and so that will pass. I observe, by the by, in the two cases of sudden rejuvenation which occur in the piece, that Frank Pixley, the librettist, has hit upon nothing more original to indicate the flood of youth which courses in the veins of age, than to set the rejuvenated elders to skipping about violently kissing the girls—an exercise in which youth has never yet succeeded in claiming an exclusive monopoly.

It can certainly be no hardship to the men, however much resignation the girls may be obliged to summon up. There is a business-like stolidity about these things, however. No doubt they take it all as matter-of-factly as they do the unveiling of their charms. There seems to be an unusual abundance of beauties in the ranks of the chorus, and those filmy silk costumes that they are wearing in "King Dodo" lend the girls an almost classic grace as the play of their young limbs is defined in the dance. A very effective drill displays some two dozen of them to particular advantage, the pretty crew being captained by a fine, showy young woman, selected for her perfect shape and the sang froid with which, in an astonishingly frank and revealing costume, she displays its curvilinear advantages to an interested public.

Irene Outtrim, the new comer, is as light on her toes as Carrie Reynolds, and has an unremarkable, but useful, voice; but in spite of her tripping grace and self-possession, her features are ineffective on the stage.

"King Dodo" has more to it than the generality of tamely pretty musical comedies; or comic opera, as they term it on the bill; more humor, more variety, more originality, more witty lines, more pretty music. One number in particular, a solo with chorus, which celebrates the magic powers of the fountain of youth, is really lovely.

The piece is put on so well that it will count as one of their notable productions during this season of successes, and is no doubt in for a very successful run.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### Full of Good Things.

Quite the best thing in the way of a cookbook that has been published for a long time is "High Living," issued under the direction of the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association, which is doing good work among the residents of Telegraph Hill and its environs in the way of teaching the pursuit of a useful and remunerative life. The Association, besides helping by suggestion and practice, does much-needed charity work. It is composed of earnest, kindly women, who, in issuing this book, are providing a way for the public to help their work along. And it is not charity to buy "High Living," for it is crowded with some of the most attractive recipes ever printed, and the collection is thoroughly cosmopolitan. As Edward H. Hamilton says in his preface to the volume, "many of the recipes have been collected from among the peoples of far-flung lands who live upon the Hill. Necessity has taught them to cook many things that would be the despair of your servant of the kitchen or chef at the club. There is a tang of high living about these recipes—the living of peoples who dwell upon a hill"; and, in addition to these, there are dozens of others, the mere reading of which will create an appetite. The book is handsomely printed, with attractive decorations by W. S. Wright, and would make an excellent holiday gift. It is published by Paul Elder & Co.

The daily racing card of the New California Jockey Club affords some of the highest-class sport ever witnessed on this Coast. The Saturday programmes always include some events of special interest, and as a consequence the attendance at the Oakland Track is very large.

The original German play of "Old Heidelberg" will probably be given this season at the Columbia Theatre by the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble.

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Beginning next Monday. Third and last week. Matinee Saturday. Chas. B. Dillingham presents MAXINE ELLIOTT in the Clyde Fitch comedy,

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This Sunday night—German performance—Im Weissen Roessl (At the White Horse Tavern). December 11th—A Chinese Honeymoon.

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Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAVER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr. One week, commencing Monday, December 5th. First stock presentation of the great English comedy by J. M. Barrie.

#### — THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY —

As starred in with tremendous success by E. S. Willard. Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c. Monday, December 12th—Howard Taylor's comedy drama, Caprice, which made Minnie Maddern Fiske famous.

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Week commencing Sunday matinee, December 4th. Monster New Show.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## For the Theatrical Charity Fund.

The sixth annual benefit under the auspices of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco, in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy in the profession, to take place at the Orpheum next Friday afternoon, December 9th, will be a gala event. The leading theatres of the city will send their choicest people and acts, and the performance will be continuous. Maxine Elliott will be seen with her company from the Columbia in one of the brightest hits from "Her Own Way." Williams and Walker will be the contribution from the Grand Opera House, while the William H. West Big Minstrel Jubilee will furnish a good, old-fashioned first-part as a curtain-raiser for the show. Lillian Lawrence, John Craig, and the principals of the Alcazar stock company have a surprise in store. Herschel Mayall, the popular leading man of the Central Theatre, will be seen at his best in the trial scene from "Robert Emmett." The Tivoli Opera House has promised the grand sextet and chorus from "Lucia," with Mme. Fannie Francisca in the title-role and Paul Steindorff wielding the baton. The Orpheum's contributions will be the best turns known to vaudeville, and the Chutes will send in a novel feature. On account of the length of the bill, the overture will be played at one o'clock sharp. There has been a large sale of tickets, and the reservation of seats will begin at the box-office of the Orpheum Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

## Last Week of Maxine Elliott.

Maxine Elliott's third and last week in "Her Own Way" at the Columbia Theatre begins Monday night. This will be Miss Elliott's last appearance in San Francisco for some time, as next spring she takes "Her Own Way" to London, and in the fall she will produce her new Fitch play in New York. The next Columbia Theatre attraction, commencing Sunday night, December 11th, will be the Chinese musical comedy, "A Chinese Honeymoon." The production will be on the same scale as that given the piece here last season. The management announces that the cast, costumes, scenic effects, and orchestra will be of the best. Klaw & Erlanger's notable production, "The Billionaire," with Thomas Q. Seabrooke in the title-role, follows. Seats for "The Chinese Honeymoon" go on sale Thursday.

## In E. S. Willard's Role.

"The Professor's Love Story," J. M. Barrie's comedy telling of the unexpected heart affair of an absent-minded scholar, will have its first stock production at the Alcazar Theatre on Monday night. E. S. Willard, the English actor, was seen here in the same play, and the rôle he assumed (that of the professor) will be taken by John Craig. Lillian Lawrence will have the other leading rôle, and Elizabeth Woodson will play the ingénue part. Other Alcazar favorites will be judiciously cast. To follow, December 12th, comes Howard Taylor's comedy drama, "Caprice."

## Colored Comedians Coming.

"In Dahomey," a musical comedy written and performed by colored people, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House beginning at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinée. Williams and Walker are the leaders of this company, which has just returned from an eight months' season at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and a tour of the British provinces. While in London, these comedians entertained King Edward and a party at Buckingham Palace. The prices during this engagement will be 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.00. There will be the usual Saturday matinées.

## Continuation of "King Dodo."

"King Dodo" will begin its second week at the Tivoli Opera House to-morrow (Sunday) evening. Willard Simms has made a success in the title-role, and good work is done by Irene Outtrim, Edith Mason, Dora de Fillippe, Bessie Tannehill, Aimie Leicester, Edwin Clarke, William Schuster, Ben Dillon, Joseph Fogarty, and the others. The costumes are bright and new, and the chorus works well.

## New People at the Orpheum.

Mary Shaw, the legitimate actress, long a leading lady with the Frohman forces, and remembered for her starring tour in Ibsen's "Ghosts," will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week. With competent support she will present a little skit entitled "The Silent System." The Dillon brothers, John and Henry, will return after an absence of two years, and will be heard in a number of their latest compositions and parodies. A feature of the bill which will appeal particularly to ladies and children is Howard's ponies and dogs. Marvelous Frank and Little Bob will do a novel gymnastic turn, and for an assistant they will introduce Tip, an acrobatic dog. Phyllis Allen, contralto,

is making her first vaudeville appearance. Her voice is described as being greatly above the ordinary. Marguerite Le Roy and Signor Gulielmo Ricci will change their selections; Sam Elton will appear for his second and last week; and the Josselin trio of aerialists, Clement de Lion, and the Orpheum motion pictures will complete the bill.

## The Central's New Bill.

The racing melodrama, "Suburban," will be seen at the Central Theatre, beginning Monday night. The hero is a young man who is disowned by his parents for marrying against their will. The heroine is a Montana lass, and the villain is deeper-dyed than is usual even in melodrama. The scenic effects range from a gambling den in the first act to the grand-stand at the races, to a little cottage by the sea, and to the mansion of a millionaire. All the Central Theatre favorites will be cast to advantage.

## Second German Performance.

At the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night the Alameda Lustspiel Ensemble will give the second German performance of the season, appearing in "Im Weissen Roessl" ("At the White Horse Tavern"). In this Blumenthal and Kadelberg comedy the players first made their appearance in this city last season, and so many requests have come to them asking for a second presentation of the amusing piece that it has been selected for Sunday night's bill. The cast of last year will again appear. The staging of the piece will again be under the direction of Arthur Becker, who has done much to make the German performances artistic successes.

## Death of a Noted Actress.

Mme. Janauschek, the actress, died of paralysis on Tuesday at the Amityville, Long Island, in a home where she had been a private patient as a charge of the actors' fund. Mme. Janauschek was seventy-four years old. Although she learned our language in mature life, she became one of the very greatest actresses on the English-speaking stage. She was of Bohemian birth, and first appeared in 1848, at Prague. She came to this country in 1867, making her first appearance in October of that year, playing at the Academy of Music, New York, in "Medea." In 1873-4, she began her English performances in the same play. In 1875, she appeared in "Deborah" at the California Theatre here, and in a season of four weeks played "Medea," "Macheth," "Mary Stuart," "The Earl of Essex," "Bleak House," "Henry the Eighth," and "Was She to Blame?"—the last play specially written for her. John McCullough played Macheth and other leading rôles with her. She reappeared at the same theatre on June 11, 1883. Her last visit here was in April, 1889, when she appeared at the Alcazar Theatre in "Meg Merrilies."

The New York critics are decidedly unkind to "Baroness Fiddlesticks," the musical comedy for which George de Long wrote the libretto and Emile Bruguère the music. They pronounce the lines and lyrics flat, and the music only fair. There has been much trouble with the company, several leading members having resigned. Anna Fitzhugh, the leading lady, who has left the company, did not make much of an impression. It is asserted by Miss Fitzhugh's mother that the star, who has but recently emerged from the chorus, sunk eight thousand dollars in the opera.

## "Old Kirk Whisky."

In your home, for family and medical use, you always want the best, but how to obtain a pure article is the question. The wholesale liquor house of A. P. Hotelling & Co., is an old and established firm; their reputation for honesty and integrity is unquestioned. When A. P. Hotelling & Co. tell you that Old Kirk Whisky is absolutely pure and unadulterated, they mean just exactly what they say. It is the best whisky on the market to-day for family and medical use. Ask your doctor.

## Wills and Successions.

Mrs. Augusta L. Moffitt, of Oakland, has obtained special letters of administration on the estate of her late husband, Frank J. Moffitt, pending the probate of the will. He was reputed to be worth about \$250,000. The bulk of the estate is to go to the widow and a son, Jefferson G. Moffitt, and provision is made for four sisters—Mary, Maggie, Emma, and Nellie Moffitt—who are to receive the income from \$40,000 during their lives. The estate consists of stock of the Contra Costa Water Company, of the California Jockey Club, of other corporations, realty, cash, and other personal property.

Mme. Melba has started on her concert tour, and will be here in February.

## TEA

If you haven't found out Schilling's Best you are missing a good deal of comfort.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

WILSON & CO.  
HIGH GRADEFurnishings for Men  
Holiday Novelties

NECK DRESS  
PAJAMA SUITS  
FANCY SHIRTS  
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HOSIERY  
UMBRELLAS, Etc.

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## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-In Capital.....1,250,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 200,000  
Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; S. PRESTISS SMITH, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Director; Gavin McNab, Director.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Managing Director.  
510 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,438,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash..... 1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERRMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
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## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-President.  
ROBERT WATT, Asst. Cashier.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.  
Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital..... 500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BABCOCK.....President  
S. L. ABBOT.....Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY.....Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Babcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Pease, L. F. Montague, S. L. ABBOT, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutcheon, O. D. Baldwin.

## MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital..... 300,000  
Surplus..... 235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904..... 9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHILAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.  
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## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Boqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Julien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve..... 1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President; HORACE L. HILL, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets..... 5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders..... 2,441,485

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Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street. Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association  
OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000  
Paid In Capital..... 3,000,000  
Profit and Reserve..... 400,000  
Monthly Income Over..... 200,000  
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE,  
President.  
WM. CORBIN,  
Secretary and General W.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets..... 6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO



VANITY FAIR.

"They tell me in the Rue de la Paix," writes the Paris correspondent of *Truth*, "that the hour glass waist is coming in again, and that open-air sports are going out. It has been found that they develop over-much hands and feet. No. 6 gloves are still asked for in the shops. If set down under this figure, they are a size larger than they would have been six or seven years ago. It is the same with shoes. The trailing skirts are a device to hide large feet."

The Horse Show developed the new fashions in men's attire for the winter, according to a writer in the *Times*, who adds: "One thing was evident. The best-dressed men are becoming more conservative day by day and the fashions change little with them. Men dress a great deal according to their individual styles. They use the same last for boots and shoes and the same block for hats. Alfred Vanderbilt, who was seen so much at the Horse Show, wore the suitings of gray or brown mixtures in a sack or a morning coat. Alfred Vanderbilt affects odd hats, which have somewhat of a horsy appearance. He wears quiet ties, usually the four-in-hand or the once-over Ascot. The Gerry boys stick to their quiet grays for the morning, and most of the *jeunesse doree* follow suit. Franklin Plummer dresses a great deal. This autumn he has affected rather a belled shape top hat, which is appropriate to a man who is becoming slightly stouter and is not very tall. Oliver H. P. Belmont wears most startling clothes, and looks as if he came out of an old Cruikshank picture. His hats are straight up and down—when he wears the top hat—and his collars are somewhat of the poke variety, or again like those Henry Clay used to wear. But there has been no return to 1830 or any of the exaggerated fashions of a few years ago. Men look now as if they were ordered by the dozen. The salmon and shrimp pink ties which come from London were worn by a few, but were not generally liked, and they will not be fashionable this year."

The shoplifting industry is being made the object of a determined effort by a combination of twenty-one or more important dry-goods stores of New York. A number of the proprietors and managers gathered recently to discuss the methods and manners of the shoplifter. They shocked and surprised themselves by the results of their conference. When they got out their pencils and began figuring they found that the value of goods stolen from stores in New York was about half a million dollars a year. They determined, therefore, to put a stop to it, and henceforward no pleas for sympathy for feminine offenders will be entertained. They intend to prosecute every shoplifter and secure as severe a sentence in each case as the law allows.

The wind that blows about the Flatiron Building, New York, to the terror of femininity still interests Gothamites, as witness this naughty but amusing account in the *Sun* of a windy day: "It was a tricky, demoniacal wind that lay in wait for its victims blew gently while they stood in the lee of the big buildings, and then, when they trustingly ventured on the asphalt, pounced upon them and did its worst. The weather man may tell you it blew west by north or south but the shoppers knew that it blew aslant and upward from the pavement. Blinded by billows of shimmering blue taffeta blown five feet higher than its intended altitude the victim would seek refuge on the midway platform, there to be whipped by the zephyrs at their fiercest. Flounders, with and without horizontal ticks, sailed for the sky. Every time a dozen women grouped themselves football style and made a rush for the other side of the street, they screamed in unison, and at each heartrending cry the mankind of Madison Square turned to gloat. Even when garments were induced to stay near the earth conditions were terrible. A fifty mile gale can make a skirt stick far, far closer than a brother. Champagne-colored hosiery it was to be observed, has been laid aside for the present, but there is still a considerable fancy for the open-work kind. Ordinarily however, the black, browns and grays opaque and warm, have the run, the best having spliced selvages. There was a remarkably complete display of French flannel and albatross stuff, but at Flatiron corner it seems to matter little whether these are augmented by embroidery or lace the display having so little stability and the critics so poor taste. At first the gloaters hid in doorways walked slowly to and fro or pretended to be interested in the mechanical toys on sale at the Fifth Avenue corner. As their numbers grew and there were not enough nooks from which to peer in comfort, the villains lined up along the sidewalk with as much assurance as if they were paying for the privilege. When a calm fell in the sea of fingers they gazed at the first whiff of a renewed gale vent rushing toward the curb for an unobscured view. 'Oh, see the scurrial' applique,'

tittered the dry-goods clerk' on his way to lunch. 'If you say that again,' said the biggest cop. 'you're pinched.' Two men from Wall Street, innocent of anything except a discussion of some new industrial schemes, got in the wake of a couple of women who were in dire straits. 'I tell you,' said one of the men to the other, 'they are combinations.' 'Heavens, Minnie,' said one of the women, overhearing the Wall Street remark, 'are we as badly disarranged as all that?' About 3 p. m. the police got busy with the rubbernecks. They sent them about their business (if they had any) twenty to the minute. 'G'wan, now,' was the regular command: 'you can't hang around any more. You're here for nothin' good.' That was the best the gallant, chivalrous cops could do. They could guide the damsels in distress across the storm centre and banish the wicked gloater from his vantage point, but they could not control the tempestuous petticoat, screen the fast black lisle from the cruel world, or subjugate the plaited ruffle that imagined itself an airship."

Much interest has been aroused of late by letters published in newspapers and signed by actresses and chorus-girls, discussing the conditions of the stage as they exist to-day. A letter signed "A Chorus-Girl" was published in the *Sun* not long ago, and in interviews with chorus-girls all the young women said, the letter was a true recital of the present conditions, and some said it did not tell half the things a chorus-girl endures. All were unanimous in saying that a young woman who tries to lead a moral, upright life can not succeed as a chorus-girl. She may hold a position for a short time, but unless she is willing to submit to the "regulations," as the girls call them, she is doomed to failure. One girl said: "A good girl—that is, a girl who wants to lead a respectable life—can't succeed on the stage to-day. Of course, there are exceptions, but in the majority of cases a girl who is unwilling to submit to the grossest indignities can not even get a position, to say nothing of retaining one. I know of a girl who recently left an opera company for this very reason. She was getting a salary of eighteen dollars a week, and supported her mother and two small sisters. The only way to put an end to these wrongs is for the press to take up the matter, and then the public would follow. Lots of girls try to make an honest living, and change from company to company in an endeavor to do so. If an actress like Mrs. Gilbert, who has great influence with the profession, would take up this question, she would get the support of hundreds of chorus-girls, and the managers would have to come to terms." Another said: "The general public has no conception of the condition of the stage as they exist to-day. These wrongs have become so serious that it will take the strongest opposition to stop them. It is only too

**BEAUTY Restoration**

2101 VAN NESS AVENUE.  
SAN FRANCISCO, January 31, '03.

The showing of the "M. Ella Harris" skin treatment in my case was overwhelming. I had no doubt of what it could do for others, on whom I had seen it tried, but I still doubted its effects on me. It seemed altogether impossible that the old "shrivels," wrinkles, and blemishes, that were so ingrained and of such long standing, could be taken off my face and have anything left.

I was convinced, however, that the treatment could make it no worse. I therefore put myself in charge of Mrs. Harris, with the astonishing result that my face is as smooth as when I was young, and is also entirely free of wrinkles and a most unsightly Leucodermatous spot, also eczema, which was the bane of my life; even the dimple in my chin, which had long since turned into a hideous wrinkle, has come back to stay. My friends—many of them were opposed to my taking this treatment—are now enthusiastic. They say my voice is the same, my "trick of phrase" is not altered, and I am once more the woman they knew before time had laid its hand upon my face; and I love them more than ever because I am more amiable.

I hesitate no longer to give my unqualified endorsement to this method.

Respectfully,

*Elizabeth J. Conkett*

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true that unless the chorus-girl is willing to submit to the requirements, and it is needless to say what these requirements are, she is bound to fail. Absolute necessity is often the cause of a girl's downfall, and the managers or their representatives are to blame."

**TEA**

Did you learn tea cookery?  
When did you learn and who was your teacher?  
Are you a real tea cook?

Stella—"Jack and I are to be married."  
Bella—"What freak election bets men do make."—*New York Sun.*

**Card-Cases.**  
Hand made card-cases, with a style all their own, may be had of Charlotte F. Williams, 121 Post St.

—STEAMER-TRUNKS AND STEAMER RUGS, REGULATION sizes at the Tourist Outfitting Co., 227 Montgomery St. 10% discount off marked prices if you show this ad.

**SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.**  
From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather
November 23d	60	48	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 24th	62	48	.00	Cloudy
" 25th	64	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 26th	62	54	.00	Cloudy
" 27th	62	54	.56	Pt. Cloudy
" 28th	64	52	.00	Clear
" 29th	56	52	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 30th	60	50	.16	Clear

**THE FINANCIAL WEEK.**  
The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, November 30, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.	Closed Bid.	Asked
Cal. G. E. Gen. M.	15,000 @ 84½-84¾	84	
C. T. 5%	6,000 @ 125	126	
Edison L. P. 6%	2,000 @ 114½	114¾	
F. C. H. Ry. 6%	17,000 @ 100½	101	
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	2,000 @ 116¾	117	
Los An. Ry. 5%	10,000 @ 119½	119½	
N. R. of Cal. 5%	1,000 @ 94	93½	99½
North Shore Ry 5%	1,000 @ 105½	105½	
N. Pac. C. Ry. 5%	5,000 @ 60	70	
Oceanic S. Co 5%	15,000 @ 104½-104¾	104¾	
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 116		
Park and Ocean Ry 6%	7,000 @ 110		100½
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	26,000 @ 119½	119	119¾
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5%	12,000 @ 109-109½	109	
S. P. R. of Arizona 6%	1,000 @ 101	101	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5%	2,000 @ 104½	104¾	
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd	17,000 @ 104½-104¾	104¾	
S. V. Water 6%	6,000 @ 100¾	100	
S. V. Water 4%	2,000 @ 99¾	99¾	
S. V. Water 4% 3ds.	40,000 @ 99¾	99¾	
S. V. Water Co. Gen. 4%	118,000 @ 86¾-87¼	87¼	87½
United R. R. of S. F. 4%	10 @ 31¾		
Contra Costa	195 @ 39¼-39¾	39	
S. V. Water	50 @ 130	130	
American National	50 @ 88½	88	
Anglo-California	25 @ 422½-423½	425	
Bank of California	640 @ 72-74	74	74½
5% Sugars	3,585 @ 17-19½	18½	18¾
Hawaiian C. S.	5,225 @ 14½-15½	14½	15
Hutchinson	250 @ 32½-33		
Makaweli S. Co.	685 @ 33-34½	33	34
Onomea Sugar Co.	3,000 @ 20-21½	20½	20¾
Pauahau Sugar Co.	10 @ 60	50½	
Pacific Lighting	490 @ 55-56¾	55½	56
S. F. Gas & Electric	55 @ 94-96		95
Miscellaneous	85 @ 77-77½	77	
Alaska Packers	375 @ 10-12	7½	10
Cal. Wine Assn.	10 @ 157	157	
Oceanic S. Co.	140 @ 106-107¾	107¾	108½
Pac. Coast Borax			
Pacific States Tel.			

The sugar stocks continue to be the leading feature of the market for local securities: Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold up two and a quarter points to 74; Honokaa Sugar Company two and a half points to 19½; Hutchinson one and five-eighths points to 15½; Makaweli Sugar Company one point to 22; Pauahau one and three-quarter points to 21½, but closed off easy with small losses in price. Spring Valley Water sold off one-half of a point to 39½ on sales of 195 shares.

San Francisco Gas and Electric was weak, selling off one point to 55 on sales of 490 shares, closing at 55½ bid, 56 asked.

Oceanic Steamship Company sold up eight and three-eighths points to 12, on sales of 375 shares, but at the close sold off to 10, closing at 7½ bid, 10 asked.

**INVESTMENTS.**  
Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.  
A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
**A. W. BLOW & CO.**  
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**MANY** wise club stewards find it more satisfactory to serve **CLUB COCKTAILS** instead of guesswork kind.

No guesswork cocktail can present so perfect a result as **CLUB COCKTAILS**. The choicest of liquors, their exquisite proportions and the necessary ageing make **CLUB** brand the cocktail par excellence.

Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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**Goodyear's "GOLD SEAL" RUBBER GOODS**  
The Best Made

MACKINTOSHES and RAINCOATS  
For Men, Women, and Children. Any size, any quantity.

RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES  
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RUBBER and OILED GOODS  
(FOR SPORTSMEN)

Fishing and Wading Boots, Hunting Boots and Coats.

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573-575-577-579 Market St., San Francisco  
61-63-65-67 Fourth St., Portland, Or.

**THE Argonaut CLUBBING LIST FOR 1904**

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century	7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican)	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic)	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly	6.70
Argonaut and Judge	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine	6.20
Argonaut and Critic	5.10
Argonaut and Life	7.75
Argonaut and Puck	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century	7.25
Argonaut and Argo	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan	4.35
Argonaut and Forum	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald	10.50
Argonaut and Munsey's Magazine	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion	4.35
Argonaut and Out West	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is told that while John Sharp Williams was speaking in Mississippi, a man in the audience cried, "I've been robbed by pick-pockets!" "I did not suspect there were any Republicans present," said Mr. Williams, amid great laughter. "There aint," cried the victim, "I'm the only one!"

Mayor George B. McClellan, of Greater New York, walked down the steps of the City Hall, the other evening, and bought a paper from a newsboy. While waiting for his change, he said: "Well, my little man, how is business to-day?" The little merchant looked up, and answered, "On de bum." The mayor thought for a moment, and finally said: "Keep at it, my little man. You have a chance to become the President some day." The little fellow answered immediately: "Dat might be so, but I'll sell me chances for a nickel right now."

An attendant in one of the branches of the New York Public Library noticed that a little negro boy who came frequently to the library invariably went to the same shelf and took the same book, which he seemed to enjoy immensely. Curious to know the name of the book, she followed him to the shelf, where she found him looking at a picture of an old darkey being chased by a bull. A wild grin stretched from side to side of the little fellow's face. "What's the joke?" asked the surprised attendant. "Golly, he aint ketching 'im yet!" replied the delighted child.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, was practicing once in Boise City, and, becoming too vehement one day, was fined fifty dollars for contempt of court. The next day, according to a custom followed in the Idaho courts, the judge called upon Mr. Dubois to occupy the bench for him during the transaction of some comparatively unimportant business. After the judge's departure from the court-room, and before anything else could come up, Mr. Dubois exhibited an instance of that remarkable presence of mind for which he has ever been noted. The future senator said to the clerk of the court: "Turning to the records of this court for yesterday, Mr. Clerk, you will observe recorded a fine of fifty dollars against one Frederick T. Dubois. You will kindly make a note to the effect that such a fine has been remitted by order of the court."

Joseph Jefferson says that during his long stage career he was never associated with any one showing undue familiarity except one individual named Bagley, his property man for several seasons. The man was valuable in his way, and so Mr. Jefferson tolerated his disagreeable manners until one night in Baltimore. The property man got very drunk in the afternoon, and in the evening paid his way into a gallery seat. Mr. Jefferson was playing "Rip Van Winkle." The angry Gretchen had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned, and, with a world of pathos, asked: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theatre was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response: "Only eighty per cent., Joe, old boy; only eighty per cent." He lost his job on the spot.

When Nat Goodwin played Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" some time ago, Wilton Lackaye was among those who considered the characterization a failure; and he was so frank in his expression of opinion, and insisted so strongly that the tragic part had been played in a comedy vein, that he and Goodwin quarreled over it, and were not on speaking terms for some time. Finally, meeting at a New York club one afternoon, Lackaye went up to Goodwin and said: "Now, Nat, don't be a boy; let's be friends again." Goodwin was willing, and they had a small bottle. A few moments later, in a burst of confidence, the husband of Maxine Elliott whispered to Lackaye: "Say, Wilton, I'm going to quietly tell you something. Next season I'm going to play Bottom in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'" "Thank God," cried Lackaye, "there's one character in Shakespeare in which you won't make the people laugh."

M. Nemirovitch-Danchenko, in a dispatch to the *Rousskoé Slovo*, tells the following story of an incident in the present campaign in Manchuria: There are certain villages which are seized alternately by the Russians and Japanese. Among these no man's villages is one on the slope of Mount Erdagou, called Seloudsé. When abandoning this, one morning, the commander of the Russian detachment, Lieutenant Patkanof, left in the *fansa*, or hut, where he had been billeted for the night, a note in Russian, saying: "I should like to know the name of the Japanese officer who is to take my place here to-night." Twenty-four hours afterward, Lieutenant Patkanof retook the village, and

on coming back to his *fansa* found a note in answer to his letter. It was couched in the most correct Russian, and said: "The man who occupied your bed last night was Lieutenant Yamaga, who would be delighted to make the acquaintance of the honorable Lieutenant Patkanof."

## Aunt Celia "Des Came to the Weddin'."

The following amusing true story, which appeared in the *New York Times*, called from the readers of that journal a deluge of "letters in appreciation." One said that "it could not have been more graphic if penned by a Dickens"; another wrote: "It portrayed clearly and cleverly a true bit of Southern life"; a third denominated the tale "a tear-starter"; a fourth said it was "inexpressibly touching." Here it is:

While the last preparations were going on at the residence of Thomas E. Stillman, 9 East Seventy-Eighth Street, for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Mary E. Stillman, to Edward S. Harkness yesterday, a rickety old farm wagon, occupied by a white-haired negro mammy and a wee pickaninny, and drawn by a horse whose bones almost broke through its mud-colored hide, clattered from Fifth Avenue into Seventy-Eighth Street and halted before the Stillman doorway.

Down the stoop and across the sidewalk an awning had been erected. Underneath a width of soft carpet had been laid for the fashionable guests bidden to the wedding. Around the entrance a uniformed policeman and detectives stood guard against curious loiterers. Inside the house more detectives kept their watchful eyes on the wedding gifts—gold, silver, and jewelry, all spread out on a half-dozen big tables.

As the strange vehicle drew up beside the curb, the old negro woman rose to her feet, handed the reins to the little boy at her side, and began to smooth out the wrinkles in a gorgeous velvet gown she wore. As she patted her finery and fixed a bow or two, the policeman darted forward. First he said, "Move on!" Then he moved forward to ward the horse as though he would lead it away.

"Yo' jes' let dat hawse 'lone, mister!" Before he had time to think, the old negress had made a leap to the velvet carpet, and her hand was on his coat-tail. He remonstrated: "You can't stop here!"

"Can't stop hyah? Who can't?" she repeated; "shucks, chile, you go 'way fum hyah!"

"But—" began the officer. "Now, now," droned the old woman, pointing a bony finger at him reprovingly, "doan you reckon I know what I wants? Heh?"

"Tommy," she said to the small boy in the wagon, "you take good ker o' dat wagin till granny come back."

Without more ado, and still shooting off the policeman and another who had come to his aid, she marched up the carpeted steps and opened the front door. A liveried servant got in the way here, but his objections were no more successful than the policeman's.

"Doan you tink I know what I wants?" she repeated; "I'se gwine to see missy 'fore she gits married, I is."

The first liveried man called another, and granny shooed both of them. About that time Mr. Stillman, hearing the commotion, hurried to the scene.

"Why, it's Aunt Celia," he said. "Yes, 'tis, Mars Stillman," cried the old woman; "I'se des came to de weddin', an' dere's a leetle present out dere in de wagin fer missy."

Policemen, detectives, and butlers retired defeated as the lawyer ordered the door opened to the guest—Aunt Celia Johnson, dat's ma name," as she described herself—who was a family servant of the Stillmans for thirty years, until the bride's father bought her a farm over Jersey-way and built for her a comfortable house, all her own. From the farm she had emerged for the first time in several years—"jes' to bring missy a leetle present."

She was ushered upstairs to Miss Stillman's room, where her reception was that of an old family friend. She watched the bride dress for the wedding, then wept for a minute or two after the fashion of old people on joyous marriage occasions.

Just before the bride was ready, and when the guests were assembled, Aunt Celia suddenly remembered the chief purpose of her visit.

"De punkin!" she cried. In accordance with her instructions, a couple of servants were dispatched down to the wagon, which the policeman had managed to sidetrack a little way down the block, despite the protests of its small guardian. In the rear of the vehicle, conspicuous enough, but hitherto unnoticed, were stored a pumpkin and a barrel of red apples, and it gave the servants a tussle to lug them into the house.

"Bigges' punkin in Jersey," explained Aunt Celia, proudly, while the family and the guests admired the great yellow thing. "An' de apples is right off'n Celia's fahin, missy!"

Into the drawing-room, where the Rev. Henry Sloan Coffin performed the marriage ceremony, Aunt Celia followed close at the heels of the other guests, and her eyes never left the bride, who wore a white chiffon gown trimmed with point lace and a lace veil with orange blossoms.

## TEA

It isn't merely the taste of tea; the taste is only the fore-taste.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Relapse.

Although the doctor cured him  
With a homeopathic pill,  
He subsequently flogged him  
With an allopathic bill.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

## An Accident.

A spinster once who was antique  
Daubed lots of rouge upon her chique,  
But by mistake  
She made a brake  
And got a little on her bique.

The people saw the crimson strique  
And laughed until they all grew wique.

The spinster saw  
What made them "Haw!"  
And vanished with a fearful shriek.  
—Chicago Chronicle.

## The Trailer.

We have listened to the rustle  
Of the home-made paper bustle,  
And the leg-o'-mutton sleeves have caught our eye;  
We have sidestepped crinoline,  
And enraptured we have seen  
The rainy-daisy skirts parading by.

We admit we have a passion  
Just to watch the frills of fashion,  
Fair woman's many shifts from toe to crown;  
But the thing that plays the deuce is  
This last freak that bars excuses—  
The leg-o'-mutton sleeve turned upside down!  
—Houston Post.

## The Poker Players.

They all liked Smith. Though Jones might make  
To Brown short observations that  
Would start a lively "give and take"  
And almost lead into a "spat."

They all liked Smith. Though Bilkins might  
Insinuate that Jenkins' game  
Showed luck that was mysterious quite  
'Mongst gentlemen, yet all the same

They all liked Smith. Though often rose  
Disputes engendering rancor stern  
Amongst the others, beaven knows,  
They were remote from one's concern—

They all liked Smith. A simple soul  
He was, who always lost his cash  
Without a murmur, on the whole,  
And played a childlike game and rash!

## MORAL.

Friend, would you be more popular  
Among the gang than now you are?  
It can be compassed quickly with  
A little trouble: Do like Smith.

Then will they sound of praise the chord  
Through all the town. For though the Lord  
Doth a right cheerful giver love,  
A cheerful loser men approve!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Milk Mixtures

for babies are many times dangerous in that the milk may become tainted. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely safe, being rendered sterile in the process of preparation. As a general household milk it is superior and always available.

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Toilet Water in the World.

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From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
New York.....Dec. 17 | St. Louis.....Dec. 31  
St. Paul.....Dec. 24 | Philadelphia.....Jan. 7  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Merion.....Dec. 31, 10 am

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Manitou.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Minnetonka.....Dec. 31, 1 pm  
Mesabie.....Dec. 24, 10 am | Mesabie.....Jan. 7, 10 am

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
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Kronland.....Dec. 24 | Zeeland.....Jan. 4

## WHITE STAR LINE.

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Oceanic.....Dec. 14, 10 am | Baltic.....Dec. 28, 10 am  
Majestic.....Dec. 21, 10 am | Cedric.....Jan. 4, 4:30 am

## Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Cymric.....Dec. 21 | Winifredia.....Jan. 4

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From New York.

Cretic.....Dec. 12, Feb. 4, March. 18  
Republic.....Dec. 21, Jan. 14, Feb. 25

## From Boston.

Canopic.....Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
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S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, November 26  
S. S. Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 13  
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S. S. Doric.....Thursday, February 2, 1905  
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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
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S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Dec. 10, at 11 A. M.  
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## SOCIETY.

## Debutantes at the Assembly Ball.

The first Assembly ball of the season was given at the Palace Hotel on Monday evening. The guests were received by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, and Mrs. F. J. Sullivan. Among the debutantes present were Miss Carol Moore, Miss Irene Sabin, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Maisie Langhorne, Miss Cecile Rogers, Miss Ysabel Brewer, Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Carmenita Selby, Miss Maude Payne, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Ursula Stone, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Mary Marriner, the Misses Josselyn, Miss Eliza Kline, Miss Ruth Houghton, of Oakland, Miss Sibyl Hodges, Miss Edna Davis, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Margaret Postlethwaite, and Miss Jessie McNab.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Littleton Leuchan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Leuchan, of Chicago, to Mr. Frederick W. Foulkes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Mauzy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. E. Mauzy, of Rushville, Ind., to Mr. Charles Albert Schroth.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Whitney, of Santa Barbara, to Mr. Somers Young.

The wedding of Miss Laura Prather, daughter of Mrs. William Prather, to Mr. Guy W. Waterbury, took place on the evening of November 24th at the residence of the bride's mother, Tenth and Filbert Streets, Oakland. The ceremony was performed at half after seven o'clock by Rev. Charles Walkeley, Mrs. Henry East Miller was matron of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury are spending their honeymoon in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and on their return will reside in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Marie Wells and Mr. Selby Hanna.

Mrs. Pedar Bruguère gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at her residence, 1800 Franklin Street.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Gertrude Dutton and Mr. Josiah R. Howell.

Mrs. James Otis will give a luncheon on Friday at her residence, 2522 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Lucy Otis.

Mrs. Mayo Newhall and Miss Margaret Newhall gave a dance on Tuesday evening at their residence, 1206 Post Street, in honor of Miss Marjorie Josselyn and Miss Anita Harvey.

Miss Irene Sabin gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, 2828 California Street.

Miss Elsie Sperry gave a tea on Sunday at her residence on Union Street, near Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman will give a luncheon on Thursday at her residence on Broadway in honor of her daughter, Miss Maude Payne.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a ball at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening in honor of Miss Anita Harvey.

General Charles A. Coolidge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coolidge will give a dinner this (Saturday) evening in honor of Captain Louis H. Bash, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bash (*née* Rankle).

Mrs. William R. Sherwood gave a card-party at the Century Club on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Porter and Miss Amy Porter gave a luncheon at their residence, 800 Sutter Street, on Tuesday. Others at table were Mrs. Leonard Cheney, Mrs. Henry C. Breeden, Mr. Hanford, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Alice Dray, Miss Belle Harnes, Miss Maye Collard, Miss Carol Moore, Miss Gertrude Dutton, and Miss Ethel Patton.

Mrs. William Minter will give a dinner on Tuesday in honor of Miss Lolita McCannell and Mr. Robert Tracy.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will give a tea on Thursday, December 15th, at Century Hall.

Mrs. Lulu Caldwell gave a luncheon on Monday at her residence on Broadway in

honor of Miss Anita Harvey. Others at table were Miss Charlotte Wilson, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Dorothy Eells, Miss Isabel Brewer, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Marie Parrott, and Miss Helen Chesebrough.

Miss Alice Sullivan gave a dinner on Monday evening at her residence, Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 1550 Page Street, in honor of Miss Marie Wells and Mr. Selby Hanna. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, Judge Lawlor, Mrs. James Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle, Miss Pearl Landers, and Mr. William H. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a theatre-party on Wednesday evening at the Columbia in honor of Miss Anita Harvey. A supper at the Hotel St. Francis followed.

A dance was given at Fort Baker on Monday evening in honor of Miss Carrigan, Miss Mabel Watkins, and Miss Etelka Williar.

Mrs. Richard Schwerin gave a tea on Monday at the Hotel Richelieu.

A dance was given at Burlingame by the Burlingame Club on Saturday evening.

## ART NOTES.

## The Bohemian Club's Exhibition.

The eighth annual exhibition of paintings by the artist members of the Bohemian Club will be held in the jinks room, from Monday, December 5th, until Wednesday, December 21st, inclusive. In the red room there will be an exhibition of the drawings and cartoons of the late Henry Barkhaus. On the opening day, members only will be privileged to view the pictures.

The ladies will be tendered a reception on Tuesday evening, December 6th, from eight to eleven; admitting them not alone to the jinks room, but giving them the freedom of the club. On the opening evening, the club's dining-room will be open as a refreshment café, with special menu and prices.

The public (including ladies) will be admitted to the jinks room (only)—where the exhibition of pictures will be held—upon presentation of cards issued by members, on Saturday, December 10th, from 2 until 5 P. M.; on Tuesday, December 13th, from 2 until 5 P. M.; on Friday, December 16th, from 2 until 5 P. M.; and on Wednesday, December 21st, from 2 until 5 P. M., and 8 P. M. until 11 P. M.

A very creditable exhibition by the Guild of Arts and Crafts is on view in the red room of the Hotel St. Francis. Examples of work in book-binding, wood, leather, and metal work, painting, decorating, and other crafts are displayed. The exhibition, which is open to the public, closes this (Saturday) evening.

Ground has been broken for the monument to be erected at the City Hall, on the lawn east of the Hall of Records, by the San Francisco Bar Association, in memory of Hall McAllister. The monument, which is by Robert I. Aiken, is about nine feet high, and will stand on a solid granite pedestal about seven feet high. The bronze figure is in a speaking posture, with a law-book in one hand, as if addressing a court.

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, accompanied by Lady Laurier, Mrs. Edwards (wife of Senator Edwards, of Canada), and Miss Coutu arrived from the East on Tuesday. The party left on Wednesday for the Hotel del Monte, where several days will be spent.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, in London, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

## The Street of the City.

Post Street is, without doubt, "the street of the city," and can boast of having the best stores in San Francisco. Among the recent arrivals there is the fine tailoring establishment of J. Edlin who, some time ago, opened up the smartest store of its kind. Mr. Edlin for many years conducted a tailoring business in the Hearst Building, and is to be congratulated upon having secured so good a location as 16 Post Street. Any one desiring the "latest" thing in gentlemen's wear would do well to see the choice display in his windows.

## Church or Home Weddings.

Suitable floral decorations are as important as the bride's gown. Charlotte E. Williams, 121 Post Street, will take the worry off your hands.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BEARING THE NAME OF Rasmussen will never be cheapened by becoming an advertising gift of any dry goods, grocery, or vegetable store. The word Rasmussen stands for the best and most exclusive in Photographic Portraiture. Sitings by appointment. 139 Post Street.

Celebrated "Knox" Hats, Winter styles. Engine Room, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Gadski's Concerts.

Mme. Gadski, who will give her first public recital at the Alhambra Theatre on Tuesday night, January 3d, has been selected for the opening concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. The plan of seats for this concert is now open at the Information Bureau of the Hotel St. Francis, and as the capacity of the white and gold hall is limited, it would be well to procure seats early. There are still some vacancies on the list of the St. Francis Musical Art Society. Among the charter members are Mrs. F. J. Sullivan, Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. C. A. Selfridge, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst, the Misses de Guigne, Mr. James D. Pbelan, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. W. I. Gerstle, and Mr. S. Goldstein.

## Music at Mark Hopkins Institute.

The following is the programme rendered at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman:

Organ, "Offertory" in F, Clark, Mr. Otto Fleissner; song, "O, Dry Those Tears," Teresa Del Riego, Mr. Edward McNeill Moore, violoncello obligato, Mr. Frank Griffin; (a) reverie for violin and piano, (b) two sketches for violin, viola, and piano, Adolph Locher (violin, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, viola, Mr. Henry Heyman, the composer at the piano); arioso, "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc," Bemberg, Mrs. Bruce McV. Mackall; organ, "Barcarole," Hoffman, Mr. Otto Fleissner; song, "Good-Night Beloved," Oliver, Mr. Edward McNeill Moore; violin, "Romanze" in G, Beethoven, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, Miss Frances Vertheimer, accompanist; songs: (a) "Matinata," Tosti, (b) "Deserted," MacDowell, (c) "The Danza," Chadwick, Mrs. Bruce McV. Mackall; organ, "Marche Militaire," Barnes, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

David W. Loring, the well-known musical director, died on Wednesday in Berkeley. He was sixty-seven years of age. Prior to coming to this Coast in 1877, Mr. Loring was well known in the East, having founded and directed the Apollo Society in Boston. After coming here he established the well-known Loring Club. Musical direction was a diversion with him, as he was well known in business circles. His family consists of his widow and five children—Prescott Loring, of Chicago, Mrs. Charles Lowe, of Berkeley, Miss Frances H. Loring, of New York, Miss Ruth W. Loring, and Conrad Loring, of Berkeley.

A recital is to be given by Alfred A. Farland, the banjoist, at Steinway Hall, Tuesday evening, December 13th. In his hands the banjo assumes an unexpected importance. His programme will include such numbers as Beethoven's eighth violin sonata, a cradle song by Hauser, Paderewski's minuet, a nocturne of Chopin, the second Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt, and the *allegro molto vivace* from Mendelssohn's concerto, op. 64, as well as less classical selections. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Saturday, December 10th.

Hother Wismer's concert takes place on Thursday evening, December 8th, at Steinway Hall. He will be assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, W. H. Thorley, and Fred Maurer. Among the numbers of the programme will be Beethoven's violin concerto (cadenzas by Joachim), and Richard Strauss's sonata for violin and piano. Mrs. Blanchard will contribute songs by Brahms and Auguste Holmes.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

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## SHOPPING IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City, will personally undertake to execute shopping orders in New York.

GEORGE L. WILCOX STUDIO  
CHANGES HANDS.

Mr. George L. Wilcox, the well-known photographer, owing to plans which may take him from San Francisco, has disposed of his studio, 794 Sutter Street, to Mr. W. B. Hunt, of this city. Mr. Hunt assumed full control December 1st.

His portraits in bromide have received much praise, and there is no doubt but that he will prove a very worthy successor to Mr. Wilcox. The work of the Wilcox Studio holds a secure place in artistic photography. The methods used heretofore will be followed out by Mr. Hunt, who will endeavor to please all former patrons.

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## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all outdoor sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

### AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

### A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

**J. T. BROOKS, Manager.**

## BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Open all the year. Unexcelled summer and spring climate. Luxurious mineral and mud baths, and the most curative waters known for rheumatism, gout, sciatica, liver and kidney, and nervous troubles, also malaria.

Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations. Reached by Southern Pacific, two and one-half hours from San Francisco. Trains leave San Francisco at 8.30 and 10.00 A. M., and 3.30 and 6.00 P. M. Dining car on the 6.00 P. M.

For particulars apply to Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery Street, or

**H. R. WARNER, Manager,**  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Horace B. Chase and family expect to sail from New York for Europe early in January.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are occupying their residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Virginia Joliffe has returned from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd have closed "Casa Boyd," their summer residence, and have taken apartments at the Occidental Hotel, where Mrs. Boyd will be "at home" on the first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Richard Ivers sailed on Thursday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Burnham expect to depart to-morrow (Sunday) for the City of Mexico.

Mrs. John P. Klein, of Oakland, departed on Thursday for a visit to New York.

Mr. A. J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Mr. Nowell H. Griffith, of London, arrived here this week on their way to Australia.

Mr. Charles Oelrichs and Mr. Harry Eldridge, of New York, are guests of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Delia Comba and Miss Elizabeth Comba sailed on the transport *Logan* on Thursday for Manila.

Mr. George S. Thurman has taken an apartment at The Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin and Miss Gwin are in New York for the winter.

Mr. Athole McBean has returned from a short visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was a recent visitor at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. George L. Bean have taken apartments at The Buckingham for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have been sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. John I. Sabin has returned from Santa Barbara.

Miss Louise Mauzy, of Rushville, Ind., is here as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Wiel have returned from a two months' trip East. Their son, Mr. Harry Wiel, remained to finish his medical course at Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Carrigan, Miss Mabel Watkins, and Miss Etelka Williar departed on the transport *Logan* Thursday for Manila.

Mr. D. E. Hayes and family have taken apartments at The Knickerbocker for the winter.

Mrs. Josephine Bruguiere and Mr. Louis Bruguiere have left Newport, and are in New York for the winter.

Mrs. E. F. Dunne is residing at The Buckingham.

Mr. Allan Pollok, Miss Mary Pollok, and Miss Jean Pollok have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Among the week's arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mrs. Fernald and Mr. George Fernald, of Chicago, Mr. P. A. Stanton, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Jilison, of Redding, Mr. J. S. McCandless, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Leland, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Grover, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Wallace, Miss Geraldine Gutterston, Dr. P. F. Casey, Mr. Richard Mullen, Mr. W. J. McLeod, Mr. C. W. Anderson, Mr. J. M. Currey, Dr. A. E. Sykes, Mr. J. O. Johnson, and Dr. Charles E. Parent.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel del Monte were Assistant Secretary Charles H. Darling, U. S. N., and Mrs. Darling, and Mrs. L. W. Godey, of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Bishop, of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Clement, Miss Clement, Miss C. H. Clement, of Vermont, Dr. Phillip Marvel, of Atlantic City, Mr. E. W. Griffith, of Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Nink, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Harron, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. C. T. Mills, Miss Frances Carroll, Miss B. Davis, Miss G. Davis, Miss Lola Davis, Miss Mary B. Henderson, Miss Dorothy Churchill, Mr. Tracy Harron, and Mr. W. R. Maylan.

Travel up Mt. Tamalpais, from which a view of unsurpassed magnificence may be obtained, is a treat. One of the attractions of the trip is the picturesque railway by which the top of the mountain is reached. The Tavern of Tamalpais is all that could be desired.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

### Glace Fruits.

Handsome presents for Eastern friends—Townsend's California Glace Fruits in fine-etched and hand-painted boxes. 715 Market Street.

### Flower Gifts.

Half the bouquet is in the arrangement. Order flower gifts of Charlotte F. Williams, 121 Post St.

—ARTISTIC PORTRAITS FOR CHRISTMAS MAY be had at the studio of W. B. Hunt (successor to George L. Wilcox), 794 Sutter Street.

### A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

### Army and Navy News.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles Darling and Mrs. Darling departed the first of the week for Southern California.

Rear-Admiral Charles J. Barclay, in command of the Puget Sound Navy Yard, was a guest at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Colonel J. J. O'Connell, U. S. A., has taken apartments for himself and his family at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant John F. Babcock, U. S. A., and Mrs. Babcock (née Eells) were in Grass Valley during the week.

Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of Colonel J. L. Chamberlain, U. S. A., is at The Knickerbocker, on her way to the Philippines, where she will join Colonel Chamberlain.

The Fifth Battery of field artillery, stationed at the Presidio, will sail for the Philippines on the transport *Thomas* on January 1st.

Henry Frederick Teschemacher, who was the first mayor of San Francisco, died in Switzerland on Saturday. Mr. Teschemacher came to this city as a supercargo on a vessel from Boston in 1842, at the age of twenty years. From 1859 to 1861 he was president of the board of supervisors, and in 1862, when the office of mayor was created, he was chosen to fill it. He served one term of two years as mayor. Mr. Teschemacher re-visited San Francisco about ten years ago. For many years he had lived with his family at Territet, Switzerland, where his wife died a little over a year ago.

At the opening of the Claremont Country Club, which takes place to-day (Saturday), one of the features will be a golf match, eighteen holes, medal play, open to all amateurs. The match opens at 2 p. m. There will also be tennis and Scotch bowling matches.

Timothy Hopkins has presented to the Stanford University museum a very large collection of archaeological and geological specimens, gathered from all parts of the world, particularly Egypt.

This (Saturday) afternoon and night will be the last opportunity to see the miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem," by the Ben Grey players at Lyric Hall.

### The Buckingham Cafe's Sunday Dinner.

The Sunday *table-d'hôte* dinner at the Buckingham Café, 655 Sutter Street, is becoming one of the most fashionably attended in town. The Thanksgiving menu was especially elaborate, and the café was the scene of several large dinner-parties.

The following one-dollar *table-d'hôte* dinner will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, December 4, 1904:

Eastern Oysters.

Stuffed Dates. Salted Almonds.

Cream of Corn, Crouton Soufflé.

Consomme Deisnaje.

Fried Filet of Sole, Tartar Sauce.

Potato Croquettes.

Lamb Sweet Breads en Cases.

Baked Virginia Ham, Champagne Sauce.

Barlett Pears with Rice à la Conde.

Punch Cardinal.

Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus.

Fried Spring Chicken Maryland.

Spinach en Cream.

French Peas, Sauté en Butter.

Turnips en Cream. Mashed Potatoes.

Browned Sweet Potatoes.

Salad à la Buckingham.

Apple Pie. Lemon Meringue Pie. Strawberry Tarts.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Assorted Cake.

Cafe Noir.

Water Crackers.

American Cheese. Roquefort Cheese.

Fruit.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

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The Select Hotel of San Francisco

All apartments steam heated

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The finest private family hotel on the Coast. Elegantly furnished front suites on the Avenue. Every room steam heated. Reception, Smoking and Private Dining Rooms. Concessions made to large families by the year. Correspondence solicited. HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

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NEW YORK CITY

New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## NATHAN-DOHRMANN COMPANY call attention to

their holiday goods now on exhibition, which are unusually interesting—China, Cut Glassware, Electric, Gas,

Oil Lamps, Art Goods, Steins, and their many exclusive designs are so arranged in their various departments that selection is made easy. All Christmas shopping can be comfortably accomplished within their store. Prices are always moderate, as may be determined by inspection of their goods.

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San Francisco

The OECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

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PIANO  
AGENCY.





Trains leave and arrive  
to arrive at  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**  
From October 23, 1904.  
FERRY DEPOT  
(Foot of Market Street.)

LEAVE	MAIN LINE	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Vacaville, Winters, Bismarck, etc.	7:50 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Kimira and Sacramento.	7:20 P.
7:30 A.	Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Martinez, San Ramon, etc.	8:20 P.
7:30 A.	Niles, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	7:20 P.
8:00 A.	Shasta Express—(Via Davis), Williams, Willows, Yreka, Red Bluff, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, etc.	7:50 P.
8:00 A.	Davis, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	7:50 P.
8:30 A.	Martinez, Antioch, Byron, Tracy, Stockton, Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Armona, Hanford, Visalia, Porterville, etc.	4:20 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Modesto, Marysville, Fresno, Goshen Junction, Hanford, Visalia, Bakersfield, etc.	4:50 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, (Millton), Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Red Bluff, etc.	4:20 P.
8:30 A.	Oakdale, Chinese, Jamestown, Sutter, Colusa, Knights Landing, etc.	4:20 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express—Garden and East.	5:20 P.
8:30 A.	Richmond, Martinez, etc.	6:50 P.
10:00 A.	The Overland Limited—Ogden, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, etc.	6:20 P.
10:00 A.	Vallejo, etc.	12:20 P.
10:00 A.	Los Angeles Passenger—Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	7:20 P.
12:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	3:20 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers, etc.	11:00 P.
3:30 P.	Benicia, Winters, Sacramento, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, etc.	10:50 A.
3:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and Way Stations, etc.	7:50 P.
3:30 P.	Port Costa, Martinez, Byron, Tracy, Lathrop, Stockton, etc.	12:20 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, etc.	8:20 A.
4:00 P.	Niles, Tracy, Stockton, etc.	10:20 A.
4:30 P.	Hayward, Niles, Irvington, San Jose, Livermore, etc.	11:50 A.
6:00 P.	The Owl Limited—Newman, Los Banos, Mendota, Fresno, Calistoga, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, etc.	8:50 A.
15:30 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	7:20 A.
6:00 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose, etc.	8:50 A.
8:00 P.	Eastern Express—Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Martinez, Stockton, Sacramento, Colfax, Reno, Sparks, Montello, Ogden, etc.	12:50 P.
8:00 P.	Vallejo, daily, except Sunday.	7:50 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Sunday only.	7:50 P.
7:00 P.	Highmond, San Pablo, Port Costa, Martinez and Way Stations, etc.	11:20 A.
7:00 P.	Port Costa—Port Costa, Benicia, Suisun, Elmira, Dixon, Davis, Sacramento, Sparks, Tooe, Keefer and Way Stations, etc.	7:50 A.
8:05 P.	Oregon & California Express—Salem, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East.	8:50 A.
8:10 P.	Hayward, Niles and San Jose (Sunday only).	11:50 A.
<b>COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)</b> (Foot of Market Street.)		
8:15 A.	Newark, Casterville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations, etc.	8:55 P.
12:15 P.	Newark, Casterville, San Jose, New Almaden, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations, etc.	11:55 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, etc.	11:55 A.
8:30 P.	Healdsburg, Santa Rosa, etc.	7:25 P.
<b>COAST LINE (Broad Gauge)</b> (Third and Townsend Streets.)		
6:10 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:30 P.
7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	5:40 P.
8:00 A.	New Almaden, (Tues., Thurs., Sat.), The Coast—San Jose, Sallina, San Ardo, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Gavilan, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, Montalvo, Oxnard, Burbank, Los Angeles, etc.	10:30 P.
8:00 A.	Oltroy, Bismarck, etc.	10:30 P.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Sallina, San Luis Obispo, and Principal Way Stations, etc.	4:10 P.
10:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	1:20 P.
11:30 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	7:30 P.
2:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:36 A.
4:00 P.	San Jose, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, El Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, etc.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Los Gatos, Wright, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, via Santa Clara and Narrow Gauge, etc.	11:45 A.
8:30 P.	Valencia St., South San Francisco, Burlingame, San Jose, Oltroy, (Tues., Thurs., Sat.), etc.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	18:00 A.
15:00 P.	San Jose, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations (except Sunday).	19:00 A.
16:20 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations, etc.	16:40 A.
8:45 P.	Buena Vista, Redwood, San Jose, Oltroy, Sallina, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Heming, El Paso, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, etc.	8:10 A.
6:45 P.	Pajaro, Watsonville, Capitola, Santa Cruz, Castrovilla, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, etc.	10:30 P.
6:15 P.	San Jose, Redwood, Belmont, San Carlos, (Tues., Thurs., Sat.), etc.	18:49 A.
6:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations, etc.	8:36 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations, etc.	10:15 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations, etc.	19:45 P.
11:30 P.	San Jose, San Jose, Los Gatos, and Principal Way Stations, etc.	18:45 P.

## EUROPEAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Persons who may desire to obtain clippings of entire articles from European newspapers and reviews on any topic, such as reviews of books, criticisms of plays, scientific articles, discussions of engineering works, technical studies, such as electrical works, etc., can secure them at moderate rates by applying to—

**COURIER DE LA PRESSE,**

21 Boulevard Montmartre, PARIS, FRANCE.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Yes, sir, this country should have the biggest navy in the world. I'd like to see a new warship christened every day." "You're a naval man, I presume." "No, sir; I'm a wine agent."—*Life*.

"Yes, he did have a political job, but he resigned." "I'm surprised at that. The last time I saw him he told me his job was a regular little sinecure." "Yes, but it became a little insecure recently."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A fight in it: "As Shakespeare says," remarked Cassidy, who was fond of airing his "book larin'" occasionally, "what's in a name?" "Well," replied Casey, "call me wau that Oi don't like an' Oi'll show ye."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A proper study: *Wall Street*—"So your son is studying law. Do you expect that he will stick to it?" *Speculator*—"Oh, no; I just want him to know enough about it so that he will be able to evade it successfully."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Softleigh*—"When I—aw—awsked her foh her hand in mawriage her bwutal father threatened to—aw—bwain me, doncher know." *Miss Cutting*—"That's just like her father. He always was fond of a joke."—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Bearit*—"Things were awfully dull on 'Change to-day. Absolutely nothing doing in stocks. The buyers and sellers failed to get together." *Mrs. Bearit*—"Why don't you mark some of the stock down and advertise a bargain sale?"—*Chicago News*.

"Maude graduated from your cooking-school last spring, didn't she?" "Yes; but she's going to take a post-graduate course this fall." "Then she's really going back to the school?" "Oh, no; she's to be married to a poor young man."—*Catholic Standard-Times*.

*Lyles*—"Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow that Bulger? They say he is an atheist; and I believe he is." *Bontier*—"I wouldn't like to go so far as that; but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being."—*Town and Country*.

*The strange hen*—"You'd hardly believe it, ladies, but in the part of the country from which I came incubators are unknown." *The modern hen*—"Goodness gracious! I suppose the simple-minded folk out that way still believe that a hen's sphere is her nest."—*Town Topics*.

*Deacon Good*—"Don't you think it cruel for you to draw a fish out of his native element by a sharp iron hook?" *Fisher-boy*—"It's no fault of mine. When I'm just giving a worm a salt-water bath, what does a fish want to book himself onto my line for? It's no business of his."—*Boston Transcript*.

Unpublished history: The infant Romulus surveyed the wolf with a critical eye. "She aint much to brag of as an angel mother," he said, "but she's better than the patented baby foods." Happy in the thought that he was so far ahead of the times, he sat up and took nourishment.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

"How happy General Nodzu must be," she said. "Why?" the young man asked. "The head-lines in the papers refer to his engagement." "But they mean his engagement with the Russians in battle." "Oh, bow stupid of me. I wonder what could have made me think of the other kind of engagements?" After he had gone without proposing, she stamped her little foot, saying: "The next time he invites me to supper after the theatre I'll eat three dollars worth."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## TEA

Go by the book  
Go by the book  
Go by the book  
Go by the book

Write for our Knowledge Book, A Schilling & Company, San Francisco.

"Have the Newyriches got quite settled in their new mansion?" "Oh, yes. They've got all their ancestors hung except a few who were hung on earth."—*Town Topics*.

Wherever the English language is spoken and babies are born, there Steadman's Soothing Powders are called for.

Clara—"We girls are getting up a secret society." "George—" "What's the secret?" Clara—"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all after I am initiated."—*Jester*.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, No. 135 Geary Street, Spring Valley Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## OUR STANDARDS

Sperry's Best Family.  
Drifted Snow.  
Golden Gate Extra.

## Sperry Flour Company

## California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE  
SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC  
RAILWAY COMPANY.

Tiburon Ferry, Foot of Market St.

San Francisco to San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:35, 3:30, 5:10, and 6:30 p. m. Thursday—Extra trip at 1:30 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 1:50 and 1:30 p. m. SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20, and 11:30 p. m.

San Rafael to San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:05, 7:35, 9:20, 11:15 a. m.; 12:50, 3:40, 5:00, 5:20 p. m. Saturdays—Extra trip at 2:05 and 6:35 p. m. Sundays—3:00, 9:40, 11:15 a. m.; 1:40, 3:40, 4:05, 5:05, 6:25 p. m.

Leave San Francisco.	Week Days.	Sun- days.	In Effect Oct. 2, 1904.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	Week Days.	Sun- days.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Ignacio.	9:10 a. m.	8:40 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	5:10 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	Novato.	6:05 p. m.	6:20 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	9:10 a. m.	8:40 a. m.	10:20 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	5:10 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	Fulton.	10:40 a. m.	10:20 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Healdsburg.	10:40 a. m.	10:20 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	5:10 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	Willits and Sherwood.	7:35 p. m.	6:20 p. m.	7:35 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Guerneville.	10:40 a. m.	10:20 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	5:10 p. m.	3:30 p. m.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	9:10 a. m.	8:40 a. m.	6:20 p. m.
7:30 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	Sebastopol.	10:40 a. m.	10:20 a. m.	6:20 p. m.

Stages connect at Green Brae for San Quentin; at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Lytton for Lytton Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers, Booneville, and Greenwood; at Hopland for Duncan Springs, Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Carlsbad Springs, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, and Lake County Hot Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Pomo, Potter Valley, John Day's, Riverside, Lierley's, Bucknell's, Sanhedrin Heights, Hultville, Orr's Hot Springs, Halfway House, Comptche, Hopkins, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, and Usal; at Willits for Fort Bragg, Hearst, and Saviors; at Sherwood for Cabo, Covelo, Laytonville, Cummings, Bell's Springs, Harris, Hubbar, Fruitland, Over Lake, Garberville, Camp 5, Pepperwood, Scotia, and Eureka.

Saturday to Monday round-trip tickets at reduced rates. On Sunday round-trip tickets at all points beyond San Rafael at half rates. Ticket office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building. JAS. L. FRAZIER, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

## FOR SAN RAFAEL ROSS, MILL VALLEY, Etc.

Via Sausalito Ferry.  
DEPART DAILY, 7:05, 7:45, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 11:00 A. M., 12:20, 1:45, 3:15, 4:35, 5:15, 5:50, 6:30, 7:15, 10:15, and 11:35 P. M.  
ARRIVE DAILY at 7:40, 7:35, 8:15, 8:50, 9:35, 10:50 A. M., 12:10, 1:30, 2:55, 4:25, 5:05, 5:42, 6:22, 6:57, 7:40, and 11:25 A. M.  
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The President's message contains 19,180 words. If it were printed in the type in which this editorial appears, and the columns were pasted end to end, it would make a roll of reading matter thirty-nine feet and a fraction long. Doubtless all good Americans ought to read the annual messages of their Chief Executives; but while they continue to be of such length, it is doubtful if they will.

Taken by and large, the most significant thing about this first message of Mr. Roosevelt since he has become not the accidental but the elected President of these United States, is its tendency to advocate legislation to ameliorate the condition of the working classes at whatever discomfort to wealth, corporate or otherwise, and to declare his entire sympathy with labor's cause. Thus, speaking of labor unions, he says that unionists "have a legal right, which, according to circumstances, may or may not be a moral right, to refuse to work in

company with men who decline to join their organizations." The assertion that union men may, under certain circumstances, properly refuse to work with non-union men in the "open shop" is, indeed, extreme ground. Equally in the interests of the workingman is the President's stand for investigation of the huge casualty lists of the railways; his declared opposition to child-labor; his advocacy of compulsory education; and his suggestion that employers be made liable for accidents to their employees. "Sapping the vitality of those who are usually spoken of as the working classes can," he says, "find no commercial justification whatsoever." One of the most striking passages in the whole message is the following:

There should be severe child-labor and factory inspection laws. It is very desirable that married women should not work in factories. The prime duty of the man is to work, to be the breadwinner; the prime duty of the woman is to be the mother, the housewife. All questions of tariff and finance sink into utter insignificance when compared with the tremendous, the vital importance of trying to shape conditions so that these two duties of the man and of the woman can be fulfilled under reasonably favorable circumstances. If a race does not have plenty of children, or if the children do not grow up, or if when they grow up they are unhealthy in body and stunted or vicious in mind, then that race is decadent, and no heaping up of wealth, no splendor or momentary material prosperity, can avail in any degree as offsets.

The principle of strenuous fecundity again! The President's concern for the welfare of the individual, physically and morally, is again exhibited in his advocacy of public playgrounds in the cities, and his opposition to the admission to this country of "masses of men whose standards of living and whose personal customs and habits are such that they tend to lower the level of the American wage-worker."

The passages of the message relating to corporations are remarkable. They deserve the closest attention. While the President favors the enactment of further legislative measures to control corporations where the present laws fall short, and says that it is "necessary to put a complete stop to all rebates," these recommendations do not form the body of the argument. Indeed, it is as a whole rather an appeal to the self-interest of great corporations to the end that they shall not use their giant's strength tyrannously. "Do you not see," the President says, in effect, "that you are cutting your own throats; that you are running your heads into a noose? Do you not see that the rude exercise of your power will shortly become intolerable to a free people; that violent prejudice against corporate wealth daily grows; and that unless your rapacities be moderated a whirlwind of indignation will sweep you all out of existence?" That, plainly, is the argument that the President makes—put, of course, in less emphatic form; but he makes it none the less, and says outright that the railways must voluntarily submit to increased supervisory regulation, or the alternative will be "a still more radical policy." And he quotes with approval this passage from the speech of "the president of one of our great railway systems": "Laws [must] be construed by their intent and not by their letter, otherwise public utilities will be owned and operated by the public which created them, even though the service be less efficient, and the result less satisfactory from a financial standpoint."

This recognition by the President of the peril of socialistic legislation, if corporations, especially railways, do not cease endeavors to evade regulatory law, is one of the most significant features of the whole message.

That part of the message relating to the allied questions of our foreign relations and the strength of our army and navy, is characterized by firmness and vigor of statement. A strong navy is considered by the President a vital necessity. "It is not merely unwise," he says; "it is contemptible for a nation, as for an

individual, to use high-sounding language to proclaim its purposes, or to take positions which are ridiculous if unsupported by potential force, and then refuse to provide this force."

The President by no means recedes from the stand he took, and for which he was widely criticised, that America should act as "policeman of this hemisphere" when the conditions of any Western country became so anarchistic as to endanger public peace and invite European interference. Nor does the President subscribe to the principle that the nations ought to disarm. Indeed, he believes that disarmament would be "a wicked thing" at this stage of the world's history. And he affirms that while the United States desires peace, "we are not afraid of war."

A few other items in the message call for special notice. The President advocates corporal punishment for the wife-beater—a form of punishment long advocated in these columns, and somewhat solitarily. Now that the President has thrown the weight of his influence against the mushy sentimentalists, other States than Delaware may be led to enact laws providing for the use of the lash for the thug and the wife-beater. A matter of local interest is the President's recommendation that the Yosemite Valley be made a part of the national park system, while the allusion to the "banding together" of letter carriers to defeat congressmen doubtless refers, with others, to the case of Eugene F. Loud. That the Bureau of Labor will make full report on the Colorado troubles, and that a special report on the beef industry will be soon forthcoming, are notable features. In speaking of the Philippines, the President, for the first time, we think, expresses the hope that they will finally stand "in some such relation to the United States that Cuba now stands."

The tariff is not mentioned in the message. Some few "stand-pat" journals seem to derive comfort from the fact. Let them make the most of it while they may. For our part, we incline to believe that the absolute silence on the subject gives decided encouragement to those who expect a special tariff message from the President before many months. Possibly this is just the hush before the storm.

The discovery of a new method of purifying water, and the relation it bears to the water supply of cities and towns, is interestingly set forth in an article in the December number of the *Century Magazine*. This method, recently discovered by Dr. Moore, of the United States Department of Agriculture, is inexpensive, easily applied, and speedy in its effects. It consists merely in adding to the water to be sterilized copper sulphate in the proportion of one part to 10,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons of water.

One of the insoluble problems of the past has been the question of keeping clean the reservoirs where water is stored. Still water is subject to a vegetable growth, which increases with incredible rapidity and renders the water unclean, ill-smelling, and unfit to drink. To remove this substance is a matter of enormous expense, and there is no safeguard against its re-appearance perhaps at the end of a few weeks.

By Dr. Moore's method this vegetable growth is destroyed and sinks harmless to the bottom, while the copper added, if applied correctly and in the proper proportion, disappears so completely that at the end of three days chemical analysis fails to detect its presence. Dr. Moore has further demonstrated by experiment that copper sulphate may be safely used to destroy typhoid, yellow fever, and cholera germs. It is essential that this method of purifying water be practiced only by experienced or properly informed persons.



thus safeguarded against ignorance it can not be doubted that widespread epidemics of typhoid, cholera, and other devastating germ diseases may be largely prevented in the future.

For some unexplained reason there is a deeply rooted belief in all civilized communities that copper in any form or quantity is poisonous, and the use of copper utensils a direct bid for death by poisoning. Yet a generation or two ago most of the cooking was done in copper vessels, and among other peoples this is still the case. In China it is so, and in India the English residents, waited on as they are by native servants, are obliged to submit to iron-bound custom and supply their kitchens with copper utensils exclusively. As a precaution they keep them well tinned, and by this means deprive them of their beneficial qualities. Now that science is diffusing new knowledge, perhaps the copper kettles and pans, now relegated to the bric-à-brac shelf, may return to their original office in the kitchen. There are physicians who go so far as to say that the freedom from intestinal diseases enjoyed by earlier generations was due in no small degree to the use of copper utensils in cooking.

An interesting fact has come to light in connection with the power of copper as a germ-killer. The New York board of health, in the spirit of investigation, has been examining currency to detect the presence of disease germs, and invariably the copper pennies have been found absolutely clean, while all other coins were thickly colonized with bacilli.

In our own Golden Gate Park the new discovery may perhaps prove useful. The waters of Stowe Lake have long been clogged by a vegetable growth seriously annoying in boating. As the Department of Agriculture supplies full information to all city authorities making inquiries, perhaps an experiment here with copper sulphate would prove efficacious in removing the troublesome substance.

The next Congress will see a series of arbitration treaties signed by the United States and a dozen other countries which will firmly establish The Hague tribunal as the court of international jurisdiction. These treaties, which have been prepared by Secretary of State Hay, are all of a type, almost identical in wording. The treaty with France has already been signed, and others with Mexico, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Holland, and Portugal are being made ready.

These treaties will endeavor to remove the ordinary and most provoking of all international disputes, those about "indemnities" and boundary lines, entirely out of the field of war. National independence, territory, and honor are to be the only matters left to the arbitrament of arms. Of course, the choice is still left with the signatories as to what disputes come under the limitations of the treaties. The time is not yet arrived for a hard and fast procedure. But the treaty with Great Britain and the one with France come very close to laying out an international practice with the exactitude of a statute.

Public sentiment seems to have been widely aroused in favor of this. Already a committee of international arbitration is at work trying to make sure that the Senate will press the business of approving the new treaties. The committee lays special emphasis on the relief the treaties will afford the overcrowded State Department and the consequent acceleration of justice. It is urged that in a question of such vital import party differences be laid aside and the opposition for once cease to obstruct administration measures.

Examples of the beneficent effect of such treaties are shown by the disarmament of Chili and Argentina, which for twenty years have been spending vast sums in preparation for a struggle which would have rent South America into fragments. Both nations have now abandoned their purpose. They have sent their soldiers back to civil pursuits, and sold their vessels to other nations. With all the civilized peoples of the world united by such compacts, no longer in fear of bloodshed and possible national subjugation, the promoters of The Hague tribunal look forward to the day when the army and navy will simply act as bailiffs to one great court, form a great international police. And to make this possible through harmonious agreement, Secretary Hay is refusing to go so far in some treaties as the other signatory would allow, in order that the procedure of the new court may not be tangled, nor our obligation to one nation be greater than to another.

The rumor that General Kuroki is dead keeps cropping out in the dispatches. It has been denied by the Japanese Government, but it was the destruction of the *Shima*. The Japanese are a secretive people; no one knows how many men have met their death on the bloody slopes of the Port Arthur hills, or on the

windy plain about Liao Yang. And this fact it is that lends some plausibility to a curious story that is being printed. It will be recalled that Kuroki was the man who was to flank Kuropatkin at Liao Yang and cut off his retreat. Kuroki failed; and, as a result, the Battle of Liao Yang was for the Japanese one of the most disastrous "victories" in history. Now a Japanese official in this country is reported to have said, privately, that he did not believe Kuroki was killed in battle; for then the news would have been known to thousands of Chinese coolies, and would thus have been spread broadcast. But the code of Old Japan imposes a penalty for failure in war, and this official suggests that Kuroki had only one course before him when he failed: *hara-kiri*. Even if untrue, it is significant of the barbaric ideas that still prevail in Japan that such an explanation should be put forth by an intelligent Japanese.

Some remarkable things are shown by the complete election returns. Here in California 331,425 votes were cast against 303,793 in 1900—a gain of 27,632 votes. Roosevelt's plurality in this State was 115,932 votes, while the Socialists polled 29,535 votes, against 9,502 for governor in 1902. Though in California the popular vote showed a marked increase, it is believed that in the country as a whole actually fewer votes were cast than four years ago. Hundreds of thousands of voters stayed away from the polls altogether. In Ohio, for example, the figures show that the total vote was less by 35,000 than in the preceding Presidential election. Nor were the Republican gains remarkable. The party gained only 54,700 votes; but the Democrats lost 128,200 votes. Nearly that many Democrats either stayed away from the polls, or voted the Socialist or Populist ticket. It is estimated that in the country at large Roosevelt received 7,702,180 votes, and Parker 5,119,704 votes. The result in 1900 was: McKinley, 7,207,923; and Bryan, 6,358,133. There were therefore some 700,000 less Republicans and Democrats combined in 1904 than in 1900. The Republican vote increased about 500,000, but the Democratic vote fell off 1,250,000. About 2,500,000 electors failed to vote at all. The total number of votes cast at this election is therefore less than eight years ago—really an astounding fact, considering the large increase in population. The per cent. of increase in the Socialist vote in various States makes interesting reading. In Washington, it increased 400 per cent.; in Indiana, 405 per cent.; in Illinois, 614 per cent.; in Nebraska, 800 per cent.; in Missouri, 111 per cent.; in Kansas, 870 per cent.; in Arkansas there was no increase. We may perhaps remark without offense that the fact that there are no Socialists in Darkest Arkansas does not exactly support the theory that socialism flourishes most luxuriantly in the soil of ignorance.

On last Friday, the *Chronicle* contained an account of the speech delivered at Boston by Senator Fairbanks, over which it put the following heading:

Stands pat on tariff question. The administration's position stated by Fairbanks at the Home Market Club banquet. Policy of protection will be continued. Emphatic indorsement of Republican principles at the polls show that there shall be no step backward.

The Portland *Oregonian* placed over the same article the following heading:

Party no shirk. Republicans are ready to revise tariff. Fairbanks states policy. Investigation must prove changes are necessary.

The headings on the article in other papers resemble that which we quote from the *Oregonian*.

This is small business for the *Chronicle* to be in. The yellow journals have often been accused of putting lying titles on news items, but we scarcely expected it from the staid old *Chronicle*. If it thinks it can hoodwink its readers by such methods, it has a lower opinion of their intelligence than we ourselves entertain.

It is an absolute fact that President Roosevelt favors revision of the tariff. In the past two or three weeks he has told very many of his callers so, and the statement may be accepted without a shadow of reserve. So when the *Chronicle* declares that "talk about the desire for tariff-revision is foolish," what it really means is that the President is all wrong and uttering words of un-wisdom; and when it says that "sentiment favoring change is rapidly dying out," what it really means is that the "stand-patters" have descended upon the President like the hosts of the Assyrians, and have considerably dampened his enthusiasm for adjustment of the tariff. During the last week or so, Senator Hale, of Maine, has come out with the statement that

he will do all in his power to defeat tariff-revision. Speaker Cannon, who in the past has been a "stand-patter," declares that his position is the same as before election. Secretary Shaw has given the reporters to understand that he is against the President's plan. Fulton, of Oregon, McComas, of Maryland, Aldrich, of Rhode Island, Spooner, of Wisconsin, Foraker, of Ohio, Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and many others add their voice to the general chorus that cries: "Keep standing pat." There is no denying that the prospect of an extra session is less favorable than it was a few weeks ago. True, as we have elsewhere said, the solemn silence of the President's message on the tariff topic looks curiously as if he intended to handle it later; but, generally speaking, the revisionists have lost ground. Some Republican journals urge the President to come out openly for tariff-adjustment, even though Congress seems to be against it. They believe that the prestige of Mr. Roosevelt with the people is so great that if he once declared himself publicly in favor of tariff-revision, Congress would be forced by the sheer weight of public opinion to carry into effect the President's suggestion. These journals say that the career of Mr. Roosevelt has shown that courage wins. The people always have been and will be with him when he takes a bold stand. One journal says: "The first of the President's great opportunities is within his grasp." On the other hand, moderate journals point out that if Congress is as overwhelmingly "stand-pat" as the reports indicate, it would be mere foolhardiness for the President to force the issue, and probably bring about a split in the party. They believe that discretion is the better part of valor, and that some time during the next four years will be time enough. Meanwhile, the fight is on in Washington, and doubtless we shall know before long what agreement the President and the leaders of the party in Congress have been able to reach.

The story was published, a few weeks ago, that William Allen White had been horsewhipped by an irate Emporia woman for attacking her divorced husband in the *Emporia Gazette*. It was intimated that Mr. White now knew what the matter with Kansas was. But it appears from Mr. White's own statement that he was not horsewhipped. He ran away. Mr. White says that as he ran he laughed.

Admitting that the editor's sense of humor is keen, we prefer to consider this seriously. There is a nice point of honor here. How far should a man run when woman pursues? Should he run? Would not the heroic editor stand nobly to his guns and rout flagellant woman? Will a brave man flee before another's wife? Does a man laugh when an angry female is close at his heels with a blacksnake?

These questions are world old. Kansas has settled many problems that have perplexed the sage since Eve tamed Adam to eat out of the hand. But it has never been thought dignified for a man to run, and ten thousand wait upon Mr. White's justification of his procedure.

We love to look upon a hero who never runs. California is full of the tales of those who did not. Here in San Francisco there is a policeman—big, taciturn, and serene-eyed—who wields the authority of a whole squad of officers on the Barbary Coast. Behind him is the history of never having run. From Mendocino County lumbermen come down and look at him from afar. "That's the man," they say, proudly. "Big Swede Johnson hit him in the morning. When we went to bed that night they were still fighting. We got up early in the morning, and they had moved down the hill for more room. We sat on the top of the hill all that day, and then when the moon rose we came out and watched them some more. We only went to bed when we were worn out. Next day we had to travel two miles to find them, and they were fresh as ever. The Swede seemed to be getting in the most licks. That night the county was out dodging them. Along the next day, when everybody was sleeping off the effects of the excitement, Big Bob wandered up with one trouser leg still on, and said nothing. We went down and picked the Swede out of the underbrush. 'Ay tank ay queet,' was all he could say. He had no sand."

But evidently they do things otherwise in Kansas. In the West we run from a woman with set teeth and cold perspiration on our brows. In Kansas they laugh. Mr. White even wrote a humorous article about the affair in the *Gazette*. But surely it must have been forced laughter that drifted back over that Kansas plain from the fleeing figure of Editor White as this wrathful woman pursued, horsewhip in hand, skirts tucked up, and bosom heaving with desire for vengeance. If that editorial caecinnation was in very truth spontaneous and light, we must ask in wonder, What is the matter with the Kansas woman? She is



indeed a weak sister. She has no sand. In California Mr. White would not have laughed. He would have taken his whipping and then attended the other man's funeral.

Henri Rochefort, the great editor of the Paris journal *L'Intransigeant*, has a style of extraordinary vehemence and directness. For years he has thundered in his colloquial and yet oddly finished editorials against all who cross his path. He has called many an eminent by a name which has burdened him into obscurity; he has picked out of the street an episode and made it into a splendid fact in history.

This style of his is well illustrated in the editorial in *L'Intransigeant* on the fall of André from the French war ministry. Across the first page runs the legend in big black type, THE DISMISSAL OF ANDRÉ—END OF A NIGHTMARE. Beneath it begin the columns of Rochefort's blazing triumph, scorn, invective, and call to arms. We translate:

He should have been carried out feet foremost; he, in fact, went with his hands covering his face. Instead of being crushed beneath his treasons, André-fiche fell under ridicule. All that survives of this wretched assassin of his country is his false teeth and his chin cloth. All the rest of him has gone to join the decayed dogs and bottle-ends in the sewer.

What this miserable stuffed clown, whose fleshings burst from a mere slap, has done during his dictatorship to break up the army and disorganize the country's defenses, it is practically impossible to tell. His successors may some time be able to sound the depths of the pit he has dug under our feet. The dirty old drunkard knew but one appeal to the vilest passions. He divided the officers of the army into two camps—the denouncers and the denounced. He was hired by German Jews to trump up false testimony, and so re-instate a traitor; and to carry out this abominable programme, he did not hesitate to employ persecution as well as perjury. In his frenzy for crime, he accumulated such a stock that the structure must perforce tumble upon his head in time.

His excuse, if it were possible to find one for his criminal extravagances, is that he was afflicted, as was the poisoner of Saint-Clar, with a certain malady called madness. But what excuse can the shameful and imbecile majority offer for having kept a lunatic at the head of our army for four years?

Twenty times *la Chambre* has had occasion to put an end to this sinister alliance; but she has as constantly dragged him from the mud in which he was submerged. It was necessary that Combes himself convince the cringing dogs of parliament that they had really sunk too far into servility, and that this promoter of information, this founder of the spy's régime, is but meat fit to throw to the hogs.

It is now necessary, in view of our scavenging campaign, that the informers be known and punished by the fooled public, or by the swords of the officers they have denounced. So we shall continue publishing these monstrous lists of the proscribed, and in this way reply to the families who write us asking if their names are inscribed in the fatal book.

André's work will thus be destroyed with its author. In a remnant of ill-placed piety, we wish him a final stranding in some cell [in the insane asylum] at Saint-Anne, which would be the end least dishonorable for him.

And now that we have done with the lunatic of the army, it remains for us to deal with the alcoholic of the navy.

The St. Louis Purchase Exposition is over, having cost \$50,000,000, and having enjoyed the distinction of being the "biggest ever" in everything except in attendance, which was about 18,000,000, compared with 50,000,000 at Paris and 27,000,000 at Chicago. It looks as if the St. Louis stockholders would get a little of their money back—say six cents on the dollar. The biggest loss lies in the buildings, which cost \$15,000,000, and have been sold to a wrecking company for \$386,000. And this suggests an idea. San Francisco is talking of an exposition here in 1913. It may or may not come to anything. But if there is to be an exposition, why not eliminate this enormous waste in buildings by making them permanent, and, of course, smaller? The chief complaint about the St. Louis show was that it was too big. People tired themselves out getting from one place to another. Why not make quality rather than size the watchword of a San Francisco exposition if there is to be one? Afterward, the buildings would be highly useful for all sorts of purposes—conventions, horse shows, exhibits, a permanent museum, etc. It is a shameful waste to spend \$15,000,000 on structures that are only valuable for old iron and kindling wood six months after their erection.

Mr. S. S. McClure, in *McClure's Magazine*, has set forth the statistics of homicide in a manner which has roused the moralists and statisticians all over the country. According to Mr. McClure, there are at the present time four and one-half times the number of murders per million population that there were in 1881. In three years there have been 31,395 homicides in the United States; last year 8,976 murders, with but 124 hangings.

The Chicago *Tribune* has compiled some figures of its own, showing that, since 1881, murders and homi-

cides have increased from 1,266 to 8,976, and suicides from 605 to 8,597 within twenty-two years, while the population has not doubled. The ratio per million people has increased, therefore, from 2.47 in 1881 to 112 in 1903. But in 1894 the ratio was 144.7; in 1895, 155.2; in 1896, 151.3; and in 1897, 132.8. In 1899, there were 5,340 suicides, as against 8,132 in 1902.

These figures have called forth very varied comments. Some seem to think we are on the eve of a great moral downfall, and point to the significant fact that while London, with a population of 6,500,000 people, had only 24 murders last year, Chicago, with barely 2,000,000 people, had 128 homicides. San Francisco alone had more murders than London and Paris together in 1903. Others with same figures look upon the brighter side, and anticipate a great revulsion of feeling among Americans, which will suddenly expel the present evils in the judicial administration.

As the *Argonaut* has always held, many conclude from the figures that the present appeals allowed in criminal cases are at the bottom of this horrible growth of lawlessness. California is notoriously lax in this way. Only the other day Scherf, one of the most brutal murderers ever confined in the county jail, was granted a respite, probably of years, by the action of the United States Circuit Court in allowing him an appeal to the United States Supreme Court on a technicality before ever his case was even set for trial in the State courts. The man has never denied his act. He killed a helpless man, and he should have long ago paid the penalty. But the modern criminal lawyer finds his greatest reward in overthrowing the law, and every day the Constitution is haled forth to save a rascal. Appeals in criminal cases should be abolished. If twelve men, aided by every resource that shrewd lawyers can afford, can not acquit a man charged with murder, it is high time that no musty hair-splitting by a court of higher jurisdiction should be allowed to step in and defeat the eternal ends of justice. At this moment our jails hold a Botkin, a Soeder, a Minnie Adams, and a Scherf, all guilty of foul murder, all hanging on to the skirts of a vile and worthless existence through the sluggishness of the law.

The newspapers contained, the other day, a dispatch with a New York date line reading as follows:

DEAD DOGS AND DEAD MEN. The public was to-day informed of the death of a dog in Brooklyn, when it read the following advertisement:

"In memoriam: Died, Thursday afternoon, December 1, 1904, at his home, 214 Park Place, Brooklyn, 'Harry,' the faithful, kind, and beloved pet dog of Mrs. J. A. Sheehan and family, aged ten years. Buried Friday, December 2, 1904, at Hartsdale, N. Y."

A little stanza of obituary verse accompanied the notice. On Friday the dog's body was wrapped in a blanket, placed in a little white coffin, and buried in the pet-dog cemetery at Hartsdale, N. Y. A monument will be erected.

And Robert Hunter says in his book, "Poverty," that one out of every ten persons who die in the City of New York each year is buried in the Potter's Field.

In another column we print a communication from a gentleman who objects to the *Argonaut's* expressed opinion about the campaign in the Far East. Among other things, he says that the Japanese have no cause for dissatisfaction since they have pushed the Russians back a distance almost equal to that from Berlin to Paris; have fought the enemy in a fair fight, and buried 13,000 of his soldiers on the field. Ah, but in taking Liao Yang the Japanese have achieved nothing comparable with the capture of Paris or Richmond; the Manchurian town has no strategic importance; and as for burying Russian soldiers, Russia can afford to lose two thousand men to Japan's one, and after a year of such fighting Russia would still have able soldiers, and Japan none but old men and children. Nor are we certain that Japan's statements regarding her own and Russian losses are in the least to be depended upon. Our correspondent says that the Russians have lost over 200,000 men from deaths and disease. The statement is not susceptible of proof. It can properly neither be affirmed nor denied. But it is tolerably certain that, at the beginning of the war, Russia had in the Far East only 40,000 troops outside those necessary to garrison Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and serve as railway guards. If, as our correspondent boldly asserts, Russia has dispatched to the Far East since the war began only 167,000 men, and has at the same time lost 200,000 men, then she has now facing Oyama's vast army only 7,000 soldiers. The gentleman's argument thus reduces to absurdity. The object of the whole Japanese campaign was not the occupation of the little town of Liao Yang, but the destruction of Kuropatkin's army. All the operations of the entire season were directed to that end, and since this end

was not attained, it can by no manner of means be said that success rests upon the standards of the Mikado's army.

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, in the course of an editorial commenting upon the end of the St. Louis exposition, remarks:

Not how long man's work may retain its material form, but what the impression made upon his race, determines its value. Many a song, speech, editorial, has done vastly more for the race than the building of the biggest of the Egyptian pyramids.

Must have been a fair to middlin' editorial, that!

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### One View of the War.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 25, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: After reading your editorial in last week's *Argonaut* concerning the Japanese-Russian conflict, I am at a loss to understand how any man can pen the words written in same.

You seem to be imbued with the idea that because the Japanese have not immediately pushed on after the Russians that this is evidence of weakness on their part. Rather it is evidence of the carefulness of the Japanese to make no move till certain of ability to carry it through.

An army that has met the whole strength of its enemy in fair fight, taken from him forty-five guns and hurled thirteen thousand of his soldiers on the field, and pursued him fifteen miles, has no cause for any feeling but satisfaction. The Japanese, since they landed in Corea some eight months ago, have pushed the Russians back through Corea and the main part of Manchuria—a distance almost equal to that from Berlin to Paris, and greater than the distance from Washington to Richmond—a four years' job for the Federals.

The Russians have lost over 200,000 men from deaths on the field or disease, and in wounded. They have succeeded in the same time in dispatching only about 167,000 men to the front. The Japs have met them in eighteen pitched battles, and defeated them in every one. The Russian has almost invariably fought behind intrenchments. I can not see any cause for any one to retain any confidence in Russia's ability to make head against the Japs.

On sea or land the Russian is out-fought, out-maneuvred, out-marched. The Japs likewise have completed since the outbreak of war the railway from the Korean Straits to Seoul, have changed the gauge of the line to Liao Yang, and now have several lines of rail to the front.

The Russian still has to contend with the difficulties inherent in 5,000 miles of lightly laid, badly constructed track over a difficult and barren country. The Jap has several short lines, none one-tenth the length of the single-track Siberian road, to bring up his men and supplies. The war can have but one ending: the expulsion of the Russians from Manchuria, if not from the East.

As for finance: England during the great war fought France from the nineties to 1815. Her population was only one-third that of Japan, her foreign commerce less than Japan's. Why then can not Japan do the same? Her people certainly are the most patriotic in the world, and willing and able to make any sacrifice for their country.

### Lawson and McCall.

BERKELEY, CAL., December 5, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your article on "Frenzied Finance" and Lawson's style was all right, with one exception: You say: "Lawson flatly denies this," viz: the statement of McCall in regard to refusing Lawson insurance. I have read that part of Lawson's article and fail to find any flat denial or even a hint or denial of any kind.

Yours truly, W. E. CLARK.

[Our correspondent is referred to page 75, advertising section of *Everybody's Magazine* for December. In the next to the last line from the bottom of the second column, Mr. Lawson says: "John A. McCall has repeatedly urged me to come into the New York Life Insurance Company." Mr. McCall's letter, printed on page 74, says: "Mr. Lawson has repeatedly applied to us for life insurance, but under our rules we were obliged to decline him." Between these two statements there exists an irrepressible conflict. Both can scarcely be true. In putting forth his statement, Mr. Lawson, in effect, denies the truth of the other. It is as if one party to a dispute having declared a substance white, the other party had proclaimed it black. It amounts to the same thing. —EDS. ARGONAUT.]

### Correct.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1904. EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your article on "Returning the Valley to the Nation" I note you say the Yosemite Valley is now owned by the State of California. I desire to call your attention to the fact that the Act of Congress of June 10, 1864, conveyed the land comprising the Yosemite Valley to the State of California only in trust, to be maintained as a place of resort and recreation for the people, and describes in what manner the Valley shall be governed, giving to the governor of the State of California the right to nominate eight commissioners, who, together with himself, shall constitute the board of managers of the valley, and prescribes the duties of the commissioners, and limits their power. The act of the California legislature of April 2, 1866, accepted the trust upon the conditions mentioned, and has maintained that trust for the past forty years at its own expense, Congress making no provision for its maintenance.

Yours truly, W. S. PLADWELL.

### The Morals of the Dailies.

STOCKTON, CAL., November 30, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: I presume no one thinks that the *Post* would be justified in saying that the *Argonaut* has been won over to its side by the Yellow Journal, but I am sure that the readers of the *Argonaut* will agree with me that it could put its editorial columns to better use than to a quasi defense of a paper that uses its influence to create and keep alive class and race hatred and corrupt the morals of its own readers. As to the *Post*, I can see no reason why a man who has been connected with a nefarious business should be blamed for denouncing such business when he gets clear of it. The sad fact is that all of the San Francisco papers have been so long under the terrors of the "big stick" of the sand lots in trying to embitter the minds of the people against the Chinese, that their moral sensibilities have become deadened, and their ability to distinguish between right and wrong practically destroyed. Respectfully yours, J. M. ROCKWELL.



## THE COLONEL AND "THE LADY."

And How the General Revoked the Major's Orders.

About an hour before sunset, Colonel Jerry rode furiously into the post. Her sweating pony was streaked with dust, and the colonel was covered with it from head to foot. Except for the rumpled and brief little corduroy skirt and bloomers, her clothing was an exact, if miniature, copy of her father's. Her wide felt hat had its regulation cord and tassels, there were gauntlets on her small hands, and gaiters on her small legs. The sleeve of her boyish skirt carried its device, and she wore a cartridge belt, a little pistol, and a sword.

She drew her dancing pony sharply up before the group on the porch, and saluted severely.

"And just in time, too!" said the major, who was also the colonel's father. He looked at her reproachfully. "We were about to send a company out after you! Leave 'Baby' at the side door and go straight upstairs. When you're presentable, come down, and I'll introduce you to your Boston uncle and aunt. We've been watching for you all afternoon. What kept you, you vagabond?"

The colonel, trying to quiet her nervous horse, wheeled about in a manner that made her aunt dizzy. She answered, jerkily: "Trouble sir—on the reservation! Whoa, there, pretty! Quiet, girl! It seems that—it seems that some of those hogs of Indians got hold—steady, old girl!—got hold of a keg of whisky—somewhere—and—Peters said—hold still, you fool! You'll have your oats in a minute!—Peters said—that last night—there wasn't a man in the camp that wasn't drunk! You will have to excuse me, sir! She's pulling my arms out!" And she gave her horse its head.

When the two had flashed around the corner of the house, the major smiled, proudly. "What d'ye think of her?" he said, turning to his brother-in-law.

"Well, for a nine-year-old," said Dr. Eyre, slowly, "she is certainly a wonder!"

The doctor's wife, a pretty, precise little woman, looked at her own neat little girl, and sighed, profoundly.

"And this—this!" she said, plaintively, "is poor Amy's child!"

The major looked a trifle uncomfortable, but his young aid spoke, eagerly: "Every one on the post is proud of the colonel! You see, we've brought her up here among us, Mrs. Eyre—taught her everything she knows! You can't take in her good points at a glance—but she's as square as any man!"

When the little girl presently joined them, her dark hair had been smoothly brushed, her white frock and buckled slippers were irreproachable. She gave a cool and impassive little check to her aunt's kisses, and then, from her father's knee, soberly studied her kinspeople.

"How like Amy!" said Mrs. Eyre. "You don't remember poor dear mamma, do you, Geraldine?"

"I was two," said the colonel, briefly. The aid choked.

"Yes—yes—of course!" said Mrs. Eyre. "And she has had no training, has she, Jim? Do you know, darling, that where amty and cousin Rose live they would think you were a very funny little girl if they heard you talk that way?"

"What way, dad?" said the colonel, quickly.

"And to hear you say what you said this afternoon," pursued her aunt, calmly.

"To your horse, she means," supplemented her father, smiling down at her.

"But that horse can act like the old Harry," said the colonel, musingly.

"Speaking of horses," her uncle said, a little hurriedly, "you've never seen mine, have you?"

She gave him an eager smile. "No, sir. You know I've never been East. But I've read about her. I'm very much interested in that horse."

"Well, after dinner, suppose you and I have a look at her?"

"What!" The colonel was on her feet; "she's not here!"

"Yes. Came with us to-day. She's entered for the Towerton Cup."

The colonel's pale little face was flushed with excitement.

"You don't mean 'The Lady,' Uncle Bob? Not the horse that has taken all those prizes? Here on this post?"

"That's the very one, colonel," said the major; "we put her in the Ralston stable."

"The Lady!" said the colonel, dazedly. "The Lady! To think I shall see that horse!"

"Aunts and uncles are nothing to horses," said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"Well," said the colonel, "you know every one has aunts and uncles." The aid grew crimson again.

"But this is the only racer that I know. And you've put her in the Ralston stable?"

"For quiet," her uncle said. "It excites her to be in a stable with other horses."

"And one thing more, colonel," said her father, firmly, "which you may as well understand right now. You're not ever, under any circumstances, to mount that horse."

"All right, sir," said the colonel, regretfully. "If you say so, that goes. But I'd like to try her."

Her father gave her a sidelong look.

"Now, see here, Jerry. The minute I catch you on top of that horse, you can go to bed without rations, and you needn't wear your colors for a week after. Understand?"

The colonel nodded. Her face was crimson.

"Hang it, you're not my superior officer, Jim," said his brother, smiling, "and if I choose to give my niece a ride or so on my own horse it strikes me—"

"Ah! that's a different matter," agreed the major, "only I didn't want the colonel here to think The Lady was an ordinary riding horse."

The colonel said nothing. She was, at times, an oddly silent child. But she smiled at her uncle, and loved him at once.

It was almost sunset. Long, clear-cut shadows fell across the clean-swept parade. The watering-cart rumbled to and fro, leaving a sweet odor of fresh, wet earth. Lawn-sprinklers began to whirr in the gardens of Officers' Row. Chattering groups went by, the level red light flashing on white parasols and brass buttons. All of these strollers shouted greetings to the major and the little colonel. Some came up, and were duly presented to the major's guests. Jerry sat on the steps, her little dark head against the rail, and exchanged banter with a degree of equality that astonished her aunt. The child's heart was full. She was to be, for several days, privileged by the sight of the great horse—a week would bring the Fourth of July, with its bands and picnic and evening of unclouded joys, fireworks, ice-cream, bonfires. Besides this, the old general, her especial crony, would arrive in a few days for the holiday. Jerry could have sung for pure joy.

Dinner was late and long. And the after-dinner cigars were interrupted by many reminiscences. By the time the men reached the porch again, the colonel's patience was sorely strained. She sat waiting for a long half-hour.

"Uncle Bob," she began at last, when there was a pause, "are you going to see The Lady to-night?"

"By George, that is so," said her uncle, rousing. "We must have a look at the old girl. Come, kids."

Just then the breeze brought them the bugle notes. "Too bad!" said the aid.

"Oh, confound it, there's taps!" said the colonel. Tears of vexation in her eyes. "You'll have to go without me."

And before they realized it, she had said her good-nights and gone upstairs.

"H'm!" said her uncle, reflectively.

"She was probably tired and sleepy," said Mrs. Eyre, gently.

"She'll be out at that stable at five to-morrow," said the aid.

And, sure enough, Colonel Jerry appeared at the nine-o'clock breakfast the next day radiant from three hours spent in the great horse's stable.

"Well, colonel," said her uncle, coming in late, "what do you think of The Lady?"

The plain little face was transformed by a wide smile.

"Oh, Uncle Bob! I never saw such a horse! Baron let me lead her down to water! She's the most beautiful horse I ever saw!"

"You'll be disobeying your father," he said, smiling, "and running off some day on The Lady's back."

She glanced down at her little sleeve, where the device of a colonel was exquisitely embroidered.

"We'd do a good deal not to have that taken off our sleeve, wouldn't we?" said her father.

"Most anything," she answered, with her flashing smile.

Her own little horse was sick, but she and Rose rode the big carriage horses every day, and Jerry did her best to entertain this rather difficult guest. The two children found enough in common to spend the days pleasantly. Rose developed a profound respect for her wild little cousin, and Jerry grew to enjoy Rose's company—even though Rose could not obey orders, and held bugle-calls in contempt. Both children, as well as all the others on the post, were planning for the Fourth of July. All their money went for fireworks, they shouted the national songs, they cheered the band that practiced nightly before the house.

The third of July broke hot and cloudless. By nine o'clock, the piazza rail burned one's fingers, and as the hours went by the heat shut down over the earth like a blanket. A heavy haze hung over the meadows, and lines of heat dazzled up from the far, blue mountains. Jerry, coming out from an hour's enforced practice on her violin, stretched luxuriously in the heat. The post seemed deserted. The heat beat steadily down; there seemed to be no shadow anywhere. Locusts hummed loudly. Jerry knew that her father and uncle had gone to Hayestown to meet the general. They would be back to a late lunch at three. She strolled around to the stable.

Henry, polishing harness, beamed upon her, and wiped his forehead.

"Git me a fur coat an' build up the fire," said he, grinning.

"Shame on you!" said the colonel, plunging her bared arms deep into the trough. "Say, Henry, do you know if my aunt and cousin went with dad and Uncle Bob?"

"Why," said Henry, with a troubled look, "your aunt and cousin went riding! Full an hour ago! Yes, sir, they left about eleven o'clock. They says they was going to get back about half-past two."

"Idiot!" said the colonel, contemptuously. "Riding! A day like this! Where'd they go?"

"They says they'd go as far as Holly Hill, colonel, and then have their meal at the spring, an' then go right over Baldy, and home!"

"Crazy! Climbin' the hill in this heat!" She looked about the clean, wide stable. "What horses did you give 'em?"

Henry looked very uncomfortable.

"I thought you knew, colonel. I give your aunt 'Sixpence—he's up to her weight. But Miss Rose says she was to ride your horse."

The colonel whirled about, her eyes flashing. "Rose said—my horse! You don't mean BABY?"

"That's what she says."

Jerry turned white.

"But—my goodness! Baby's sick! The vet said she wasn't to be ridden!"

"I told Miss Rose I didn't think the horse was up to it," said Henry, aggrievedly. "I says to ask you."

"You fool—you!" said the colonel, blazing. She reached for an old cap, and snatched a whip.

"Give me any horse!" she commanded, pulling down her own saddle. "I'll follow them! They'll be at the spring. I'll bring them home through the woods."

"Why, there you are, colonel! There aint a horse on this place. It was so hot yesterday that we turned them all out. They're two miles away, in long meadow. You can't get a horse on this post."

Baffled, the child dropped the saddle. She leaned against the door-post, her swimming eyes looking across the baking earth. "It'll kill Baby, Henry," she whispered, with trembling lips.

No one was about. Above the Ralston stable some little boys had made a fire in the shade. Jerry clinched her hands in agony above her heart. Then she picked up her saddle, and went resolutely along the path.

"Where are you going, colonel, dear?" called Henry. She did not answer.

"Oh—Baby! Baby!" she was sobbing as she ran. "I can't let them kill you! I've got to disobey orders!"

The carriage, with the three men in it, was met by the news. A mile from the post a little boy shouted that the Ralston stable, with the wonderful mare inside, was burned to the ground. The old general, bouncing out uncomfortably, kept up a running fire of sympathetic ejaculation. The major, urging on the big grays, freely used his strongest language. But his brother did not speak.

Sweating, dust-covered, panting, the horses tore past Officers' Row, and stopped at the ruins of what had been the stable. A few fallen beams still smoked sullenly, the sickening odor of wet wood filled the air. A group of men and boys in their shirt-sleeves stood near. At the sound of the wheels, Baron, his face streaked with soot and perspiration, came toward them. "I was off duty, sir!" he said, hoarsely. "I was getting my dinner. We done all we could! We had the hose here in ten minutes, but the fire was too big."

His master nodded. After a moment he asked: "She was loose?"

"Yes, sir. She must have suffocated. She didn't struggle—"

"No? Well, I'm glad—of that." Her owner walked about the ruins. The other men were silent. Finally the major said: "I can't tell you, old man, how sorry I am!"

"Well, no help for it, Jim. I know you are! Go clean up, Baron, then come talk to me. Shall we go up to the house?"

On the way, he said, sombrely: "I wouldn't have taken any money for that mare!"

Just at this moment the mare came into the yard, with the weary little colonel astride her. The Lady was tired, her satin flanks were flecked with white, but she knew her master, and whinnied as she came up to him. At the sound, he turned as if shot, and a moment later a shout from both men cut short the colonel's stammered remarks. Her father lifted her down.

"It takes the colonel, every time!" said he. "What lucky star made you—this particular afternoon!—well she's saved your horse for you, Bob."

"We'll have to promote you," said the general, to whom the tired child was clinging.

Her uncle, turning for the first time from the horse spoke, solemnly: "You saved her, didn't you? Won't forget this! You'll have the finest Spanish saddle that can be made, for this!"

"You can go right on breaking rules at this rate!" said her father, his arm about her. "And now run up and get dressed. You can tell us about it later."

"I'll go up, too," said the general.

"Go right—head, sir. We'll go to the stable for a few minutes and make fresh arrangements for The Lady."

When they at last went out to the long-delayed dinner, the high black chair at the foot of the table found no occupant.

"Late, as usual," said the major. "Lena," he added, "go and tell the colonel that dinner is ready."



"Oh, if you please, major, she's gone to bed. She came upstairs more than an hour ago. She took her bath, sir, and went right to bed. I ast her did she feel sick, and she says no, but that them was your orders. She wouldn't left Nora bring her up no tea." Lena looked reproachful.

"And she cried awfully," said Rose.

"She never let a tear out of her until I shut the door. Miss Rose," said Lena, firmly; "and she ast me to put out a dress with a plain sleeve for to-morrow. She shut the windows down so's she shouldn't hear the band, but she never cried none."

The aid winced. The general cleared his throat. "Well, she's your child, Fitzgerald. But I think I'll issue a few orders in this matter myself."

"You're my superior officer, sir," said the major, eagerly.

KATHLEEN THOMPSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1904.

## STORIES OF FIGHTING.

A Soldier Who Received the "Kanzo" from Kuroki—How the Little Soldiers Fight the Big Cossacks—Uses of Cholera-Bands—The Emperor's Birthday.

I had heard that the Japanese infantry charged on their stomachs, but I had no idea how they did it until I saw Uchiyama charging around my room—not exactly on his stomach, but away over on his left knee, propelling himself along with his right leg, which trailed out behind him. He was firing madly as he went, and, in an instant, he was his own officer—standing, forging ahead, sword in hand, addressing his men, who, a second ago, were represented by this same lightning-change artist, Uchiyama.

"Where I lead you follow!" shouted the officer; "if any man falters or makes a move to retreat, I myself with my sword in pieces will cut him. *Farward!*"

"Oh," said Uchiyama, turning, panting with his exertions, "no words can describe the strong actions of our officers, or the strong words they speak. They are found dead, shot through the mouth while shouting to their men—shot in the breast. There was Captain Tachibana: a shell tore away his right hand; never mind—he caught his sword with his left, and led on his men, never faltering. Another shell tore away a great piece of his body, but when they found him his sword was still clutched tightly in his hand."

All this, because a friend of Uchiyama's was just back from Liao Yang, and out in the servants' quarters had spent the afternoon telling them wondrous tales.

I found on my return that day a century-old dwarf pine and some white roses. "A Liao Yang *banzai* present from Toku San," explained Toyo. "He said, of course, if you wanted them, he had bits of shells and such things from the battle-field, but he thought you would rather have the pine."

Something important must be going on in that region, for a few days ago—just before the imperial review—three regiments of Imperial Guard Reserves, veterans of the Chinese-Japanese War, were urgently called to the front. Our constant visitors, the curious, who come daily with fascinating bundles, begged permission to leave their goods while they went to the barracks near by to bid their friends farewell. But they found the soldiers were out on leave, so the merchants scuttled home to their various districts, and it was late that night when they returned for their property.

"Very sad," said they. "Those soldiers were everywhere to-day saying the 'long farewell.' Knowing the Manchurian country, they expect to go first and bear the brunt of the battle; and of course our regiments that go first are mostly killed off. They are our finest soldiers; it is too bad."

One wishes these Japanese soldiers were not so modest. They write of the battles, their concern over their officers' safety; they emphasize the difficulties occasioned by the great storms that, after each battle, seem to express the elements' disapproval of such laughter; they tell of the industry of the Chinese farmers, planting their crops of corn and beans on mountains where no trees or bushes grow; and express sympathy with the unfortunates when these crops are ramped down by the opposing forces; but they tell little of their own individual experiences.

I met a hero, the other day—at least, so considered by the Japanese, for he received the coveted *Kanzo* before the troops—a quiet, unassuming country boy, avayrman of the Imperial Body Guard. Why General Kuroki had conferred this honor upon him, and why three medals adorned his brilliant uniform, he did not say; but he did say that he was allowed to keep the Russian officer's overcoat that he brought with him because he, with two comrades, came unexpectedly upon twenty Cossacks, and, moreover, gave them battle. He simply bowed when some one asked how the officer died, and one felt repelled; and yet, when one looked at the little Japanese horeshoe and the massive Russian one—at the overcoat, which must have been worn by a huge man, and then at the strapping one with American sympathy for the under dog could not help being glad the fortunes of war were with the oy.

The skirts of the coat were slashed with cuts as lean as if made with the scissors, and when we asked the meaning, he said that their horses and their men

were much too small to enable them to strike at the bodies of their big antagonists—so that they were obliged to unhorse them if possible by wounding them in the legs. I had not realized at what a great disadvantage the Japanese cavalry fought.

But this was not the story the young fellow came to tell. It was decided to give the greater part of the knitted cholera-bands, over which all the womenkind of Tokio were busy for so many weeks, to the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, as, sent ahead on scouting duty, they were apt to be without proper food and shelter, and exposed to more danger of sickness than the other branches of the service. It was one o'clock in the morning, he said, with much exactness, when the bands were distributed to his company. There was only one to every three men—but the soldiers redistributed them to suit their own humanitarian ideas. And many times they changed owners. If one man was weaker, or if he felt ill, there was no way to do anything for him with fires or hot water. Off came the bands, and they were piled one on top of the other, until the sick man was as warm as toast. They were used for wounds; for wrapping around the enemy's captured guns to prevent concussion; they were used to relieve their horses; to clean their guns. "In fact," finished the soldier, "we had nothing that we put to more or better uses than those *damaki*; and if you want to send things to the soldiers, by all means send them those." He had found the name of a certain girls' school written inside his, and had used this first opportunity to come and express to the workers his gratitude and that of his comrades.

There was a fervent wish all over the land that Port Arthur might be taken before the third of November, to make the emperor's birthday one long to be remembered—but it was not to be.

As early as two on the third the people began to assemble along the route, and the cars were full at four that morning. Our little street was alive with a holiday stir, and the sun shone out joyously to welcome in the imperial birthday. At eight o'clock we had hardly passed out of the green, lane-like streets in the vicinity, when we found ourselves whirling rapidly along at the end of the seemingly endless line of *kurumas* proceeding in single file toward the *Ayayama* parade grounds; and further on we met another line as endless coming back empty.

When we turned into the main thoroughfare, it was lined with a dense, patient crowd of people, the mounted police and gendarmes keeping but a narrow way open for a single line of carriages and *kurumas* and vehicles full of dignitaries, many of them in their grandeur looking as if they might belong to old fairy-tales or the land of the Arabian Nights. The entrance to the grounds was a confused mass of people, *kurumas*, and carriages. Vicious little Japanese horses kicked out alarmingly, and, excited by the stir, one horse fell screaming in the traces. A Cinderella coach, with a Cinderella coachman—an impressive figure seemingly of solid gold, a three-cornered hat edged with fur adorning his dark head, while over the coach was drawn a cover of emerald-green brocade, and a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum blazoned on the side—was in readiness for the emperor in case of need.

We gave our cards of invitation to a gorgeous servant of the Imperial Household, and passed into a reserved enclosure, next to a tent hung with magnificent brocade, where the emperor would receive the heads of the *Corps Diplomatique* and the military attachés. We faced a great hollow square surrounded on four sides by troops—sixteen thousand men. They were too far away to look like anything but rows of tin soldiers. All about us was glory and glitter of uniforms of various attachés and uniforms of the diplomatic service. The women were nowhere, and one wondered if the time would come when they would retire demurely into sober browns and grays after the fashion of the feminine portion of the bird and animal kingdoms, while their lords would strut like peacocks shining in the sun. There was relief and distinction in the workman-like uniforms of some of our visiting officers in their olive drab, guiltless of glitter.

An aid galloped by, and every one rose to salute and bow to the crown prince in the uniform of a colonel in the Imperial Guards. It was his first appearance at a birthday review, and he was received with much enthusiasm by the crowds along the way. Another aid, and in company with other carriages a second Cinderella coach appeared—the imperial carriage—and, at strange variance with the gold-laced, mediæval coachman and footman, was the emperor within, in plain service uniform of a general. In war time, he wished to show his soldiers that he was with them in heart and soul by appearing before them in as simple garb as worn by the officers who later marched by in review.

I had hoped this birthday review might show some of the war spirit in an outburst of enthusiasm by the soldiers; but discipline and tradition held them mute before their emperor. When we remember that these soldiers were, thousands of them, young conscripts seeing his majesty for the first time, and that to them he is half, perhaps wholly, a god (and one does not cheer a deity), it may be true that, in their places, had we felt as they felt, we would have stood reverently still, while our god passed by in a hush that was almost painful.

HELEN HYDE.

SNOJ1, November 15, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henrich Ibsen has been quite ill with heart trouble, and as he is seventy-six, it was not thought that he would recover. However, the latest reports are that he is improving.

General Jacob S. Coxey, of Mount Vernon, celebrated as the leader of the "Commonwealth" army, filed a personal petition in bankruptcy in the United States court at Columbus, O., the other day.

Louise Michel, the famous French anarchist, has almost entirely recovered from the severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia which nearly ended her stormy career recently. She is seventy-four years old.

Thérèse Humbert, who is confined in the prison at Rennes, has developed such a mania for writing abusive, incoherent letters to officials concerning the supposed dissipation of the Crawford millions, that the authorities are considering her transference to an asylum for the insane.

Don Carlos, King of Portugal, who has been visiting his royal brother, King Edward, has life insurance amounting to about \$3,000,000 in American money. His majesty is continually at war with his weight, which, by dint of a vigorous outdoor life, he has reduced from over 300 pounds to about 225.

Bryant B. Brooks, governor-elect of Wyoming, was born in Massachusetts, and went to Wyoming in 1881 and worked as a cowboy near Cheyenne. He is a self-educated and self-made man, and has large stock, land, bank, and other interests. William M. O. Dawson, the Republican governor-elect of West Virginia, is fifty years old, and began life as a printer, then became an editor, and is now a lawyer.

The noted American jockey, Daniel Maher, is on his way across the Atlantic on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grasse*. He has had a wonderful season in Great Britain, having captured a great number of corpulent prizes, and having enjoyed all the best things that an energetic rider can hope for. He leads the list of riders in England this year, having captured three stakes of fifty thousand dollars each.

The small prejudice against color in England is exhibited in the case of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, a mulatto, who is hailed as "a great English composer," and at the Leeds musical festival not long ago led an orchestra of one hundred and forty performers with an immense chorus. Taylor married and English-woman, and has two children, a boy and a girl. The latter is a blonde with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

Barrett Wendell, of the faculty of Harvard University, the other day began his lectures in the famous Turgot Hall of the Sorbonne, Paris, before a large and brilliant audience, a bevy of charming, daintily gowned women of literary Paris adding *éclat* to the occasion by their presence in the Sorbonne. Among those entertaining Professor Wendell and his wife at dinners, luncheons, and soirées, are the Count and the Countess d'Haussonville, Ferdinand Brunetière, René Bazin, Jules Claretie, M. and Mme. Paul Adam, and M. Hebrard. The *Figaro* and the *Temps* devoted their leading articles to interviews with the Harvard professor at the Sorbonne, who is described as the Ambassador of American Literature to the University of Paris. Apparently, Wendell is having great success.

"President Roosevelt," writes Walter Wellman, "is the most versatile man we have had in the White House in recent years. The wide range of his knowledge is simply amazing. There is hardly any field of human endeavor, whether it be political, literary, mechanical, military, scientific, commercial, naval, or historical, that he is not fully conversant with. He knows the old things and the new things. He is up to date. Probably he is the best-informed man in the United States concerning the details of the Russo-Japanese War. He has followed every move of that conflict with keenest interest. Every day the military information bureau of the War Department and the naval intelligence bureau place sheets on his desk, and upon them are indicated by colored pins the present location of all the troops and ships of the combatants. The President follows every movement of the war with understanding and eagerness."

John Barrett—fifteen years ago a reporter in San Francisco, and now United States minister to Panama, having in the meantime held the offices of minister to Siam and Argentina and commission-general for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—had a unique experience during the campaign. While speaking in a New England town, he made the assertion that he knew well what it was to work on a farm. A young farmer in the crowd, made sceptical by the speaker's faultless Prince Albert coat, immaculate shirt-front, pale-gray trousers, and shining tie, shouted out, "You work on a farm? Bet yer never milked a cow in your life." "I take your bet," said Barrett; "I will put up \$100 against the same amount that I can milk a cow faster than you can." The dare was accepted; the Democrats raised a purse of \$100 to match Barrett's one-hundred-dollar bill; two cows were brought around; at the cry of "Ready! Go!" the milk rattle into the bottom of the pails, and Barrett's pail was full first, the meeting winding up in a blaze of glory.



# "UNCLE GEORGE'S" AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"The Long Ago and Later On," an Amusing Book, Comes from the Pen of the Famous Clubman—A Varied Career.

"Oldest Bohemian now alive,  
Hearty and hale and seventy-five,  
Master output of Nature's forge—  
Diplomat, sailor, Uncle George!"

"Actor, wit, and man of parts—  
All-round winner of human hearts,  
Eager to please and slow to scurge—  
Boss Bohemian! Uncle George!"

So wrote George Chismore on George Tisdale Bromley's seventy-fifth birthday, and now, twelve years later, at eighty-seven, "Uncle George" is still hale and hearty, still Boss Bohemian, and, what's more, the author (at eighty-seven, mind you) of a witty and altogether charming volume of reminiscences bearing the clever and precise title "The Long Ago and Later On."

Not a page of this autobiography, from chapter one, which he heads: "I am Born," to the last pages, where are reprinted some poetic tributes of friendship, will fail to interest the thousands of Californians who know or know of the Bohemian Club's most famous member.

Mr. Bromley was born in Norwich, Conn., April 14, 1817 (the tells of the event with some quite gratuitous imaginings), and, at the mature age of ten, his father set him to work in his rope-walk, turning wheels for rope-makers to make yarn. "That's where," says the chronicler, "I first learned to spin yarns, and perhaps that experience may be of some help to me in spinning this one."

How different the conditions of a boy's life were then may be imagined from this extract from the initial chapter:

In those days boys' shoes were made not rights and lefts, as they are now, but both alike; and one of the important injunctions impressed upon all boys was always to change their shoes every day of their lives, in order that they should retain their shape until the end. They were also piously instructed to keep them "tied up," in order to make them last the longer. But one boy, named Calvin Tyler, having peculiar ideas of his own, made up his mind that the time lost in tying his shoe-strings was not made good by the saving of the wear on the shoes, and, in order to satisfy himself in regard to his theory, he tried it on a new pair of shoes. One shoe he kept religiously tied up, and the other he did not tie at all, and at the end he reported that the tied-up shoe had lasted only fifteen minutes longer than the other one. As the result so completely ratified his predictions, his shoe-strings remained untied thereafter until he was old enough to wear boots.

When he was thirteen or fourteen, Bromley decided he would like to go to sea with a whaling-ship, and his experience was quite different from that of the majority of youths. He writes:

One morning at breakfast I ventured to say that I would really like to go to sea. I expected to see the whole family collapse, but they didn't, and my sainted mother said she thought it was the best thing I could do. "Why, mother," said I, "why do you say that?"

"Well," said she, "if you were at sea I should know better where you were nights than I have been able to for some time."

And so I went to sea.

The seventy-five-ton schooner upon which the future Bohemian sailed was destined for the West Coast of Africa, where the young sailor had a chance to gaze with wonder upon the hideous customs of the degraded beach Hottentots. One whale was got in Man-of-War Bay and two thousand seal-skins besides. The author records, with no seeming regret, that it was upon one of the visits to Cape Town during this trip that he invested in a large invoice of Cape wine, and for the first time in his life "experienced the sensation of getting jolly well full." But there was good excuse. The occasion was that of the receipt of the news in Cape Town that Victoria had been proclaimed heir apparent to the throne of England! The author adds:

Just here I am reminded that the same thing occurred at the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1837. I was then a boy on board the packet ship *Sampson*, lying in St. Katherine's dock, London. Again the crew had a day's liberty, and again I gave an exhibition of my patriotism by being overcome from the exhilarating effects of English ale; and yet, during all the years of her majesty's reign, no acknowledgment of my efforts in her honor was ever made, thus showing that monarchies, as well as republics, are sometimes ungrateful.

Returning to Norwich, Bromley went to work again in the rope-walk, and also took part in amateur dramatics in the character of Jem Baggs, and years after told Joseph Jefferson of his experiences as a "leading man" and Henry M. Stanley of his adventures as an African explorer, "which," adds the author, "seemed to afford Mr. Stanley much amusement."

Mate of an Atlantic packet ship, wood-passer on a river steamer, able seaman on a blockade runner, master on a merchant vessel (on which occasion Bromley, with several others, spent five days in an open boat, during three of which they were without food

and two without water), deck-hand on a Boston-New York steamboat, wheelman and captain on a coasting vessel—these are some of the posts that the author filled before, in 1850, he was offered a position in the San Francisco Custom House, which he accepted. He had previously married, and, as he remarks, there are nineteen lineal descendants of that union still living in and about San Francisco.

Arrived in this city in January, 1851, Uncle George set to work to make money and friends, in the latter of which occupations he has been infinitely the more successful. One of the social organizations to which he belonged was, he tells us, known as the Young Men's Moral Reform Club, which had the motto, "How happy is the man who never drinks." "This," adds the author, "was a conundrum which none of the members was able to solve, but the moral reform feature of the club was that its members were never to drink mixed drinks!" In telling of this club, as in telling of many other organizations with which he was connected, the chronicler sadly says: "Of these I am the only survivor; all the rest are long passed away; I alone keep their memory green." This is the melancholy note that is sounded on many a page; it is the minor strain that sets out the wit and drollery in bold relief.

A change of administration soon ousted Bromley from his custom-house job, and he tried steamboating again; then dealt in hides and horns; then was offered the job of manager of a mine, but on the way to it met an old friend:

After the usual comparison of notes and exchange of news—

"Now, where are you going?" said he.

"I am on my way to take charge of a mine up in the mountains," said I.

"Oh, damn the mine," said he, forgetting for the moment his early pious training. "You just stay here and take charge of the construction train for building this road. Your mine is an uncertainty, but this job is a good thing."

His argument was convincing, and I stayed with him.

And so it happened that Uncle George was the first conductor on the first railway built on the west side of the continent of North America.

It was in 1872 that Mr. Bromley became a member of the Bohemian Club, and soon found himself Sire of the Low Jinks, which occasion he vividly recalls, and especially his arrival at home afterward. He writes:

My dear little wife awoke at my entrance, and inquired the time. I looked at my watch, and replied, ten minutes past ten, and then laid the watch on the mantelpiece. Having some doubts as to the correctness of my reply, the little woman arose and looked for herself.

"What time did you say it was?" she asked again.

"Ten minutes past ten," said I.

"Ten minutes past ten? Why, it only lacks ten minutes of two," said she.

"Is that so?" said I. "Why, bless my soul, how time flies! I had no idea that I had been home so long."

This was another occasion when I realized that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Lack of space compels us to pass rapidly over Mr. Bromley's experience in the gas business; his achievements with rubber paint; his being offered the management of the Hotel del Monte; the vivid account of Sir Henry Irving's entertainment at the Bohemian Club; and Mr. Bromley's experiences as port warden. How, having been appointed consul to Tien-Tsin, he got there without funds is, however, too good a story to be omitted:

I visited the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and met there Governor Stanford, Mark Hopkins, and Messrs. Charles and Fred Crocker, all of whom heartily congratulated me upon my appointment. I thanked them for their interest, and explained what was bothering me. Mr. Crocker replied: "You will have to go by steamer, as there is no railway to China. If there were, we would give you a free pass. But there is an understanding between the Pacific Mail and the Occidental and Oriental that neither is to issue passes."

The outlook did not seem encouraging, and I said: "It is unfortunate that I shall have to decline so honorable and so desirable an appointment for lack of the means to take me there."

Then Governor Stanford suggested that I could give my note for the price of a ticket to Shanghai, two hundred and seventy-five dollars, payable on my return. The proposition met with the approval of all, myself especially, and I accompanied Colonel Fred Crocker to the office of General Goodman, the general ticket agent, where I signed the note and secured my ticket. As we were leaving, General Goodman remarked: "Supposing Uncle George gets busted out in China, how will he get back?"

"That's so," said Mr. Crocker, "we will have to give him a return ticket," and they did.

The day after my return I received my note, with a message telling me to keep it, as it would be of more use to me than to the railway company.

Uncle George records that on his departure the Bohemian Club presented him with a loving cup, whose "capacity was tested on board the steamer, and found to be equal to three quart-bottles of cham-

pagne." Another loving cup with which Mr. Bromley had pleasurable experience was that presented by him to Patti when she sang here in 1881. In Tien-Tsin, Uncle George made friends as usual, and even numbered among them Li Hung Chang, whom Uncle George claims the credit of having induced to substitute whisky for champagne as a steady potable.

For the purposes of this review we have intentionally quoted only from the first half of the book, since the events he narrates

therein will be less familiar to the younger generation of San Franciscans. But the whole book is written in a pleasantly humorous style that keeps the reader both amused and interested. "The Long Ago and Later On" is, indeed, a most creditable achievement for a veteran of eighty-seven.

The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and contains a very taking likeness of its beloved author and subject.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco: \$1.50.

## BENEFIT EMANU-EL SISTERHOOD

Thursday, December 15, 1904

By arrangement with the officers and council of the Emanu-El Sisterhood, Thursday, December Fifteenth, has been set aside by The John Breuner Company as "Benefit Day" for the society.

On this date ten per cent. of the entire gross receipts of the Breuner store, 261 Geary Street, at Union Square, will be donated to the General Fund of the Sisterhood for the promotion of its many excellent non-sectarian charities.

The entire stock of the Breuner Company, consisting of not only necessities, but also Holiday Novelties in furniture, carpets, rugs, curtains, etc., will be offered at regular prices and terms.

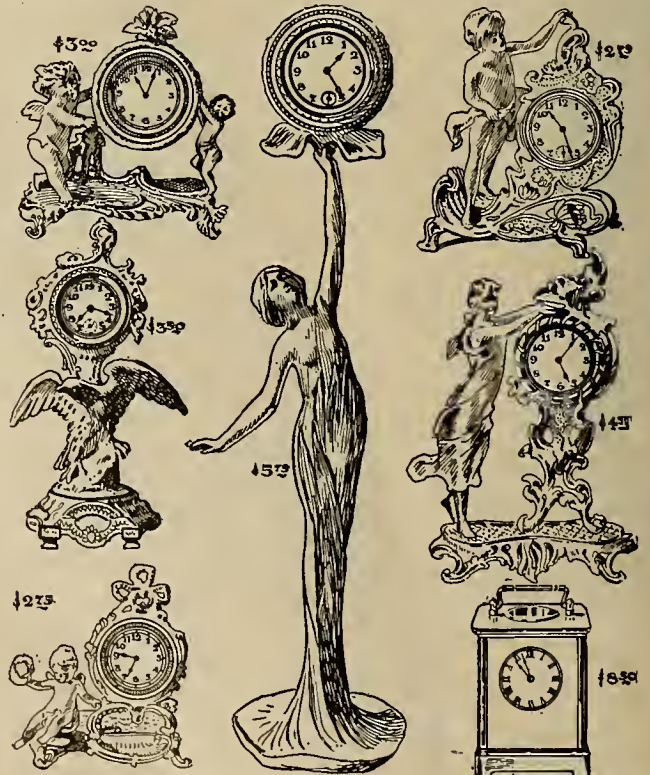
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Eight Day Stroke Repeater, solid brass, porcelain dial, beveled glass at top, front and sides, height 5 1/2 inches. **\$8.50**

*The Emporium*



## NEW YORK SEES RÉJANE.

Comparisons That Cause Heated Discussions—Is She Better Than Mrs. Carter?—Their Methods—Réjane in Other Plays.

Last week Mme. Réjane gave "Zaza" for the first time during her season, and we now find ourselves on the edge of a newspaper controversy as to whether her "Zaza" is better than Mrs. Carter's "Zaza." Both sides have passionate adherents. There are critics who jeer at Mrs. Carter as crude, sensational, and cheap, and critics who denounce Réjane as pale, colorless, and ineffective. People with French names have rushed into print, sputtering with rage that any one should stoop to such an odious comparison. Patriotic Americans, who like their drama high, as they do their ducks, have declared that the French actress is wanting in the fire, the force, and the vehemence that made Mrs. Carter's performance a nerve-racking experience.

I saw Mrs. Carter four years ago play "Zaza," and I have a very clear recollection of it. It was in London, and we sat up in the balcony and were properly shocked when the star began to take off her clothes, so that you did not know where she was going to stop. An English girl near us, who had evidently strayed innocently into the play with her young man, pretended to feel ill and had to leave—I suppose it was the only way she could get the young man out. I have an undying memory of him assisting her along between the seats and craning his neck back over his shoulder for a last glimpse of Mrs. Carter. He was in a rage, and yet he was trying to be polite to his drooping companion, and his face, expressive of these warring emotions, remains in my mind as a picture which cheers me in dull moments.

I saw Réjane on Thanksgiving Day. It was the first time I had seen her in "Zaza," and I have a sort of an idea that that week was the first time she had played it in this country. The French version is very like the American, except in the last act and in the scene of the quarrel, which is amplified in the English edition. The American Zaza has more to say in this scene. In the French it struck me as exceedingly short—almost too short. It moved with the lightning-like, trenchant quickness with which deadly scenes do move in real life. I often have thought that when a murder is committed in the heat of fury, it must be in a white hot, blinding moment following on a rapid-fire of talk—the whole thing over and done in a few quivering seconds.

The last act is very different. They purified it for the American theatre-goer, and made it exceedingly *banale*. Mrs. Carter, all in white, as a good, kind, respectable actress-lady—very handsomely dressed, however, and with a smart new carriage of her own—was not what you'd call convincing. She is a redeemed and chastened Zaza, a thing for missionaries to talk of, and Sunday-schools to believe in. The French authors do not suggest any such complete transformation. They realized the accuracy of the proverb that "you can't teach an old dog new tricks." Zaza leads the same old life, and is in many ways the same old Zaza. Love and suffering have not exactly given her a soul; they have quickened in her a sense of the fineness and beauty of something in a dim "beyond" never seen before. Sentiment is born in her; the æsthetic sense is awakened. In fact, Zaza, through her love affair with Dufresne, becomes a woman and an artist. She has seen "the glory and the dream."

Réjane plays this scene most beautifully—as only a Frenchwoman could play it. Her start when she sees Dufresne, the sudden faintness of her joy, the moment of responding to his caress, are all given with a depth of sentiment that is extremely moving. And her gentle rejection of his renewed proffers of love, her memories of a happier past, her inquiries about himself and his life, are imbued with a melancholy renouncement that has something in it of nobility. It is the speech of one who is looking back on dead things, once indescribably dear. To be able to play such a scene in such a way, the body absolutely motionless, the voice low, depending only upon the most delicate shades of facial and vocal expression for effects, is to be a great artist. Only Réjane or Duse could have done it.

The first act—behind the scenes in the *loge* of Zaza—is much the same in the original and the adaptation. We miss some of Mr. Belasco's introductions in the way of local color—the operating of the machine that made the sound of horses' hoof-beats, the filing on the stage of the company with the stage-manager growling at each one, "Smile. Smile now!" The quarrel between the two actresses was much more violent in the French version. They pulled each other's hair. In the middle of the battle, the manager rushed in with a set, business-like face, separated them, and all was calm again.

One of the most subtle differences in the acting of the two stars was to be seen in this first act. Nothing could have been much more frank than the making of Réjane's

toilet. The exposition of what they call in the shops "underwear" was of the most candid. Having taken off her dress and her corset, she put on a kimono and sat in front of the glass making herself up from the first application of some sort of adhesive grease to the last layer of rouge and pearl powder. She arranged the most wonderful coiffure of false hair, all the time talking to the various men and women who dropped into the *loge*, adding, while she talked, finishing touches with an eyebrow pencil and stick of lip salve.

Yet this was all done with such extraordinary delicacy, such apparently naive naturalness, that the element of the premeditatedly suggestive and shocking was almost non-existent. It certainly was not what one would call modest, but the violent and coarse immodesty of Mrs. Carter's performance in this act was lacking. The French have a wonderful knack, or art, this way.

I am under the impression that a person brought up on such stage performances as the Belasco stars give, would be much disappointed in Réjane's Zaza. It would strike him as so low-keyed as to be almost colorless, so quiet as to be ineffective. Its amazingly fine shades of feeling, of pathos, of humor, would be lost on him. I have no doubt that half the audience on Thanksgiving Day were disappointed in the scene with the child, it was so fine, so delicate: only a suggestion of tears, a slight roughness of voice, where the spectator had expected a torrent of sobs and at least a few suppressed writhings of emotion. And it was nothing but an ugly woman, with a hurt, tremulous face, speaking in a strangely natural voice to a simple, straightforward, every-day child.

But all things considered, and to give the devil his due, I am not sure that I don't think in the scene of the quarrel Mrs. Carter was more what one would think Zaza was. Or put it this way—suggested more the rage and agony of a hot-blooded, uncontrolled woman wounded to the death. She certainly, by her own robust and unsubtle methods, gave an impression of suffering that was almost terrible. One felt that one had seen a human creature face to face with the darkest hour of its fate—she shrieked, she screamed, she sobbed, she fell over the furniture; but through it all she never lost her power of suggesting that she was in spiritual anguish. Of its kind, it was the real thing—the "fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus" that some of us have to go through.

Réjane's treatment of the scene was entirely different. There was a world of meaning—fear, defiance, a trembling bravado—in her three affirmatives in answer to Dufresne's infuriated questions. She has spirit, and is angry and vehement herself till he crushes her with a brutal epithet. She drops into a chair as if he had struck her, and her words are broken and feeble after that. When he goes, she runs to the window and looks after

him, calls him back, but he has gone. Then she comes down the stage, pale, stunned, with the air of one half comprehending. She not only suggests a much gentler and more loving woman than Mrs. Carter, but one who at this first moment of desertion does not see the long, bleak road before her.

"La Passerelle" and "La Parisienne" drew upon themselves quite resonant thunders of disapproval from the press. I saw "La Parisienne" one night, and I must confess it struck me as a highly moral performance, so violently, so ferociously, did it pluck the veil of sentiment from the familiar situation, and show it forth in its grim ugliness. "La Parisienne" is not a new play. It was written twenty years ago by Henri Becque, and great actresses have played it. Becque died poor and embittered. He had delivered his "message" and, if it was listened to, the listeners did not bring its author riches. What it was, was that the typical love-affair of the French dramatist and novelist was not the poetic, saccharine, idealistic affair it was represented, but a sordid and cynical matter, with business and profit in it, not grandly wicked, but smally base, mean, calculating, dirty.

The surface of the play is the smiling surface of middle-class Parisian life—the life of small flats and small families, the young wife, the elderly husband, and the lover. There was a good deal of humor in it, and the people on the stage are constantly laughing. Their laughter reminded one of the Abbé's answer to Candide when he asked if the people of Paris were always laughing. "Yes," said the Abbé, "but it is with anger in their hearts." The comfortable, perfectly disillusioned, acridly biting cynicism of the whole situation and its treatment, would be hideous had not a glow of debonair French gaiety played over it. It was certainly the keenest, bitterest, most vitriolic exposition of unspeakable sordidness I have ever seen on the stage. Everybody in it—except the lover who was put out into the cold for a while, and then taken back into favor—was perfectly amiable, well-mannered, and socially delightful. They were not immoral, but just the most unimpaired set of people that every were drawn together to deliver the message of a disgusted student of the Human Comedy.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, November 29, 1904.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Books to Buy Children for Christmas.

It's a difficult task to select books to give to children. Three or four hundred books for boys and girls are issued every year in America, and though the doting parent may read the notices thereof that appear in the daily and weekly press, it's ten chances to one that he or she has forgotten all about them by Christmas time, and consequently wanders into a bookshop and takes a fresh young clerk's advice (often not very good) about the juveniles to buy.

It may therefore, be useful to prospective bookbuyers (and almost everybody buys books for young folks) to run briefly over the juvenile publications of the entire year, and select therefrom the most desirable. Through the present writer's hands has passed the whole juvenile output, and while no extraordinary critical ability in juvenile literature is claimed, pater or materfamilias may depend upon it that not a little care and thought has been exercised in making the following selections.

A book that ought to be especially interesting to California youngsters is Ernest Thompson Seton's "Monarch: The Big Bear of Tallic," since it in the main tells the story of the old grizzly out in Golden Gate Park. Seton seems to have taken unwarranted liberties with Allen Kelly's true story of the bear's capture, but children will not care for that. Over a hundred drawings by the clever pen of the author adorn the volume (Scribner's, \$1.25). While the story of Monarch will make its most effective appeal to juvenile lovers of action, Mary Austin's "The Basket Woman" is perhaps too descriptively poetic to hold the impatient mind of such children; it rather is a book for the quiet and thoughtful child old enough to feel the poetry of these tales of the desert (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50). Other books which we especially recommend for boys and girls of from eight to eleven (roughly speaking) are "Poems Every Child Should Know," by Mary E. Burt (Doubleday, Page & Co.; 90 cents net), and "The Book of Indoor and Outdoor Games," by Mrs. Burton Kingsley (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50)—a veritable encyclopedia of games of over six hundred pages. Probably "African Forest and Jungle," by Paul du Chaillu will be liked by boys more especially (Scribner's), as will also "Captured by the Navajos," by Captain Charles A. Curtis, U. S. A. (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50). Professor Hoffman's "Later Magic" (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.00) is a book that will be beloved by the older boys, as also will R. G. Barbour's "The Book of School and College Sports" (Appleton's, \$1.50). And boys old enough to like "Treasure Island" will find Bailey Millard's girlless story, "The Lure o' Gold" (E. J. Clode, \$1.50) absorbing.

Many books for girls are published, but it is much more difficult to say what girls like. "Mary's Garden and How it Grew," by Frances Duncan (Century Company; \$1.25), a practical treatise on flower-gardening, told in the form of a story, ought to please a little girl, whether it actually will can only be told by trying, and we are slightly less certain about "Lucy and Their Majesties," by B. L. Farjeon (Century Company), and "Elinor Arden, Royalist," by Mary C. Du Bois (Century Company; \$1.50), though both of these we think are good. "Jewell's Story Book" and "Jewell. A Chapter in Her Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50) certainly are charming, the only drawback being that besides being good stories they inculcate a lesson in Christian Science.

One department of literature that no wise parent should overlook is that of natural history. The boy or girl of eight or ten may not be able to appreciate the scientific descriptions in such books, but he or she will, if they have the works in the house, familiarize themselves with the pictures, and so, finally, come to a real knowledge of birds and beasts and insects. We especially recommend Will T. Hornaday's "American Natural History" (Scribner's, \$3.50), the best work in the field and one containing over three hundred illustrations. We also recommend Mrs. Irene G. Wheeler's "Birds of California" (A. T. McHugh & Co., \$2.50), which is profusely illustrated, and contains more than six hundred pages. In entomology first-rate books are "How to Know the Butterflies," by Henry C. Clark (Appleton's, \$2.25), with splendid full-page plates in color, and "The Moth Book," by W. J. Holland (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.00).

For very little children we recommend Gelett Burgess's "Goop Tales" (Stokes, \$1.00). He has modeled the work on a famous German juvenile, and we should not be surprised if "Goop Tales" was a marked success. W. W. Denlow's "Scarecrow and the Tin Men" (Dillingham, \$1.25) is a first-rate picture verse book, and so is the same author's "Pearl and the Pumpkin" (Dillingham, \$1.50). Charles Keeler's "Finn Songs of Finland" (the author, Berkeley, 75 cents) children will very much like, and W. Chambers's "River Land" (Harper, \$1.50), with its colored illustrations, is sure to please. "Little Almond" by Jessie Juliet Knox has a local

interest—it is about Chinese children in this city—and may for that reason be recommended. "Buster Brown Abroad," by R. F. Outcault (Stokes) is not a moral book, but it may not fail to be as diverting to Buster's young brethren as it certainly is to grown-ups.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Ella Higginson, the author of "Mariella of Out West," tells a good story on herself of going about a little town far north in Alaska in search of a book, and finding her own story confronting her. "I thought we was stuck on that book—sure," said the gentlemen in his shirt sleeves behind the counter, handing it down; "had ten copies, and only sold one. The rest stuck. But the author of the book hit the town yesterday, and they've gone off like hot cakes. Last one. Want it?"

It is said that Maurice Hewlett has gypsy blood in his veins.

The serious illness of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," brings freshly to mind the extraordinary career of this novel, which was published twenty-four years ago, and is selling to-day better than when it first came out. It has been translated into many languages, it has been published in fourteen luxurious editions, but no cheap edition has ever been issued. It is estimated that the book has now been sold well toward a million copies; and the royalties from it, and from the play founded upon it, have made General Wallace a rich man.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish on January 14th a new novel by Thomas Dixon, Jr., entitled "The Clansman."

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a volume by Walter A. Wyckoff which will deal with the Paris workmen very much as the author dealt with the American workman in "The Workers."

D. Appleton & Co. are issuing a book which deals with the Russo-Japanese War, entitled "From Tokio Through Manchuria With the Japanese." The author, Major Louis L. Seaman, was once a surgeon in the United States army; he returned about a month ago from the scenes of hostilities, where he had special advantages to observe the war. The volume will contain forty illustrations, which, with the exception of three, were made by the author himself or under his supervision.

Among new books is Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "A Woman of the World," consisting of letters of advice addressed to all sorts and conditions of men and women.

Miss Ethel Barrymore is an enthusiastic admirer of Jack London, who, she thinks, shares with Joseph Conrad the credit and distinction of writing about the only "big stuff" that is being done to-day. She met Mr. London in California recently, and found in him a most interesting personality. "He's the sailor, all over," Miss Barrymore told a New York reporter, the other day. "with all the charm of a free life about him. We talked about the play that he is going to write for me. It is a little indefinite yet. You could understand how indefinite if you had heard the questions he asked me about exits and entrances and so on. He knows nothing, technically, about the stage; but you can be very sure he will learn. The theme he proposed appealed to me instantly. It will be a Klondike play, and there are all sorts of backgrounds and character and romance and dramatic material available. I keep thinking about it all the time, for it has a strong hold upon the imagination."

D. Appleton & Co. have received an offer for the serial rights of "The Story of Wireless Telegraphy," by A. T. Story. It is considered a new departure to serialize a scientific book.

The fourth and concluding volume of Louis Creswick's "Life of Joseph Chamberlain" will be published immediately in London.

The autograph copy of Keats's "Hyperion," recently purchased by the British Museum, is being reproduced in colotype facsimile by the Oxford University Press.

## New Publications.

"A School Chemistry," by Elroy M. Avery, Ph. D., L. L. D., American Book Company.

"The Rose of Seville," by Elizabeth Minot. A play and poems. Richard G. Badger; \$1.50.

"Macaulay's Essay on Addison," Edited by Charles Flint McClumpha, Ph. D. Frontispiece. American Book Company.

"The Wolverine," by Albert Lathrop Lawrence. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50—a romance of early days in Michigan.

"The Reaper," by Edith Rieckert. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.50—a mournful story of the Shetland Isles; gloomy, but with a certain strength and distinction.

"The Pursuit of Phyllis," by John Harwood Bacon. Henry Holt & Co.—a slight,

light, hut bright little love-story; just the kind of a book with which to fill up an idle hour.

"Nature's Invitation," by Bradford Torrey. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10 net—thirty short, readable essays about birds.

"An Angel by Brevet," by Helen Pitkin. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50—a quiet, gently humorous story of present-day New Orleans.

"In the Days of Chaucer," by Tudor Jenks. With an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.; \$1.00 net.

"The Lady of Loyalty House," by Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper & Brothers; \$1.50—precisely the sort of "pretty" historical romance that thinking people try to avoid.

"American Familiar Verse." Edited with an introduction by Brander Matthews. Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.40—an excellent collection of homely, sweet, and intimate American lyrics.

"The Book of the Iris," by R. Irwin Lynch. Hand-Book of Practical Gardening Series. Beautifully illustrated. John Lane—an excellent manual, though directions as to the care of the flowers refer to English conditions.

"Mammy 'Mongst the Wild Nations of Europe," by Rutella Mory Bibbins. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company; \$1.50—quite an amusing account of a negro mammy's experience abroad, told in dialect; it is on the Samantha Allen order.

"Diane: A Romance of the Icarian Settlement on the Mississippi," by Katharine Holland Brown. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50—a well-told romantic story of a French Communist settlement in Illinois in the early fifties.

"How to Study Shakespeare," by William H. Fleming. Fourth series. Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.00—a futile, foolish book; a love of poetry was never inculcated by making the scholar answer questions like these which Mr. Fleming's book asks: "What does Imogen say of Cloten?" "What second suggestion does Pisanio make to Imogen?" "What preparations has he made therefor?" "What promises does he make to her?" "Does she accept them?" "What, on parting, does he give her?"—etc., ad nauseam. Bab!

"The Life of De Quincey"—A Wooden Book. TO FRANCIS THOMPSON.

"... πῶς δ' ἀνθρώπων ἄρ' ἦν  
ψυχὴ τέκν'; ὅστις δ' αὖτ' ἀπερὸς ὦν ψέγει,  
ἥσσον μὲν ἀλγεῖ, δυστυχῶν δ' εὐδαιμονεῖ."  
—EURIPIDES.

At the first heavy touch how swift a change!  
Vanished the subtle brain, its thoughts and dreams

Ever through which the opium fragrance streams,  
Of deathlike cadence, with its infinite range,

Which, still, when it draws near Him who redeems,  
Even more mighty and more plangent seems.

All gone—all fled—all do these Notes estrange.  
I touched the book in pity—but my hand

"In stipte" trembled—and my blood was stirred—

"Dextra . . . trepidare"—how withstand  
The "what a bring me, Katy?" that one sees

In his own letter? "Kinsey!" (Ah! that word)

"Sentit sub cortice pectus." "Kinsey, please. . ."

AGNES TOBIN.

\*Ovid. Met. I., viii.

\*\*\*This was the last time that I heard her sweet voice distinctly, and I shall never hear one like it again.—Extract from De Quincey's letter to Miss Wordsworth on the death of Catherine Wordsworth.

M. Victor Berard claims that he has located the land of the Lotus-eaters, the Island of Calypso, the cave of the Cyclops, and the rest of the familiar spots of the Odyssey, and shows that Homer used one of the ancient Phœnician log-books on which to base his descriptions. M. Berard has spent years in working up and down the coasts of the Mediterranean in a sailing boat, armed with the French "Nautical Instructions," which are ultimately based on the "Periploi" of the Phœnician sailors. "Les Phœniciens et l'Odyssey" is the result of his labors.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Sterling in a Second Edition.

"First Edition, November, 1903"—"Second Edition, November, 1904"—these are two phrases the like of which are seldom to be seen on the title page—reverse of books of poetry. Hundredth editions of novels are far more frequent than second editions of verse; and so the fact that the first edition of George Sterling's "The Testimony of the Suns" has within a year been exhausted, and that a second edition has now been published, is indeed remarkable.

It is true, of course, that the first edition was a small one; but so are the editions of most first books of verse; and, in the vast majority of cases, the poet pays for the pleasurable sensation of "being printed" out of his own not too capacious pocket.

The *Argonaut's* high opinion of "The Testimony of the Suns" was, of course, expressed with due emphasis immediately upon its appearance. "The poem moves [we then said] with dignity, even with grandeur; it has indubitable power." And this verdict was in the nature of things sustained by good critics in the East and in England, Mr. Lang, for example, saying in an article in a British review: "If I know what poetry is, this is poetry"—from him high praise indeed.

Of the short poems and sonnets in the volume, two may fittingly be quoted:

### NIGHTMARE.

Departing troubled to her tryst with Sleep,  
The soul, that night, paused doubtful and afraid  
Within the portals and eternal shade  
Of his great temple. All the shapes that sweep  
Athwart its twilight, from the abyss they keep  
Rose in tremendous menace. She, dismayed,  
Turned to her day in trembling, nor delayed  
Her breathless flight from that portentous deep.  
But thou, O Death! shall feign no dream o'er  
dawn,

Thou' xons under the hermetic tomb,  
And light annul the mausolean gloom—  
Nay! thou' contending sun to sun be drawn  
In ruin that the worlds diffused attest  
To watchers round Arcturus, I shall rest!

### MYSTERY.

Men say that sunbeams by enormous nights  
Burn star and nearest star.  
That where companions seem the sister lights  
The great abysses are.

So held by Life's unsympathetic dark,  
We press to hidden goals.  
From gulfs unshared the friending fires we mark,  
And we are lonely souls—

Your hearts, O friends! Beyond their veiling bars,  
Are hidden deep away.  
Your faces gleam familiar as the stars,  
And as unknown as they.

Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

### Popular Books at the Libraries: A Summary.

Below is printed a list of the books which have been mentioned more than once in the *Argonaut's* weekly list of books most in demand at the Mechanics', Mercantile, and Public Libraries, of this city. The period covered is from July 25th to December 5th. The figures show the number of times each work has been mentioned in the *Argonaut's* tables.

"The Crossing," by Winston Churchill, 23.  
"The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives, 19.  
"A Ladder of Swords," by Gilbert Parker, 17.  
"In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson, 14.  
"The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett, 14.  
"Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw, 14.  
"The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, et al., 13.  
"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, 13.  
"Three Years in the Klondike," by Jeremiah Lynch, 11.  
"The Last Hope," by Henry Seton Merriman, 9.  
"The Lure o' Gold," by Bailey Millard, 8.  
"Imperator Rex," by Anonymous, 8.  
"Vergil's," by Irving Bacheller, 7.  
"The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London, 7.  
"Nancy Stair," by Elinor McCarty Lane, 6.  
"The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam, 6.  
"Olive Latham," by E. L. Voynich, 6.  
"An Autobiography," by Herbert Spencer, 5.  
"Whoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford, 4.  
"Woman Errant," by Anonymous, 3.  
"The Cost," by David Graham Phillips, 3.  
"Double Harness," by Anthony Hope, 3.  
"The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner, 3.  
"God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli, 3.  
"Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn, 3.  
"Dorothea," by Maarten Maartens, 3.  
"The Woman With the Fan," by Robert Hichens, 2.  
"The Lightning Conductor," by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, 2.  
"The Grafters," by Francis Lynde, 2.  
"Byways of Braith," by Frances Powell, 2.  
"He That Eateth Bread With Me," by H. A. Mitchell-Keays, 2.  
"Pillar of Light," by Louis Tracy, 2.  
"The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson, 2.  
"Keystone of Empire," by Anonymous, 2.  
"The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine, 2.  
"My Lady of the North," by Randall Parrish, 2.  
"Old Gorgon Graham," by G. H. Lorrimer, 2.  
"Traffics and Discoveries," by Rudyard Kipling, 2.

Combining the summary of last July and the present one, it appears that Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," and Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage" are tied for first place, each having been mentioned precisely forty-one times. Other popular books at the libraries during the year are: "The Deliverance" (27), "Tomorrow's Tangle" (23), "The Russian Advance" (22), "The Castaway" (17), Spen-

cer's "Autobiography" (19), "People of the Abyss" (17), "The Queen's Quair" (17), and "A Ladder of Swords" (17).

It is interesting to note that the books of more solid merit retain their popularity longer than "readable novels," though these latter may get a long lead at the beginning. Thus Ellen Glasgow's "The Deliverance" was the most popular book during the first six months of the year, but was mentioned not at all during the second six months. It was "all in." But Spencer's "Autobiography" was among "the most popular" fourteen times during the first half of 1904 and five times during the second. So with Jeremiah Lynch's "Three Years in the Klondike." In the July summary it was named four times; in the present one, eleven.

A remarkable circumstance is the popularity of G. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." It is a book that, to say the least, is most difficult reading. Even the elect are said to be bewildered by its subtleties. Yet—doubtless stimulated by the production here of Shaw's "Candida"—"Man and Superman" has been among "the most popular" at the libraries no less than fourteen times.

The almost universal verdict of reviewers on Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries" (that it is a little dull) is reflected by the library reports, which put it last on the long list. The reappearance of Charles Wagner's "The Simple Life" shows what a good advertising scheme it was for the author to visit this country on a lecture tour. Indeed, the library public is remarkably sensitive to such influences. For example, Jeremiah Lynch's Klondike hook immediately reappeared in the reports of all the libraries when the little affair of his on board a transatlantic liner was so sensationally exploited by the newspapers. If an author wants to be really popular, let him run over some one with an auto, sue for divorce, get in a fight, have typhoid fever, or be a militant socialist like Shaw. These are more certain methods than merely writing well.

### The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mechanics', Public, and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:

#### MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
3. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
4. "The Youth of Washington," by S. Weir Mitchell.
5. "Adolescence," by G. Stanley Hall.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
2. "Whoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
3. "The Affair at the Inn," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, et al.
4. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
5. "Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.

#### MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
2. "The Brethren," by Rider Haggard.
3. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
4. "The Son of Royal Langbrith," by William Dean Howells.
5. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.

The *Ladies' Field* complains that "it is a painful fact that the four most unpleasant novels which have appeared this autumn have all been written by women." It adds: "It must also be admitted that it is only really to their own sex that this form of fiction appeals."

### TO AUTHORS!

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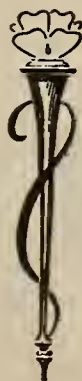
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In "The Professor's Love Story," although its comedy is of the delicately fantastic type, Mr. Barrie, to my perhaps unregenerate taste, reaches the sympathies with a firmer, surer appeal than in "The Little Minister." The latter play is full of absolute improbabilities, the former is just what might and does happen to the bachelor scientist whose dry-as-dust solitude is invaded by the bright youth, and gentleness, and delicately flattering tendence of a pretty girl-secretary.

The sentiment of the piece remains sentiment, and does not become high-keyed romance, and the play is pervaded by an atmosphere of fresh, lively, engaging humor. Professor Goodwillie is really a delightful old fellow, for old one must call the prematurely aged student, although he is only forty. Forty, full of autumnal sadness and decay, still retains a few lingering possibilities for a woman; but, in accordance with the un-Christian partiality that fate and the world's attitude persist in showing to the sterner sex, it is but ripe and lingering summer to a man. So the professor is forty, and, without offending the prejudices, may sue for and win the favor of a blossoming maid of twenty. That is, in Great Britain. In our country, youth is more like to mate with youth in all cases of love in which financial considerations do not intervene. But in Great Britain, they say, a girl without fortune must take the first thing that offers, or go unwed.

The guileless professor, however, although he has money, is beautifully unconscious that he is an eligible. You perceive that here is where one element of improbability enters. For where is the man, professional or commercial, prince or peasant, Christian or heretic, that has not been tutored by the single ladies of his acquaintance into full and complete recognition of the fact that he is a catch? But the professor is unconscious of a fact of which every other being that revolves in his orbit is acutely aware. That is one of the things that constitutes his charm. Another is that he is so perfectly open, so broadly, beamingly wholesome in the utter abandonment with which he wears his heart upon his sleeve when his delighted regards fall upon the pretty secretary. Why do we love dogs and children so? Because they have no reserves. They show their emotions with absolute candor. The professor is as open-hearted as a child, and loves with the single-mindedness of a faithful dog. Miss White, with the sensitive pride of youth, would be sure to feel the need of training her absent-minded swain to refrain from any future eccentricities resulting from mental pre-occupation when he took his walks abroad. But in all other respects, she would be the comfortable possessor of a singularly reposeful lord; one who would never depart by a single pulse-beat from absolute allegiance to his fair captor.

There he men like that, not in too great plenty, perhaps, but, although many do not believe it, in tolerable proportion to the number of saints among the women. They are merely overlooked, because their inaccessibility causes them to be insignificant in the eyes of collective womanhood.

Mr. Craig's well-groomed youth retires completely out of sight during his assumption of the character of Professor Goodwillie. It is surprising how thoroughly a valetudinarian of a hat, an academic looking coat, and baggy trousers will alter the appearance of a man of fashion. It is, indeed, only when the suitor smiles and becomes eager in his suit that he looks even as young as forty. Mr. Craig plays the part quite charmingly. His pleasant, well-modulated voice is apt at expressing warmth of feeling and his comedy scenes are always given with a mingling of spontaneity and due restraint. He is, however, almost the only one who is quite in his element in the play. Miss Lawrence is less flexible in her methods, and her poise of manner, always so well placed in drawing room comedy is not apt at expressing the care less, evanescent claim of girlhood.

The two Lady Giddings and Sir George are characters that call for purely superficial work, ease and vivacity on the part of the women, a suggestion of solemn prigishness for the man. All three received satisfactory representation, Miss Woodson being as usual fashionably gowned, and Mr. Comers contributing a blonde make-up to the part that depicts him of his brunette dash, and re-appearing in appearance to the essence of a comeliness suitable to the character of George.

The least consistent and most stogy character in the play is Miss Goodwillie, the sister, who wishes her infatuated brother to continue indefinitely in sharing her state of single blessedness. There is really something downright pathetic in the spectacle of a lone mother or sister, the last of the clan save for a bachelor relative, shaking in her shoes for fear some enterprising She will swoop down into his hitherto contented celibacy and carry him off a willing captive to the joys of matrimony, leaving her to dreary solitude. But when sisters, cousins, or aunts conspire against such happenings, they do not admit it. Such maneuvering against untoward destiny is an instinct toward self-preservation, is generally secret or involuntary, and is sometimes scarcely realized by the maneuverer. Miss Goodwillie, to the doctor and secretary, is perfectly open in her hard opposition to her brother's happiness, until her heart is softened by finding a belated twenty-year-old love-letter that never came to her; a clever contrivance, the stage craftsmanship of which is rather characteristic of Barrie, who is no realist, but has a talent for effective manipulation of little incidents of the kind.

Miss Belgarde is rather darkling and heavy in the rôle of the sister, but it is doubtful if the character is capable of being anything more than a sort of dull-balance-wheel to the tone of quaintly fantastic comedy in which the play is so happily pitched.

Some amusing scenes in the piece which exhibit the deliberate, cautious wooing of the canny Scot, were carried through by Messrs. Maher and Hilliard and Miss Laura Adams with a creditable, if not perfectly successful, attempt at giving the Scotch flavor; even a Scotchwoman will smirper when blown upon by softening airs of courtship, but Miss Adams, who was very good in the first act when rendering her diverse ministrations to the professor got in the last out of tone with the prevailing key, and played more in the spirit of broad comedy.

When an actress starts out to support a comedian with serious aspirations, she must make up her mind to accept many a queer turn of the dramatic wheel. Maxine Elliott has played a beautiful and picturesque Portia to Nat Goodwin's Shylock, and a giggling, characterless Alice to his Nathan Hale. She has been a womanly Phyllis in "When We Were Twenty-One," has conferred beauty and elegance upon the not too unselfish heroine of "The American Citizen," and, as a contrast, has figured as the cotton-clad daughter of a blacksmith in Augustus Thomas's "In Mizzoura." Clyde Fitch, however, has fitted her best of all. Her type of beauty is rather too gorgeous and overpowering, and her stage manner too suggestive of the pomp of the world for the domestically inclined Phyllis of "When We Were Twenty-One," but Georgiana Carley, of "Her Own Way," sweet, sound, and wholesome as she is in thought and deed, is yet a woman habituated to the life of display, of elegant competition and easy social supremacy which constitutes society. To act the society heroine is emphatically Miss Elliott's métier. The Kate of "In Mizzoura" is a raw girl full of struggling, half-formed ideals, silent and almost sulky in the primitive family life of the Vernons, and, in spite of her superior advantages in education easily dazzled by the thin varnish of urban smartness that overlies the desperate purposes of her city admirer. All these traits must have suited Miss Elliott as little as the broader, freer atmosphere of Thomas's play. In "Arizona" Mr. Thomas introduces a couple of pretty women who stand for the type of Eastern girl who carries her beauty, her elegance, and her social charm unwithered to the great alkali plains of the West. But the Kate of "In Mizzoura" is another order of being. She typifies the restless, undeveloped young womanhood of the Middle West, straining at the leash, and reaching out passionately for escape from the cramped confines of her native village to the play of mental and physical activities afforded in the rush and sweep and competition of life in great cities. The contrast of her silent wretchedness to the broad, hearty content of the husky Westerners around her induces pity, but the character is not a gracious one. One is apt to turn from her with relief to the men who form the bone and sinew of the play. For

they are preëminently of the big, brave, broad-minded, free-hearted, tolerant, easy-going West. The Missourians are too near the South not to have drawn from their neighbors characteristic traits of the easiness of life, chivalry toward women, and of comparative indifference to the material advantages that are to be gained only by an uncomfortable amount of hustling.

The poetry of "Alabama" is missing, the picturesqueness and melodramatic vigor of "Arizona" may not be found in "In Mizzoura," but, as in these two plays, Thomas has transferred to the stage an essential and strongly colored atmosphere of the section which, in accordance with his usual methods of writing his State plays, he has carefully studied before treating dramatically. That point marks one great difference between the two American dramatists. Clyde Fitch turns out frequently and easily plays that reflect the superficial life and feeble emotions of the society folk, who make expensive amusement and the money to secure it their gods. Augustus Thomas, by care and pains, infrequently but faithfully has transferred to the stage the color and movement of life as it exists in those remote sections of the United States where the fads of the New York rich are of as small account as the latest styles in Mars.

An opportunity for comparing the methods of Fitch and Thomas has been afforded by "In Mizzoura" and "Her Own Way," running simultaneously during Maxine Elliott's engagement. Comparisons may be odious, but none the less are they interesting to the confirmed theatre-goer, who has a preference for native drama, and a hope for its success. And of our native dramatists, none at present stand in better repute than these two, neither of whom are great, but both of whom are able, observant, industrious, and profoundly representative.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henrique D. Laidley, Portugal's vice-consul at this port, died on Wednesday at his office, 605 Clay Street, of heart failure. Mr. Laidley was seventy-six years of age. Most of his life had been spent in the consular service.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## One Week of "A Chinese Honeymoon."

Maxine Elliott's last appearance at the Columbia Theatre in "Her Own Way" will be this (Saturday) evening. For one week, commencing to-morrow (Sunday) night, "A Chinese Honeymoon" will be seen. The plot of this piece tells of an elderly Englishman who has married his typewriter and takes her to China on their honeymoon. Incidentally he meets his nephew, who has fallen in love with a princess. The emperor, admiring the bride, kisses her, and is betrothed to her. The groom is caught kissing his nephew's sweetheart, the princess, and, on account of the silly laws of Ylang Ylang, a kiss is a betrothal, and they are obliged to marry. So altogether there is a pretty thorough mixture of love, marriage, divorce, and song. The company includes John L. Kearney, Robinson Newhold, Albert Froom, George Broderick, Joseph E. Miller, Georgia Bryton, Regina McAvoy, Mahella Baker, Winnie Carter, Helen Latten, Evelyn Dunmore, and a chorus of seventy-five. Among the catchy airs are "The à la Girl," "I Want to Be a Lady," "Roly-Poly," "The Fan Song," "Twiddlely Bits," and "There is a Street in Heaven Called Broadway." Following "A Chinese Honeymoon" on Sunday night, December 18th, comes Klaw & Erlanger's production of "The Billionaire," in which Thomas Q. Seashrooke is starring.

## Rehearsing for a Revival.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening, "King Dodo" begins its third week at the Tivoli Opera House. Everything indicates that it will run far into January before giving way to the revival of a notable comic opera now being rehearsed by the Tivoli company. Meanwhile the players are doing their best work in "King Dodo," which affords unusual opportunities to Willard Simms, Teddy Wehh, Edwin Clarke, Ben Dillon, William Schuster, Edith Mason, Irene Outtrim, Dora de Philippe, and Bessie Tennehill—not to mention the lively chorus, and the orchestra, which does excellent work under Paul Steindorff's baton.

## Hermann in Vaudeville.

Hermann the Great, the magician, will make his first vaudeville appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum this coming week. He announces many novelties never seen before in this country, and some of his startling illusions will undoubtedly set the city talking. Vernon, the ventriloquist, who was here last season, will return with a brand new act. Mrs. Vernon assists in the act, introducing some elaborate costumes. The Ford Sisters—Dora and Mahelle—singing and dancing girls, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. They bring the latest Eastern song successes, and finish their specialty with a good old-fashioned clog dance. Miss Mary Shaw will continue her sketch, "The Silent System"; the Dillon brothers will change their musical eccentricities; Howard's comedy dogs and ponies, Phyllis Allen (the contralto), and the Orpheum motion pictures, showing the latest novelties, will complete the programme.

## New Plays at the Alcazar.

The Alcazar Theatre has secured "Caprice" for presentation next week. It was this play that enabled Mrs. Fiske to win her first success. She appeared in it for several weeks at the Alcazar when she was known merely as Minnie Maddern. Now it is Lillian Lawrence who will be seen as the tender, impulsive, affectionate, but illiterate little country girl who weds the young artist, and awakens to the social chasm that lies between them. John Craig will be happily cast as the impetuous artist. George Osbourne, who played the part with Mrs. Fiske, will again be the gentle old farmer, Jethro Baxter. To follow, December 19th, comes "Judah," by Henry Arthur Jones. Other new plays to be seen at the Alcazar are Joseph Arthur's "Lost River," Mansfield's version of "Old Heidelberg," and the German military drama, "Taps."

## Blanche Bates Coming.

Williams and Walker, who are at the Grand Opera House with their new play, "In Dahomey," commence their second week at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinée. The next attraction at this theatre will be Blanche Bates in John Luther Long and David Belasco's spectacular Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods."

## Russian Melodrama.

"Lost in Siberia," which will be presented at the Central Theatre for one week, beginning next Monday, is a melodrama that will have added interest on account of the Russian-Japanese War. The plot of "Lost in Siberia," unlike many melodramas, is well connected and feasible. The characters range from Prince Vladimir to the Jewess, and the American drummer, who is always on time to prevent something. The scenic effects include the governor's place at Odessa, the market square, the forwarding prison, the boundary post, and many other life-like pictures drawn from reality.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Paderewski's Concerts.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, the pianist, is due to arrive from Australia on Monday morning. The opening concert of his American tour for the season of 1904 and 1905 will be given at the Alhambra on Saturday afternoon, December 17th, at 3 p. m. The second concert will take place on Monday evening, December 19th, and his third will be on Wednesday evening, December 21st. In all probability Paderewski will devote considerable attention to the playing of his own compositions for the piano, which includes these pieces worthy of special mention: Minuetto, op. 1; "Chant du Voyageur," op. 3; variations and fugue on an original theme, op. 11; humoresques à l'antique, op. 14; legende, nocturne, op. 16; for piano and violin: cracovienne, op. 9, and sonata, op. 13; for piano and orchestra: concerto, op. 17, "Polish Fantasy," op. 19; there are two collections of songs, "Album de Mail," op. 10, "Mickiewicz Lieders," op. 18. But the work on which he lavished his care and labor is the opera "Manru," which was first performed at Dresden, May 29, 1901, and afterward at Lemberg and Cracow. It is a gypsy opera, an extended vocal and instrumental rhapsody. The sales of reserved seats begins at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning, December 12th, at nine o'clock.

## Kopta Concert.

The third chamber music concert of the Kopta Quartet will be held at Lyric Hall to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, with Wenzel Kopta, first violin; John Josephs, second violin; Charles Heinsen, viola; Adolph Lada, violoncello; and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, pianist. The programme is as follows:

String quartet, op. 41, No. 1, Schumann, (a) introduction, andante expressivo, allegro, (b) Scherzo, presto, intermezzo, (c) adagio, (d) finale, presto; string quartets: (a) "Adagio," from op. 137 (first time), Lachner, (b) "Scherzo" from Quartet No. 1, Cherubini; piano quintet, op. 51 (first time), Arensky, (a) allegro moderato, (b) variations, andante, allegro molto, (c) Scherzo, allegro vivace, (d) finale, allegro moderato.

The next concert will take place on Sunday afternoon, January 15th. Tickets, 75 cents and \$1.00, are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Alfred A. Farland, conceded to be the world's greatest banjoist, will give a single recital in this city at Steinway Hall next Tuesday evening. His programme will include compositions of Chopin, Paganini, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and other classical writers. Mr. Farland will be assisted in his concert by Alice Kellar-Fox, who is renowned for her banjo playing and her singing. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## Death of Mrs. Gilbert.

Mrs. George Henry Gilbert, the oldest actress on the American stage, whose début as a star was detailed in the *Argonaut* of November 14th, died at Chicago on December 2d, of heart failure. Mrs. Gilbert was on her farewell tour, appearing in "Granny," a play written for her by Clyde Fitch, when death came. She was born at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, in 1821. Her family name was Hartley. She began her career as a dancer, and, in 1846, married a dancer, Mr. Gilbert. She and her husband came to the United States in 1849, and shortly after Mrs. Gilbert determined to give up dancing and take to legitimate acting. Her first parts were Lady Creamly in "The Serious Family" and Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." Her specialty was "first old lady," and as such, and in many other characterizations, she played in the best companies in this country. She was under Augustin Daly for twenty-six years, and when she went to London with his company she was given special recognition by the English press. She was last here in

1901 with Annie Russell in "The Royal Family."

Mrs. Gilbert was one of the most beloved and respected women on any stage, and was an actress of consummate finish.

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OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. SPROV; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.  
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallier.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary  
Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leco Kauffman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigues, J. Jollico, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY  
OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK J. SYMMES, President. O. A. HALE, Vice-President. H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

WELLS FARGO & COMPANY BANK  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00

HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.  
BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Cash Assets.....5,172,036  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
216 Sansome Street, Department.

Continental Building and Loan Association  
OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid-In Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93

Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO



VANITY FAIR.

People who sometimes give dinners may be interested in the menu of the dinner given by King Edward to King Carlos of Portugal during the latter's recent visit. It was as follows: Tortue à la Parisienne. Soles Frites. Sauce Nelson. Escalopes de Cahilaud. Sauce aux Huitres. Zephires de Cailles à la Princesse de Galles. Agneau de Pauillac à la Nicoise. Jambon au Champagne. Poulardes à la Périgord. Parfait de Foie Gras. Asperges d'Argenteuil. Sauce Mousseuse. Timbales à l'Espagnole. Croustes de Saumon à l'Ecoissaise. Glaces à la Vénitienne.

"We note, with sorrow and surprise," says the Washington Post, "the prevalence of more or less injurious comment upon one of our most conspicuous and interesting society leaders—Mr. Harry Lehr, in fact. The depressing rumor that he is about to retire from leadership seems to have provoked these envious Cascas to the vociferation which now distresses us. Yet what would they have? Can one go on forever, like the brook? Consider, if you please, the chief events in this wonderful comedian's career—the steps by which he mounted, so to speak, to well-earned eminence: Waded into a fountain at 2 A. M. with Mrs. 'Freddie' Gehhard. Became known as 'an original young man.' Introduced into New York society by Mrs. Elisha Dyer. Told Mrs. John Jacob Astor she looked 'punk' with a white rose. Recommended a red one. Became her society secretary at a salary of \$12,000. Increased the '400' to '600,' thus securing undying loyalty of the new increment. Played buffoon at entertainment; danced as ballet-girl; acted as ringmaster at Mrs. Oelrichs's circus. Gave a dinner to some monkeys and some friends, and defied the guests to guess which was which. Originated the champagne shampoo and the 'Looking Backward Waltz.' Appeared in decolleté at a ball. First man to wear rolled-up trousers with evening dress. Originated 'tennis in bathing-suits' fad. Went shopping with chateleine bag attached to wrist; escorted Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs and a rag-doll around Newport. Rejected a dowry of \$500,000; reported engaged to Miss Van Allen. Married Mrs. J. Vinton Dahlgren, worth from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Recognized as the arbiter elegantiarum of Newport."

Revolt in Chicago, the nurse of all the elegancies. The scrubwomen of Chicago "emphatically decline to be organized" under the name of the Scrubwomen's Union. A conference of the powers was held. Protocols were submitted. The name "Floor Operators and Knee Workers" was proposed and refused. Ditto the "Amalgamated Society of Mop Wielders." The "scrub ladies" insist upon being called "janitresses." It is hoped, rather than believed, that they will accept the imposing title of the "Women's Office Building Cleaners' Union." The friends of peace insist that a certain "opprobrium" attaches to the word "janitress." "Why?" says the Sun. "Can anything be more august and awe-inspiring?"

"Leather in Dress—A Coming Fashion," is the heading of an article in the London Telegraph according to which leathers in the most beautiful colors are likely ere long to play a very important part in fashionable dress especially for use in shooting or sporting costumes of any kind, as in linings or facings, and wholesale manufacturing houses are even turning out charming costumes at prices within the range of the ordinary buyer. One house has found it necessary to prepare "color cards," similar to those used by the manufacturers of costly velvets and silks, to show the variety and range of lovely shades that are available for dress requirements. Kid, when submitted to chrome treatment for water proofing, or for glazing, gave such satisfactory results that further experiments in coloring and dyeing were instituted a few years ago with the result that pretty waist-belts, which assumed such graceful folds when in wear were introduced last year, figuring largely among the attractive novelties for Christmas presents. A special surface, known technically as "matt finish," is given to the kid which is finding chief favors with the dressmakers. It is not so smooth or bright as that of ordinary glazed kid, and may be said to resemble a dull satin, with a peach-like bloom upon it. The colors include some of the softest pastel shades, as well as the stronger and brighter tones, and the reds, mauves and champagnes are particularly good. From the wholesale manufacturers, as well as from the ladies' tailors, the shades most called for are a subdued myrtle-green, navy blue, prune golden, chocolate, and hazel-browns, and silver gray which is shown in some very delicate gradations, while white is greatly favored. It is used as vests with very smart gowns, and appears on coats and skirts in levers, waistbands, strappings, piping, buttons. For more wear, whole made of it, and it is not difficult to make low dressy one might look in pale blues, heliotropes, or ivory.

whites that are to be found. In the darker shades very workmanlike skirts are turned out, and underskirts have been made in it for ladies who are anticipating shooting over rough country. It is even appearing upon millinery, and felt hats for country or morning wear are being trimmed with folded bands of it fastened by quills or wings. Possibly here the soft, velvet-like suede finish may ultimately win chief acceptance, though this, from the system of preparation, is not so desirable where hard wear is concerned, though in colors it rivals those of more burnished face. But there would seem to be no limits to its possible uses as an accessory of dress, as it is pointed out that motifs and appliques of quite original effects could easily be obtained from it, while it lends itself well as the ground for silk embroidery and jeweled work. It is evident that the leather-merchants have a firm belief in it as a coming feature in fashion, which is manifested by the attention bestowed upon it in tasteful and attractive displays, and the wide range of colors which they are prepared to supply.

Berry Wall, said to be the best-dressed of New York men, returned from Europe, the other day, wearing a long tourist coat in which there was a peculiar, underlying pattern of blue. He wore a serge suit—also blue—a dark blue. His shirt was a light cerulean hue—blue. So was his cravat—a darker hue, but blue. And in the middle of his cravat nestled a pin in which was a stone—the stone was a turquoise—blue.

The autumn brides in New York are departing from the custom affected by most former brides, and are wearing some superb jewels when married. Miss Cryder, who was married to William Woodward, wore a rivière of diamonds of unusual size and brilliancy. Miss Amy Gordon Olyphant wore a wide collar of beautiful pearls with diamond slides, a bridal gift from Mr. Anderson, and also a long pearl ornament on her corsage. Miss Frances Crocker also wore a string of large and beautiful pearls, the gift of Mr. Sloane. Miss Gladys Robinson had diamond pins glittering in her veil and hair, and wore a large diamond and sapphire brooch or corsage ornament and other diamonds. Miss Mary Schuchardt had on two enormous diamonds, family heirlooms, as a pendant at her throat, and a large rose brooch of diamonds, also a pearl and sapphire crescent and a brooch of the same jewels. She eschewed another heirloom, a string of pearls, fearing it might bring bad luck. Pearls and diamonds are usually the only jewels worn by new brides, save occasionally a corsage ornament.

The satirical twang of this editorial in the New York Herald leads one to suspect that it is from the hand of James Gordon Bennett himself: "The opera season of 1904-5 promises to reach a higher artistic plane than ever. There is no doubt of this, for the fashionable modistes say they have more orders from their society patrons for superb gowns than they received in any previous year, and that the hox-tiers will be unusually brilliant this winter. As to what will be the greatest operatic performance of the season there is a difference of opinion. It seems to be an even choice between silk and satin, but rose moire and pailletted chiffon cut on the bias, with three rows of insertion pinned on the sleeve and four tucks of aigrette, hand embroidered in flounces and held in place by the tulle veil of the bride's shower bouquet, a gift from the bridegroom, seems to have the call. This may not be an absolutely correct description, but from a hasty glance at the fashion columns and the opera notes of the day, one gets an idea that something like this will be the greatest operatic performance this season at the Metropolitan. 'How should one dress in a hox?' That is easy; in almost any way that is beyond one's means and in any color that will kill the costume in the next loge. A woman who can accomplish that double play should go home



BEAUTY CULTURE

As practiced at my offices is a renewal of skin and muscles of the face. It is, in fact, a rejuvenation. For home use a full line of toilet preparations, specially put up, are carried. Get free booklet if you can not call.

Mella Harris  
Beautydermist  
118 GEARY STREET, S. F.  
TREATMENT TAUGHT.

happy. 'Is the tenor or soprano the chief attraction in an opera?' The tenor may waft over the footlights his most dulcet mezzo voce con amore appassionata strains. That's all right. The soprano may warble her most enchanting cadenzas and other vocal twirl-gigs in the key of A, or even the key of X, Y, or Z, if she likes. Great applause. Nevertheless, the real feature of the evening takes place when Mrs. X., wearing a couple of new diamond tiaras and a few stomachers of rare gems, enters her box. That is when the opera really begins."

Old ocean's joke: "There's another bunch of bridal couples on that ship," remarked Father Neptune. "Yes," replied the Atlantic Ocean, "I'm being crossed in love pretty regular these days."—Philadelphia Press.

The Street of the City.

Post Street is, without doubt, "the street of the city," and can boast of having the best stores in San Francisco. Among the recent arrivals there is the fine tailoring establishment of J. Edlin, who, some time ago, opened up the smartest store of its kind. Mr. Edlin for many years conducted a tailoring business in the Hearst Building, and is to be congratulated upon having secured so good a location as 16 Post Street. Any one desiring the "latest" thing in gentlemen's wear would do well to see the choice display in his windows.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
December 1st ....	58	50	.00	Pt. Cloudy
" 2d .....	58	50	.00	Clear
" 3d .....	58	48	.00	Clear
" 4th .....	58	46	.00	Clear
" 5th .....	58	48	.56	Clear
" 6th .....	58	46	.00	Clear
" 7th .....	58	48	.00	Clear

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 7, 1904, were as follows:

	BONDS.		Closed	
	Shares.	@	Bid.	Asked
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%...	2,000	@ 83 1/2	84 1/2	85
Hawaiian C. S. 5% ..	5,000	@ 101	100 1/2	
Los An. Ry. 5% .....	19,000	@ 116 1/2	116 1/2	117
Los Angeles Pa-cific Con. Ry. 5% ..	5,000	@ 101	100 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 6% .....	8,000	@ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 5% .....	22,000	@ 119 1/2	119 1/2	119 3/4
Oakland Transit 5% .....	1,000	@ 113	113	
Oceanic S. Co 5% .....	5,000	@ 73	.....	80
Pac. Elect. Ry. 5% .....	6,000	@ 104 1/2-104 3/4	104 1/2	
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5% .....	23,000	@ 100 1/2-101 1/2	100 1/2	
S. F. & S. J. Valley Ry. 5% .....	12,000	@ 119 1/2	119 1/2	119 3/4
S. P. R. of Arizona 6% 1909 .....	5,000	@ 109-109 1/2	109	
S. P. R. of Cal. 6% 1905, S. A. ....	1,000	@ 101	101	101 1/2
S. P. R. of Cal. 5% Stpd. ....	27,000	@ 108 1/2-108 3/4	108	108 3/4
S. V. Water 4% .....	9,000	@ 100-100 1/4	100	
S. V. Water 4% 3ds. ....	10,000	@ 99	99	
S. V. Water Co. Gen. 4% .....	10,000	@ 97 1/2	97 1/2	
United R. R. of S. F. 4% .....	175	@ 87 1/2-87 3/4		
	STOCKS.		Closed	
	Shares.	@	Bid.	Asked
S. V. Water .....	600	@ 39-39 1/4	39 1/4	
Banks.				
Anglo-California..	50	@ 88	.....	90
Bank of California.	65	@ 420	420	
Street R. R.				
California Street...	50	@ 198	.....	200
Powders.				
Giant Con. ....	30	@ 63	62	63 1/2
Sugars.				
Hawaiian C. S. ....	135	@ 73 1/2-74 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2
Honokaa S. Co. ....	940	@ 17-18 1/4	17 1/2	17 3/4
Hutchinson. ....	1,850	@ 14 1/2-15 1/4	14 1/2	15
Makaweli S. Co. ....	605	@ 32 1/2-33	32 1/2	33
Onomea Sugar Co.	175	@ 33-	.....	33 1/2
Pauahau Sugar Co.	625	@ 20 1/2-21	20 1/2	20 3/4
Gas and Electric.				
S. F. Gas & Electric	1,396	@ 54 1/2-56	55 1/2	56
Miscellaneous.				
Alaska Packers ..	440	@ 86-93	86	86 1/2
Cal. Wine Assn. ....	85	@ 76 1/2-76		
Oceanic S. Co. ....	1,005	@ 6 1/2-9	6	6 1/2
Pacific States Tel.	34	@ 108-109	106	108
The sugar stocks have been traded in to the amount of 4,330 shares; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar sold off one-half point to 73 1/2; Honokaa Sugar Company one and a quarter points to 17; Hutchinson one-quarter of a point to 14 1/2. Alaska Packers Association sold off ten points to 86, on sales of 440 shares. Spring Valley Water was steady at 39-39 1/4. San Francisco Gas and Electric has been in good demand. 1,396 shares being traded in at 54 1/2-56, closing at 55 1/2 bid, 56 asked. Oceanic Steamship Company sold off four points to 6 on sales of 1,005 shares. California Wine Association was quoted at 76 1/2-77; Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph at 108-109; Bank of California at 420.				

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities, Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW,  
Member Stock and Bond Exchange.  
A. W. BLOW & CO.  
Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



## Hospitality's Cheer

In all social cheer hospitality's motto is:

## The Best for the Guest

The superb quality of

# Hunter Whiskey

makes it the first sought and the first bought.

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,  
136-144 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
Telephone Private 313.

## CURTAZ

IS THE NAME WE ASK YOU TO REMEMBER WHEN ABOUT TO PURCHASE A PIANO

16, 18, 20, O'FARRELL ST. S. F.

## EMBROIDERED PINOSANA PILLOW

A CHRISTMAS GIFT For Eastern Friends

Get free booklet, "The Secret of the Pines."

362-366 Sutter St., S. F.

# THE Argonaut

## CLUBBING LIST FOR 1905

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century .....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine .....	6.25
Argonaut and St. Nicholas .....	6.00
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazaar .....	4.35
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) .....	4.50
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World .....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly .....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine .....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly .....	6.70
Argonaut and Judge .....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine .....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic .....	5.10
Argonaut and Life .....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck .....	7.50
Argonaut and Current Literature .....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century .....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy .....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly .....	4.50
Argonaut and Review of Reviews .....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine .....	5.20
Argonaut and North American Review .....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan .....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum .....	6.00
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age .....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly .....	6.70
Argonaut and International Magazine .....	4.50
Argonaut and Mexican Herald .....	10.50
Argonaut and Muesey's Magazine .....	4.35
Argonaut and the Criterion .....	4.35
Argonaut and Out West .....	5.25
Argonaut and Smart Set .....	6.00
Argonaut and Sunset .....	4.25



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

J. Adam Bede, the wit of Congress, makes the following terse comment on the election: "I asked a Montana conductor why his train was two days late, and he said one-half mile of the d-d scenery fell down. That's what happened a few days ago."

Mark Twain tells a story that while traveling in Germany a man sitting next to him at a dinner in a hotel ordered a bottle of Johannesburg wine. When it was brought he saw on the bottle a label of Moselle, and called to it the attention of the manager, who exclaimed: "Ach! what a stupid donkey; I distinctly told him to put on the Johannesburg label."

A foreign diplomat in conversation with Secretary Hay was expressing satisfaction over the announcement that the latter was to continue in the Cabinet. He also congratulated the Secretary, who is sixty-five years old, on his excellent appearance. "Ah," said Mr. Hay in sorrowful fashion, "you forget that I suffer from an incurable disease." The diplomat expressed astonishment at this statement, and asked the nature of the malady. "Old age," said Mr. Hay.

James McNeil Whistler once visited an artist in Paris who was not overburdened with this world's goods, and was surprised at the sumptuous lunch provided. On being asked how he managed to live so well, his host replied: "I have a pet monkey, which I let down from my window by a rope into that or my landlady, and trust to Providence. Sometimes Jacko returns with a loaf, sometimes with a ham. His visits are full of surprises—one never knows what may appear."

Bishop Potter tells of a young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been called to a city charge. At the end of the first month his salary was paid by a check, and he took it to the bank and passed it in at the pay-teller's window. The official looked at it, and then passed it back. "It's perfectly good," he said, "but I will have to ask you to endorse it." The young clergyman took his pen and wrote across the face of the check: "I respectfully subscribe to the sentiments herein expressed."

One of the most popular priests in Canada is Father O'Gorman, of Gananogue, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. His reverence is a keen judge of horses and dogs, never failing to have at least one Irish setter at every bench show in New York City. At the recent exhibition there his entry won the first prize, on hearing of which a friend said to him: "I suppose they will make you a bishop now." Father O'Gorman, who is not at all averse to a joke on himself, answered, readily: "My dear sir, if I knew as much about theology as I do about Irish setters, I'd be a cardinal this minute."

Of every hundred tourists who visit the Canary Islands, quite seventy-five are British. Naturally, therefore, the natives of the Canary Islands take a great interest in everything which affects England. It is perhaps a pity that their general ignorance is not a little less appalling, but their very disregard for accuracy lends a certain "charm" to their conversation. A man in a barber's shop pointed to a dilapidated map of the world which was nailed to the wall, and putting his forefinger upon Spain, he exclaimed: "If war breaks out, Spain must retake Gibraltar. Have no fear. The English ships may come down to us because it is all downhill, but after we have crippled them they will not find it so easy to get back to England, because it is all uphill."

On the closing night of her farewell engagement in New York, the late Mrs. Gilbert made a happy use of a famous metaphor of Kipling. Six seats in the orchestra were occupied by as many men with white hair—and lots of it. When the women began to throw corsage bouquets of violets upon the stage, the six in question sent their cards to the venerable actress, together with a note running like this: "RESPECTED AND BELOVED MADAM: You are as adorable now as you were forty years ago. We lay our homage at your feet. Please identify us in the second row by our white heads. This is a Canadian salutation." "My very best regards to those gentlemen," was her commission to the usher who had carried the note, "and tell them—mind you get it right—that I would be proud to be mentioned in their orisons as 'Our Lady of the Snows.'"

While President Roosevelt was on his journey to the St. Louis fair, recently, the three cars making up his special train were detached at Pittsburg in order that a change of engines might be made. A crowd of several hundred people had gathered, and the President addressed them from the platform of the car. As he finished his speech, the

engine backed down and hit the train much harder than had been intended. It seemed that the President felt danger before the engine had really hit the train. In any event, before the jar had traveled to his end of the train, he threw up his hand, and shouted: "Back, back, my friends, there's danger." The crowd struggled back, not knowing why, but just in time to escape the car, which swung back several feet, a distance that would have been sufficient to throw many under the wheels, so tightly had they been wedged round the rear car. "Can't afford to lose any voters; not even in Pennsylvania," said the President later, laughing.

## When the Editor's Away.

The editor of the *Epitaph* turned his back on the glorious West this morning, and left the local reporter in charge of this moral sundown daily, which for twenty years, in the shadow of the lofty Dragoons, has molded public opinion, laid down political policies, outlined the duty, and "seen" that they "done it." The editor has not been out of the Territory since it rained frogs, and we had to tack a direction card on his back, which read in words and "figgers as follers":

Mr. CONDUCTOR, take this man to Punkinton by the fast train. If anything happens to him, write to his wife, No. 9562 Tombstone, Arizona. You will find a postal-card in his pocket, and oblige,

Major E. W. Pool, Foreman,  
Col. O. K. Goll, Manager,  
"Mescal," Lightning Editor.

P. S.—Be sure and deliver the goods.

Now, in the absence of the editor and founder of this blazing intelligencer, we propose to revolutionize the policies of the *Epitaph*, and make it something like it "ort" to be. No longer will its columns scintillate with the radium of Democratic doctrine. No longer will the local Democratic candidate receive our invaluable services in consideration of a dozen pumpkins and a jag of polo verda poles. We want a different sort of jag after this, and if he doesn't do better we will meet him at the polls.

The fact is, we have made up our minds to try and do something for humanity, and the policy of this immaculate purveyor of human enlightenment from now on is distinctly, unalterably, and everlastingly Prohibition.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has been engaged to assist, and will be here as soon as she grinds her hatchet. Moreover, she is otherwise engaged, and may change her name to "Aley" in the near future.

We will endeavor to prohibit Pierpont Morgan from filling up the Panama Canal faster than Uncle Sam can dig it, because he owns the transcontinental railway.

We propose to prohibit the merciless and inexplicable persecution and slaughter of the Filipinos.

We propose to prohibit the Armour Packing Company and a hundred other trusts from starving out every little honest concern that happens to be in the same business.

We will prohibit any more nonsense in Manchuria, by batting the Japs and spanking the Russians and sending them all home.

We will prohibit the moon from getting full every thirty days, and twice a year is enough for an editor.

We will prohibit any fellow from dressing up like a bull-fighter and buzzing our best girl over the back gate every evening.

We propose to prohibit beer dealers from bringing St. Louis mosquitoes to Tombstone.

To prohibit the landlady from sicing the redheaded hired girl on every poor 'bo who applies for a bite of boiler-iron steak.

To prohibit our neighbor's hen from laying eggs in our back-yard.

In short, to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors and require vendors to give it away.

We will collect all accounts, stand off all bills, apologize in person, and defy the irate citizen over the telephone. Marriage spells will cost ten dollars, to be turned into the growler fund. Birth notices must be sent in before the kid is weaned. Church notices burned at the stake. Obituary notices buried alive in the waste-basket. Divorce proceedings published at length, provided the female in the case is opened to engagements. Basket picnics advertised at special rates. Job work done with neatness and dispatch, providing the dispatch is paid for.

The fighting editor, lightning editor, snake editor, and fish-story editor are always at home.

Mrs. Nation will take charge of the smitherine department as soon as she can get a shave and prepare for battle.

Come along now, and do business.—*Tombstone Epitaph*.

—SO TIRE SOME, THIS HOLIDAY SHOPPING. Take a bracer of good whisky when you are home. Good whisky means pure whisky. OLD KIRK is guaranteed by Hotelling & Co. as being unsurpassed in purity, delicacy of flavor, and mildness of taste. You'll like it.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist,  
Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Another One.

[DENVER, November 20th.—Alexander Sutherland, said to have been the last survivor of the famous Balaklava "six hundred," is dead at his home in this city.]

Fully six thousand they  
Tbat have been laid away  
Since that wild charge that day  
Of the six hundred!  
Of those who backward rolled  
When death's last bell was tolled  
Six thousand have grown cold  
Since some one blundered!

Ob! the wild charge they made!  
When will their glory fade?  
When will the last be laid  
Of the six hundred?  
Each month that onward flies  
The last survivor dies  
(Unless somebody lies),  
Deathless six hundred!

Six hundred fought that day!  
Six thousand laid away  
Bring back that awful fray  
Till we have wondered,  
At ev'ry one's decease,  
At the brigade's increase,  
When will their dying cease?  
Deathless six hundred!

—Houston Post.

## At the End of the Season.

I met a little quarterback,  
He was a bird, he said,  
There were some scars upon his face  
And bumps upon his head.

"Our bunch is to the bad," said he,  
"We are a crippled crowd,  
This morning when I looked them o'er  
I swear I wept aloud."

"How many are there on your team?"  
I asked the tearful lad,  
"How many did you have before  
They put you to the bad?"

"Alas," said he, "a few are bere  
And some, I trust, in heaven.  
Before the season opened up  
I think we were eleven."

"We were a sassy bunch," quoth he,  
"Before we got our pull back.  
Two of us in the chureyard lie—  
Our centre and our fullback."

"Our right guard broke his vertebra,  
Our left guard lost an arm  
I am the only player left  
Who has not met with harm."

I sought to ascertain from him  
How many were in heaven;  
But he could only weep and say,  
"Kind sir, we were eleven!"  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## A Perfect Milk Food

is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It has a delightful, natural flavor and is superior to the richest raw cream, with the added insurance of being sterile. Always carried by soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers, and explorers. It has become a household necessity.

## BOOTH'S DRY GIN

FOR  
COCKTAILS,  
FIZZES  
AND  
RICKEYS

Commands the  
highest price  
in London and  
is recognized  
as the Best Dry  
Gin the world  
over.

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Ladies' Rain Coat.

MACKINTOSHES and RAINCOATS  
For Men, Women, and Children.  
Durable. Anysize, anyquantity.

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RUBBER AND OILED GOODS

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Fishing and Wading Boots,  
Hunting Boots and Coats.

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61-63-65-67 Fourth St., Portland, Or.

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## AMERICAN LINE.

PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON.  
From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
New York.....Dec. 17 | St. Louis.....Dec. 31  
St. Paul.....Dec. 24 | Philadelphia.....Jan. 7  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Haverford.....Jan. 14  
Merion.....Dec. 31, 10 am | Friesland.....Jan. 28

## ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.

NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Manitou.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Minnetonka.....Dec. 31, 1 pm  
Menominee.....Dec. 24, 10 am | Mesaba.....Jan. 7, 10 am

## RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Zeeland.....Dec. 17 | Vaderland.....Dec. 31  
Kronland.....Dec. 24 | Zealand.....Jan. 4

## WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic.....Dec. 21, 10 am | Cedric.....Jan. 4, 4:30 am  
Baltic.....Dec. 28, 10 am | Teutonic.....Jan. 11, 10 am

## Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Eymric.....Dec. 21 | Winifredian.....Jan. 4

## NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN VIA AZORES.  
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA,  
ALEXANDRIA.  
From New York.

Republic.....Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic.....Feb. 4, March. 18

## From Boston.

Canopic.....Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
Romanic.....Jan. 28, March 11  
First-class \$5 upward, depending on date.

C. D. TAYLOR, Passenger Agent, Pacific Coast,  
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## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan  
Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai,  
and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Coptic.....Saturday, November 28  
S. S. Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 13  
(Calls at Manila)  
S. S. Doric.....Thursday, February 2, 1905  
S. S. Copic.....Saturday, February 25  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office,  
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D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

## OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sietra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons

S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Dec. 10, at 11  
A. M.  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland  
and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Dec. 31, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market  
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A Ferruginous Tonic

A combination of the best Cinchona, Rich  
Wine and Iron as a specific remedy for

Malarial Fevers, Colds, Anæmia  
and Slow Convalescence.

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So many San Francisco houses  
advertise in the Oakland *Tribune*  
is because it reaches thou-  
sands of families who depend  
entirely upon the *Tribune* for  
all the news of the day.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Quinan, daughter of Mr. W. R. Quinan, of Cape Town, South Africa, to Mr. Walter Mott Shaw, of Boston, Mass.

The engagement is announced of Miss Olive Lousia McCall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. McCall, of Oakland, to Assistant Paymaster John R. Hornberger, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Alice Bacon, daughter of Mrs. Alfred Bacon, to Mr. Thomas Driscoll, will take place at Santa Barbara on Monday, December 19th.

The wedding of Miss Ida Belle Henzel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henzel, to Mr. Joseph Adams Miller, Jr., took place on Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents on Bush Street, near Steiner. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Burr Weeden. Miss Bertha Henzel was bridesmaid, and Mr. Douglas Carter acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will reside in Nevada.

The wedding of Miss Louise Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Stubbs, to Mr. Morgan W. Jellitt, took place on Friday evening, December 2d, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1269 Castro Street, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. E. Stubbs. Miss Blanche Tisdale was bridesmaid, and Mr. John Stubbs acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Jellitt will reside in Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Low, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Low, to Lieutenant Charles Smith Hamilton, U. S. A., took place on December 2d at Trinity Episcopal Church. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by Rev. Frederick Clappett. Lieutenant Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton will reside at Angel Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn will give a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 2550 Webster Street, in honor of Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Coleman gave a hall at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore and Miss Carol Moore will give a dance at their residence, 2404 Broadway, on New Year's evening.

Mrs. William Benton Wilshire and Miss Wilshire will be "at home" at 2109 Baker Street on the second and third Fridays in December.

Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and Miss Eugenia Hawes gave a dinner on Monday evening at their apartments, 800 Sutter Street, in honor of Miss Partridge, daughter of Bishop Partridge.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing gave a dinner on Monday at her apartments at St. Dunstan's in honor of Miss Marie Wells and Mr. Selby Hanna.

Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes will give a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Anita Harvey will give a tea on Thursday at their residence, 2301 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George Sperry and Miss Elsie Sperry gave a tea on Sunday in honor of Miss Marie Wells.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman and Miss Maud Payne gave a luncheon on Thursday.

Miss Elsie Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Clifford, will make her formal debut on Friday evening, December 16th, at a dance to be given by her parents at 147 Presidio Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle, of Honolulu. Others at table were General Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Tucker, Medical Director Manly H. Simons, U. S. N., and Mrs. Simons, and Miss Anna D. Gray.

Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy and Miss Christine Pomeroy gave a luncheon on Sunday at their residence, 1300 Hyde Street.

Miss Anita Harvey gave a tea on Monday at her residence, 2301 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Monday evening. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kehl, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Miss Linda Caldwell, Mrs. Elena Robinson, Mr. Adrien Mizner, Mr. Jerome Landfield, Mr.

Enrique Grau, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mrs. John L. Howard, Mrs. John L. Howard, Jr., and Miss Jean Howard gave a reception at their residence in Oakland on Wednesday.

A hop was given by the naval officers at Mare Island on Saturday evening.

A hop was given by the Officers' Club at the Presidio on Tuesday evening.

Miss Edna Davis gave a tea on Tuesday at her residence, 2501 Scott Street.

The annual charity hall of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, was given at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening. The following were the patronesses: Mrs. Arthur W. Foster, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. William H. Harrison, Mrs. William B. Collier, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Pebe Hearst, Mrs. John Garher, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Ynez Shorh White, Mrs. William L. Duff, Mrs. William B. Pritchard, and Mrs. Malcolm Henry.

## Oakland's New Country Club.

The Claremont Country Club, located in the picturesque Piedmont hills, east of and between Oakland and Alameda, was opened on Saturday afternoon. Games—golf, tennis, and Scotch howling—were played, and music enlivened the day. The grounds and the club building were thronged by members and their friends.

The Claremont Club grounds comprise ninety-five acres, and the club-house, which is fitted up as a hotel, has sleeping accommodations for twenty members. The building is on an eminence, and the view from the windows embraces the bay cities on the Alameda side as well as the bay itself, San Francisco and the Golden Gate. The living accommodations are for members and their friends, who may secure them for a night, or for any length of time desired. The club-house is well supplied with indoor games and amusements.

The grounds have a good golf course, and two excellent tennis courts, while the lawn is well adapted for playing Scotch howls.

The club has at present three hundred and seventy-five members, thirty-four of whom have paid for life memberships. The officers and directors are as follows: Edwin Goodall, president; F. M. Wilson, vice-president; W. P. Johnson, treasurer; S. B. McKee, secretary; F. W. Vansicklen, P. E. Bowles, and George W. McNear.

William Faversham, playing in Pinero's "Letty," met with a very cold reception recently at Northampton, Mass., where Smith College is situated. Many of the college girls bought tickets, but President Selye requested them not to attend the play, having heard of its bad qualities through a friend who "was compelled to leave the theatre out of respect to his wife." He added that no decent woman could afford to be present. The next day flocks of the girls went to the theatre and requested a return of their ticket money, and, not obtaining it, some of them mourned grievously, while others braved professorial wrath and saw the play.

Nance O'Neill is gaining in favor with the New York critics, who, all through, have been far more laudatory of her work than the dispatches to local papers indicated. Some of them were very severe on her "Hedda Gabler" and "Magda," while others, though pointing out crudities, gave her credit for great ability. This week she is playing T. B. Aldrich's play, "Judith of Bethulia," and is receiving far more favorable notices than at first.

The Family Club Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, will be the principal race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday). One thousand dollars is added to the purse. There will be several other fine contests. The Crocker Selling Stakes, two thousand dollars added, will be contested for the following Saturday.

William A. Deane, who for two successive terms was county clerk of San Francisco, died on Saturday at his residence, 340 Twenty-Third Avenue, of stomach and kidney troubles. Mr. Deane was born in this city in 1861. He left a widow and one son, twelve years of age.

A WOMAN FATIGUED FROM HOLIDAY SHOPPING will find good whisky a great reviver. Always keep a bottle of the best in your home. Hotelling's celebrated OLD KIRK is the best on the market. Ask "hubby."

— PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK BEARING THE NAME OF Rasmussen will never be cheapened by becoming an advertising gift of any dry goods, grocery, or vegetable store. The word Rasmussen stands for the best and most exclusive in Photographic Portraiture. Sittings by appointment. 139 Post Street.

## Glace Fruits.

Handsome presents for Eastern friends—Townsend's California Glace Fruits in fine-etched and hand-painted boxes. 715 Market Street.

## Pictures and Their Painters.

That enjoyment of a picture is really incomplete unless one knows something of the life that has been made a part of it, and that the artist deserves, perhaps, first consideration, is the belief of William Morris, the veteran art dealer of San Francisco, recently returned from an extended tour of the studios of the country. As a result of his pilgrimage, he has one of the finest collections of art treasures ever brought to our Coast. Besides, he is hrimful of interesting personal notes about the artists themselves.

While American work comprises the greater part of this collection, there is a considerable number of choice European paintings. A striking canvas on special exhibition during the holidays is "The Passing Fleet," by the celebrated painter, Alfred Guillaou. Among the American artists represented is W. E. Norton, a Bostonian by birth, who went to Europe to study in 1877, and afterward established studios in London and Paris. He received honorable mention in the Paris Salon in 1895, and has three gold medals to his credit, one received this year. Three of his pictures are in the Morris collection.

"The Picture Book" is the ingenious title of a study by Miss Clara McChesney, a California girl, who has won high place for herself, both in this country and abroad, and is associated with the most eminent painters in the East. Albert Neuhuys, the distinguished Dutch painter, became so interested in "The Picture Book" while it was being painted that he collaborated one whole day with the artist on it. The canvas has attracted much attention, and, as Miss McChesney considers it her high-water mark, she was very reluctant to let Mr. Morris have it.

Three charming water-colors and one oil by Julian Rix, the well-known Californian, are shown. "Late Autumn on Esopus Creek" and "Spring Time on the Passiac" are two characteristic examples of his nature studies, and were finished shortly before his death.

W. T. Richards, one of the best marine draughtsmen in America, is represented by "Coast of Cornwall," "New England Coast," and "Off Newport." Mr. Richards has pictures in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D. C., the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York City.

A painter of the lights and shadows of the woods is R. M. Shurtliff, who stands pre-eminent as a student of nature, and especially of the forests of New England. Three of his pictures are entitled "The First Snow," "Late Autumn," and "Spring Time." Venetian scenes, "Rio della Tana" and "San Andrea," by A. F. Bunner, display a successful treatment of a comprehensive color scheme.

That most typical American artist, Winslow Homer, who has never studied abroad, but ranks, nevertheless, very high, is also among the contributors. "Summer in Westchester County," by Arthur Parton, "Early Autumn on Long Island," by Edward Gay, "Autumn Twilight," by Bruce Crane, are other notable pictures in this rare collection at 248 Sutter Street, which every art lover and connoisseur should make it his business to see.

Mrs. O. Scott recently gave a novel "green" luncheon at the Empire. The table and its furnishings, including glassware, china, linen, and lights, were all in green, and the room was decorated in the same color. The luncheon was served by The Buckingham café.

Nat Goodwin is meeting with success in his new comedy, "The Usurper," written for him by I. N. Norris. Goodwin has the rôle of a Dakota cowboy who rises above his surroundings, and, following a pretty face to London, meets with many romantic adventures.

— MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

— PICTURES FOR CHRISTMAS AT DODGE'S, 123 Grant Avenue.

Celebrated "Knox" Hats, Winter styles. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

## Pears'

Pears' Soap furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in every quarter of the globe.

## SHOPPING IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City, will personally undertake to execute shopping orders in New York.

A camera is an acceptable Christmas gift.

Good ones \$5 and \$8. Better ones \$10, \$15, \$25. Instruction free,

HIRSCH & KAISER,  
7 Kearny St.

Opticians

CHRISTMAS flower-gifts, lace card cases with leather applique, cocktail trays, illuminated Christmas cards—these are some of the pretty tokens now ready.

Tel. 1911 John 1911  
Charlotte F. Williams, 121 Post St.  
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## THE WALDORF

241-243 Geary Street

The finest assortment of hair goods, real shell ornaments.

Wigs made at short notice.

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Orders received for lace-work, modeled leather, wood-carving. Private instructions given on any piece of decorative art.

## FRANCES RICHARDS

131 Post Street, Room 6.

The Old Reliable  
**ROYAL**  
BAKING POWDER  
ABSOLUTELY  
PURE  
There is no substitute

**SHREVE & COMPANY**  
POST AND MARKET STS.  
(A central location.) Their collection of Holiday Goods has never been so large, varied and interesting. Your entire list can be checked off there, for the Departments are many—prices are moderate and every assistance is afforded patrons in the way of careful packing and forwarding on the dates requested. Courteous and intelligent service is invariably given to all. "SHREVE'S" is NOT an expensive establishment.



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# BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GOODS

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The latest European Importations in

Paintings, Pictures,  
Bronze and Marble Statuary,  
Fine China and Glassware,

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AT MODERATE PRICES

113 GEARY STREET

## MAKE A HOME HAPPY

One of our Christmas Boxes of Groceries makes a most appropriate and welcome gift for any home. It contains all the season's dainties packed most attractively; give your friends a pleasant surprise.

### CHRISTMAS BOXES

\$1, \$2.50, \$5, \$10

**Smiths' Cash Store**  
25 MARKET STREET

Bring the children to see our fairy-land of toys.

### BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

Open all the year. Luxurious mineral and mud baths. Hotel unique in cuisine, service, and appointments. Rates reasonable. Very superior accommodations.

Trains leave San Francisco at 8:30 and 10:00 A. M., and 3:30 and 6:00 P. M.

H. R. WARNER, Manager,  
Byron Hot Springs P. O.

## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

## Hotel Vendome SAN JOSE

Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

### A Large Bathing Pavilion on the Grounds.

Bowling alleys, tennis, etc. New auto road map of the county mailed on application.

J. T. BROOKS, Manager.



**HARTSHORN  
SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of Stewart  
Hartshorn on label.  
Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.

### MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow left for Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, to be absent a month. Judge Morrow will attend the meeting of the Carnegie Institute on Tuesday next, and during the holidays will be the guest of Lieutenant-Commander Fechteler, U. S. N., and Mrs. Fechteler, and Captain H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Robinson Riley have arrived in Rome, Italy, where they intend to spend the winter months.

Prince Poniatowski has returned to New York from Europe.

Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Florence Gibbons, and Miss Elsie Dorr have returned from a trip East.

Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N., and Mrs. Winship (née Dillon) have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Le Breton and Miss Margaret Le Breton are in Paris for the winter.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop sailed on Saturday for Hong Kong.

Miss Lucy Stebbins sailed on Saturday for Yokohama.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Parker, Miss Beatrice Campbell, and Miss Alice Campbell arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard has returned from her trip East.

Colonel and Mrs. George Macfarlane arrived from Honolulu on Tuesday.

Mrs. Warren Olney and Miss Ethel Olney sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellinwood (née Greer) have returned from the East, and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Charles N. Ellinwood.

Mrs. M. G. Hinkle has taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin R. Higgins have returned from St. Louis and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale departed on Thursday for Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier have returned from the East.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols and Miss Mary Nichols have returned from a trip East.

Baroness von Meyerinck was among the recent visitors to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. M. J. Tansey has taken an apartment at The Buckingham.

Sir Wilfred and Lady Laurier, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Coutre, and Mr. R. Bordeaux, of Ottawa, Canada, were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Leslie Wright and Mrs. George Talant are in Paris for the winter.

Mrs. George Pinckard arrived on Tuesday from Japan.

Mr. Arthur Gilroy, of London, has an apartment at The Buckingham.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hurlburt, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Jay, Mr. R. Baker, Mr. William Bentz, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. Henry Stark, Mr. M. E. Pinckard, Mr. Guy Pinckard, and Mr. C. H. Meredith.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. B. Brooks and Miss J. E. McCleary, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. William Painter, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hood, Jr., and Mr. Orrin C. Painter, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Milliken, of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Claypool, of Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Small, of Los Angeles, Mrs. E. Gilbert, of Santa Barbara, Colonel and Mrs. Cornelius Gardner, Mrs. Herman Hall, Mr. Joseph Rose, Mr. Arthur Hunn, Mr. A. Barnard, Mr. C. H. Crocker, and Mr. C. Lincoln.

### The Buckingham Cafe's Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar table-d'hôte dinner will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, December 11, 1904:

Eastern Oysters, Fancy Roast.

Salted Almonds. Stuffed Dates.

Chicken Gumbo a la Creole. Consomme aux Querrelles.

Timbales of Striped Bass Joinville. Potato Croquettes.

Sweet Breads a la Toulouse en Cases. Lamb Cutlets a la Buckingham.

Peaches with Rice a la Conde.

Roman Punch.

Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus. Fried Spring Chicken Maryland. Asparagus, Mustard Sauce. Spinach au Jus. String Beans, Sauté en Butter. Mashed Potatoes. Brown Sweet Potatoes.

Lobster Salad en Mayonnaise.

Apple Pie. Coconut Pie. Peach Ice Cream. Assorted Cake. Wine Jelly. Whipped Cream.

Cafe Noir.

Water Crackers.

American Cheese. Swiss Cheese.

— FRENCH CARBONS—REPRODUCTIONS OF THE Old Masters at Dodge's, 123 Grant Avenue.

A. Hirschman,

712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry.

### Army and Navy News.

Commander C. T. B. Moore, U. S. A., and Mrs. Moore expect to sail on December 22d for Tuituila, Samoa, where Commander Moore will relieve Commander Edmund B. Underwood, U. S. N., as governor of that place.

General C. R. Greenleaf, retired, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greenleaf have departed for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Logan, wife of Captain L. C. Logan, U. S. N., Miss E. Logan, and Miss G. Logan arrived from the Orient on Tuesday.

Lieutenant-Commander John B. Blish, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Asiatic squadron, and will sail from here December 20th.

Captain James Canby, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed from St. Louis to San Francisco, and report for duty.

Captain Daniel J. Carr, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Meyer, Va., to take effect as soon after January 1, 1905, as his services can be spared, and will proceed to Benicia Barracks, and assume command of Company L of the Signal Corps.

Lieutenant-Commander A. G. Rogers, U. S. N., has been ordered to the training-ship *Independence* as executive officer. Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Glennon, U. S. N., is detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the Bureau of Ordnance of the Navy Department at Washington.

Colonel C. A. Stedman, U. S. A., on leave from Fort Huachuca, Ariz., was among the guests at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mrs. Cornelia Kempff, daughter of Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N., has been a guest of Mrs. R. M. Cutts at Mare Island.

Miss Pascal, of Seattle, is a guest of Captain W. A. Burwell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Burwell, aboard the United States training-ship *Independence*.

Major C. G. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long, and Rear-Admiral C. J. Barclay, U. S. N., and Mrs. Barclay, were recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Lieutenant Clay Supplee, U. S. A., and Mrs. Supplee are here from Vancouver Barracks.

The following United States army officers have been nominated by President Roosevelt for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general: Colonel Henry C. Dunwoody, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Leary, Jr., Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel L. Woodward, Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde, Colonel Oscar F. Long, Major Theodore A. Bingham, and Colonel Constant Williams.

The following navy officers have been nominated for promotion to the rank of rear-admiral: Captain William M. Folger, Captain Francis W. Dickinson, Captain George F. F. Wilde, Captain Charles H. Davis, Captain Charles J. Train, Captain George W. Pigman, and Captain George A. Converse.

Asa R. Wells, a pioneer of San Francisco, died at his residence, 1406 Jackson Street, on Thursday morning. Mr. Wells was seventy-five years of age. He came to California in the early fifties, and for many years was in the shipping and lumber business. For a time he was auditor of San Francisco.

Luther Burhank is to be a special lecturer at Stanford University. His lectures will be given in connection with Dr. Jordan's course upon bionomics, or organic evolution.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

### Drawing-Room Talks.

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# The Argonaut.

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The *Chronicle* is a daily newspaper, published in San Francisco, which draws its readers from all classes. The *Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association* is a semi-monthly journal, published in Philadelphia, and who its readers are may be inferred from the fact that it advertises that "the *Bulletin* is sent regularly to every manufacturer of iron and steel in the United States."

The principles which the *Chronicle* is supposed to advocate are those which will most benefit the people of this commonwealth—merchants, farmers, workingmen—men of whatsoever trade or profession. The principles which the *Bulletin* advocates are those beneficial to iron and steel manufacturers chiefly. Yet, on the tariff question, the *Chronicle* and the *Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association* are at one. "The Dingley tariff must not be revised," cries the *Bulletin*.

"We need every cent of the revenue produced by the present tariff," exclaims the *Chronicle*. The revision idea is "a monstrous proposition," shrills the *Bulletin*. "Talk about the desire for tariff-revision is foolish," echoes the *Chronicle*. "Solemn promises must be kept," asserts the iron-men's organ. "Let the tariff alone until the next Presidential election," is the strange advice the *Chronicle* distributes to its constituency. Strange, is it not, that the *Chronicle* should continually assert that the tariff affords no shelter to monopoly, and yet the Steel Trust, through its principal organ, should declare even the suggestion of cutting off the tariff benefits it receives "a monstrous proposition"? Curious, is it not, that the *Chronicle* and the biggest of trusts should be of precisely the same opinion on the proposal to remove a part of the duty on iron and steel? Singular, is it not, that the *Chronicle* should join with the trust's *Bulletin* to continue in force tariff schedules which permit the Steel Trust to sell at a profit to the foreigner goods for which the American buyer is charged almost double the price?

The struggle between the President and his tariff-revision friends on the one hand, and the stand-patters with the big corporations behind them on the other, daily waxes warmer. The interpretation placed in these columns last week upon the President's silence about the tariff in his late message (namely, that he intends to discuss it in a special message later on), is that accepted by several metropolitan journals, whose editorial comments on the message are now at hand. The *Tribune*, for example, remarks that "the fact that the President makes no reference to the tariff justifies the supposition that he intends to discuss that subject by itself in a later communication to Congress." And Walter Wellman says that he has reason to know that the original draft of the message actually contained the sentence: "As to the tariff, I will communicate with you later"; but on second thought the President deleted the passage. At the same time, the stand-pat faction of the Republican party is showing itself so strong that it may be doubted, at least, whether an extraordinary session of Congress to consider the tariff will be called to meet March next. It now seems more probable that the extraordinary session will be called for next September. The President himself, however, by all means would prefer to have the extraordinary session meet in the spring. The *Sun*, in a very recent article bearing a Washington date-line, says: "Whatever doubt there has been as to the attitude of President Roosevelt on the question of tariff-revision need no longer exist, for the President is an out-and-out, fair-and-square, advocate of a plan to amend radically some of the main schedules of the Dingley law. He believes that this plan should be held in abeyance only for the present short session of Congress, and that the matter should be taken up at an extra session, to be convened preferably in the spring of the present year." The obstacles in the path of the President in carrying out this progressive plan of his are great. For example, in the present Congress, only twenty-two members have openly declared themselves in favor of revision, while seventy-seven have aligned themselves against it. It must be taken into consideration, however, that this is not the Congress which is to be asked to revise the tariff, but the new Congress, which comes into being March 5th, next. And it will be a politically hazardous undertaking for congressmen openly to oppose anything that Theodore Roosevelt, with the prestige of eight million voters behind him, really wants. Roosevelt is far stronger than his party. Let him only sound the battle-cry, and millions of voters will follow wherever he chooses to lead, so long, only, as it is for-

ward. It is all very well for Senator Perkins to announce that he stands pat. He is not up for election next year or the next. But do you suppose that Duncan McKinlay, who never in the world would have been elected had it not been for Roosevelt's strong hand on his shoulder pushing along, will oppose any tariff measure which the President in a special message shall indicate that he desires to be enacted? Do you suppose that Joseph R. Knowland, who the other day told a Washington interviewer that he didn't know until he arrived in Chicago on his way East that anybody thought of revising the tariff—do you suppose Mr. Knowland will stand up and be counted as an opponent of the thing the President sets his heart upon? Will any of our congressmen, for that matter, fail to recognize that the President is stronger than his party, and that safety lies in sticking close behind him? It will be infinitely dangerous, we take it, to any Republican congressman's chances two years from now to have it bruited about his district that he is antagonistic to the President. Once that idea gets abroad, and Mr. M. C. will get it in the place where the historic female fowl received the impact of the bright and equally historic weapon of lethality.

W. R. Hearst is being talked of for mayor of the City of New York. The Republican *Tribune* devotes a long article to the subject. It points out as evidence of Mr. Hearst's intention of being mayor his suit enjoining the city from paying gas bills in the amount of \$4,000,000 to which many people believe that Mayor McClellan improperly gave his indorsement. If Mr. Hearst wins out in this, he will discredit McClellan, who wants renomination. Mr. Hearst hates him, and Tammany, which stands behind him, for two good reasons: Tammany refused to support Mr. Hearst in his endeavor to get the nomination for President, and Tammany refused to give him the renomination to Congress from the eleventh district until Judge Parker personally interceded in Hearst's behalf in the interests of harmony. Mr. Hearst is said to believe that if he can get the Democratic nomination he can at least poll a vote large enough to show the people of the country that he is a man to be reckoned with, even if he is not elected, as he counts on being. In case the New York Democracy refuses him the nomination, he calculates that, as an independent candidate, he would receive so large a radical vote (including 25,000 Socialists) that he might almost as easily win as with only two candidates in the field. Henry George, it will be remembered, polled 60,000 votes in 1886 against 90,000 for his Democratic opponent, and 60,000 for the Republican one. The mayorship of the City of New York is an office of no small importance. It is far more responsible a position than the governorship of most States. New York City, with its three million and a half people (census of 1900), is excelled in population only by the States of Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Aside from the governorship of the State of New York, no elective position more logically leads to a Presidential nomination than this. The *Tribune* appears to believe that Mr. Hearst has a chance of success.

On February 8th, Russia and Japan each had fleets in the Far East. Japan's was the superior. That was admitted on all hands. In a sudden night attack upon a crassly unwatchful enemy, Japan succeeded in making the naval odds still more in her favor. But despite her naval supremacy, Admiral Togo completely failed in his efforts to destroy the Russian fleet. More Russian vessels have come to their end through accident than has destroyed. On August 10th, six months after



war began, every battle-ship in the Russian fleet was in fighting trim. And now the final and complete disaster to the Russian Port Arthur squadron is brought about not by Togo and his battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, but by big land guns mounted on 203-Meter Hill back of Port Arthur. A singular end to a naval campaign!—and one that reflects no glory on the Japanese navy. Russia has now only two fighting vessels in the Far-East, the cruisers *Gromoboi* and the *Bogatyr*. Ships valued at close upon one hundred and fifty million dollars are at the bottom of the sea. Japan will doubtless shortly effect the capture of Port Arthur, but the glory of the contest her soldiers will share with General Stoessel and his brave men whose defense of the fortress, as a British writer remarks, "will rank, as a magnificent feat of arms, with Massena's memorable defense of Genoa." Stoessel's stubborn resistance has seriously disarranged the Japanese plans, preventing, as it has, the concentration of the whole yellow army on General Kuropatkin.

On land, the Russian has fixed himself in a strong if not impregnable position. The Muscovite soldier is inured to cold weather. He thrives in such crowded quarters as those which he has cut for himself in the bare slopes of the Manchurian hills that face the Japanese army. The Siberian railway is working well. Supplies appear to be plenty. Reinforcements are daily arriving. Deep snow and below-zero weather compel a cessation of hostilities. Every month's delay strengthens the Russian position, so long as there is not absolute revolution at home. The Japanese, on the contrary, are constitutionally ill-fitted to endure protracted periods of intense cold. In the siege of Port Arthur, Japan has lost thousands upon thousands of men that she could ill afford to lose. The opinion heretofore expressed in these columns that Japan has fallen far short of achieving what was open to her to achieve, appears to be growing in favor among military critics. The Japanese soldier is without a peer, but the Japanese commander lacks military genius. As a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* points out, the Japanese should have taken advantage of Russia's extraordinary weakness at the beginning of the campaign (she had only 40,000 men), and pushed rapidly on to a decisive encounter. Instead, the advance was made with inconceivable hesitation and dilatoriness, so that when the moment came for the decisive battle, Kuropatkin had so reinforced his army and entrenched himself at Liao Yang that the victory won was empty and barren. "Strategy," as has been said, "aims at compelling a hostile enemy to fight under the most unfavorable conditions. But Japanese strategy, at the end of the seventh month of the war, had ended in bringing on the main engagement under the conditions most advantageous to the Russians." It is not essential that the Baltic fleet continue at once to the Far East if conditions are such that Kuropatkin can prosecute a successful offensive campaign in the spring.

The California State legislature convenes on January 3, 1905. Its lower house will consist of 76 Republican members and 4 Democratic members. In the upper house there are 5 Democrats and 35 Republicans.

The law provides that balloting for the election of United States senator shall begin on the second Tuesday after the legislature meets. This year, New Year's falls on Sunday, and Monday is therefore a legal holiday. If the legislators organize on Tuesday, the 3d, balloting for United States senator will begin on January 17th.

During the past two weeks there has been but little change in the situation. The candidates are Frank P. Flint, of Los Angeles, Thomas R. Bard, of Hueneme, Henry T. Oxnard, of Oxnard, and George A. Knight, of San Francisco. According to a rather doubtful precedent, the senator-elect should reside in Southern California, since his colleague resides in the north-central part of the State. But the legislators from the south have been, and evidently will be, unable to agree upon a candidate. South of Tehachapi has 25 senators and assemblymen, and Mr. Flint is said to have of these 13, and Bard 12. This disharmony is markedly favorable to the candidacies of Mr. Knight and Mr. Oxnard. For our part, we should like to see the former of these gentlemen elected. The administration of Mr. Roosevelt, which is now beginning, is evidently to be one of progressive policies and radical legislation. It is not improbable that the charge against the Republican party that it is a party of millionaires and corporations will become less and less true during the next four years. The United States Senate at the present time is open to the taunt that it is a club of millionaires, an aggregation of men of wealth. The candidacy of George A. Knight gives California a chance to put her in line with President Roosevelt's progressive policy. George A. Knight has long been a stalwart and Republican; he has stumped the State repeatedly;

he has always been at the service of the party; nor has he received as a reward therefor any fat offices. He is a man of very moderate means and what he has he earned; he is fairly young, as senators go, of good reputation, eloquent, able, and industrious. The Republican party of California has sent no men of that type to the Senate—it has sent chiefly old rich men. If the Republican party is not so closely allied to millionaires and trusts as its enemies say, here is an excellent chance for the party in California to prove it. Mr. Knight's opponents are either rich men or closely allied with large corporations. Mr. Flint is said to have the support of Mr. Herrin, of the Southern Pacific; he visited this city a few days ago with a retinue of four men, three bankers and a railway magnate. This is his privilege, but why not send to the United States Senate a man not so closely allied to the corporations which have been in the past so successful in influencing legislative bodies in their interests? As for the geographical objection to Knight it has no real force. A United States senator, unlike a congressman, primarily represents his State, not a district. It is immaterial whence he comes if he is honest, able, courageous, and eloquent. And Knight is that.

The other day there died in the East an old lady.

THE CHARM  
OF SIMPLE  
GOODNESS.

She was known to many, many people, yet to no greater number than thousands of public men—senators, governors of States, mayors of great cities, philanthropists, captains of industry. Still, when this old lady died, the journals of the metropolis gave to her death and obsequies columns of their precious space—many times more than they often have to the deaths of very famous men—men who had been powers in the state. And why? Not because she was great in her profession, for this old lady was not great; but just because she was simple and good, and because that goodness and that simplicity, radiant from her personality, had, during her long life, impressed itself upon thousands of men and women, and made them love her. Just goodness; that's all the reason why there were printed about Mrs. Gilbert long and tender eulogies, when the death of many a greater man or woman has been curtly dismissed in one brief paragraph.

"Our highly esteemed exchange, the *Argonaut*, has been sad, silent, and dark now for a considerable period on the subject of 'gentleman,'" says the Sacramento *Bee*. Of course. Why should the *Argonaut* continue to devote valuable space to the upholding of a position in which, as the *Bee* admits, we are supported by "English directories and by the average English lexicographer"?

THE ARGONAUT,  
THE BEE,  
AND GENTLEMAN.

As we remarked some weeks ago, we are quite content to rest our case on that. But the *Bee* isn't. It has all the proselytizing energy of a new convert to the Salvation Army. It calls upon us to reform—"to drop our feudal use of the term 'gentleman' and become a little more contemporaneous." It says our statement about the British meaning of the word "gentleman," namely, that "in England the word 'gentleman' has not necessarily [the *Bee* omits "necessarily"] in quoting us in order to bolster up its argument] the slightest reference to the character of the person to whom it is applied," has "long been discarded." It asserts that "that is not the common acceptance of the term." It declares that "that was the feudal idea, which is entirely too narrow for the present day." If this be true, a dispatch printed in the *San Francisco Call* recently must have been delayed a couple of centuries in transit; for it sets forth that in a suit at law in a London court the question was raised whether a schoolmaster should claim to be "a gentleman." The judge decided that in the eyes of the law he was not "a gentleman." In the course of the argument, according to the dispatch, "the judge suggested that a draper making \$50,000 a year might be a perfect gentleman in society, but would not be a gentleman for the purpose of the county or high court scale, though a man with an independent income of \$250 would be." The schoolmaster was therefore denied the privilege of receiving costs as a witness under the head of "gentleman" instead of on the lower scale as ordered by the court registrar.

This incident shows very clearly that a strict construction of the meaning of the word "gentleman" is by no means, as the *Bee*, in its ignorance, supposes, "obsolete" or "long discarded." The *Argonaut*, of course, never contended that the idea that "gentle is as gentle does" has not its force in England as well as in the United States. Here, we said in the original article, a gentleman may be either a laborer or a millionaire; unlettered or a man of brilliant attainments; sprung from the humblest parentage or the seign of an "aristocratic" family. "But in England," we continued, "the case is quite different." And for

the benefit of the *Bee*, which conveniently forgets precisely what we said about "gentleman" in England, we quote: "There a 'gentleman' is such by act of Parliament—that is, his status is defined when he is born; he may become a convict or a murderer, and still remain a 'gentleman.' He constitutes a class almost as fixed, as regards its boundaries, as the nobility itself, or, in Continental countries, as the peasantry. In short, in England the word 'gentleman' has not necessarily the slightest reference to the character of the person to whom it is applied."

We see no reason to change a word of this opinion. Had we said: "In England the word 'gentleman' has never the slightest reference to the character of the person to whom it is applied," we should have been far wrong. There are extant hundreds of differing definitions of what virtues and graces an English gentleman has or ought to have. But these definitions have no standing in law. They are mere matters of individual opinion.

This view of the matter is, as the *Bee* admits, supported by English directories; it is supported by English lexicographers; it has been supported by an English judge within the last few weeks. What more does the *Bee* want? So far as we can see, the only way it can get out of the pit it has dugged for itself is by sending copies of its lucid and convincing editorials to British jurists, and effecting their glorious conversion to the views on the subject seemingly current in Sacramento, Cal.

The *Examiner* recently contained a curious item.

THE BAR  
ASSOCIATION'S  
MEMORIAL.

It was an account of a meeting of the San Francisco Bar Association, and set forth that the Bar Association had memorialized Congress to pass a law providing for the appointment of an additional United States district judge for the northern district of California. The reason stated is that the docket of the United States Circuit Court is congested.

To a layman, it is somewhat obscure why a new district judge should be created to relieve the work in a circuit court. It would seem just as wise to increase the number of superior judges in Marin County to relieve the congestion existing in the San Francisco courts. If the docket of the United States Circuit Court is congested, and as to this the *Argonaut* expresses no opinion, then why not appoint another circuit judge? Why appoint a district judge? It is said that there is less business in the ninth circuit than any other circuit in America, and yet it is proposed to increase the number of district judges, and by this odd operation relieve the business of another court, having a separate and distinct jurisdiction over cases of another character.

It is unfortunate, if the circuit court needs relief, that this circuitous and somewhat suspicious course should have been pursued. It bears all the earmarks of indirection.

It is in order, and it would be gratifying to the *Argonaut*, if some lawyer familiar with the subject would explain the apparent paradox. If business in the circuit court is congested and needs relief, why appoint another district judge in a court where there is no congestion and no relief needed? The merchant conducting two stores, one transacting a large business while the other store is under no particular stress, would not, to relieve the strain in the first store, increase the force of the second. The *Argonaut* will believe there is a joker hidden away in this proposed legislation until otherwise advised.

The merciful oblivion which takes to its dark waistcoat most of the after-dinner speeches that are made, did not relish the Thanksgiving address of Sir Edward Clarke at the banquet in London where he took occasion to criticize our use of "America" as exclusively belonging to the United States thereof. Instead the unlucky critic has become immortal, and every editor, from the sarcastic *Evening Post* of New York to the mellifluous *Oregonian*, has stuck the pin of appreciation through the knight's somewhat ponderous butterfly of wit. For it seems to be generally acknowledged now that Sir Edward was joking when he suggested "Usona" as a more fitting name for "the States."

Secretary Hay's order that hereafter all representatives of the United States shall be known as "American" was the text of Sir Edward's remarks. This order has not met with favor with the New York *Herald*, if its news columns, telling of endless legal protest, indicate its own attitude. But most seem to laugh at any effort to limit our designation and remind us that the United States of Brazil are known as Brazil, the United States of Colombia as simply Colombia, and, therefore, we as America.

The New York *Evening Post* backs up our claim to the term of America by quoting Lord Chatham's



"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman," and suggests that Sir Edward Clarke, not having the advantages of an Oxford or Cambridge training, may be simply applying what he learned in the City Commercial School, Lombard Street. The *Tribune* gives Sir Edward's history, and effectually bolsters up its contention that the whole thing was a "middle-class joke." Naturally the historians have it all their own way.

The discussion is fruitful of but one fact in the future tense: the name America is prophetic. The Canadian and the Mexican are in one sense Americans. But we are forever looking ahead. We are not to be limited to cold dates. We are a little boastful, possibly. But then the prophet who immediately sets to work to fulfill his prophecy is usually not without honor, even in his own country. Secretary Hay's order was a stroke of diplomacy. It was a reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine. Which same is no Thanksgiving joke. Destiny is no jest, even in the mouth of an English barrister. It may not be more than a century before the United States and America will be coextensive and synonymous even to a maladroit British after-dinner speaker.

Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska, is in favor of employing convict labor in the cutting of the Panama Canal. He may possibly, according to the New York *Evening Post*, introduce legislation to this effect in Congress. Senator Dietrich bases his arguments in favor of such a plan on two grounds: the freeing of our public institutions of twenty-five per cent. of their non-productive prisoners; the reformatory effect of giving criminals their choice of confinement and of hard and somewhat remunerative labor. Briefly, the senator's views are as follows: There are approximately 50,000 prisoners in the State and Federal penitentiaries. If twenty-five per cent. are able to stand the climate of Panama and do the work required, there is a body of at least 10,000 workmen ready to our hand at far less cost than any other possible force. But expense is not the prime factor. Our prisons now are simply safeguards to society, and the welfare of the confined is the last thing thought of. They leave prison penniless and without incentive to follow out peaceful employment. The convict's mind, morals, and health would profit by out-of-door and comparatively unrestricted confinement. Remission of sentence might be made for work of good character. Ten years of faithful labor on the Isthmus should finish the sentence of the life convict, and the man sentenced to twenty years should go free, says Dietrich, after five years of it. Compensation might be fixed at twenty-five cents a day, half payable during service, the other half at the end of the term of sentence. Volunteers only should be accepted, and thus the *morale* would be comparatively high. Senator Dietrich has confessed to grave objections, but is satisfied that the virtues of his plan will overrule its defects.

The experts of all the navies have been tabulating the results so far observed in the Russian-Japanese War. Their conclusions as to tactical units, the use of the torpedo-boat, and the value of the battle-ship are almost complete. So far the torpedo-boat seems to have done little but scout. According to Rear-Admiral Converse, of the American navy: "Although a hundred and more torpedo-boats and destroyers have been actually engaged for five months against battle-ships which have been exposed to attack times without number, we have yet to learn, authoritatively, of a torpedo from a torpedo vessel causing the loss of a single battle-ship."

The battle-ship is more in favor than it was a few months ago, when it looked as if a \$200,000 torpedo-boat could lay low a \$6,000,000 battle-ship with two hits. It has been shown that a torpedo may be exploded under a vessel like the huge *Czarevitch* and disable it only for a short time. There is, according to Converse, nothing fatal in the torpedo to the battle-ship.

The main reliance of the navy in war, it has been found, is accurate gun-fire. Big guns, long range, and skilled gunners are the much-sought-for necessities. The big gun requires a huge platform—hence a battle-ship—and the skilled gunners must be fully protected from small shot and shell. It has been demonstrated that perfect accuracy in a sea battle is attainable at a range of five miles, and that a cruiser has actually been spun around by the impact of a shell at that distance.

The cruiser, however, is not being overlooked. It has the great virtue of self-maintenance in coal and provisions. It has mobility, too, and the blockades of the present war have shown that mobility is the crowning virtue of a war vessel.

But in our own navy we have suddenly come upon

days when we know a new want, and one that will not be denied. Rear-Admiral Converse, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, in his annual report to Secretary Morton states bluntly that we have only half as many lieutenants as we need, and not nearly enough commanders. He points out that ensigns and men of less experience have to stand watch on many of the larger vessels, where men of great experience and tried ability should have charge of the delicate mechanism and the vast values of a modern craft. This criticism is specially pertinent when men like Manager George W. Dickie, of the Union Iron Works, say the modern battle-ship is almost beyond their comprehension in all its complications, that "during the past three years ship-builders have suffered very great losses in consequence. Ships now building, or in the last stages of completion, which were supposed to be duplicates of those already built, the specifications and plans having been identical, have been made much more expensive, more complicated, and I fear, less efficient, by this process, most of which has been brought about at the ship-builder's expense through elastic specifications and non-elastic boards on changes."

The London *Standard*, long a staunch upholder of Cobdenism, was purchased by C. Arthur Pearson, a loyal follower of Chamberlain and the protectionists, some time ago, and the noise of the battle that has waged regarding this reversal in policy of one of the oldest English papers has not died down. It seems generally admitted that the *Standard*, under its old management, was losing ground. It is pretty generally acknowledged that Mr. Pearson, one of the most brilliant of English journalists, will make it a financial success. The rub is, What are the ethics of such a change? Has a paper a personality that can be changed? And how about the staff that once shouted for free trade turning right about and hurrahing for protection?

The very first question raised by the sale was that of the staff. People asked if the same writers were going to remain on the *Standard* under its new manager. The announcement that contracts for long terms had been signed by all except the former managing editor, Mr. George Byron Curtis, has been discussed by the moralists and ethicists very roundly.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M. P., said immediately that he could not reconcile the notion that gentlemen of the character of the editorial writers on the old *Standard* would change their expressed views with what he knew of them. To this it was promptly returned that Fleet Street has its own way of settling such ethical questions, and that "the London leader writer acts honorably when he does his work faithfully and leaves his editor responsible for the opinions of his own journal. In this instance the staff of the *Standard* is now in accord with a majority of their party, and is no longer advocating a minority cause."

It is a question that is usually settled off-hand by the American editor, sub-editor, or reporter. Cases have been known in late years where writers gave up lucrative positions for conviction's sake, but, as a matter of fact, the ordinary, every-day honest writer says to himself, "My work is the paper's; no one apart from the editors knows whose work it is, and I reserve my personal views for articles I sign."

Those who settle such questions rashly and dogmatically, of course insist that it is dishonest for a writer to impress upon the public views he believes to be erroneous. But the thoughtful writer takes this perfunctorily, for he knows better than any one else that on a reputable journal he will have endless opportunities of expressing views more important to him than the tariff or the next Congress. For these he is willing, usually, to accept his wages, do his honest best to formulate a brief for his employer's cause, and trust to the time when he can voice, with his journal's weight back of him, some long-cherished, if quite possibly innocuous, conviction. Further, there is always the hard fact that while editors and sub-editors come and go, the paper goes on forever; in the nature of things, it can not be subject to the whim of every passing editorial employee.

We often hear people talk grandiloquently of "the profitable trade with the Philippines."

As a matter of fact, there is no such trade. During the last three years, Philippine imports amounted to \$98,334,485. Seventy-eighths of the goods valued at this amount came from countries other than the United States. We furnish goods valued at only \$12,612,557. During the same period, according to very moderate estimates, the United States has expended, through the War Department, about \$9,000,000. If American merchants make a profit on the goods sold of ten per cent. we are expending \$9,000,000 triennially to get back a profit of a

little over \$1,000,000. "This would be counted bad business for a private enterprise," says the *Sun* in setting forth these facts, "and it is not a whit better as a national investment."

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### A Yoshiwara Festival.

YOKOHAMA UNITED CLUB, November 24, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Article 78 of "Iyeya's legacy," containing one hundred rules complied by that warrior king of Japan (afterward deified under the name of Gongsensan) reads, as follows:

"Virtuous men have said, both in poetry and standard works, that houses of dehauch for women of pleasure and for street-walkers are the worm-eaten spots of cities and of towns. But they are necessary evils, which, if forcibly abolished, men of unrighteous principles would become like raveled thread, and there would be no end to daily punishment and flogging."

It was so written at about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and since that time each Japanese city of any pretensions as to size has its district called Yoshiwara, proportionately large, the one in Tokio, I am told, occupying many square miles of ground.

Yesterday was Yoshiwara festival. It also happened to be the Japanese national holiday, but it was merely a coincidence that the two fell on the same day. As something typically Japanese, and Japanese only, this district is visited by globe-trotters much in the same way as any other point of interest, and this being a particular occasion, a small party of us lighted out after dinner to take in the sights.

It was a sudden transformation to turn from the dark rows of one-story houses, where the endless number of small shops are located, into a brilliantly lit up quarter, with two and three-storied houses, balconies, and hearing inscriptions which, I fancy, must be synonymous with the character of the houses. As in Germany, you find "Gasthaus zum goldenen Hirschen," or some such descriptive name over a restaurant. I presume those florid signs in the florid language of Nippon mean "Dreamland of happiness complete," "Anteroom to Paradise," anything of a promising character, and one must admit, in passing through these streets, that the Japanese at least have the courage of their convictions. Instead of shrouding this "necessary evil" under a veil of darkness, with occasionally a red beacon to misguide the wayfarer, everything is brightly illuminated, and last night there were rows of booths on each side of the principal street, where the endless number of cheap trinkets, paper dragons, bamboo sticks with little bits of papers, everything with a meaning, of course, but not understood by the casual visitor to Japan, are sold, and policemen keep the throng of people moving—for one-half of Yokohama seems to be there—men, women, and children. The latter are certainly not allowed to grow up in ignorance, but then—other countries, other customs. And which of these young girls knows whether she won't be some day hartered away by the next of kin to one of these brothel-keepers to pay a debt of her parent, and he forced to stay for a term of years in these gilded cages?

Look through the wooden railing and see them sitting, Buddha-like, in a row, trying to look pretty in their multi-colored kimonos and with their embroidered ohis done up in a great bow, holding their pretty hands over the charcoal urn, or attentively scrutinizing their faces in a hand-mirror to see whether the proper amount of powder is chalked on their skin, or if the carmine red spot is on their lips—regular Japanese dolls—and at the same time open your eyes in wonder that there is absolutely nothing lewd or coarse about them or in their behavior. You gaze and wonder perhaps what is going on in their minds, but then you might just as well stand before the great bronze Buddha—the Daihutsu—at Kamakura and try to find out what he thinks behind his half-closed lids.

R. E. H.

### Appreciative Readers.

SAN JOSE, November 23, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In sending my renewal I want to tell you how very much we appreciate your paper. You probably hear this so many times that it is nothing new, but then one can not really get too much of a good thing. There is no paper or journal that comes to us that we look forward to with so much pleasure and anticipation as we do the *Argonaut*. This is due to several reasons, principally because it seems to us that there is a great deal of careful, original thought put into your editorial writings. Secondly, they seem to us absolutely unbiased, and to express the deep convictions of the writer. Thirdly, they are rainy, an unusual thing in most of the writing that we have occasion to read.

We rarely ever finish those pages without remarking how aptly and clearly and thoroughly you state your position and your grounds. It really does us good and widens our point of view and strengthens our own convictions to read your pungent, vigorous articles. Very truly yours, H. B. G.

CLINTON, B. C., November 28, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I can not do without the *Argonaut*, even if you do occasionally come down with both feet on Britishers. Well, I am a Scot, and they are alleged to be a thick-skinned branch of the family. In a late issue I noticed an exceedingly good article on the curative powers of the lash for the wife-beater and thug generally. You need it badly in San Francisco and so do we here. I should be glad if it were extended to the scoundrel who supplies intoxicants to Indians. Fine of fifty dollars or six months in the cooler is no punishment to such vermin. Triangles and full doses of the blacksnake, and in six months the crime would be stamped out of Canada. Enclosed please find P. O. for four dollars, and all good luck for the *Argonaut*.

Yours faithfully, S. SOUES.

LOS ANGELES, November 13, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please renew my subscription for the *Argonaut* for 1905, and send bill to my San Francisco office, address 643 Market Street. I have been a reader of the *Argonaut* for nearly eleven years, and look forward each week for its coming. Permit me to congratulate you on this week's supplement; it's a gem. With best wishes, I am very truly yours, E. V. SAUNOERS.

FARGO, N. D., November 29, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Don't see how any one could afford to be without your paper, which I consider the best in the United States. I have missed but few numbers in fourteen years. Yours very truly, CHAUNCEY E. WHEELER.

### A Grave Sin of Omission.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 2, 1904.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of November 28th you say that "too much praise can not be accorded the American Federation of Labor for having resolutely voted down the resolution submitted to it denouncing the militia of the several States." I desire to call your attention to the fact that the American Federation did not discipline or suspend the plumbers' union of San Diego for throwing Lieutenant *McKee* from out of their union because he belonged to the militia. Very truly yours, W. E. ALEX. Secretary Citizens' A.



## A FIDDLER'S WOOING.

The Christmas Solo With a Cupid Obligato.

A little group of passersby gathered in front of an old-fashioned house in the Rue Baldere. Rays of light slipping through the chinks of the shutters spoke of a brilliant illumination within, but more penetrating far than the light were the tones of a violin—full, warm, loving, pleading tones; tones that laid a spell upon this little audience of the curbstone in the Rue Baldere. Just around the corner the Café Oriental sparkled with lights and danced with music. In the next square the Concert de Paris rang with airs from "Lucia" and "The Barber."

But this music was not the music of the café or the Concert.

A slatternly woman with a baby on her arm listened, and then drew the child closer to her with a little spasm of love while she wrapped it more carefully in its protecting shawl. An old man who had slunk into the group with his hat over his eyes, straightened his back, raised his eyes, and twisted his mustache, evidences of a new sensation of self-respect. A little barefoot vagrant sat on the horse-block and wept, he knew not why, while his dog, an outcast like himself, from time to time threw his nose into the air as if to howl, but no sound came—only the pleading tones of a violin and its background of piano accompaniment.

Within the house the many lights of a great chandelier were reflected back a hundred times from the swaying crystal pendants. And under the light were a boy and a girl. Her long white fingers sought the chords of the accompaniment, and her eyes followed closely the music before her. But his music was in his head and his heart and his finger tips, and his eyes were fixed upon the golden hair, the rounded cheek, the long eyelashes of the girl beside him.

His music was not the music of the café or Concert. All Belgium had applauded him before he was twelve years old, and his genius had not died with his boyhood. Joachim emphasized the possessive pronoun when he introduced him as "my pupil," and Ysaye had slapped him heartily on the back as he winked at the directors of the Conservatory. He was very young. He might become another Ole Bull or Paganinni.

In a tremendous *cadenza* that taxed the whole range of the violin, the music ended with a crash of harmonies. The youth stood trembling, his violin clutched tightly with both hands.

"Will mademoiselle repeat the movement?" he asked, in a low voice—"and end here, without the *cadenza*; it is for show, only."

And again the long white fingers of the girl danced among the ivory keys, again the how swept with long loving strokes across the violin. Again the little audience in the Rue Baldere held its breath.

This time the movement ended on a simple minor chord, in a tone low, but so penetrating that it seemed to set vibrating all the little pendants of the chandelier. For a full minute neither spoke or moved. Then she turned on her stool and looked at him.

"It is the best that I have heard you do, monsieur."

"And why not, for it is from my heart. Such music, and such a theme! Always I see the little Christ in the manger, and then love enters my heart, and the dream begins. I dream only of what is good, and I long only for that. First it was my art, I lived only for this," and he kissed his violin. "But now I dream of the blue of a woman's eyes, the red-brown of a woman's hair, and the warm joy flows into my heart, and the cold ghost of a sorrow steals into my blood, so that I sing with my joy and I cringe from my sorrow, and I must tell it all with this—my violin! Mademoiselle—to-morrow or the next day, or the day after, you are leaving Paris; do you leave me without hope? Is this only a box of wood—only a fiddle, that it can not make you know my love?"

The girl sat with her eyes downcast, her fingers spread wide upon her knees.

"M. Bénard, to-morrow, or the next day, or the day after, when the papers come, I am going to leave Paris. I am going back to my own America. But I do not love you, monsieur. I have told you that."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, timidly, "is it because of your country that—"

"No, monsieur, for if I loved a man I could leave home and friends and country, and his home would be my home, his friends would be my friends, and his country my country."

"Is it, mademoiselle," he asked, more timidly—"is it that I have small success in money?"

"Monsieur," she answered, with a flash in her eye, "if I loved a man I should find it my greatest happiness to work with him and for him. I would not be afraid to toil and to save for a man I loved."

"Mademoiselle," he said, and his voice was almost a whisper, "is it my Art? For I have heard you say that a man should not spend his time with music; that he should build railways and bridges; that he should plant wheat or dig in the ground for gold. Mademoiselle, is it my Art?"

But she did not answer the question. "You know why I do not like Paris," she said. "Your French ladies killed my father, your French ladies come to see how sorry they are, and they laugh among themselves in the hall. Even your sunshine is not sincere—it makes me shiver with cold."

"Mademoiselle, is it my Art?" he whispered.

She turned back to the piano.

"Mademoiselle, is it my Art?"

Finally she looked at him again, and there were tears in her eyes. "Monsieur, I, too, have had my dreams. And the man I have loved in my dreams was a strong man, who led armies, who controlled industries, and directed state policies."

"Then, mademoiselle, it is my Art?"

"I could not love a man who gave up his time to music," she said.

The Christmas shopping crowd thronged Market Street even on Christmas Eve—on Christmas Eve, when the candles should already have been lighted on the trees, when the stockings should already have been hung, and the children tucked away in order to give Santa Claus a chance to fill them. But some had not found the time to do their shopping before, some hoped to purchase cheaper than earlier in the season, and many were attracted simply by the lights and the crowd. Babies went to sleep in their mothers' arms, clapping their playthings in their baby hands. Children trudged wearily at their mothers' skirts, dazed by the noise, the lights, and the confusion. A wet, dripping fog hung like a blanket over the city; the fog-horns droned regularly on the bay, and the clang of the street-car bells was incessant.

From a basement café came the sparkle of lights and the sounds of tuning instruments. Within the café



Photo by Genthe.

George Sterling, author of "The Testimony of the Suns and Other Poems." Published by A. M. Robertson.

waiters hurried hither and thither from table to table. The after-theatre throng began to crowd the place. The tuning of the instruments ceased. The leader of the orchestra looked anxious.

"Do you know where Berney is, Jack?" he said to the second violin. "Confound the fellow! If he didn't play the way he does, I wouldn't keep him for ten minutes. I never know when he is going to throw me down. That is, I am always afraid he's going to throw me down. Never around to rehearsals, and always late to engagements. Darned if I don't get somebody to take his place to-morrow."

Even while he was talking, the man of whom he spoke came in—a slight, foreign-looking man, with brown eyes, a mass of black hair rather long, a regulation dress coat with flowing black tie, and an outer wrap that certainly had never been made in San Francisco. There was about him an air of timidity and apology, almost of self-reproach. His eyes were puffed and bloodshot, and his hands trembled as he lifted the violin from its case.

"Hang it, Berney," said the leader, "I was just saying that I have more trouble with you than with any other ten men I ever handled."

"Why, sir—I—"

"Oh, I don't mean about your playing. I mean your irregularities. You weren't at rehearsal to-day."

"No, sir, I couldn't get there. I was detained."

The leader looked at the bloated eyes and the tobacco ash covering his clothes, and refrained from asking the cause of the detention.

"I've got you down for a solo in the fifth. Can you play it without rehearsal? Christmas music, you know."

Berney looked at the score. It was Elston's "Noël." His face flushed as he handed it back.

"I've played it before," he said. After that he seemed to get smaller and more timid. The blood came and went in his face. Why did they have to run that in on him now? He had been four years trying to forget, and now they had to jog his memory with that thing. He wished he had gone to rehearsal and asked them to cut that out. Four years spent trying to forget—and what had it amounted to? This is what it had amounted to: He was scolded by a third-class orchestra leader—he, whom Joachim had called his own, and Ysaye had praised. He looked at his hands and noticed the yellow stain of the cigarette; he became conscious of the smell of whisky on his own breath. He, Angé Bénard, was called "Berney" by these people! All that he might forget! Forget?—why, every day the things that he tried to forget burned deeper into his brain. "I could not love a man who gave up his time to music." That is what she had said. And he heard that always in his ears; it came to him in the noise of the surf, the rumble of a train, the whistling of the wind, and numberless devils whispered it to him when he was drunk.

The evening wore on and he played his part, the notes of the music in his eyes and at the ends of his fingers, but in his mind only these thoughts of bitterness for the past and hopelessness for the future.

"Why don't you talk about something else than yourself? It seems that I've heard nothing this evening but your schemes and your accomplishments."

"I have not talked about myself. I have only told you of some things I have done and intend to do."

"Nevertheless it is a glorification of self. One would imagine that there was nothing worth while but the building of railways and bridges."

The conversation was not loud, but as the music had ceased, was quite audible to the men in the orchestra. At the first word Berney looked. A woman sat at a table just to the right of the orchestra box, but with her back to it. A large hat shielded her face. Her coat lay over the back of her chair. All that Berney could see was a mass of red-brown hair under the hat, and the sloping shoulders. Her companion was a square-faced, thick-necked, broad-shouldered man, decisive, self-confident—a fine type of man in a way—keen, strong, resolute, self-controlled—fitted to lead armies, control industries, or direct state policies. Selfishness was mirrored in the cold, speculative stare of his eyes, and around his mouth were lines of coldness that bordered on cruelty. A trace of a sneer showed in his face as he replied: "How would you like me to turn matinée idol or vagrant musician for a change?"

"I am afraid you would not make a success as either one or the other," she said, with a little laugh; "but I don't like to have you talk about music as you do. It seems to me that it is one of the great influences in the world—not this kind of music, of course, but real music. Whatever can put courage into the breast of the faint-hearted and hope into the heart of the despondent; whatever can intensify happiness and make sorrow easier to bear, is worth while—quite as worth while as opening a mine or cornering a wheat market, I think."

The supercilious look on his face became more pronounced.

"My, how emotional we have become! Where did you learn it?"

"Don't joke about it," she said, a little sadly, "I guess it's the time of year. You see, father died just four years ago, at Christmas tide, and so at this season of the year I get to thinking about him—and—and things."

During the conversation Berney sat as one dazed. The curiosity with which he first looked gave way to an intense absorption that shut everything else out of his consciousness. The kettle-drummer hung up the sign, "No. 5." The leader looked at Berney, and nodded, but Berney never moved. What was the matter with him—was he drunk? The leader walked over and touched him on the shoulder: "It's your turn, Berney."

The man looked up, not comprehending—then it came to him.

"Yes, it's my turn," he said.

He motioned aside the score that the leader handed him. Had he forgotten that in four years? He remembered other things plainly enough. No one had ever seen him look so tall as he seemed when he stepped to the front of the box. The air of timidity and apology had fallen from him.

The first movement was *scherzo*, buoyant, sportive, lightsome, intricate. He held his violin lovingly under his chin—the violin that Ysaye had given him—and from its bosom came such singing as had never before been heard in that basement café. For here was the song of the meadow-lark, the mocking-bird, the night-ingale, the sound that the brook makes over its stony bed—here was the fragrance of the good spring morning, the growing grass, the rich earth smell of the new-turned sod; here was the warmth of the sunshine and the gladness of the unclouded sky.

The hum of voices had died away, many a head was turned to get a view of the wizard of sound, the men of the orchestra sat silent and awed. The leader tapped his head with his stick and withdrew his intention to engage another first violin on the morrow. Berney was looking down upon a wide, motionless hat,



but in his mind he saw only a large room lighted by a great chandelier, and under it a boy and a girl. And again he seemed to be looking down upon a mass of golden hair, a girl's rounded cheek and long eyelashes.

The ending of the movement brought a storm of applause from all but the man and woman sitting to the right of the orchestra box. He pushed back his chair with an air of impatience, but she gave not a sign.

The second movement was *maestoso*, and the first note on the violin sounded the height of the sky and the depth of the sea.

At the first note she turned her head and looked up at the player, her eyes glistening, her lips parted. As for Berney, he had come into his own. Not Ole Bull or Paganini could have surpassed him that night. Here was the majesty of the mountains, the sky, and the sea, but under and through it all were the warm, loving, pleading tones of the beating human heart, the heart of the little Christ in the manger—tones that laid a spell upon the audience in the basement café.

He omitted the *cadenza*, and ended on a simple minor chord that went vibrating through the room even after he had taken his seat. There was no applause. A hush fell upon the audience for a moment, then the conversation was renewed.

"Mr. Thompson," she said to her companion, "let us go. I fear you have been bored."

But she bowed with much grace to Berney as she went out, and as she passed the head-waiter at the door, she hurriedly snatched a card from her purse and handed it to him.

"Give this to M. Bénard, the first violin," she said.  
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1904. JOHN D. GISH.

### AMERICAN PAINTERS PRAISED.

The Comparative Exhibit in New York—Native and Foreign Pictures Shown—A Portrait of George Sand—Many Whistlers—His Little Lady Without Any Clothes.

It has long been the fashion among Americans to cry down their own art as compared to that of Europe. The people who don't know anything about pictures, but who want to buy them and who have money enough to do it, almost invariably go to Europe, or purchase foreign importations from the New York dealers. This is especially true of rich Westerners who want to have galleries of their own, who have quantities of money to spend, but who don't trust their own taste. I suppose there are more bad examples of foreign art west of Chicago than anywhere else in the world. And I suppose most of it has been acquired abroad at the instigation of interested critics and dealers.

To run down native work is as much a pose of such critics and dealers as it is of those artists who live abroad and have developed under foreign influences and in foreign schools. That the American painter produces either poor imitations of European work, or mediocre and commonplace originals, is the criticism that has so often been made that it has lost its sting. The majority of picture buyers, who fear their own judgment, accept it meekly and without question. Even when one brings up such names as Sargent and Whistler, one is met by the statement that Sargent and Whistler are no longer to be classed as Americans, having lived so long abroad that they have assimilated the foreign ideals, attitude, and point of view.

All of which is preparatory to some allusions and a few descriptions of the Exhibition of Comparative Art now being held here at the Fine Arts Building. This is a collection of loaned pictures, by more or less celebrated artists, foreign and domestic. The works of the native and the alien have been hung side by side that the spectator might see and judge as to their respective manners and merits. Many of the choicest and rarest examples owned in the East are here exhibited, some for the first time. The exhibition has made a good deal of talk, several critics pronouncing it the best of its kind ever held in this country. Even the magnificent portrait show of last winter was not finer in quality if more extensive in quantity.

In the large gallery there are a curious medley of different masters and different schools. Just opposite the door of entrance there is a group of Whistlers, all owned by the same person, and all hung together and covering a large space of wall. They include landscapes and portraits. Several of the Barbizon school are here, hanging side by side with works of such American landscape painters as Homer Martin and Wyants. On the right wall is Sir Thomas Laurence's beautiful portrait of the daughters of Mr. Calmady, owned by Mrs. C. P. Huntington. Many people regard it as the gem of the collection. Sir William Van Horne, the Canadian railway millionaire, has two fine examples of the weird and mystic genius of Alfred Ryder. There is a Turner, a view of Venice, and Henri Regnault's "Horses of Achilles." George Fuller's painting of Winifred Dysart, that most people consider his best, is in this room, and a small study of the "Gleaners," by J. F. Millet, the large painting of which is now in the Louvre.

It is in landscapes that the exhibition is particularly rich, and it is the comparing of the foreign with the American landscape artists that one finds it especially interesting and significant. I personally find the native paintings of nature the finer, and I believe the majority is with me. It is difficult for a person with no artistic terms ready and no education on the

subject, to express her ideas clearly and succinctly. But it seems to me that the American painters suggest something more intimate, inspirational, and youthful. They are closer to Mother Earth, are of a younger race which has not yet been drawn far from the soil and its mysterious currents of communication. It is not a conscious attitude in the least, has nothing to do with that boring "nature study" you hear such a lot about. It is an instinctive, closer sympathy, such as the child has with the ground and the fruits thereof. The French artists seem to have a consciousness in painting nature, as if they considered it not so much beautiful and to be beloved for itself as a fine subject to depict dexterously.

There is a small room to the right as you go toward the large gallery which has a line of landscapes hanging along the walls. In the centre is a large Monet, a great, clear, breezy painting of the Seine winding through that level French country you see going from Boulogne to Paris, with flat, green fields, and long lines of poplars. It is a rich, serious work, full of strength and a sort of solid dignity. Over against it are two American landscapes, John La Farge's "Paradise Valley," and something—I've forgotten the name—by Francis Murphy. The former is a wide-flung green valley dotted with sheep. It sweeps away into illimitable distances, where sky and horizon meet in swimming mother-of-pearl indistinctness. A marvelous clearness and stillness rests on it. The air both in it



Copyright by Rasmussen.

Jack London, author of "The Sea-Wolf." Published by the Macmillan Company.

and in Francis Murphy's picture seems thin and crystalline, much less dense and full of color than the air in the Monet painting.

Francis Murphy has several very lovely landscapes in which you notice this thin, rarified American atmosphere. He has a sense of the poetry of transition periods in Nature, of the beauty of bare fields and half-denuded trees. Close to the opulent seriousness of the Monet, he has a study of a brown, plowed hill-crest, bleak and wind-swept, and about its base a webbing of bare boughs where a creek wanders. The delicate trunks of three white birches break the monotony of browns and grays. It seems to be the early spring, the time when Nature waits, idle and listless, for the hour of burgeoning and rebirth. In "Meadowland" he has the same effect of faint, wan beauty. A copse of trees in first leafage glimmers with the half-tinted colors of new verdure under slanting light. It is almost spectral in its fragile delicacy: screens of transparent foliage rising in opalescent mistiness against the sky.

These landscapes, with the George Innesses, the Wyants, and the Homer Martins, make a fine showing against the Corots, the Rousseaus, the Michels, and the Daubignys. There is a Homer Martin of mist in the Adirondacks which can more than hold its own against any landscape in the exhibition. The white vapor is slowly drawing back, showing the slopes clothed in autumnal leafage. A gray lake, dull as a piece of unglazed silk, lies in a hollow, and the deep, unbroken woods grow, dense and thick, to its edge. Inness's "Cloudy Day" is another masterpiece, with its marshaling of thunderous clouds, an angry, swollen purple, the yellowish light of storm playing on their

bosoms. "The Maine Coast," by Winslow Homer, shows a fierce sea, booming in amid rocks. That, too, is a noble picture, wild and free, with the awfulness and the splendor of the unloosed winds and waters. The waves come in with a roaring uplift, and hurl themselves in thick, exhausted masses of white in the hollows of the rocks.

In the painting of figures and movement, the American is not so largely or so finely represented as the foreigner, though there are many splendid figure canvases, especially in the first room. There are two George Fullers here, which are among the most remarkable in the exhibition—"The Romany Girl" and "The Quadroon." The former is, I believe, one of the few Fullers extant, which is not painted with that misty surface roughness that marked the works of this strange genius. It represents the gypsy girl in three-quarters, the face looming in all the rich, bloomy tints of youth from an enshrouding brown background. The liquid eyes, of a velvet softness and depth, are yet full of fire; deep in them burns the flame of a wild intelligence. "The Quadroon" near by is an arresting, almost uncomfortable picture. It is all in a hot, blazing scheme of color, and in the foreground the quadroon girl sits staring out at the spectator. A cotton-field stretches behind her, and she is resting in the intervals of work. She is young, almost a child, and has features where the white and the African blood are blended in an almost terrible mixture. Her eyes are large, sombre, and full of smoldering fires. The face is instinct with a blind, fierce force. It suggests lines that were written about another and a very different woman:

"Africa is all the sun's,  
And like its earth its human clay is kindled."

In this room, and just facing "The Quadroon," is a curious and interesting portrait by Troyon, also owned by Sir William van Horne. It is George Sand, and is the only portrait of her, either painting or engraving, I have ever seen. It is not the George Sand of masculine attire and "advanced" raiment, but shows her as a coquettish and not uncomely person, engaged in the frivolous occupation of playing on a guitar. She was perhaps thirty to thirty-five at the time, and appears to have been a plump, fresh-looking, dark-haired woman, quite pretty, and of a type to which the word "engaging" might apply. The face was extremely feminine in style, curved in contour, the chin very firm and round, the lips full and pouting, rather in the "rosebud" style. There was a good deal of character in the nose, which was *retroussé*, and the eyes, which were set wide apart, were prominent, dark, and large. Her thick, almost black hair was parted and puffed out over her ears in the fashion of the time. She wore coral earrings in the shape of long drops, and a "waist" of just the sort of shot-green and pink taffeta women wear to-day. It evidently represented her in the zenith of such physical charms as she had, and I must confess I was surprised to find this redoubtable and conquering queen of men had so many.

The pictures which probably caused the most comment and excited the most interest were the Whistlers. It is this singular man's prerogative that even after his death his eccentric personality and style of work should continue to cast the glamour of the startling and fantastic about all that pertains to him. He not only painted strange people in strange environments, but he gave them strange names. He always has seemed to me a combination of genius and fake. That his gifts were of the greatest, few deny; that his manner of advertising himself was of the most skillful, many must admit. His friends and followers would say it was unconscious. Perhaps it was. But it was very successful just the same.

Of this particular group three were portraits, four landscapes and water views, and two were figure studies. The most remarkable of these was called "The Little Lady in Blue and Gold." The little lady was, I imagine, a model. At any rate, she was a little lady with no clothes on, except some kind of a blue head dress. She is just throwing off (or throwing on, perhaps) a blue cloak, and as she holds this outspread on her arms she looks with a knowing sideways smile out of the picture. She is the thinnest little lady that ever was seen, with that awkward stoop of her figure one often notices in Englishwomen. I can only describe it by saying when they have their clothes on it makes their belts at least three inches higher in the front than in the back. Behind this particular little lady there is a curious background, the lower part of which is shelves with clothes on them—the little lady's, I think—and the upper part of which looks like the night sky, with illuminated towers and spires rising against it. It may be that a long window is above the shelves, and that the little lady is going to dress herself standing against it. Fortunately the shelves are in the way.

Of the portraits one very remarkable one is a small oval of a thin, alert, hard-featured young woman, whose wispy dark hair hangs down limp and unkempt on either side of her face. It is a very wonderful piece of work, firm, strong, authoritative, and it bears the title of "The Little Lady Sophie of So-Ho." "Battersea Reach"—the nocturne in blue and silver—is close by. This, if I am not mistaken, was one of the pictures which figured in the famous libel suit that afterward called forth that delightful book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

GERALDINE B

NEW YORK, December 5, 1904.



## THE NEW BERLIN.

By Jerome Hart.

Ten years have passed since I was last in Germany, except to cross a corner of it. A decade had elapsed since I had spent any time in a large German city. And since I have been in North Germany this year, I have been amazed at the changes in the cities I visited. Ten years is a long time in the life of an individual, a short time in the life of a community. But marked changes are to be noted in nearly all of the large German cities—most of all, in Berlin.



THE NEW BERLIN—Sieges Allée, or Avenue of Victory, completed in 1901. This fine avenue is lined on either side with thirty-two groups of statuary, each containing a monumental figure of one of the Prussian rulers of the past eight hundred years.

It would be impossible in a few columns to write fully of an enormous city like Berlin. Volumes have been written about the city and its growth of recent years—very little in English, by the way; in fact, I have been unable to find in London any recent English books about Berlin. So I shall here set down some jottings from my Berlin note-book, with the belief that even if they are scrappy, at least they are new.

To begin, then, with the population. It may surprise Americans to learn that many German cities have increased more rapidly in population than most American cities. Berlin leads this group. I shall give comparative figures of the populations of the other cities at another time.

The population of Berlin has increased very rapidly during the last generation. In 1861, it was 525,000; in 1870, 764,000; in 1871, 827,000; in 1873, 910,000; in 1875, 965,000. From 1860 to 1880 the population doubled itself. Comparing it with two American cities, Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia in 1860; since then it has increased by about two millions. Philadelphia by about a million. In 1870, New York had 950,000 population. In 1871, Berlin had 827,000. Twenty years later, in 1890, Berlin had passed to the front with 1,578,794. New York, in 1890, having only 1,515,301. Berlin is now rated at 2,500,000; Greater New York (including Brooklyn and other boroughs), 3,500,000; Philadelphia, 1,300,000.

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The growth of Berlin is strikingly shown by the new Charlottenburg. Thirty years ago this was a village near Berlin, with a few thousand inhabitants. It was made up largely of cabbage farms.

But the big city grew out of it, grew over it, grew beyond it. For although Charlottenburg now numbers its population at 300,000 and preserves a pretense of autonomy, it is no more than a district of Berlin. A portion of it which once was marsh land is now covered with palaces, and the cabbage farmers were all made millionaires.

The way Berlin has been rebuilt in twenty years is a marvel. Thirty years ago, so we are told, not only was the Altstadt (the old part of the city) a maze of crooked alleys, but all the streets were lined with open gutter-drains, much as they are in New Orleans today. Now there is no Altstadt except in name, for it has been entirely rebuilt. In 1870, Berlin had the worst sanitary conditions of any large city in Europe. In addition to the open sewers there were public pumps in the main streets, and the only pavements were of cobblestones. Now all that is changed, and Berlin is one of the cleanest and best kept cities in the world.

The mention of New Orleans impels me to say that in point of cleanliness, Berlin would put any of our American cities to shame. For that matter, Berlin is cleaner to-day than any other large European city is cleaner than London, much cleaner than New American cities to be mentioned in the

same breath with Berlin in point of cleanliness. I have seen New York toward the end of a hard winter, with Broadway, Fifth and Sixth Avenues, Madison and Lexington Avenues, partially cleaned, but with the old snow of the whole winter piled up against the curbs of the cross-streets—the filthy, yellow, nasty mass piled so high that from one sidewalk you could not see a person walking on the other across the street. I was going to say that New York at times would not be fit to serve as Berlin's back-yard. But when I reflect that Berlin has enormous back-yards in the shape of sewage-farms outside her limits; that they are clean and trimly kept; that the roads leading through them are better paved and better swept than I have seen

New York's up-town cross-streets in winter, I withdraw the statement. It would be unjust to Berlin.

It is probable that there are more new buildings in Berlin to-day than in any European city, possibly excepting London, with its six million people. But London is more than a city—it is a state. And among the new structures in Berlin not only does one see public buildings and the dwellings of the rich, but there are also innumerable new buildings inhabited by the poor. These vast tenements occupied by workmen and their families look from without like the apartment-houses of the well-to-do in other cities. Going through these wide, well-paved, handsome streets, lined by these fine buildings, it is difficult to believe that they are the quarters of the poor.

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Lists are not very interesting reading; still the number of buildings, statues, and monuments generally, which have been erected in Berlin of recent years, is so large that it is difficult to mention them otherwise.

NEW BUILDINGS  
AND  
NEW MONUMENTS.



THE NEW BERLIN—Marstall, or Royal Stables, erected by Kaiser Wilhelm the Second in 1900. The monument in front is the Schlossbrunnen, a fountain by R. Begas, presented by the magistrates of Berlin to Kaiser Wilhelm the Second.

Hence there follows here a brief list of such monuments, with their dates: The Dammuhlen Gebäude, a castellated reproduction of the royal mills—1893; the Luther Monument—1895; the beautiful Gothic Marcin Kirche—rebuilt in 1894; the new district courts with lofty rococo towers—just completed; the enormous police headquarters—1890; the Church of St. George—1898; the Gothic Pius Kirche—1894; statue to Schöfeler, inventor of lithography—1892;

Museum of Natural History—1889; the Gnaden Kirche, a Romanesque church erected in honor of Empress Augusta—1894; German Colonial Museum—1899; the Reichstags Gebäude—1894; National Monument to Bismarck—1901; Sieges Allée, or Avenue of Victory—1901; Emperor Frederick Memorial Church—1895; Lessing Monument—1890; Wagner Monument—1903; statue of Queen Louisa—1880; Potsdam and Victoria Bridge, with fine bronze statues—1898; Teltow Courthouse—1891; Hofman Haus—1900; the New Cathedral—1903; National Monument to Emperor William the First—1897; the Schloss Brunnen, monumental fountain in front of the palace—1891; royal stables and carriage house—1900.

The space outside the Brandenburg Gate is changing almost from month to month. For example, two colossal statues have been recently placed there, Frederick and Victoria, the parents of the present Kaiser. This very autumn the Kaiser unveiled two monuments near the Königsplatz. The Victory Monument, in the centre of the Königsplatz, with its three rows of Danish, Austrian, and French cannon, dates only from 1873, but it is an ancient column compared with the many monuments around the Tier Garten. The Hall of the Reichstag, on the east side of the square, is an enormous building in the Renaissance style, over four hundred feet in length and three hundred in breadth, costing nearly \$6,000,000. It is a handsome yet florid building, elaborately ornamented with reliefs and sculptures. In front of it rises the National Monument to Bismarck, dedicated three years ago—an heroic statue of the statesman in the familiar uniform, on a pedestal surrounded by allegorical groups.

From the Königsplatz, the Sieges Allée, or Avenue of Victory, runs through the Tier Garten; this fine avenue, completed in 1901, is adorned with thirty-two monuments of Prussian rulers. Each monument is a marble hemicycle, in the centre of which rises the statue of a Prussian ruler, flanked by the busts of two great men of his time. These thirty-two statues are of unequal merit, but all are interesting. As the earliest one, Margrave Albert the Bear, died in 1170, his portrait is necessarily ideal; so are the faces of thirteen of his successors. After the Elector Frederick the First the statues are portraits.

In addition to the monuments dedicated this autumn in the Tier Garten above referred to, the Kaiser also dedicated two others in the centre of the city near the Altstadt—the Emperor Frederick Museum and an equestrian statue of his father.

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Among the museums of Berlin, the favorite with both government and people seems to be the Zeughaus, or Arsenal. It is in one of the finest buildings in the city, and its exterior is profusely adorned with statuary. Its official title is "The Military Museum and Hall of Fame of the Prussian Army." Although the building is old, it has been remodeled and redecorated for its present purposes, the work having been completed only a few years ago. Thus the building may be included among those making the New Berlin. On the ground floor is a fine collection of artillery from the fourteenth century down; also models of fortresses. Around the court are ranged quantities of French cannon, while all over the building hang French flags.

MILITARY  
MUSEUM AND  
HALL OF FAME.

Some of them are marked "To Berlin!" Well, they got there, but not as the color-bearers hoped to have them. There also you see chandeliers made of swords which came from the Officers' Club of Metz, when it was a French city. In glass cases are the keys of captured French fortresses, including those of Sedan, Strasburg, Metz, Verdun, and Lafère.

In the upper story is the Hall of Fame, which contains eight heroic bronze statues of Prussian rulers



with many paintings commemorating Prussian victories. The Hall of the Generals is hung with pictures of battles, and decorated with enormous bronze busts of Prussian generals. On this floor another wing is given to weapons and armor from the earliest times down. There are scores of life-size mannikins in Prussian uniforms, from the days of the great Elector to the days of the present Kaiser.

In this museum there is nearly every kind of weapon and probably every kind of cannon, from culverins to howitzers, from mortars to *mitrailleuses*, the mysterious machine-gun which so alarmed the world when the French started to take it toward Berlin in 1870. There are the more modern machine-guns, like the

when compared with the dash and glitter and romance of life in the army!"

Here a strong smell assailed my nostrils. I paused to let the smell go on ere I crossed the street. The odor came from a large cart full of manure. It was driven by one warrior in the Prussian helmet, while two other uniformed heroes, also helmeted with the *pickelhaube*, sat at the tail of the cart. I suppose they were guarding the manure.

Well, there is a reverse to every medal. In armies there is police duty. There are forlorn hopes, glory, and death. Likewise, guarding dung at the cart's tail.

This year I have visited many museums, military and other. Wherever I have gone I have found the

Manchurian swine that the live soldiers have not eaten now themselves eat the dead ones, thrusting their snouts into the dead men's skulls, and sucking out their brains.

But that would not be a pretty picture. The Prussian pictures in the Military Hall of Fame at Berlin are very much prettier.

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While the Military Museum is the most popular, it is not the only one. There are many museums in Berlin. The Old Museum contains the finest collection of sculptures outside of Italy, and a cabinet of some quarter of a million of coins. It also has a very good picture gallery, which is stronger naturally in German, Dutch, and Flemish pictures, although it contains numerous early Italian masters and some French. The New Museum has a number of fine mural paintings by Kaulbach. There is a large collection of modern German sculpture, an Egyptian Museum, and a good collection of coins, engravings, and gems. The Pergamum Museum contains objects found in excavations in Asia Minor. The Olympian Museum, casts of sculptures excavated at Olympia.

The National Gallery is a handsome building in the form of a Greek temple. It contains some eight hundred pictures, chiefly by German painters of the nineteenth century. There are also a number of marbles and bronzes, principally by German sculptors.

The Ethnographical Museum contains interesting ethnographical collections, also Dr. Schliemann's Trojan collection. This museum is said to be the most complete in ethnography in the world. I was told that it contains more exhibits from the Philippine Islands than we have in the Smithsonian Institution, although the islands have belonged to us for over six years; this fact is not very gratifying to our national pride if it be true.

The Hohenzollern Museum contains all sorts of personal souvenirs of the Prussian rulers, from the Great Elector down, such as uniforms, marriage-garments, snuff-boxes, hats, boots, slippers, cradles, and death-masks. Akin to the museums are the palaces formerly occupied by rulers, such as that of Kaiser Wilhelm the First on the Linden, and Frederick the Great's Palace of Sans-Souci at Potsdam. The palace of the old emperor is kept unchanged, and the rooms are full of the furniture he used, his writing-table, his books, photographs, and personal trinkets of all kinds. In Sans-Souci Palace, Frederick's rooms are preserved as he left them. The king's famous round table, the various articles of furniture he used, the library with his books—all these are shown to-day, but the palace is not otherwise used, and is occupied only by caretakers.

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Despite the size, wealth, and luxury of the city, the opera in Berlin seems to be only mediocre. The Wagner operas are much better produced in Dresden and Munich than in Berlin; better also in Paris, where Wagner was once hissed. As for the Italian operas, they seem to be very poorly produced at the Berlin Opera House, more so than in any large German opera-house. Take, for example, a typical Italian opera—not one of the Verdi school, which has al-

OPERA,  
AUDIENCES,  
AND DRESS.



THE NEW BERLIN—Monument to Otto the Lozy, one of the earliest Margroves of Brandenburg, in the Sieges Allée. Sculptor, Adolf Brütt.

Gatling and the Maxim, and side by side with these are archaic cannon, venerable weapons made of wire-wound wood or leather, and sometimes of hoop-iron with a central core. It was interesting to look from these ancient smooth-bores to our modern machine cannon, fed with cartridges into a hopper like a threshing-machine, and capable of killing hundreds of men a minute.

But if it was interesting to study the weapons, how much more interesting to study the visitors. This museum was not like the Berlin picture museums. There we saw a few professor-like persons gazing at casts, statues, and pictures, and some youngish-oldish women looking like American and English tourists. In the Military Museum we saw scores of soldiers, young, stalwart, strapping fellows, eagerly inspecting the enginery of war, closely studying all these wonderful contrivances for killing men like sheep at the shambles. Ah, it was a fine sight to see their eyes shine as they studied methods of destroying their fellow-humans. How much more interesting than the pokey professors in the Old Museum!

In the Military Museum we saw several boys' schools making the rounds and listening attentively to lectures on the man-killing machines by their professors. It was indeed a glorious sight to see these young Prussians thus being instructed in the art of military murder. Among them one day we saw two girls' schools. To the unthinking this may seem odd, but on reflection one realizes that it is fitting that the future mothers of soldiers should imbibe for their future offspring pre-natal predilections toward bloodshed and war.

Lest I may be accused of unfairness toward German educational theories, I may add that the sight of these children in the arsenal was supplemented by my picking up a German picture book for children in a bookshop the next day. It was not distinctly a soldier picture book, it was merely a *Kinderbuch*, but by actual count the percentage of soldier pictures in the book was eighty out of a hundred. The text underneath the pictures ran something like this:

Here are three soldiers.  
They carry guns and swords.  
What makes soldier No. 1 with his sword?  
He is killing a man.  
What makes soldier No. 2 with his gun?  
He is shooting a man.  
What are these other soldiers doing?  
They are riding horses.  
What do you call soldiers on horses?  
Cavallerie.  
Is this also a gun?  
Yes, it is a big gun, it is a cannon.  
What do you call the soldiers who make the big guns go off?  
Artillerymen.

Thus Prussia spares no pains to train up her youth in the love of war.

As we left the Arsenal Museum and crossed the Zeughaus Platz, I mused: "It is not strange that Prussia should have so fine an army when she begins to imbue her children at so early an age with a love for military glory. How tame, how humdrum to every Prussian youth must seem the pursuits of civil life

military museums well filled, but never so crowded as in Berlin. In all of them there is man-killing machinery of a very high order. Even the ancient guns are by no means contemptible. In ancient times the man-killing machinery was far superior to the coeval agricultural implements. So it is to-day. It is my deliberate opinion that the highest pinnacle of human intellectual ingenuity is reached in the contrivance of devices for killing one's fellow-man. The great passenger steamships of to-day are probably the finest types of twentieth-century machinery, but all of their ingenious and complicated machinery is found in the battle-ship, while the battle-ship has in addition the man-killing machinery.

I could not help but think that there were other pictures of war that might be laid before the enthusiastic young Prussians. Pictures of war as it is going on in Manchuria to-day. Long trains of scores of thousands of wounded encumbering the roads leading from the battle-field. Thousands of Russians digging trenches for the burial of the bodies of other dead Russians. Across the valley dense columns of



THE NEW BERLIN—Monument to Kaiser Frederick the Second in the Königsplatz at the end of the Sieges Allée; dedicated in 1904.

smoke rising up where thousands of Japanese, with matches and petroleum, are burning the bodies of other thousands of Japanese. In the neutral zone, between the lines, other thousands of festering bodies—corpses of Japanese, corpses of Russians, carcasses of horses; over them lazily float and flutter hideous carrion birds, so gorged that they pick out only eyes and other choice titbits; feeding more voraciously on these heaps of horror are famishing pariah dogs; while the few gaunt

ways roused the wrath of the Germans, but one of the florid Franco-Italian type. Let us take Rossini's "Barber of Seville." This, I suppose, may now be considered a classic. True, it is utterly dissimilar to the modern or Wagnerian idea of opera, but its florid music, its humor, and its quick action have kept it a favorite for over half a century. But when played on the stage of the Berlin opera, it was difficult to recognize it. All its life and sparkle



tinguished. On the whole, perhaps it would be difficult to expect in North Germany a successful rendering of Rossini's masterpiece—a study of Spaniards, written by an Italian under French influences, and interpreted by Germans. The German artists received but little applause from the German auditors. This may have been due to the fact that the Berlin audiences are so used to the Wagner performances (where applause is condemned, as interrupting both the music and action) that they have ceased to applaud anything. The lilting song of the baritone, "Figaro ci, Figaro la, Figaro, Figaro, de qualità," which usually goes with

a capital city and a luxurious one, I remember going to the opera years ago at six o'clock, and seeing it over before half-past nine. Dresden is also a city of early hours, but Dresden is a little capital, inhabited by plain people, both natives and foreigners. Berlin is now the capital of all Germany, a city of between two and a half and three millions. It is strange that she should cling to these primitive customs as to the dinner hour. I mean "primitive" from the modern city standpoint; I do not think that primitive hours for meals are to be condemned from any standpoint other than that of fashion. It is probable most Germans dine in the

from Munich. The "Weiss Beer," once a specialty of Berlin, is disappearing before the invasion of the Munich beer. The colossal fortunes of Germany are made by the brewers, principally Bavarians. I am afraid their fortunes are made more out of cheap beer than good beer. As in our own country, the profits on beer which has been left "in lager" long enough to cool, ferment, and age properly, do not satisfy the beer-brewer. Greedy for more money, he sends out his beer only partially aged and half fermented; greedy for more beer, the consumer buys the largest mug; the fermentation then goes on in the beer-consumer's insides. How very remarkable that consumers all over the world seem to prefer (for their insides) that which is cheap rather than that which is good. This is particularly notable in regard to milk, a food which people give to their children as well as to themselves. It is probably one of the most dangerous of foods when impure or unclean. Yet in many cities the attempts to purvey pure and clean milk to consumers at a slightly enhanced price have been financial failures. The mass of milk-consumers would rather have milk mixed with muddy water, typhoid germs, and manure, at five cents a quart, than clean milk at six, or pure milk at seven.

But the milk-consumers must know good milk from bad. I think that the beer-drinkers in Germany and the United States do not know good beer from bad. They certainly do not seem to do so. The sign "Sharp Steam Beer" may be seen all over the United States, and evidently it tempts beer-drinkers. Yet this merely means beer that is raw, imperfectly fermented, and often artificially charged with gas. I am surprised to see that in Germany, where beer-drinkers ought to be experts, the same indifference to the proper aging of beer exists. But perhaps beer affects the brains as well as the kidneys.

Among the remarkable sights of Berlin are the "beer palaces." These are enormous places, often fitted up gorgeously, many of them arranged for indoor or outdoor drinking, according to the weather. Orchestras play sweet music, and when the wearied musicians pause for more wind and beer, orchestrons play mechanical music, more or less sweet. Some of these places seat four, five, and six thousand persons, all of whom drink beer, most of whom eat sausages, and half of whom smoke. The spectacle is grand-inspiring; it would strongly move a beer-brewer or a pork-flesh-hash-fabrikanter.

Along the river there is a row of beer-palaces called colloquially *Zelte*—"tents." The name survives from the time when hucksters sold beer and pretzels in little tents pitched on the river-bank. Now the tents are transformed into imposing structures of brick and stone. All built on beer.

Although most people call the buildings of Berlin "handsome," critical people call them monotonously handsome; while hypercritical people call them commonplace. They may be handsome and yet commonplace, but they certainly look better than the



THE NEW BERLIN—Wagner Monument in the Tiergarten-Strasse, by the sculptor Gustav Eberlein; dedicated October 1, 1903.

such snap, was received in utter silence. The effect was depressing.

The opera audiences in Berlin are very plain. One expects to find them so in Dresden, which is a smaller and simpler city. But Berlin is a wealthy and pleasure-loving capital, with some millions of inhabitants. The extreme plainness of attire on the part of the women in the Berlin opera audiences is most marked.

The Kaiser objects strenuously to this homeliness on the part of his female subjects. This autumn season he instituted drastic measures. On certain nights, when the imperial family and guests were to be present, the opera director was ordered to see that the audiences were in evening dress. This he did with such Prussian strictness that much heart-burning resulted. A gown cut a little low in the neck did not suit the director—he wanted it decolleté. So the irritated Berlin ladies repaired to the dressing-rooms, and with scissors, needles, and thread, hacked and stitched until they could pass muster. As for the men, few of them appear at the opera in evening clothes, and the only men carefully dressed are the officers in their uniforms; but they wear their uniforms all the time. In Berlin, by the way, the officers do not frequent the pit as they do in the Italian and other Continental opera-houses. Despite their slender incomes, they are forced by regulation (I was told) to go into the expensive parts of the house. There are certain plays now running in Berlin, wherein army life is made ridiculous, which the regimental commanders instruct their subordinates not to attend.

The Royal Opera House in Berlin is old, badly arranged, and very uncomfortable. From many of the seats it is very difficult to see the stage. The Kaiser, after the Iroquois fire in Chicago, had all his theatres overhauled. Finding the old opera-house dangerous, he put a hideous fire-escape and cast-iron gallery all around the outside of it. The Kaiser has long desired to replace it by a new and modern edifice. It is the belief of the Berlin burghers that he has made it thus hideous in order to habituate them to the idea of its removal. He will surely succeed; it is so uncomfortable inside and so hideous outside, that it will inevitably soon be torn down.

The opera in Berlin usually begins at half-past seven, sometime at seven, or even earlier. I have heard this given as the reason for the infrequency of dinner dress at the opera in Berlin. People who dress for dinner usually dine late; in Berlin, those who dine late don't go to the opera, for the opera begins early. Those who do go to the opera often take a slight snack between the acts, for the spectacle is there presented of sandwiches, sausages, and other articles of food being on sale in the grand promenade. The people one sees eating at these stands in the Berlin Opera House at seven or eight o'clock have probably not dined, and this, I suppose, is their substitute for dinner.

I have never been able to discover at what hour Germans and theatre-goers dine in Germany. In large German-speaking cities the opening hour of the opera and opera is very early. Even in Vienna,

middle of the day, and take a somewhat informal supper in the evening. The programme of most of the millions in Germany is as follows: *Frühstück* ("breakfast"); *Mittagessen* ("midday meal"), which is the principal repast, and which corresponds to dinner; *Abend-essen* ("evening meal") at seven or eight o'clock. Swell Germans may call their dinner a *Haupt-mahlzeit*, and serve it in the evening. But the words show that the German dinner has been a midday meal. I am inclined to think that midday is the natural time of day for the principal meal all over the world, as well as in Germany. It is not so many years ago that dinner in most American hotels was served at midday. Even fifteen years ago the Washington hotels all served "supper" in the evening, with hot biscuits and preserves, on red damask table-cloths. At Newport, at the same epoch, the Ocean House



THE NEW BERLIN—Reichstags-Gebäude, or Hall of the Imperial Diet, completed in 1894; a good type of the florid Italian Renaissance architecture, so popular now in Germany. In front of the building stands the National Monument to Bismarck, by the sculptor Reinhold Begas; dedicated in 1901.

served dinner at one o'clock. What would happen to a Newport society man to-day who admitted that he dined at one? What, indeed!

"Beer," said Mr. Richard Swiveller to the Marchioness, who said she once had sipped it, "beer can not be tasted in a sip." So of Berlin's beer product—the subject is so vast a one that it can not be discussed in a paragraph. To give an idea of its vastness, there are scores of breweries in and around Berlin brewing fifty-six kinds of beer, in addition to which as much again is imported from other German cities, principally

commonplace yet ugly buildings that one sees in cities that are only commonplace and not handsome. True, most of the Berlin buildings are stucco-covered, and at the best stucco is only a sham. Personally, I like an honest building—whether it be of brick, of timber, or of stone.

Berlin has rigid building laws—height is prescribed, as well as materials and methods of construction. Therefore Berlin has no unsubstantial buildings and no "skyscrapers"; an attempt was made a few weeks ago to have the limit of height raised, but it failed. There are no "veneered" or "jerry-built" structures, but most of her buildings are stuccoed. One day we



took with us a guide around the Tier Garten Strasse, the Charlottenburg Strasse, the Bellevue Strasse, and in the aristocratic quarters generally, to point out to us the palaces of the brewers and the bankers, of the rich and the great. I interrogated him concerning the popularity of stucco compared with brick or stone. The guide proceeded to maintain with much earnestness that the popularity of stucco in Berlin was due to its super-excellence. He did not call it stucco, but "pastry"—an excellent term, by the way. "De pastry," he explained, "is much besser in Berleen als de pastry in Noy Yorrrack or in Zan Vranzisco. I haf bean in bot' dem places, und I know. Here in Berleen ven man pastes de pastry on de valls, he stick goot. De pastry stick besser when he is pasted on by Cher-man mans. A Noy Yorrrack arsshitecht I haf been his guide already, and he tell me he is come here to find out vot-de Berleen arsshitecht mixes de pastry out auf."

There can be no doubt our argumentative guide was right. The gentlemen who mix the pastry in Berlin make a better mixture than those in our town, who often make a sorry mess of it. But I think I prefer stone.

\*.\*

When you drive along one of the imposing Charlottenburg streets, it is difficult to believe that only a few years ago they were village lanes. Kant Street, for example, is miles in length; it is lined with magnificent buildings; far as the eye can see it stretches away with its vista of palatial structures. Yet within three decades all this did not exist. The village is changed into a stately city. The pavements of the streets, the sidewalk pavements, the shade trees, the boulevard effects, the ornate street lamps, even the arabesque trolley poles of steel—the effect of all of these is trim and handsome. The smooth pavements are not ruined

FINE  
SUBURBAN  
STREETS.

do not seem to be continually getting out of order, as is my experience with motor-cars at home. They are taximeter cabs, and you can hire one to go to Potsdam and back—thirty-three miles—in three hours say, for about five dollars. You can go faster if you like, but when traveling to see things, it is unwise to go so rapidly as not to see at all. At home, such a trip would cost you at least five dollars an hour; with some motor-drivers it would cost you all the money you have in your clothes; with others, it would cost you your life.

The taximeter works admirably, even under varying conditions. Most people have experienced the annoyance of "boundaries," or "city limits," in strange places when driving in cabs. For example, in Paris, when you reach the Maillot station of the Métropolitain, walk through the Maillot gate before you take a cab. If you do not, the cabman will charge you one and a half francs in addition to the fare for a "return indemnity"; it is beyond the boundary, and the law entitles him to this. Yet it is only across the road. Nobody understands these complicated tariffs except the cabmen. The Berlin taximeter has three tariffs—red, blue, and black. When you reach the city limits you are traveling under the red. When you cross them you are traveling under the blue, about fifty per cent. higher. The color on the dial changes as the driver presses a button. When you return and once more reach the city limits, the driver presses the button again, the red circle reappears, and you are again traveling under the city tariff.

\*.\*

A couple of miles from Potsdam lies the estate of Babelsburg, in which stands a picturesque château girt by a beautiful park. This was the favorite summer home of the old Kaiser, and his living-rooms are shown to visitors. The River Havel here widens out

AN IMPERIAL  
BUNGALOW,  
BABELSBURG.

Hans, the Thinking Horse. This photograph of Berlin's famous stallion and his master, Herr von Osten, was taken during one of the exhibition lessons described by Mr. Hart in the Argonaut of October 24th.

by ugly rails with gaping slots to spring the axles or buckle the wheels of light vehicles. The tops of the rails are flush with the pavement, which is laid close up to the rails, thus leaving only a narrow slot for the flange of the car-wheel, rendering it impossible for other wheels to catch.

Long, straight streets seem to be a peculiarity of Berlin and its suburbs. One day when we were taking a motor drive out to the Tempelhofer Feld, or Parade Ground, the driver took us along the Chaussée Strasse. In a short time we were out in the open country, but the fine, smooth, well-paved thoroughfare continued, although lined only with vegetable gardens. So with Schloss Strasse—it also runs out into the open country, but it is far better paved than Market Street, in San Francisco. Schloss Strasse is very wide, and the north-bound car track is on the east side of the street against the curb, the south-bound car track against the west curb, thus leaving a clear roadway in the centre for vehicles, while the cars run close to the passengers, instead of forcing them to go out into the middle of the street.

\*.\*

The motor-cabs in Berlin are a great convenience. They are not electric, but gasoline motors. By the way, the electric cabs that used to stand along the boulevard in Paris a few years ago, have all disappeared; in New York, too, they are rare, if they have not gone completely.

The Berlin motor-cabs are run by gasoline; the drivers are sensible, steady men, and their motors

Since the death of the old emperor the château of Babelsburg has been practically unoccupied, with the exception of the young princes' occasional brief visits. But the château is shown to visitors and the fountains play every day.

As we were leaving the delightful little château, the odd name "Babelsburg" led me to ask our guide from what it came. Do not smile at my asking the guide. There are many people who ask guides and cabmen questions in astronomy, astrology, meteorology, botany, physics, history, numismatics, heraldry, and a few other things. They always appear to be edified and gratified by the information they obtain. I frequently put such questions myself, and I know that I am always gratified, if not usually edified.

Therefore I tackled our guide on this simple question of genealogy and philology. "What does Babelsburg mean," I asked, "and what does it come from?"

"Babel comes from Babel," replied the guide, "and berg comes from mountain."

"But what does it mean?" I persisted.

"It means Babel Mountain," replied the guide.

"But what does the Babel in the Babelsburg mean?" I asked.

The guide looked at me uneasily. "The Babel means Babel," he replied.

"Does the Babel mean the Babel in the Bible?" I went on. "In short, does the Babel in Babelsburg come from the Babel in the Bible? Or does the Babel in the Bible come from the Babel in Babelsburg?"

The guide gazed at me with a disturbed air. "I not understand English so well as that."

"Then," said I, "let me try to ask you in German." And in my horrible High Dutch gibberish I proceeded to question him. "Aber kommt der Babel in die Bible von der Babel in Babelsburg auf, oder kommt der Babel in Babelsburg von der Babel in die Bible auf? Bible—Babel—Babel—Bible; nun, Sie verstehen, nicht wahr?"

The guide was staggered. After a pause for thought, he remarked: "I can not tell. I know not. I can not all dose tings in my head keep. I look in a book."

This was a conscientious guide. He was not quite certain whether the château of Babelsburg was built before or after the Tower of Babel. He wanted to look the matter up. An unprincipled guide would have answered offhand, and might have got it wrong.

I wonder if tourists in San Francisco ever ask questions like these: What was Alta and what was Baja California? Did the Gadsden Purchase affect California? Did the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo carry sovereignty over the coast line? If so, did San Francisco's water-front belong to the United States Government, to the State of California, or to the city of San Francisco? Was San Francisco really a Pueblo under the Spanish and Mexican laws, or did she only try to make herself one in order to swipe from the United States Government Golden Gate Park and other valuable lands?

I suppose almost any United Carriage cab-driver could answer questions like these and never bat an eye-winker.

But the Supreme Court might overrule him. It has been told that Justice Stephen J. Field was so uneasy over the Supreme Court's attitude on his Pueblo decision that he got an Act of Congress passed to clinch it.

\*.\*

Among the new buildings, there is one I have not mentioned, although it is significant of the New Berlin in a psychical as well as a structural sense. This is the Abgeordnetenhaus, or Chamber of Deputies. It is a handsome building, connected with the Herren Haus, or House of Lords, by a court. These two fine structures, fronting on different streets, are among the many new public buildings erected in Berlin within the last few years.

In these buildings is housed the Landtag. I do not mean the Reichstag—that is the legislative body of the German Empire. The Landtag is the legislative body of the Prussian Kingdom; the Abgeordnetenhaus, or House of Representatives, is elective; the Herren Haus, or House of Lords, is an appointive body. To the elective chamber the Berliners send at every session a solid delegation of radicals, much to the disgust of the Kaiser. They also elect every year, to his further disgust, a radical burgomaster. Sometimes the Kaiser gives expression to his disgust by vetoing the burgomaster's election.

Berlin is not so docile as it was in Frederick William's time, when that amiable monarch took always with him a stout cudgel in his walks abroad. With this he would belabor any Berlin or Potsdam burgher who chanced to displease him; or one of his own orderlies; or a pigeon-toed sentry; or that prince who later became Frederick the Great. Figuratively, also, he bludgeoned the city of Berlin as actually he belabored her burghers. Matters have very much changed. In the New Berlin the Kaiser-King does not always have his own way. Often the burghers have theirs. In the struggle my sympathies are with the city.

Hurrah for the burghers!

Burgher against Kaiser!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

BERLIN, October, 1904.



LITERARY NOTES.

**An Interesting Study of a Social Condition.**

Morganatic marriages are so remote from the ken of Americans that a certain degree of curiosity always exists concerning them, and this feeling is fully satisfied in Max Nordau's novel, "Morganatic." The theme of the book is a morganatic union between Josephine, the daughter of a lower middle-class German musician, and Albrecht, Prince of Meissen-Loewenstein-Franka, the son of a reigning grand duke in one of Germany's principalities. Prince Albrecht is related to many royalties, great and small, including even the Kaiser himself in some degree, and his marriage is distasteful to them all. He himself is not an ardent suitor, and does not cut a princely figure, either in the days when Josephine's father compelled him to the marriage or in the years that followed when he cherished a growing dislike of his son Siegfried as the cause of a tie which he had the will, but not the courage, to disown. It is Siegfried who is the central figure of the story after the first retrospective chapters, when a backward glance is taken over this peculiar union which involved so much bitterness in all its relations. There are no noble emotions evolved in connection with it. Josephine, called the Baroness von Gronendal during her husband's lifetime, aspires to the title of princess after his death, and her petty struggles and defeats make up an unlovely but truthful-seeming history of futile social strivings. Siegfried, with a larger nature and the possibility of better things within him, yields to destiny and follows his mother's pathway. A member of a great house, near to a proud throne, he is yet an outsider, unrecognized except as a petty baron, though his face and figure proclaim his kinship to royalty.

Nicoline, the girl he loves, has also a prince

reader with sufficient clearness. A neighborhood of adjoining ranches is peopled with a small but intellectual group who have a great many mental complexities, and a genius for misunderstanding each other. A couple of pairs of lovers are temporarily held asunder by an excess of imagination on one hand, and an improbably attenuated misconception of motives on the other.

In fact, the whole story is a tangle of fine-spun misunderstandings which are too essentially slight to build a novel upon. Yet the author is so well-equipped for the task in other respects, that it is a matter for regret that the scaffolding of her novel is so slight. She looks at human nature with a blending of clear-sightedness and idealism, sets down in the way of comment many bits of intuitive philosophy, and her style, although the marks of the polishing-tools are sometimes too evident, is pleasing.

Mrs. Smith has spent her best efforts on the character of an old clergyman, who, saint as he is, yet has sufficient hold on reality to suggest that he is a study from life. Some judicious touches of local color, laid on with the unprejudiced air of one who does justice to both East and West, will appeal to the interest of San Franciscans.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: \$1.50.

**As the Cover, So the Contents.**

The title of "Kitty of the Roses," its pink-tinted cover, and the lavish bordering of roses that decorates each page, together with some full-page illustrations of an enamored youth and maiden picturesquely grouped with a rose-garden for a setting, are all very accurate indications of the contents of the book. It is an episode between two young people who are ripe for falling in love, and to whom the opportunity arrives in pleasantest guise. The atmosphere is of the sunny South; a young architect sits at work at his open window; in the garden beneath a while-muslin-gowned girl flits about, filling her basket with roses. Glances are exchanged, some trifle breaks the ice; they scrape acquaintance, and scraps of dialogue follow about nothing in particular, but nevertheless inexpressibly piquant to the participants and to sympathetic readers. These are the opening incidents, and what follows is not hard to guess at. It is a pretty little hook, telling a pretty little tale of young love, and it will be found particularly suitable as a Christmas offering for rosy-cheeked young maidenhood.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$2.00.

- The Popular Books at the Libraries.**
- The five books most in demand during the week at the Public, Mechanics', and Mercantile Libraries, of this city, were the following:
- PUBLIC LIBRARY.**
1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
  2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
  3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
  4. "Beverly of Graustark," by George Barr McCutcheon.
  5. "Man and Superman," by G. Bernard Shaw.
- MECHANICS' LIBRARY.**
1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
  2. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
  3. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
  4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
  5. "Japan: An Interpretation," by Lafcadio Hearn.
- MERCANTILE LIBRARY.**
1. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
  2. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
  3. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
  4. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
  5. "The Son of Royal Langbrith," by William Dean Howells.

Jack London starts soon on a tour of the principal cities of the United States. He is to give readings from his books, especially "The Call of the Wild" and perhaps "The Sea-Wolf." The tour will probably extend over the months of January and February.



Max Nordau, author of "Morganatic." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

for a father while her mother is an opera-singer. But unlike Siegfried she deals with her problem successfully, compelling her father to a tardy recognition of her mother's claims and her own. Her character has in it the elements of success, while Siegfried is a predestined failure, and the contrasting view of the two temperaments is one of the fine points of the book. M. Nordau's purpose seems to be a desire to show the phases of human nature and of society brought out by such a system of marriage, rather than to emphasize the evils of it. But he succeeds in doing both. The book is a close study of the hidden motive and selfish strivings governing the social class he depicts, and, if not a pleasing study it is a most interesting one.

The bright directness of Nicoline's personality gives lightness to the theme, and a lively ending is furnished by the introduction of a group of Americans, with a multi-millionaire in the foreground, given from the peculiar point of view that the foreign novelist lends to this late product of our civilization.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia: \$1.50.

**Slight Plot, Good Characterization.**

The San Francisco author of "The Legatee" Alice Prescott Smith by name, has written her second novel apparently before she has quite formulated a sufficiently vital plot. The success of "The Legatee" enabled Mrs. Smith to rise immediately to a higher rank as a short-story writer, for in her first novel she showed ability in painting atmosphere, and gave striking descriptions of a vast fire in the forest lands of Wisconsin.


No kindred theme has offered itself to her pen in "Off the Highway," a rather thin seven love-story, with a good deal of sentimentalism, which is apt to leave the reader in a mild maze. The story is located in a mountainous vine-raising section of France, which the writer, with her descriptive powers, brings before the

Charity Ball at St. Francis.

A ball for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will be given at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening, December 21st, under the management of Edward M. Greenway. The nursery, the present home of which is at Twelfth and Mission Streets, is having a new building erected at Lake and Fourteenth Streets. The building is costing more than was expected, building is costing much more than was expected, and the managers of the institution feel justified, under the circumstances, in asking help at this time. Tickets to the hall

may be procured at the Information Bureau of the Hotel St. Francis, or from Mrs. E. F. Preston, 2336 Broadway. The price is five dollars. The following are the patronesses:

Mrs. Jacob Bertz, Mrs. W. L. Leake, Mrs. Frank V. Wright, Mrs. William L. Gerstle, Mrs. J. J. Theohald, Mrs. Guy E. Manning, Mrs. James L. Gould, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. O. B. Burns, Mrs. Albert Dernham, Mrs. Henry Dernham, Mrs. James Elder, Mrs. Herbert E. Law, Mrs. A. H. Martin, Mrs. Homer E. Osborne, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Miss Adelaide Pollock, Mrs. George B. Sperry, Mrs. J. J. Spicker, Mrs. William Thomas, and Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale.



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INDIVIDUALITIES.

J. Pierpont Morgan was reelected a warden of St. George's Church at the annual meeting of the parish a few days ago. Mr. Morgan has held the position for many terms, and has been a member of the church since 1868. He is in his sixty-eighth year.

The friends of Alton B. Parker are working quietly to bring about his nomination as a justice of the supreme court in New York County. The plan involves a change of voting residence by the ex-judge, but his friends say he wouldn't mind that since his own district gave Roosevelt a plurality. Judge Parker's salary as chief judge was \$13,000. His friends hope to get him on the appellate division, where his salary would be \$17,500.

Lolita Armour, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, of Chicago, has returned to this country after a final visit to Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the Vienna surgeon. The little girl limps a trifle, but the operation is considered by her parents "a success." Dr. John Ridlon, who assisted in the operation, is authority for the statement that the fee paid to Dr. Lorenz by Mr. Armour was thirty thousand dollars.

Anton Michalek, a Bohemian youth of twenty-six, was carried into Congress by the Roosevelt landslide. He was elected from the fifth (Chicago) district, made up largely of Jews, Bohemians, and other Slavonic people. Born in Bohemia, one of a family of eight children, the boy was brought to the ghetto of Chicago when he was quite young. He is self-educated, having taught himself to read and write English. Later he attended a business college, and before giving up his position to go into the campaign was earning fifteen dollars a week as a bookkeeper. He is a tall, pale, thin young man, wearing spectacles, and has an air of being intellectual.

He can speak Yiddish, his native Bohemian dialect, and English. His ability as an orator is said to be of a really high order.

The departure of Lord Curzon from Marseilles for India puts an end to the persistent rumors of the transfer of Lord Milner from South Africa. Lord Curzon is most anxious to round out his brilliant career as viceroy by finishing his work. Lord Kitchener's plans for the reorganization of the Indian army can be carried out under any viceroy, but Lord Curzon himself is needed for winding up the Thibetan affair, receiving the son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, sending a delegate to Cahul, and organizing the commercial mission to Persia. These matters require adroit management in order to avoid exciting Russian resentment. Lord Curzon knows Afghanistan and Persia as few men do.

No two compilers have made similar lists of the millionaires of the world. China, England, France, Russia, and the United States each claim to be the home of the richest man. The list compiled by James Burnley, the English author, is as follows: Albert Beit, diamonds, London, \$500,000,000; J. B. Robinson, gold and diamonds, London, \$400,000,000; J. D. Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$250,000,000; W. W. Astor, land, London, \$200,000,000; Prince Demidoff, land, St. Petersburg, \$200,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, steel, New York, \$125,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, railways, New York, \$100,000,000; William Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$100,000,000; J. J. Astor, land, New York, \$75,000,000; Lord Rothschild, money lending, London, \$75,000,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, banking, New York, \$75,000,000; Lord Iveagh, beer, Dublin, \$70,000,000; Señora Isidore Cousino, mines and railways, Chile, \$70,000,000; M. Heine, silk, Paris, \$70,000,000; Baron Alphonse Rothschild, money lending, Paris, \$70,000,000; Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, money lending,

Vienna, \$70,000,000; Archduke Frederick of Austria, land, Vienna, \$70,000,000; George J. Gould, railways, New York, \$70,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, banking, New York, \$55,000,000; James H. Smith, banking, New York, \$50,000,000; Duke of Devonshire, land, London, \$50,000,000; Duke of Bedford, land, London, \$50,000,000; Henry O. Havemeyer, sugar, New York, \$50,000,000; John Smith, mines, Mexico, \$45,000,000; Claus Spreckels, sugar, San Francisco, \$40,000,000; Archbishop Conn, land, Vienna, \$40,000,000; Russell Sage, money lending, New York, \$25,000,000; Sir Thomas Lipton, groceries, London, \$25,000,000.

With the coming retirement of Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, will go the last pair of cowhide hoots from the Senate. When he first took his seat, twenty-nine years ago, he wore this ante-hellum footgear, and he still clings to it. In the earlier period of his senatorial career the Missourian's general appearance suggested the typical Uncle Sam. He wore cowhide hoots. He wore chin whiskers. He wore faded broadcloth, made up in frock-coat effects. His vest was cut low and partly unbuttoned. It exposed a snowy expanse of frilled linen. His trousers were baggy and just a bit short. He wore a black string tie, or none at all. Senator Cockrell is tall, broad-shouldered, but a gaunt, lean man. He stoops a little when he walks, and holds his head forward, with a hand spread fan-shape behind his ear, when he desires to listen.

Reduced Rates for the Holidays.

Agents of the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets at reduced rates for Christmas and New Year's. Tickets sold December 24th, 25th, and 26th will be good to return until December 27th, while tickets sold December 31st and January 1st, will be good to return January 3, 1905. Full information at city ticket-office, 613 Market Street, or from any agent of the Southern Pacific.

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NEW YORK



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Books to Buy for Christmas Presents.

As with juvenile books, so with books for adults, the enormous output of the presses make it impossible for the average person to "keep up." The *Argonaut* notices more or less briefly (generally less) some twelve hundred books during the year. That is more than twenty a week, and, in consequence, he is indeed an assiduous reader of book-reviews who knows at the end of the year which hundred of these twelve hundred represents the "cream."

## NOVELS.

In the domain of fiction, we select from the ruck twenty-five titles. Of these so clever and amusing a story as Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage"; a tale of so absorbing a plot as Katherine Cecil Thurston's "The Masquerader"; so charming a love-story as Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Affair at the Inn"; such homely and humorous philosophizing as is contained in George Horace Lorimer's "Old Gorgon Graham"; and so powerful and vivid a sea-tale as Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf" will naturally interest almost any sort of reader. These are books that make an almost universal appeal. They interest the "intellectual person," and also the man who doesn't care a tinker's oath for anything except "the story."

Of a different type are such books as Maurice Hewlett's "The Queen's Quair," Maarten Maartens's "Dorothea," Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," Edith Whar-

notable books have been published during the year. Laicadio Hearn's "Japan: An Interpretation" ought to be read by every one who desires to inform himself about the nation in which we all have so keen an interest. L. Putnam Weale's "Manchu and Muscovite" is the best book that has yet appeared about Manchuria. Henry Savage Landor's "Gems of the East" is a very readable account of the Philippines, while Sven Hedin's "Through Central Asia and Tibet," though formidable in size, contains an immense amount of interesting matter about an unknown land. Jeremiah Lynch's "Three Years in the Klondike" is amusing and readable. The account of the "Harriman Alaskan Expedition," now being issued in a number of volumes, contains wonderful pictures of Alaska scenery, her fauna and flora, and will be a notable addition to any library. A study in national life and character that is especially noteworthy is Emile Boutmy's "The English People."

## BIOGRAPHY.

The output of the presses is rich in biography and autobiography. Chief among these is, of course, Spencer's monumental natural history of his life. Senator Hoar's "Autobiography" ought to interest every American, while Lord Wolsey's "Story of a Soldier's Life" and the "Memoirs" of that famous journalist, De Blowitz, are both interesting to a high degree. A work of some local interest is "The Memoirs of Henry Villard," the railway builder. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's biography of Zola will have its fascination for many readers, and the "Creevey Papers," being intimate gossip of great English folk of a hundred years ago, has already passed through many editions. "Imperator et Rex" is perhaps not a very accurate account of the German emperor, but it is undeniably readable and interesting. Moncure D. Conway's "Autobiography" is packed with pen-pictures and anecdotes of great men, and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences of Peace and War" easily takes its place among the most vivacious personal records of bellum and ante-bellum days. Two biographies of our President have appeared during the year: "The Man Roosevelt," by Francis E. Leup, and "Roosevelt," by Jacob A. Riis, and mention should certainly not be omitted of Grover Cleveland's masterly volume, entitled "Presidential Problems."

## ESSAYS.

In literature and essays, a work of note is Edmund Gosse and Richard Garnett's "Illustrated History of English Literature," in four large handsome volumes. Henry W. Boynton's "Literature and Journalism," Agnes Repplier's "Essays," and Frank Moore Colby's "Imaginary Obligations" are deserving of special remark.

## FINE ARTS.

One of the most important publications in the domain of fine arts is Bryan's monumental "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," complete in six volumes. We also have a beautiful book from the pen of Edith Wharton and the pencil and brush of Maxfield Parrish on "Italian Villas and their Gardens." Gibson's annual portfolio of black-and-white drawings always makes a charming gift, and his "Everyday People" of this year contains especially good work. "Bird Centre Cartoons," by John T. McCutcheon, is another most amusing book of pictures, which has had the unique distinction of being dramatized. "The Musical Guide," a work in two volumes, by Rupert Hughes, and Louis C. Elson's "History of American Music," are interesting and valuable to the musically inclined.

## NEW EDITIONS.

Among new editions, special mention should be made of the remarkably handsome new edition of "The Works of Thackeray," published by Scribners in thirty-two volumes, at the low price of two dollars a volume. Scribners also publish an outwardly very similar edition of the works of the Russian novelist, Ivan Turgénieff, at the same price, while an exceptionally fine edition of the works of Frank Norris is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

## CALIFORNIANA.

It often happens that books relating especially to California are desired for purposes of Christmas giving. Such books are Ida M. Strowbridge's "The Miners' Mirage Land" and Arthur J. Burdick's "The Mystic Mid-Region" (telling of Death Valley), George Wharton James's "Indians of the Painted Desert Region," Adeline Knapp's "Upland Pastures," and Bertha H. Smith's "Yosemite Legends." A fine book of short stories that deal with California scenes is Mary Hallock Foote's "A Touch of Sun."

## FACETIE.

Another class of books much in demand at Christmas time is that of slight amusing little books intended to signify the giver's friendly interest, but not intended to be very seriously regarded. Good amusing volumes of this sort are George Ade's "True Bills," J. J. Bell's "Jess & Co.," Col D. Streamer's volume of humorous verse, entitled "Misrepresentative Men," Mark Twain's "Extracts from Adam's Diary," Wallace Irwin's "Fairy Tales Up to Now," "The Cynic's Calendar," and Oliver

Herford's immensely humorous verses and cat-pictures, entitled "The Rubáiyat of a Persian Kitten."

## The Origin of Tess.

A rather striking story of the origin of Hardy's "Tess" has just been told by Neil Munro, author of "John Splendid," who is one of Hardy's intimate friends. It seems that when Hardy was a boy he used to come into Dorchester to school, and he made the acquaintance of a woman there, who, with her husband, kept an inn. She was beautiful, good, and kind, but married to a dissipated scoundrel who was unfaithful to her. One day she discovered her husband under circumstances which so aroused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted, and condemned to execution. Young Hardy, with another boy, came into Dorchester and witnessed the execution from a tree that over-looked the yard in which the gallows was placed. He never forgot the rustle of the thin black gown the woman was wearing as she was led forth by the warders. A penetrating rain was falling; the white cap was no sooner over the woman's head than it clung to her features, and the noose was put around the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was brought to his complete senses when the drop fell with a thud and his companion on a lower branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. The tragedy haunted Hardy, and, at last, provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

John Lane will have ready in a few days Vernon Lee's new volume of essays, entitled "The Enchanted Wood."

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ton's "The Descent of Man," Henry James's "The Golden Bowl," Rudyard Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries," and Gilbert K. Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill." Here are books that do not give themselves up to the first-comer. They require to be wooed of the intellect. The appeal they make is essentially one to the reader of superior type.

Still another class of good novels fail to make a wide appeal and still their readers are not necessarily of a superior sort. Mr. Howells has his constituency as certainly as a new paper has, to those who like Howells, his "Son of Royal Langbrith" will prove pleasing in even a greater degree than some of his other late books. Hall Caine also has his peculiar class of readers, and "The Prodigal Son" also excels in merit the two or three books of Mr. Caine's that have preceded it. Books like Josephine Daskam's "Memoirs of a Baby" and "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen" are most appreciated by women, while novels like Robert Herrick's "The Common Lot" and Gwendolen Overton's "Captains of the World," both dealing with business affairs, make their appeal to men. "The Crossing," by Winston Churchill, is too long a novel to suit quite busy people, but it finds many admirers among the serious-minded who have plenty of time. Other good novels that may confidently be recommended to the Christmas shopper are Elinor McCarty Lane's "Nancy Stair," F. Marion Crawford's "Whosoever Shall Offend," Louis H. Hunt's "Satan's Warham," Ireland's "My Friend Prospero," and Gail's "The Undercurrent."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Henry James's Latest Work.

A liking for the novels of Henry James is an acquired taste, but once gained it grows by what it feeds on. By those who like that sort of thing, "The Golden Bowl" will be read with peculiar relish. It is a long novel, issued in two volumes, and is in Mr. James's most pronounced vein of psychological probings into obscure mental processes.

As in most of his books, the episode is an international one, and the scene London. The story deals with a most complex situation, evolved from the marriage of an American girl to an Italian prince. The new princess has a father, one of Henry James's discriminating studies of the American millionaire. He is one of the world's great collectors, a man with a genius for large accumulations of money, but of a gentle, amiable type, loving his daughter with a devotion only equaled by hers for him. In her view he must be consoled for her loss, and a marriage is arranged for him with a clever, handsome girl, Charlotte Stant, he acquiescing to ease his daughter's mind, while Charlotte accepts her destiny if not with heatitude, at least with a realization of the benefits conferred on a well-nigh penniless girl by the married state and the possession of much money. But the key of the situation is in the fact that Charlotte and the prince are old lovers. Marriage was impossible for them, since neither had money, but the love continues after the

## Christmas Offerings at the White House.

Fate has settled it that the wife shall do the Christmas shopping. Of course, the husband has an occasional little fling at it, and inwardly resolves that it shall be his last attempt; but it is the wife upon whom the burden falls. She it is who, during the holiday season, goes from store to store, walks miles of corridors, inspects great arrays of various articles, in search of what she wants for friend or relative. And she it is who most thoroughly appreciates the shopping facilities offered by such a place as the White House, at the corner of Post and Kearny Streets.

This store is noted, principally, for its unexcelled stock of exquisite women's wear, and it has always maintained its supremacy in that line. But at Christmas time one's thoughts turn to the other things it has in stock—an exceedingly attractive display of goods selected with the utmost care and discrimination. Its art department is especially well stocked. Lamps in brass, bronze, and glass, silverware, clocks of original and unusual design, statuary, light parlor furniture, bric-à-brac, and china are shown in great profusion. It is in china especially that the White House excels. Its collection comprises Limoges, Coalport, Dresden, and other ware, all of the daintiest finish and most artistic pattern. There are thousands of exquisite coffee, chocolate, and hollion cups, tea-sets, full table-sets, and single pieces. The cut-glass department is completely stocked with



Illustration from "In the Closed Room," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

double wedding, when the *parti carrée* are established together by turns in Mr. Verner's town house and in his country place not far away.

How the new princess discovers the truth, how she conceals the knowledge from her father that he may enjoy the happiness of ignorance, how he in turn feigns unconsciousness for his daughter's sake, and the several courses of conduct pursued by Charlotte and the prince, are matters all very much in the author's line, rich in possibilities for his subtlest handling. Scarcely a sentence of the dialogue deals squarely with facts. Everything is indirect, veiled in meaning, mystifying at times in half suggestions, and touched at every line with that elaboration of his art of which Mr. James possesses the complete mastery. There can be no standstill in such a complication of human relations, and the final evolution worked out keeps the interest on the *qui vive* up to the very last word. Henry James rarely accords a satisfying conclusion, and he has made no exception here. But if the reader is left groping for a clue to much that he would like to know, he will find in that enough of likeness to the realities of life to convince him of the truth of the art that leaves it so.

Published in two volumes by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has decided to change the title of his forthcoming novel about "Appleseed Johnny" to "The Quest of John Chapman: The Story of a Forgotten Hero." "Johnny" was a peculiar but gentle philanthropist, who spent most of his time wandering through the States of the Middle West planting apple seeds, which grew up in many instances into flourishing orchards.

the latest patterns. The White House has the exclusive agency here for the famous Rookwood pottery, and is showing a complete assortment in beautiful patterns of glazed, unglazed, and mat-glazed ware. The latter is a new finish which has become exceedingly popular. No two Rookwood patterns are alike.

The children have not been forgotten by the White House management. Indeed, a visit to their toy rooms would give the impression that the store was being conducted especially for the benefit of the little ones. There is nothing that a child of any age could imagine in the way of a toy that is not to be found there. There are wonderful mechanical figures of men and women and animals, going through all the motions of a living being—things that even the famous toy-maker of Nuremberg could not duplicate. There are toy automobiles (which run), go-carts, fire engines, and toy wheelbarrows with musical attachments. There are miniature electric railways, with rolling-stock complete, with tracks and switches and signals. And of course there are dolls, from the most unpretentious up to wonderful creatures that are decked out with complete and perfectly made wardrobes. There are doll-houses, too, which are complete in all their details.

Taken all through it is hard to imagine anything desired by a Christmas shopper (or a shopper at any time of the year) that could not be found at the White House. Buyers there have the satisfaction, too, of trading at a store in which the comfort and convenience of the customer is a prime consideration. Wide aisles, well-arranged goods, floods of light, and attentive, experienced clerks, all combine to make the White House a pleasant place to visit.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Labor Problems in Fiction.

Prable is that w men writers rarely have the courage the experience, or the mental grasp to attack, are involved in the conflict of labor and capital; but Gwendolen Overton, in her latest novel, "Captains of the World," has treated the subject from the standpoint of one who is not merely a superficial observer of the conditions of which she treats.

The story has for its starting point and centre of action a big steel plant, and after a striking, impressionistic picture of the mill, a glowing, "fire-cored, nebulous world," from whence Tennant, the steel magnate, draws the enormous resources which make his daughter's hand the object of a prince's suit, Miss Overton boldly attacks acer real theme with a temperateness of tone, a breadth of knowledge, and a dispassionateness of judgment which will not fail to inspire respect and consideration for this, her first essay in the field of industrial fiction.

The real aim of the book is to advance the cause of arbitration by showing up, in a series of realistic and graphic pictures, the mill people in their own environment, the irresponsible nature of the foreign factory element, the selfish and unscrupulous aims of the labor agitator, and the deprivations and acute sufferings entailed upon the undeserving by long strikes. Miss Over-



ton has selected for her hero a melter who rises from the ranks, where the reader first makes his acquaintance; and whose loyalty to the cause of labor, ability, and unswerving sense of justice lead to his final appointment to an important position on the board of arbitration. This brings him in close touch with the heroine, a superb, if somewhat grave and restrained specimen of American womanhood, who, after having rejected a millionaire mill-owner and a prince, steps down from the high plane upon which wealth and culture have enthroned her, to wed with the man who was but a few years before an obscure workman in her father's mill.

The pair who figure as hero and heroine are equally striking in their different ways. Manning is a sort of John Mitchell, Beatrice of the type of American girl who can step into a palace with royal ease and grace, and show not a trace of her obscure origin.

There is, however, something a little rock-bound about the two grave lovers, resulting, perhaps, from the wide gulf that the author compels them to bridge before they come together. Manning, in spite of his workman's origin and the practicality of his career, is something of a woman's hero; serious, self-restrained, constant to an idea, strong, brave, incorruptible and a leader among men. In depicting the attitude toward him of the rich mill-owners who have risen from the same lowly estate, Miss Overton has given a very good idea of the class line that is gradually becoming sharply defined in our once democratic country.

In fact, the book carries a very interesting study, within a limited scope, of social as well as industrial conditions, and marks a distinct advance for the author within the field of thoughtful, high class fiction.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50.

Deserves Spanking.

In "The Staying Guest," Carolyn Wells presents a naughty little heroine whose pranks will deli at the audience of young girls for whom the book is intended, and in a correct degree will excite the reprobation of readers who may ch ee to read it.

the twelve-year-old in question, is the home of two maiden aunts, idly, and there proceeds to the of a series of misdemeanors that

would never be tolerated outside of a story-book. The sole purpose is to entertain the young by weaving delightfully improbable adventures, and this is successfully achieved. Youthful readers may not be sufficiently discriminating to perceive that Ladybird is pert and forward rather than witty and winsome, and the absence of a moral will not trouble them.

If the book does no particular good, it can certainly do no harm, for any aspiring juvenile essaying an imitation of the impertinences and impish tricks of the young heroine would stumble into a very different reception from that accorded to the all-conquering Ladybird.

The book is illustrated with many pretty little outline drawings, as well as full-page half-tones, in which the little guest at Primrose Hall is charmingly represented with her two dotting aunts in attendance.

Published by the Century Company, New York, \$1.50.

Loves the Mountains, but Decries Yosemite.

The mountains of California, Coast Range and Sierras alike, have laid their spell on Stewart Edward White, and he gives vivid expression to his enjoyment in "The Mountains," a book which is the record of a trip taken by three men among the western ranges of the southern coast, across the arid alkali desert region, and up among the high Sierras. It is such a book as one might expect from the author of "The Blazed Trail" and "The Silent Places," full of the joy of "camping out," reveling in the sights and sounds and scents of the world of outdoors in the little-trodden places of the earth.

Mr. White has the poet's power of interpretation, joined to a fine gift for descriptive writing that calls up peak and cañon and forest without the aid of the fine illustrations scattered through the volume. Yosemite, the Californian's pride, fails to move him. "In Yosemite," he writes, "everything is jumbled together, apparently for the benefit of the tourist with a linen duster and but three days' time at his disposal. . . . The place is not natural scenery. It is a junk-shop, a storehouse, a sample-room, where the elements of natural scenery are to be viewed."

But the book is far from being a dissertation on mountain scenery. The incidents of the trip are told with the gayety of high spirits, and equipments, horses, guides, indeed all the practical details involved, are discussed with zest and enthusiasm. There is a chapter, too, on camp cookery that will make the average housewife open her eyes at the resourcefulness of this son of the wilderness. The exhilaration that flows from every page is infectious, and doubtless more than one similar expedition will be projected as a result of the adventures here described.

In outer dress, the volume is very handsome, finished with a perfection of detail that the true book-lover delights in.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Helpful Essays.

Margaret Deland has long had her niche as a short-story writer, and her tales of Dr. Lavender and his people in Old Chester have a distinct place in American literature. In "The Common Way," she shows her skill as a writer of essays for women, some ten papers originally published in *Harper's Bazar* being here gathered together in book-form. They show the same qualities that distinguish her fiction—ripened knowledge of men and women, kindly warmth of nature, and a broad humanity that knows not the meaning of intolerance. There is a large amount of practical good sense in some of these short talks on paper. The chapter called "Love My Dog" is luminous with wisdom that hickering families might well take note of, while "The Tyranny of Things" shows in its true colors the over-elaboration of living characteristic of the day. "Concerning Christmas Giving" is another good paper, as true as it is pertinent.

Women who care little for fiction will find much to their taste in these thoughtful, half-sermonizing talks, discussing as they do the every-day trivialities of life from a sound, common-sense point of view that is refreshing to the spirit.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.25.

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## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

## The Love-Knot.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and  
chill;  
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy, peach-colored face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them  
in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;  
Madder, merrier, chillier still  
The western wind blew down, and played  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair?  
To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's  
breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled  
chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you hesought  
This country lass to walk with you.  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

—Nora Perry.

## Souvenirs.

*Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?*  
Where is the glove that I gave to him,  
Perfumed and warm from my arm that night?  
And where is the rose that another stole  
When the land was flooded with June moon-  
light,  
And the satin slipper I wore?—Alack,  
Some one had that—it was wrong, I fear.  
Where are those souvenirs to-day?  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

The glove was burned at his next love's prayer,  
And the rose was lost in the mire of the street;  
And the satin slipper he tossed away,  
For his jealous bride had not fairy feet.  
Give what you will, but know, mesdames,  
For a day alone are your favors dear.  
Be sure for the next fair woman's sake  
They will go—like the snows of yester-year.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

## A Musical Box.

I know her, the thing of laces, and silk,  
And ribbons, and gauzes, and crinoline,  
With her neck and shoulders as white as milk,  
And her doll-like face and conscious mien.  
A lay-figure fashioned to fit a dress,  
All stuffed within with straw and bran;  
Is that a woman to love, to caress?  
Is that a creature to charm a man?

Only listen! how charmingly she talks  
Of your dress and hers—of the Paris mode—  
Of the coming ball—of the opera-box—  
Of jupons, and flounces, and fashions abroad.  
Not a bonnet in church but she knows it well,  
And Fashion she worships with downcast  
eyes;  
A *marchande de modes* is her oracle,  
And Paris her earthly paradise.

She's perfect to whirl with in a waltz;  
And her shoulders show well on a soft divan.  
As she lounges at night and spreads her silks,  
And plays with her bracelets and flirts her  
fan;  
With a little laugh at whatever you say,  
And rounding her "No" with a look of sur-  
prise;  
And lisping her "Yes," with an air distrust,  
And a pair of aimless, wandering eyes.

Her duty this Christian never omits!  
She makes her calls, and she leaves her cards,  
And enchants a circle of half-fledged wits,  
And slim attachés and six-foot Guards.  
Her talk is of people, who're nasty or nice,  
And she likes little bon-bons of compli-  
ments;  
While she seasons their sweetness by way of  
spice,  
By some witless scandal she often invents.

Is this the thing for a mother or wife?  
Could love ever grow on such barren rocks?  
Is this a companion to take for a wife?  
One might as well marry a musical box.  
You exhaust in a day her full extent;  
'Tis the same little tinkle of tunes always;  
You must wind her up with a compliment,  
To be bored with the only airs she plays.

—William Wetmore Story.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Historical Romance of the Best Sort.

"Falaise of the Blessed Voice," by William Stearns Davis, has the color and pageantry of a historical novel where royal personages play the leading parts. Louis the Ninth, called St. Louis for his justice and probity, and Margaret of Provence, his young consort, are pictured in the early bloom of youth, newly wedded, and happy in their mutual love. But conspiracies encompass them, seeking to traduce the fair fame of the young queen, and to break the marriage. Another lady of France aspires to the throne, and her powerful father, mistaking the gentleness of Louis's character for weakness, carries forward his plots with apparent success until the dreaming youth, awakening to manhood, recognizes his own possibilities and the claims of his people, and takes the affairs of state into his own hands.

The character of Louis is well developed, the style is picturesque and of good literary quality, and the scope of the story gives opportunity for an extended view of mediæval times, both in the ceremonial pomp of court life and among the simpler lives of the villagers. Through the latter scenes moves Falaise, a picturesque young figure, blind from her birth, but possessed of beauty and a voice of marvelous sweetness. It is she who comes to the queen's aid, and by woman's wit frustrates the designs of her enemies.

The book is a historical romance of the best type, accurate in detailed pictures of the customs of the times, and working out

through interesting scenes to a good climax. Although designed for mature readers, it is well adapted also to growing minds. Such fiction—healthful, instructive, without intending to be so, and romantic in the best sense of the term—will always hold its popularity, for since the days of Walter Scott there has been no other medium so powerful in kindling the imagination to a true conception of past times.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

## South-Sea Rhapsodies.

In a collection of sketches, half story, half reminiscence, entitled "The Island of Tranquil Delights," Charles Warren Stoddard sets forth the charm of life in the South Sea Islands, more particularly in Hawaii and Tahiti. The time is somewhere back in the seventies, when old traditions and native ways still prevailed, and the tone of the author in dwelling on these pleasant days of vanished youth is almost rhapsodical in its enjoyment. A whimsical, half-nonsensical tone frequently pervades the narrative, which is for the most part intimately personal in note. There are some picturesque sketches of native characters and incidents which are well done, and through them all the indolent *dolce far niente* atmosphere of these tropic isles is well conveyed. Quite as graphic are the pen-pictures of the beauty of sea and sky and wild native growth everywhere spread out before the eye.

Those who have visited the islands will enjoy some hours of pleasant retrospect in turning over the pages of the book.

Published by H. B. Turner & Co., Boston.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Problema Set Forth, But Unsolved.

Robert Grant is a close student of existing social conditions, and his powerful novel, "The Undercurrent," is written in the belief that fiction is the surest medium for arousing thoughtful consideration of the problems and tendencies of the day. Divorce is the leading issue of the book, presented through the lives of the characters in the story, both in relation to the conflict between church and state concerning it, and in the other aspects of its abuse by men and women of easy morals, resulting in a general loosening of the marriage tie.

Many typical conditions are compressed into this reflex of the life of to-day. It is the smart set of Newport, the leisure class of America, who thus play fast and loose with marriage, changing husbands and wives with startling ease. There are no high lights in the picture, for moderation is the tone of the book, and the truth of the representation is unanifest. Yet it is a striking indictment of a plutocracy drifting toward unchecked license through a life of perpetual self-indulgence.

The romance of the story, on the other hand, lies among people of different calibre. A woman, intense by nature and strenuous in her ideals of what is right and wrong, has been already married, and is abandoned by her husband. An opportunity comes to her to marry again, this time to a man who will make her completely happy. But she belongs to the Episcopal sect, and it is the fiat



King Edward VII.

Photo by Taber.

of her church that the union would be an immoral one. To such a situation common sense decrees but one ending. But to most of his problems, Mr. Grant offers no solutions. He digs deep and turns up the soil in order that aspects, usually ignored or superficially regarded, may be revealed, and he who reads may draw his own conclusions.

The book is not pessimistic in its outlook, but it is serious, altogether different from Mr. Grant's earlier manner of light, mirth-provoking satire. It is another manifestation of a changed outlook, such as "Unleavened Bread" indicated, and is similar in style to that work. Benham, the typical city of that story, is also the scene of "The Undercurrent." Though there is no trace of humor in dealing with these actualities of life, so interest compelling is the story, so compact and well-constructed the plan, that lighter forms of novels, taken up for mere entertainment, seem tame reading by comparison.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.50.

A Tale of Matrimonial Discords

Anthony Hope, most versatile of writers, has taken a new departure in his novel, "Double Harness." It is as interesting as one of Henry Arthur Jones or Pinero's problem plays, and is on very much the same lines. The young person would do well to pass it by, and those who revel in the Zenda romances will scarcely take to it. But it appeals strongly to the sophisticated twentieth-century taste which demands in its literature a varied emotional situations between men and women.

Anthony Hope, as the title points out, a study in married state, or what is apparently

monial discords. Half a dozen couples are chosen to exemplify the possibilities of unhappiness offered by matrimony. All belong to the same intimate social group, and are members of the well-born class of English society who have leisure to develop the rampant individualism which is the spirit of the age. The home of the Courtlands is wrecked by the savage, uncontrolled temper of a jealous wife. In the Fanshaw ménage a too-easy code of virtue on the part of the pretty little wife is the rock on which they run aground. With the Imasons, whose affairs receive the prominence due to the rightful hero and heroine, the exacting ideals of Sibylla Imason are too difficult for her husband to live up to, and she seeks elsewhere for a response to the cravings of her nature. This situation is somewhat finical, and the beauty and charm of Sibylla fail to win sympathy for her. The dissensions of the other households would possess almost too much of sober realism but for the deftness of handling, the wit and brilliant dialogue which go to the making of this modern social drama.

There is a hint of cynicism at all times, but it is a mellowed, unconscious sort of cynicism, and the prospect of a fair haven ahead for all these voyagers is never lost sight of. This comes perhaps from the bent of the author toward a happy ending, rather than innate conviction; but the outlook on life is on the whole a kindly one.

The serious side of the story does not prevent it from being as entertaining as all of Anthony Hope's work, and the development of a hitherto dormant talent, revealing an unexpected insight and power of analysis of hu-

man motives and character, will add to the popularity of this brilliant writer by winning him a new circle of more thoughtful readers.

Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; \$1.50.

Blood Loyalty.

The first chapters of "The Soldier of the Valley," by Nelson Lloyd, at once recall, by the similarity of situation, Aldrich's little masterpiece, "For Bravery on the Field of Battle." Like Aldrich's veteran of the Mexican War, Mark Hope returns to his home in the valley a disabled soldier, crippled in the service of his country. He has lost a leg in Cuba, and his dreams of glory are over; but he is hailed as a hero by his fellow-townsmen, and, happy in their recognition of his achievements, he does not at once learn that the memory of his battles will soon fade from all minds but his own.

After this opening, the tale proceeds in a different strain. It is a story of village life, peopled by quaint characters of the rural type. These are hit off with considerable humor, ably seconded by Frost's characteristic drawings. The love-story has for its theme the self-sacrifice of the soldier, now become the village schoolmaster, and of his stalwart young brother. Both love the same woman, and each resolves to renounce her for the sake of the other's happiness. There is an unexpected ending, not altogether a mournful one, and the closing picture, representing the little group dreaming in the firelight, gives to it the final touch of recollection.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for publication next week, "A Divorce," by Paul Bourget, author of "The Disciple." His former novel dealt with the religious question; this one deals, as its title indicates, with the conditions in France which allow legal divorce. It is thought that it will be of much interest to readers who will be able to see Mr. Bourget's way of managing the question, as distinct from that of the author of "The Undercurrent."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have undertaken to publish a volume of love-letters addressed to Victor Hugo by his life-long "friend," Juliette Drouet, during his exile in the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, 1850 to 1869. These letters were discovered by Henry Wellington Wack, the well-known authority on the Congo Free State. It will have an introduction by François Coppée, with a title as yet to be decided upon.

The Macmillan Company states that an American hook company in Tokio reports that "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation" can not be sold in that city with its present cover. The reason for this is that the decoration on the cover is an exact representation of the emperor's personal crest. "If you would only make these ornaments with fifteen or seventeen petals there would be no objection; but sixteen makes it an exact copy of the imperial crest." On account of this the edition for Japan will have a special binding.

Miss Frances Parker, not Miss Frances Charles, is the author of "Hope Hathaway." The error made by the publishers in giving out information to the Eastern press, was perpetuated in the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago.

A notable contribution to the recent literary output in Paris is a new novel by Jules Verne. It is issued by Hetzel, and is entitled "Le Maître du Monde." Written in the author's accustomed vivacious style, it is crowded, as is usual in his books, with scientifically based surprises.

John L. Griffiths, to whose care the late President Benjamin Harrison left all his private papers, is reported to have discovered among them an extraordinary private document. This is nothing less important than an intimate history of the four years of the Harrison administration (1889-93), written by the President himself. It is said to be a calm, dispassionate statement of facts concerning the President's acts and his political embarrassments in which no man is spared and none is condemned. Where the President held that he was blamed for the acts of Secretary Blaine or others, he set down the facts temperately and clearly, from his own point of view. All the inner political complications of Harrison's party in that era are blazoned forth in this document, which will undoubtedly be published some time, but not now. The facts of its existence, and its interesting quality, have been communicated to the world through the *Dispatch* of Pittsburg by A. E. McKee.

The ever-popular "Helen's Babies," by John Habberton, is issued this year by the H. M. Caldwell Company, with colored plates and fifty full-page or text illustrations by Miss Sara Crosely.

A dainty and refined method of advertising a recent popular book was devised by an enterprising retail hook-seller of the Middle West. The hook was George Horace Lorimer's "Old Gorgon Graham," and the dealer arranged a window display illustrative of the pork-packing industry. Hams and fitches of bacon and figures of little pigs were delicately interspersed with the piles of hooks, and over all was hung the sign: "Graham & Co., Pork Packers!" So realistic was the effect that it was stated passersby were misled into entering the store for the purpose of purchasing pig meat!

The Funk & Wagnalls Company will issue at once Mrs. Maybrick's own story, "My Fifteen Lost Years." This volume, it is stated, will contain material which has never appeared before. And its purposes are, first, to render impossible "any other such dreadful travesty of justice," and, second, "to bring back to the mother her children."

A recent cable dispatch from Paris foreshadowed the possible purchase by the United States Government of the private papers of Christopher Columbus, now in the possession of the Duke of Albe. It added that the existence of these priceless documents had just been brought to light through the researches of Henry Vignaud, secretary of the American embassy to France. "Le Maison d'Albe et les Archives Colombiennes," it now appears, contains matter printed by M. Vignaud in the *Journal* of the Society of Americanists, of which he is vice-president. The relations of the family of Columbus with the house of Albe are traced, and the character of the newly discovered documents is indicated. M. Vignaud notes the presence in the collection of papers relating to the

first voyage, one of them showing that Columbus made his discovery with three caravels and sixty-eight men, a point which has hitherto remained uncertain. Another curious document is the declaration of the Florentine ship-broker, Berardi, claiming the sum of 180,000 maravedis, advanced by him to the great navigator in 1492. Columbus's log-book and souvenirs of his library are also mentioned as forming part of the treasure.

In his new hook, "Poverty," Robert Hunter, who has spent several years among the poor of New York's East Side, makes the following statements: There are 10,000,000 persons in the United States in poverty; one out of every ten persons who die in New York City is buried in Potters' Field; fourteen per cent. of the families living in Borough of Manhattan are evicted every year; between 60,000 and 70,000 children go to school so hungry as to unfit them to learn; 2,000,000 wage-earners in the United States are out of employment from four to six months a year; 1,700,000 small children in United States are forced to become wage-earners; 5,000,000 women have to toil, of whom 2,000,000 are employed in mills and factories; 1,000,000 workers are killed or injured each year while doing their work; 10,000,000 persons now living, if present ratio is maintained, will die of tuberculosis, a preventable disease.

The Christmas Sunset.

*Sunset Magazine* for December—the Christmas number—is so largely San Franciscan that it should make a good Christmas present to send to friends abroad. The leading article is concerning development of San Francisco, with elaborate pictures, and nearly all of the contributors—writers as well as artists—are San Francisco residents. The short stories are by Mabel Craft Deering, Ella M. Sexton, Ednah Robinson, Roy Newberry, and Will



Irwin. The cover design by Maynard Dixon represents "Santa Claus Off the Range" enjoying himself in company with an Indian and cowboy.

In the recently published "Life and Correspondence" of Justice Coleridge, there is given an amusing letter to a friend, in which the witty British jurist says: "There is a new Browning, with two lovely lyrics of a few lines, one fine poem of a few pages, and the rest absolutely unintelligible, to me at least. But then, you know, he once told me that if a reader of my calibre could make out ten per cent. it was very well." When Bowen used to take his translation of the "Æneid" to Coleridge, to hear comments, he said: "He shoots over me very morning as if I were a Scotch moor."

Clever Holiday Pictures.

Every one is familiar with the picture of the dog who is listening intently at the horn of a phonograph, surprised to hear his master's voice issue therefrom. The idea was so good that it has been parodied; and, as is usually the case, the parody is better than the original. It represents a pup seated before a flask half filled with liquor, and with a funnel sticking down the neck. The pup's look of recognition and expectation is explained by the title underneath—"His Master's Breath." These pictures are handsomely mounted, the publishers, Treadwell & Freck, Emma Spreckels Building, having taken particular pains with them. They sell for 25 and 75 cents, according to size. The same firm is publishing, at 35 cents, an extremely clever calendar, "Look Before You Leap," which shows the increase in a young man's stock of shoes after marriage.

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus 200,000  
Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, President; CHARLES R. ELSHOP, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Director; Gavin McNab, Director.  
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OFFICES

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMANN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNAY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODELOW.  
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532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-Presdts  
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Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undiv. Profits 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,153,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

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710 Market St., opposite Third  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-up Capital.....300,000  
Surplus.....235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

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42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

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Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

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Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
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Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
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OF CALIFORNIA

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Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00  
DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.

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## THE BEAUTIES OF TAMALPAIS.

Glorious Sunset, Moonlight, and Fog Effects.

If you are a lover of nature and delight in beautiful scenery, and if, after a busy week, you find yourself tired and worn and anxious to escape the noise and hustle of city life, by all means visit the Tavern of Tamalpais, the cozy little resting-place just under the summit of the lofty sentinel that towers above the Golden Gate. For there you can secure absolute quiet, and, at this season of the year, are treated in twenty-four hours to a variety of spectacular sunset, sunrise, and fog effects that can not be duplicated or surpassed anywhere in the world.

Many who are familiar with the beauties of Tamalpais make a monthly pilgrimage to the Tavern, remaining over night, and se-

up the steep mountain side lands you at your destination at about four o'clock. This allows ample time to see the sun set—now that the days are growing short—and permits one to rest before dinner. Those who made the trip on Saturday, November 19th, were especially fortunate. When they reached the Tavern the sun was sinking to rest in a blaze of glory, and as a result, many wended their way up the board walk to enjoy the brilliant color display. Some dropped by the wayside; others climbed to the observatory. The sky was aflame with great splotches of bloody red, while the shimmering sun just above the molten horizon looked like a huge ball of red-hot copper. Here and there fleecy clouds reflected the lurid red in softer tones. A peculiar radiance was focused on the Farallone Islands, making them stand out even more clearly than the Seal Rocks opposite the Cliff House. Almost imper-

frequently, during the night hours, covers Mill Valley, San Francisco spread out on its humpbacked hills, and the island-dotted bay. Comparatively few visitors to the Tavern witness this superb phenomenon, but those who have, however traveled they may be, will tell you that nowhere in their wanderings have they come across any sight more weird, more marvelous, or more awe-inspiring. One feels as if he were in another world, for the atmosphere is as clear as crystal, with not a vestige of fog floating above.

## Arnold Genthe's Photographic Art.

The pleasure of travel has been largely increased in recent years by the fad of amateur photography, which enables the wanderer to bring back more than a memory of what he has seen. Of course, whether artistic or not, these pictures have the value of association that the best work done by professionals does not possess. But those who have not had the privilege of traveling, or travelers who are not amateur photographers, are more anxious for merit than for any sentimental attributes in the pictures they view of scenes abroad. If they are to have photographs of foreign ruins, mountains, city streets, they want them artistic, full of atmosphere, pleasing as well as faithful. These qualities dominate the work shown by Arnold Genthe. In Arizona, Mexico, or in Europe, which he recently visited, Mr. Genthe's camera has caught the picturesque, artistic, interesting side, and the result is a collection of photographs that can not be duplicated anywhere for discrimination in choice of subjects, or skill in handling.

Whether in portraiture, landscape, or picturesque studies, the personal note is apparent in every one of Mr. Genthe's pictures, rendering them totally "different." This fact is emphatically pointed out by Sidney Allen, in an article on Mr. Genthe contributed to *The Photographer* of August 6, 1904. "Out of thousands," he writes, "I would, without the slightest hesitation, undertake to pick out his prints. And it is not the subject matter that would guide my choice. . . . It is a certain austerity of tone and an absolutely original way of arranging his masses, which gives them a novel though pleasant appearance."

As much praise as has been bestowed upon Mr. Genthe's landscapes, it is for artistic portraits that he is chiefly noted. Any one who has seen his work in this line will acknowledge the truth of Mr. Allen's statement that his pictures are immediately recognizable. "That's a Genthe" is a remark frequently heard. And just as frequently one will hear, "That looks something like Genthe's work, but I know it isn't. It seems useless to try to imitate him." And certainly it is.

From the beginning of his photographic career it was apparent that he had the faculty of accentuating the leading characteristics of beauty in a face. Many people who, to a casual observer, are only passable in looks, have, to their friends, a distinct beauty of feature, something from within that eludes definition, yet is apparent. Mr. Genthe sees these intimate characteristics, and develops them in a manner that never matters, but does the subject justice.

Mr. Genthe wisely realized, at the outset, that good work would attract good custom. Time has justified this idea. His local following comes from our best and most appreciative people, and added to that is a clientele composed of nearly every one of our distinguished visitors. It has come to pass that Genthe's photos are classed among the most interesting souvenirs of a sojourn in San Francisco.

## Paul Elder's Publications.

*Impressions Quarterly* for December contains seven articles of unusual interest. Thomas R. Bacon writes of "Hamlet" in Berkeley"; Harris Weinstock has an article on "Business Morality"; the poet Charles Keeler continues his notable series of essays, writing this time of "Work"; "Nature and the Human Spirit" comes from the pen of Adeline Knapp; and Hugh Gordon Maxwell writes of the painter Giuseppe Cadenasso. The concluding article is an appreciation of John Muir by George Wharton James. Verses from various pens and a book-review, together with a fine picture of Cadenasso and one of the Yosemite, complete the contents of this excellent number.

Albert Shaw's lecture delivered at the University of California is printed by Paul Elder in a small volume, entitled "The Business Career" (\$1.00), while "The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom," another recent publication of Elder's, is especially commended to the attention of the Christmas shopper. A unique juvenile publication is a letter from Santa Claus, dated at Toytown, illustrated, and printed on a long roll of heavy paper and sealed with a huge red wax seal—which alone is certain to stir the child to eager interest (50 cents).

A central committee for commemorating the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's death, formed by coöperation of the American Institute of Germanics and the Schwabensverein of Chicago, is arranging an extensive Schiller celebration to be held in Chicago in May, 1905, and has established prizes of seventy-five dollars each, open to competition throughout the United States, for two prologues in verse, to be recited during the days of the festival, one in German, the other in English.



Photo by Otto von Bargaen.

San Francisco and the bay hidden by the fog. Mill Valley in the foreground.

lecting the Saturday or Sunday when the moon is scheduled to appear at its fullest. No matter what month of the year you make the trip, you are certain to behold some new scenic surprise. From the steps of the little observatory that caps the highest point of the mountain the outlook is unobstructed, and the surrounding country spreads out before one like a great colored map. Here, undisturbed and unmolested, save for the presence of a few friendly goats who assemble at the mountain top at nightfall to gather the tid-bits left by visitors, one is permitted to drink in the full beauty and grandeur of the landscape. One evening you may witness a kaleidoscopic sunset; another evening a dainty orange-lemon afterglow may unfold itself. Then, if there is ever the slightest stir within one answering the appeal of the spiritual, it can not but be touched by this peculiar radiance, that is neither sunshine nor shadow, but something woven out of the two, with an admixture of mystery, making it ineffably beautiful.

ceptibly, the color of the sky grew less vivid, changing first to lighter, softer shades of crimson, then to shadowy tints of pink, lavender, amethyst, and translucent gold. Pinkish grays and iridescent blues followed, and, as the visitors retraced their steps down the mountain an hour later, the heavens were mantled in purple and blackish gray, pricked only by a single white star point.

Another scenic treat was in store for the guests when they came out on the veranda after dinner. The smiling full moon was just peeping over the Berkeley hills. The round yellow disc rose slowly, looking like a great radiant lantern, and spread its silvery light everywhere, until the bay began to stir and laugh over a mile of shining dimples. Belvedere, Sausalito, and Mill Valley displayed twinkling lights and gray faces of ghostly buildings, while the winding channels in the marshes took on the appearance of huge, writhing, glittering serpents. Scattered on the bay were the shadows of phantom ships lying at anchor. In the background scintil-



Photo by Otto von Bargaen.

Looking out upon the fog from Profile Rock.

The trip through Mill Valley is especially delightful. The December air is fresh and crisp and scented with the aromatic odors of the trees. The early rains, too, have wrought wonders in changing the aspect of the country. Tiny streamlets that trickled down the mountain side during the summer months have been swollen into madly rushing torrents, the foliage has been freshened, and the hills covered with emerald loveliness. While trees have shed nearly all their colored leaves, and the madrone and are liberally decorated with bunches of berries.

early afternoon train that carries you

lated the innumerable lights of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda. It was an ideal Indian summer night, and the whole picture seemed like a scene from the "Arabian Nights," with not a jarring sound of city life to break the stillness or bring one back to earth and reality.

A glorious sunset, a panoramic view of the surrounding country by moonlight! Surely these remarkable spectacles were sufficient to reward any one ten times over for the expense of the trip. But Mother Nature had not displayed all her charms. There was still another in reserve—the bewildering effect of sunrise on the great blanket of fog which



The distinctive and conspicuous honor of the .

## GRAND PRIZE

at the St. Louis Exposition has been awarded to

Hunter  
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Merry  
Christmas

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## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Paderewski.

Paderewski's first concert of his transcontinental tour of 1904-05 will be given at the Alhambra this (Saturday) afternoon at 3:00 P. M. His second appearance will be made on Monday evening, December 19th, and his third and last appearance will occur on

few years. He is Romeo Fenton, a nineteen-year-old blacksmith from Syracuse, who, with forty others, applied for admission to the school. He was the last to sing, and those who came before him were all denied admission. But for all that he sang without any apparent fear of failure, and was immediately accepted as a pupil. He is six feet tall, robust, and has a full, fresh, free voice. The Austrian teacher, Mme. Jaeger, has him

other operas, "La Bohème," "Othello," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore," and "Carmen." Savage will send here a double company, and will have no less than three prima donna sopranos, three mezzo-sopranos and contraltos, six tenors, four baritones, four basses. The musical directors will be N. B. Emanuel and Elliott Schenck. Among the sopranos will be Rita Newman, of this city, who has won particular success in the rôles of Carmen and Nedda.

## Photographing King Edward.

Notable people are not so eager to be photographed as most people imagine, and, naturally, they are particular about their choice of photographers. Taber, the veteran photographer of San Francisco, has had immense success along this line, and his collection of pictures embraces nearly every prominent person who has visited this Coast, as well as the great ones of Europe, whither Mr. Taber has often gone in search of subjects.

The photograph of King Edward the Seventh, which is reproduced on another page of this issue, was taken in 1897, during Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee. Mr. Taber found the then Prince of Wales a most intelligent sitter and a democratic representative of royalty. He dispensed with a head-rest, the one brought to Marlborough House by Mr. Taber having been broken, and watched with interested comments Mr. Taber's distribution of the light that came into the room. He smoked a cigar meanwhile, laughingly expressing his perfect willingness to lay aside his cigar when the moment for snapping his likeness arrived. The picture was a very successful one, and elicited great admiration from its subject. What particularly pleased him was that the picture did not have the drooping, listless eyelids so often seen in his portraits. The elimination of this effect was not secured by Mr. Taber without something of a struggle. The prince objected to looking slightly upward, as Mr. Taber had suggested, fearing that the result might be Madonna-like. But he yielded to the photographer's urging, and a rarely good likeness was the result.

## The Street of the City.

Post Street is, without doubt, "the street of the city," and can boast of having the best stores in San Francisco. Among the recent arrivals there is the fine tailoring establishment of J. Edlin, who, some time ago, opened up the smartest store of its kind. Mr. Edlin for many years conducted a tailoring business in the Hearst Building, and is to be congratulated upon having secured so good a location as 16 Post Street. Any one desiring the "latest" thing in gentlemen's wear



Nellie Melba, the famous diva, soon to be heard here in concert.

Wednesday evening, December 21st. There will be other Paderewski concerts in California as follows: Macdonough Theatre, Oakland, on Friday afternoon, December 23d; at the Victory Theatre, San José, on Thursday afternoon, December 29th, at 3:00 P. M.; Barton Opera House, Fresno, Thursday evening, December 28th; and Los Angeles, December 30th. The pianist arrived on Monday from Australia, and has since put in his time resting and practicing in preparation for today's performance. His concerts will undoubtedly be largely attended, both on account of his masterly playing and his interesting personality.

## Mme. Gadski's Concerts.

The first of the great singers to visit us this season will be Mme. Johanna Gadski, the soprano, who has been here three times with the big opera companies. Her programmes will be exceptionally interesting, and her Saturday matinee numbers will be entirely Wagnerian. Her concerts will be given at the Alhambra Theatre, under Will Greenbaum's management, Tuesday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, January 3d, 5th, and 7th. Season tickets will be \$4.50, \$3.50, and \$2.50, and will be ready Tuesday morning, December 27th. Single concerts will be \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00, and these will be ready Friday morning, December 30th. The box-office will be at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. On Wednesday night, December 28th, Mme. Gadski will inaugurate the season of concerts to be given by the St. Francis Musical Art Society. The price for this special concert is \$2.50, and seats are now on sale at the Information Bureau of the St. Francis Hotel. The number of seats to be sold to the public for this affair is only one hundred.

## Melba's Concert Tour.

The extended concert tour planned by Manager Charles A. Ellis for Mme. Melba, which opened about a month ago, and has continued through the Eastern cities until now, will be interrupted until early in January by Mme. Melba's special engagement as a member of the opera company at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Mme. Melba's concert company will resume their tour on January 12th, and for two months will appear in concerts in the cities of the North-West, the Pacific Coast, and the Southern States. The singer and her company will appear here at the Alhambra Theatre early in February, under the direction of Gottlob, Marx & Co. She will be surrounded by some great soloists and an orchestra of fifty. Gullibert will be heard at these concerts.

## A New Tenor.

The Metropolitan Opera House School of New York is developing a young tenor who is said to be destined to create a great stir in a

few years. He is Romeo Fenton, a nineteen-year-old blacksmith from Syracuse, who, with forty others, applied for admission to the school. He was the last to sing, and those who came before him were all denied admission. But for all that he sang without any apparent fear of failure, and was immediately accepted as a pupil. He is six feet tall, robust, and has a full, fresh, free voice. The Austrian teacher, Mme. Jaeger, has him



Ignace Jan Paderewski, who will begin another American tour at the Alhambra Theatre on Saturday evening, December 17th.

a while down there, but the place for him is at home."

## The Grand-Opera Season.

The musical festival to be given at the Columbia Theatre by the Henry W. Savage English Grand Opera Company early next year promises to prove a brilliant season of opera. The organization numbers over two hundred people, and the repertoire will include, among

would do well to see the choice display in his windows.

Burton Holmes's lecture season here opens January 10th, at Lyric Hall.

## Glaze Fruits.

Handsome presents for Eastern friends—Townsend's California Glaze Fruits in fine-etched and hand-painted boxes. 715 Market Street.

## ALHAMBRA.

Saturday afternoon, December 17th. Monday evening, December 19th. Wednesday evening, December 21st.

## OPENING OF THE AMERICAN TOUR OF PADEREWSKI

Reserved seat sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Monday morning, December 12th, at 9 o'clock. Prices—\$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Steinway piano used.

ALHAMBRA  
DIRECTION WILL GREENBAUM

## GADSKI

The great Soprano

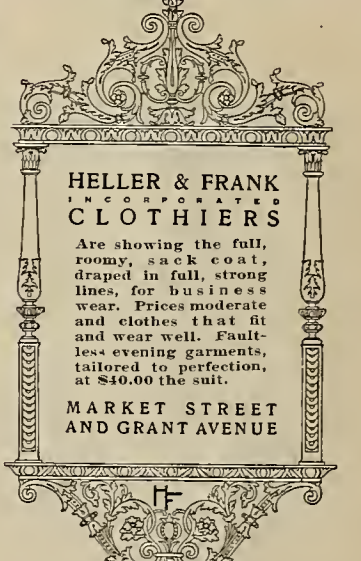
M. SELMAR MEYROWITZ  
PIANIST.

Tuesday night, Jan. 3d  
Thursday night, Jan. 5th  
Saturday matinee, Jan. 7th

Season tickets, \$4.50, \$3.50, \$2.50. Ready Tuesday, Dec. 27th. Single seats, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Ready Friday, Dec. 30th. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

St. Francis Concert at Hotel, Wednesday, Dec. 28th—\$2.50.

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IS THE NAME WE ASK  
YOU TO REMEMBER  
WHEN ABOUT TO  
PURCHASE A PIANO  
16, 18, 20, O'FARRELL ST. S. F.



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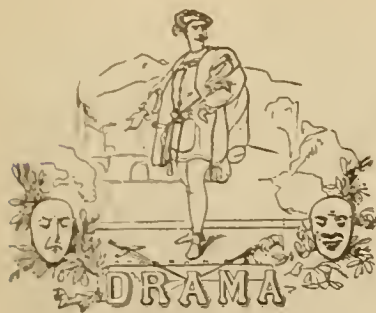
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Miss Mary Shaw in vaudeville is one of the signs of the times. They all, more or less, seem to take a turn at it eventually, but, unless I am very much mistaken, an actress of Miss Shaw's attainments on the vaudeville circuit is but caviare to the general. "The Silent System," the piece in which the actress has been appearing at the Orpheum, both this and last week, would seem in some respects to be a very good selection. It is virtually a monologue for Miss Shaw, the only other participant in the action of the brief piece, Mr. Harold Cobill by name, representing very suitably a husband wrought to such still desperation by a nagging wife that he has recourse to a frenzied silence as the best way of parrying her wordy torrent of unreason.

Miss Shaw is an actress of such authority



Mary Shaw, who won great success in Ibsen's "Ghosts," and is now appearing in vaudeville.

that she does not need to rely upon good looks and dazzling array to prove her claim to consideration. She has a flexible-featured face that grimaces almost too realistically. That she is aware of her lack of beauty is shown by the dress she wears, which is a deplorably ugly garment and no longer fresh. A mistake; a vaudeville audience likes to have its bump of sensation pleasantly titillated by pomp and circumstance attending the actresses who seek to please it.

The motive of the piece is such, one would think, as would hit off the tastes of an audience that takes a peculiar delight in scenes of stormy matrimony, in which husbands are perpetually steering their overladen barks well away from signs of squally weather, and wives invariably prove, to the satisfaction of the male majority in the audience, that they form one conglomerate unit of inflamed suspicion, and are also

lutely deficient in patience, logic, and tolerance toward masculine foibles. Men, who always form the plurality in a vaudeville audience, like to see a piece of this kind end by an artfully amusing subjugation of the wife, such as was accomplished in the playlet recently presented by the Sidney Drews. But in "The Silent System" the nagger gets off far too easily. Masculine sympathies are awakened for the mute husband, and it is obvious that not a few feel a sense of disappointment that the reincarnated Mrs. Caudle on the stage does not have a severe extinguisher put upon her instead of being presented with a bauble to divert the flow of her wrath.

Although the one-act play is hut a light and trifling vehicle for the display of Miss Shaw's powers, it is a piece of work that is clever enough to show what mettle she is made of. She is a mistress of technique, which she uses as easily as she fits on a glove. Into the fifteen minutes of marital accusation, reproach, charges, tentative entreaties, and crocodile tears, there was an astonishing variety of expression, both facial and vocal, of gesticulation, and even of attitude. Yet, in spite of the actress's well-known ability in denoting the psychological subtleties of Ibsen, or in rising to the climax demanded in scenes of heavy emotional power, she never departed by a hair's breadth from the spirit of light comedy.

All the same, we in San Francisco do not yet know of what Mary Shaw is capable, nor will we, until we see her in her proper environment, playing in pieces capable of showing the intellectual and emotional heights to which she can rise. The winter season is always a dull time in San Francisco theatrics, and it is a pity that Miss Shaw can not, on the unusual occasion of this, her first professional visit to our shores, beg or borrow a temporary company and give a couple of matinee performances in the Ibsen drama. If she should do so during the coming Christmas holidays, she would be pretty sure of a tolerably large attendance of interested women. If only some enterprising manager would take up the idea, he might turn a very respectable sum into his own pockets. Blanche Bates's occasional matinee performances in the Ibsen drama always drew, although she is an actress of infinitely less subtlety, resource, and power than Miss Shaw. I wonder, by the way, if the latter has ever tried "Rosmersholm"? Probably not. For some unexplained reason, actresses who play the Ibsen pieces can not seem to tear themselves away from "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "Hedda Gabler."

I wandered disconsolately into the Columbia at the conclusion of "The Silent System," and realized anew what a tame, dull, stale, flat, and altogether unprofitable affair a musical comedy is that has grown *passée* and is playing the wall-flower in its second season. "The Chinese Honeymoon" is a creditable enough piece of work as far as pieces of the kind go. Its funny lines are not a few, and there is ample opportunity for the introduction of the bizarre and for the scenic effects indispensable in these pieces. But already nearly all the zip has gone out of it. The people who are presenting it have done its fun to death. Economy is written upon the production in large letters, and economy and musical comedy are not compatible.

The scenery still holds good, but the original splendor of the tasteful and handsome costumes is extinguished under thick layers of grime. There is a thrifty slimmness of number evident in the chorus in place of the usual platoons of beauties, and there is nothing gilt-edged about its members; just plain, ordinary girl. The actress who is Tobey Claude's successor in the rôle of the bloomed Fi-Fi, does not share a single trait of her fetching little predecessor, except extreme diminutiveness. The trunk act, which, as played by Miss Claude, was really a deliciously entertaining bit of absurdity, fell absolutely flat. "I Want to Be a Lady" is a song with ample possibilities of entertainment, but the

thin, strained voice of the singer wearied by its lack of carrying power. The girls' voices were cracked, the dancing was amateurish, the fun laborious. A dropping fire of premature departures drearily punctuated the performance, and I think even the most enthusiastic lover of musical comedy went away sadly and in a somewhat Lenten frame of mind.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

#### The Growth of San Francisco.

Not all who live in San Francisco are fully awake to the increase in commercial energy which has stimulated the business world in this metropolis during the past four or five years, resulting in the development of hitherto latent resources and the accompanying great growth in her population. As a result, realty values have increased, and the old haunts of the retail trade become so congested that the more enterprising are drifting up Market Street for more modern and roomy quarters, until to-day the crossing of Taylor and Sixth Streets is readily recognized as the centre of



Blanche Bates, soon to be seen at the Grand Opera House in the title-rôle of "The Darling of the Gods."

activity of the shopping section. For this reason the Peters Bros. have established, at the corner of Market and Taylor Streets, in the Donohoe Building, their dainty and attractive candy store, where the chocolates, bon-hons, ice-cream, etc., they offer are the choicest and most delicious to be found anywhere, served amid elegant surroundings, and in up-to-date style. A box of sweets with the impress of their name will be a guarantee to your friends that you recognize the best. Their reputation is not yet established, but judging from their ambition and the energy back of it, ere long the name PETERS alone will be sufficient.

#### Modern Portraiture.

The sun is the world's greatest portraitist. Artistic as a painting may be, it is not always true to life, and it is always expensive. But photography, developed from the daguerreotype up to the present perfection is an easy and inexpensive means of preserving one's likeness. Photography has become a recognized art, and the camera and the dark room are called upon to furnish more than a mere likeness. There must be other qualities. Mr. W. B. Hunt, who has recently succeeded to the studio of G. L. Wilcox, 794 Sutter Street, is a photographer with the eye of the artist. Each of his portraits are so posed as to bring out the salient beauty of the face and figure. Lights and shadows are sometimes treated delicately, sometimes boldly, depending upon the requirements of the subject. Neither sharpness of detail nor absence of it is invariable. But above all, Mr. Hunt brings out the artistic individuality of the sitter.

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The holiday attraction, Christmas and New Year's weeks, will be

**—KING DODO—**  
With the great cast and the beauty chorus.

Extra matinees—Christmas Day, New Year's Day.  
Popular Tivoli prices. Seats always selling.

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Eight nights One matinee. Beginning Sunday, December 18th. Klaw and Erlanger present THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE in the big musical farce novelty,

**—THE BILLIONAIRE—**  
100—Company—100

Coming—The Sultan of Sulu.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.** Phone "Alcazar." BELASCO & MAYER, Props. E. D. PRICE, Gen. Mgr. One week, commencing Monday, December 19th. The Alcazar stock company in Sol Smith Russell's great comedy,

**—PEACEFUL VALLEY—**

John Craig as Hosea Howe.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday. Evenings, 25c to 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c. Christmas week—With special holiday matinee. Monday, December 26th, Jos. Arthur's famous play, *Lost River*.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) matinee. Third and positively last week of WILLIAMS and WALKER in

**—IN DAHOMEY—**

Matinee Saturday. Beginning Monday night, December 26th, Blanche Bates in David Belasco's magnificent production of *The Darling of the Gods*. Seats ready next Thursday at 9 a. m.

**GENERAL THEATRE.** Phone South 533 BELASCO & MAYER, Props. Proprietors Market Street, near Eighth, opposite City Hall.

Week beginning Monday, December 19th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Lincoln J. Carter's thrilling melodramatic spectacle and scenic triumph,

**—TWO LITTLE WAIFS—**

The hag's grewsome den. Story of the twin sisters. Prices as always—Evenings, 10c to 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c. Next—*Heart of Chicago*.

## Orpheum

Look at the Names.

Week commencing Sunday Matinee, December 18th. European and American Stars.

Albertina Melich; Alfred A. Farland; Aida Hemmi; Lucy and Viato; Vernon; Ford Sisters; Dillon Brothers; Orpheum Motion Pictures; and last week of Hermann the Great. Coming—*The Great Orpheum Road Show*.

Regular matinees every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Prices—10c, 25c and 50c.

RACING I

RACING I



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Returning—Trains leave the track at 4.10 and 4.45 P. M., and immediately after the last race.

PERCY W. TREAT, Sec. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Pres.



from "The Billionaire" in which Thomas Q. Seabrooke will appear at the Columbia Theatre during the Christmas holidays.



## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Seabrooke at the Columbia.

Beginning to-morrow (Sunday) night, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, in the Klaw & Erlanger musical comedy, "The Billionaire," will begin an engagement of eight nights and a Saturday matinée. There are many well-known people in the cast, and it is said that the scenery and costumes are unusually good. George Ade's "The Sultan of Sulu" comes next.

## Its Popularity Undiminished.

"King Dodo" still continues at the Tivoli Opera House, with no sign of diminishing popularity. The chorus is doing exceptionally well, adding much to the excellence of the production. Bewildering changes of costume are made throughout the performance. There will be special Christmas and New Year's matinées.

## In a Double Role.

In Lincoln J. Carter's play, "The Two Little Waifs," which will be at the Central Theatre for one week, commencing Monday night, there is a dual rôle, the impersonation of two women, in widely different walks of life throughout the performance, frequently changing from one to the other several times in a single act. The staging of this piece is very



Edith Mason as Piola, a soldier of fortune, in the Tivoli production of "King Dodo."

good, sunset and moonrise scenes, with drifting cloud effects, lighted buildings and show windows, pleasing lantern and electrical effects, and a snow-storm, being among the principal features.

## New Orpheum Attractions.

The new-comers at the Orpheum, beginning at to-morrow (Sunday's) matinee, are Alberta Melich, with trained cockatoos and parrots; Lucy and Viate, girl wire-walkers; Aida Hemmi, a prima-donna soprano, new here; Alfred Farland, the hanjoist. The hold-overs will be Hermann the Great; Vernon, the ventriloquist; the Ford sisters; the Dillion brothers; and the biograph. The Orpheum Road Show will be here soon.

## Postponed One Week.

The Williams and Walker company, playing "In Dahomey" at the Grand Opera House, will continue for another week, the appearance of Blanche Bates in David Belasco's "Darling of the Gods" having been postponed until Monday night, December 26th. The sale of seats for Miss Bates's engagement will open on Tuesday.

## Sol Smith Russell's Success Revived.

The old-time favorite, "Peaceful Valley," in which Sol Smith Russell made his greatest success, will be revived at the Alcazar Theatre next week. John Craig will assume the rôle of Hosea Howe, and Lillian Lawrence will be cast as the heroine. The next Alcazar play is Joseph Arthur's "Lost River," the scenic, spectacular drama.

## Fremstad's Success as Carmen.

Conried's season of grand opera in New York (the best that city has seen) has brought forth a new Carmen—Olive Fremstad, who, although known as an excellent singer, developed unexpected powers in the title-rôle of the sultry Bizet opera. The Sun says of her that her impersonation "set up an ideal of the part that is likely to stand as one of the most notable ones that have been presented to this public since the opera was first made known here. . . . She sang it with splendid power and opulent expressive-



John Craig, the Alcazar's popular leading man.

ness." The Tribune says that "she sang the music with luscious voice and compelling charm." The other papers are equally laudatory, and her acting is as highly praised as her singing. She has also set a new mark as Kundry in "Parsifal."

David Belasco has found a novel way of defeating the theatrical syndicate. He is to present Mrs. Carter in Washington, D. C., in her new play, "Adrea," on December 26th, but the syndicate harried him out of all the theatres. Belasco secured Convention Hall, and, at an expense of twenty thousand dollars, is putting up a stage with all accessories. Moreover, the stage is portable, and he proposes to use it in every city where the syndicate has barred him out of the regular playhouses.

## The Buckingham Cafe's Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar *table d'hôte* dinner will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, December 18, 1904:

California Oyster-Cocktail.	Queen Olives.	Salted Almonds.
Cream of Chicken a la Riene.	Consomme Princess.	
Fried Fillet of Sole Tartar Sauce.	Potatoes en Surprise.	Stewed Terrapin en Cases.
Baked Ham Champagne Sauce.	Orange Fritters Glace.	
Fruit Sherbet.		
Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus.	Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.	Asparagus Drawn Butter Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.	Mashed Turnips.	Waldorf Salad.
Apple Pie.	Peach Pie.	Small Rum Omelette.
Vanilla Ice Cream.		
Assorted Cake.	Cafe Noir.	American Cheese.
Swiss Cheese.	Water Crackers.	

## Reduced Rates for the Holidays.

Agents of the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets at reduced rates for Christmas and New Year's. Tickets sold December 24th, 25th, and 26th will be good to return until December 27th, while tickets sold December 31st and January 1st, will be good to return January 3, 1905. Full information at city ticket-office, 613 Market Street, or from any agent of the Southern Pacific.

## The Wind Tempered For Barrymore.

A journalistic friend of Maurice Barrymore relates an incident of his last meeting with the brilliant actor, which occurred only a short time before his faculties began to fail. As they were parting, the newspaper man asked the other: "Where are you to be found nowadays—at the Players' Club?" "No," replied Barrymore; "I'm posted at the Players', but you can always find me at the Lambs'. As a matter of fact," he added, whimsically, and with the delicious humorous intonation that helped to make him famous,

"I'm posted at the Lambs', too, but they temper the wind there."

## Shakespeare in the French Capital.

Paris is just now enjoying the best translation of Shakespeare ever put on the French stage. "King Lear" is the play, and it has been put into French by Pierre Loti and Vedel, with the incidental music by Misser. "It is Shakespeare as one has imagined him—strong, splendid, a Shakespeare of which the French public is still ignorant," says the Herald. M. Antoine took the rôle of Lear.

## Many Foods

offered for new-born infants do not and can not contain the valuable elements of milk required for the proper nourishment of the child. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is superior to other artificial foods and its use prevents sickly, weak, and rickety children.

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A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

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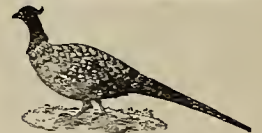
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Situated in Vendome Park of twelve acres. A charming Summer and Winter resort. Both city and country advantages. Automobile garage on the grounds free to guests.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Frank L. Stanton has many good stories of the South stored up in his memory, and most of them are short and to the point. One of the best and most epigrammatic concerns a Kentucky colonel who was just dressing in the morning in his bachelor home in Louisville. "Sambo," he called downstairs to his henchman, "go out and mow some mint for breakfast."

Lincoln Steffens illustrates the Western spirit of hustle by telling of a visit he made to a certain Western governor. During his call a visitor was shown in, who excitedly informed the governor that a certain high official had just died, and added: "I dislike to exhibit any unseemly haste in the matter, but I very much desire to make application for appointment as his successor." "Well," was the governor's reply, "you will have to get into the line already formed, and take your chances."

James Whitcomb Riley is responsible for the story of a little boy who had been taught by his mother to say his prayers every night, giving him the impression that if he did not, there was no telling what might happen. One night, going into his room after he was in bed, she inquired: "Did you say your prayers, dear?" "Nope," was the answer. "Are you not going to say them?" "I didn't say 'em last night, nor to-night," said the small heathen, cheerfully, "an' then, if nothin' happens to-morrow night, I won't say 'em any more at all."

The Bishop of Texas is a man of physical proportions commensurate with the great diocese over which he has charge. Leaving



Artistic pose by Whigham.

a barber-shop one day during the recent Episcopal convention in Boston, he lighted a cigar. "Why, bishop," inquired the barber, "you do that sort of thing?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I have done that sort of thing ever since I was twelve years old." The barber surveyed the six feet four inches of individual before him. Then: "It's well you began young, bishop," he commented, "for they do say it stunts you!"

Sam Sothern, who is now acting in London, tells an amusing little story of his first appearance in America. His manager was John T. Raymond, and when the young Englishman made his first stage entrance, the older man, whose talent was equalled by his eccentricity, suddenly laid his hand on his shoulder and turned him around to the audience. "This is young Sam Sothern," he explained to the astonishment of everybody on and off the stage. "I tell you we all remember his father; well, I know you will give him a hearty welcome. Sam, my boy, fire away!"

Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., was once advanced, after a long and patient wait from commander to captain. On the day that he was promoted he went ashore, and kept the lunch which was to take him to his ship waiting beyond the appointed time. When he finally strolled down, Paymaster Charles W. Slamm, who was in charge of the lunch, said: "Captain, you have just been promoted and you have made a bad beginning. You have kept the boat waiting ten minutes, sir." "Be calm, Mr. Slamm," said the new captain, with a tantalizing grin; "I've been waiting years for the privilege."

In New York, recently, a reporter made several attempts to see I. Pierpont Morgan at his office and his residence. On one opportunity called. He was in the study, and, incidentally, a picture of the latter's card. He was going to Morgan's residence, and

of the financier. The ruse was successful, and he was shown into Morgan's presence. When the reporter had stated his reason for the call, the financier said: "Do you know, young man, that at least ten reporters have tried to see me to-day with reference to this question? I have declined to see any of them." The reporter smiled, and replied: "Yes, sir, I know that, for I was the whole ten." He got his interview.

When Walter Williams, from Columbus, Miss., was in Spain, last summer, he called upon a provincial editor in the interest of the St. Louis exposition. The next day the paper had the following: "Walter Williams, of the United States, purchased the State of Louisiana, and next year will give a celebration to which he invited his fellow-journalists of Europe." Mr. Williams again called upon the editor, and thoroughly explained matters. The editor apologized, and printed this correction: "Governor Francis, of Missouri, has purchased a large tract of land in the Great American desert, and Walter Williams is here to invite the journalists of Spain to a show which the governor will give next year." Mr. Williams fled the place, fearful the editor might explain some more.

A new story that comes from Germany is that of a Christianized Jew, who, returning to his native village, went to the rabbi and said that he had been seized by a strong desire to be buried in the same plot with his parents. The rabbi informed him that, as he was now a Christian, such a thing as burial in a Jewish cemetery was impossible. The Jew said that he was willing to pay well to have his wish gratified. "Well," said the rabbi, "there will be a meeting of the directors of the synagogue to-morrow, and I will see what I can do for you." He informed the Jew the next day that the directors, after a hard struggle, had given in, but that it would cost him forty-five thousand marks. "That's a terrible price," said the Jew, after he had reluctantly paid it. "Now tell me how you happened to fix upon exactly that sum." "Well," said the rabbi, "the reason was this: When the Messiah appears, and calls all the Jews to heaven, you, as a Christian, could not go with them, and therefore would be left in possession of the entire cemetery, and as there was room for three thousand plots at fifteen marks per plot (the regular rate), we concluded it was nothing but just that you should pay for them all."

Port Arthur Offered Cheap.

The following advertisement appeared in a vernacular newspaper published in Tokio. It may help to refute the unjust charges of a well-known war-correspondent, who declared that the Japanese are slower to see a joke than the Scotch:

FOR SALE AS A GOING CONCERN.

All that valuable Losehold property, commonly known as Port Arthur. Admirably situated, with both sea and railway exits. Very suitable for a Naval Base, or the residence of a Far Eastern Viceroy.

Present occupant retiring from the business is the reason for disposal. There are extensive deposits of Iron, Nickel, and Lead in the vicinity. The shooting is excellent, and has been strictly preserved.

There has been a good business done in bottled port, and the present demand for Scheidam is considerable.

The above highly desirable property (unless previously disposed of by private treaty) will be knocked down at an early date in this present month.

Present owners would exchange for a new fleet or rubber tyred bassinet (single). Orders to view the property may be obtained on application to the care-takers, Oyama & Co., Tokyo.

A busy centre of activity. Bracing climate, though warm. Specially recommended to persons suffering from boredom.

Whigham's Holiday Photographs.

The holidays are at hand, and the time is auspicious to visit the photographer. At Whigham's Studio, 933 Market Street, you will be delightfully surprised. These portraits look as if they could speak, are gracefully posed, artistically finished, and handsomely mounted. Call and select from a varied stock of Christmas and New Year novelties at specially low prices. In all cases the highest requirements of modern photography are met. The bromide, carbon, and platinum processes are all used. Whigham's portrait enlargements have received special praise wherever exhibited. They retain all expression and likeness of the original.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAule District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain. Fall.	State of Weather.
December 8th	56	46	.00	Cloudy
" 9th	58	44	.18	Pt. Cloudy
" 10th	54	40	.08	Clear
" 11th	53	46	.10	Cloudy
" 12th	56	46	.12	Cloudy
" 13th	60	46	.00	Clear

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Ant and the Elephant.

In the jungle, jungle, jingle,  
Where the animals commingle,  
Came an Elephant, whose single  
Aim was dignified repose;  
Till an Ant, in accents painful,  
Hailed the Elephant disdainful,  
"Sir, excuse my comments plainful,  
But you're standing on my toes!"  
But the tower of brute creation,  
At this base insinuation  
(Undisturbed his contemplation),  
Only blinked and flopped his ear;  
Quoth the Ant, in mighty dudgeon,  
"Ouch! you hurt! lift up your bludgeon  
From my foot, you hulking gudgeon—  
Are you deaf, or don't you hear?"

Said the Elephant, benighted,  
"Tut, tut, child! don't get excited—  
By and by I'll be delighted  
To remove this groundwork fat;  
All these demonstrations antic,  
Make me positively frantic."  
Then he placed one toe gigantic  
On the Ant—and squashed him flat.

Here's a moral I would tender  
Unto you, small Retail spender—  
When a Trust steps on your slender  
Little tootsie, don't you squeal;  
Better offer no resistance  
Or the Trust, at such insistence,  
Will discover your existence  
And remove you—with his heel.  
—Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.

The Annual Crush.

When Christmas Day is drawing nigh,  
Amid the shopping crowds you'll sigh,  
And vow next year that forth you'll go  
More early by a month or so.  
And when next year the time comes round  
The self-same sorrow will be found,  
And you will make the self-same vow,  
And break it as you break it now.

—Washington Star.

Different.

He used to tie her shoe-lace in such fashion  
It came undone each step, to her amazement;  
Now he has wed the girl he made the mash on  
He ties it on—and you can bet it stays!

—Houston Post.

For Those Who Have Celebrated.

When your heels bit hard and your head feels queer,  
And your thoughts rise up like froth on beer,  
And your knees are weak and your voice is strong,  
And you laugh all night at some darn fool song;  
You're drunk, by Gad, you're drunk.  
—New York World.

Reduced Rates for the Holidays.

Agents of the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets at reduced rates for Christmas and New Year's. Tickets sold December 24th, 25th, and 26th will be good to return until December 27th, while tickets sold December 31st and January 1st, will be good to return January 3, 1905. Full information at city ticket office, 613 Market Street, or from any agent of the Southern Pacific.



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REFRESHING, DELICIOUS.  
Without exception the best  
Toilet Water in the World.

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ORIENTAL TOURS—EGYPT and PALESTINE — sail from Boston January 28th and February 18th, 1905. SPRING TOURS sailing to Italy in April. COACHING TOUR in the British Isles, and tour to NORWAY, SWEDEN, and RUSSIA. Special short tour to HAWAII in March, 1905.

Our parties are small, are composed of people of refinement, and travel in a comfortable and leisurely manner, under the leadership of educated American gentlemen. For detailed itineraries and information regarding travel in any part of the world, apply in person or by letter to

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From New York Saturdays at 9:30 A. M.  
New York.....Dec. 17 | St. Louis.....Dec. 31  
St. Paul.....Dec. 24 | Philadelphia.....Jan. 7  
Philadelphia—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Friesland.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Haverford.....Jan. 14  
Merion.....Dec. 31, 10 am | Friesland.....Jan. 28  
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE.  
NEW YORK—LONDON DIRECT.  
Manitou.....Dec. 17, 10 am | Minnetonka.....Dec. 31, 1 pm  
Menominee.....Dec. 24, 10 am | Mesaba.....Jan. 7, 10 am

RED STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—LONDON—PARIS.  
(Calling at Dover for London and Paris.)  
Zeeland.....Dec. 17 | Vaderland.....Dec. 31  
Kronland.....Dec. 24 | Zealand.....Jan. 4

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN—LIVERPOOL.  
Majestic.....Dec. 21, 10 am | Cedric.....Jan. 4, 4:30 am  
Baltic.....Dec. 28, 10 am | Teutonic.....Jan. 11, 10 am  
Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.  
Cymric.....Dec. 21 | Winifredian.....Jan. 4  
NEW YORK AND BOSTON DIRECT.  
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GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA, ALEXANDRIA.  
From New York.

Republic.....Jan. 14, Feb. 25  
Cretic.....Feb. 4, March. 18  
From Boston.

Canopic.....Jan. 7, Feb. 18  
Romanic.....Jan. 28, March 11  
First-class \$65 upward, depending on date.  
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Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for  
Honolulu, YOKOHAMA, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and HONG KONG, as follows: 1904  
S. S. Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 13 (Calls at Manila).  
S. S. Doric.....Thursday, February 2, 1905  
S. S. Copie.....Saturday, February 25  
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.  
D. D. STUBBS, General Manager.

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Sierra, 6200 tons | Sonoma, 6200 tons | Ventura, 6200 tons  
S. S. Ventura, for Honolulu, Pago Pago, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 2 P. M.  
S. S. Mariposa, for Tahiti, Dec. 31, at 11 A. M.  
S. S. Alameda, for Honolulu only, Dec. 31, at 11 A. M.  
J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 643 Market Street. Freight Office, 329 Market St., San Francisco

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PLENTY OF TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN !







SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leontine Blakeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Blakeman, to Lieutenant Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances Newlands, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Francis Newlands, of Nevada, to Lieutenant Leopold von Breden, of the German army.

The wedding of Miss Mary Nichols and Mr. Philip M. Lansdale took place very quietly at



Photo by Genthe.

Miss Irene Sabin.

San Mateo on Thursday, only the family being present. The bride is the eldest daughter of Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols, and Mr. Lansdale is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lansdale, of Philadelphia, and nephew of the late Lieutenant Philip Lansdale, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Agnes E. Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Young, to Mr. J. Percy Rolfs, took place at St. Luke's Episcopal Church on December 8th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Burr Weeden. There were no attendants.

Mrs. John I. Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin held their second "at home" on Tuesday at



Photo by W. B. Hunt.

Miss Elsa Draper.

their residence, 2828 California Street.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels will give a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson and Miss Anita Harvey.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a tea at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday.

Dr. Harry Tevis gave a dinner on Tuesday in honor of Miss Leontine Blakeman. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Costigan, Miss Nutt, and Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton.

Mr. Charles Oelrichs gave a dinner at the

Hotel St. Francis on Monday night in honor of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Hewett, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Captain L. C. Logan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Logan, Mr. H. C. Eldridge, and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Leontine Blakeman and Lieutenant Robert F. McMillan, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young gave a dinner at The Luxor on Sunday. Others at table were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Judge and Mrs. Charles Slack, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Josselyn, Miss



Photo by F. B. Standish.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr.

Helen Chesebrough, Miss Emily Wilson, Miss Charlotte Wilson, Mr. Wheaton Thurston, Mr. Allen Kittle, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, and Mr. Wilherforce Williams expect to take luncheon to-day (Saturday) on Mt. Tamalpais, and spend the afternoon there, then remain over Sunday at Ross as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Kittle.

Dr. and Mrs. Russell Cool gave a weekend party at their country place, "Dotswood," near Los Gatos. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Miss Marie Wells, Mr. Selby Hanna, Mr. Charles Field, and Mr. Richard Hotaling.

The great race at the Oakland Track to-day (Saturday) will be the Crocker Selling Stakes, two thousand dollars added, one mile, for three-year-olds and upward. The list of entries is large, and a good contest is promised.

Lorena Atwood, formerly leading woman at the Alcazar Theatre, is now supporting Kyrie Bellew in "Raffles," and has made a decided success.

Mrs. Fiske has achieved a brilliant success in "Leah Kleschna," a psychological play written by C. M. S. McClellan.

Nance O'Neil closes her New York season to-day (Saturday).

Contracts for the new custom-house here will soon be let.

Holiday Suggestions.

Appropriate presents for men: Letter-cases, diaries, inkstands, fountain-pens, visiting-cards, cribbage boards, bridge-whist sets, duplicate whist sets, card-cases, paper weights.

Appropriate presents for women: Seals, lap tablets, card-cases, stationery, die crests, theatre records, shopping lists, address books, calendars, desk sets.

A beautiful assortment of these goods can be secured at Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

Photographic Innovation.

New processes in photography are constantly cropping up, some of them worthless, some of them decidedly good. In the latter class is the new method used by Louis Thors, the photographer in the Phelan Building, giving to his work an artistic finish obtainable by no other process. The new method practically does away with the necessity for retouching, and gives a soft, round effect, unobtainable through any other means. It is very similar to the half-tone process used by engravers. A very fine screen is utilized, which softens the outlines without the expedient of throwing the camera out of focus.

Mr. Thors has been awarded prizes for superior work by the Paris Exposition, the Guatemala Exposition, and the Mechanics' Institute. While his pictures are recognized

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Owing to this cemetery being a permanent place for burial, this feature alone should appeal to the people of the City and County of San Francisco

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS. A LARGER COL-  
LECTION AND A GREATER VARIETY  
THAN EVER.

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DIAMONDS

OBJECTS OF ART

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Is the first mark of youth or age. The flabby, square-outlined face indicates age. The firm, round face is a mark of youth. If you have the youthful contour, retain it; if not, regain it.

My treatment invigorates the facial muscles, making them firm, and also smooths and tightens the skin. The result is youth in contour and color.

Call or get booklet.

*Mella Harris*  
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128 GEARY STREET, S. F.

(Opposite City of Paris.)

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Programmes and full information for the asking.

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One of Korn the Hatter's order-cards for a swell "Knox" Hat, Cane, or Umbrella.

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Full Dress, Tuxedo, and Prince Albert Suits

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**MOCCASINS** USEFUL PRESENTS  
Ladies \$1.75 Gents \$2.00  
ORIENTAL PILLOWS \$1.50

Rugs, Screens, Ornaments, Etc.  
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Bear the script name of Stewart

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Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.

## MASKEY'S

Send Candies to all parts of the world by mail or express.

**32 Kearny Street**  
**SAN FRANCISCO**

## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers were recent guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Alexander Rutherford, of Ramsay, N. J., was among last week's guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Black were recent visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Castle and Miss Beatrice Castle were among last week's visitors to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin and Miss Cora Smedberg are expected home from the East within a day or so.

Mrs. Reginald Brook is the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin this week.

Mrs. C. Rideout is a guest at The Luxor. Mr. Henry T. Scott was in Washington, D. C., during the week.

Mr. Hancock Banning has returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis have returned from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley will spend the holidays with Captain Harold Cloke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloke (née Findley) at Fort Totten, N. Y.

Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray is expected back from Denver during the coming week.

Miss Lalla Wenzelburger has returned from Sacramento.

Mrs. Inez Shorh White is expected home from the East within a day or so.

Mr. Allan Pollok, Miss Mary Pollok, and Miss Jean Pollok have taken apartments at The Luxor.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight have left the Hotel Pleasanton and are at The Luxor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Albert Stent (née Harris) are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. W. Reid and Mr. M. J. Reid have taken apartments at The Luxor.

General Archibald J. Sampson, United States envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Ecuador, was a guest at the Occidental Hotel this week.

George Crocker and Mrs. Alxander Rutherford departed for New York on Saturday.

Mrs. Helen Clement Huse has returned from her European trip, and is at San Diego. She will arrive here in January, and will be joined by her son, Mr. Charles B. Huse.

Mrs. Albert Harston has returned from a six months' trip to St. Louis and the East.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Claussen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grover, and Mr. G. F. Simonds, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John

## Army and Navy News.

General C. A. Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff gave a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of General C. A. Coolidge, U. S. A., and Mrs. Coolidge.

Rear-Admiral Ralph Ashton, U. S. N., died in Brooklyn on Monday.

Major Parker W. West, U. S. A., has returned from the East, and has resumed his duties as aid to General Arthur MacArthur, U. S. A.

Paymaster Richworth Nicholson, U. S. N., who has been ordered to report for duty at Mare Island on December 30th, arrived in Oakland this week.

Lieutenant John Bahcock, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bahcock (née Eells) have returned from their wedding journey, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells.

## Christmas Holidays at Del Monte.

The golf links were never greener—the country never looked prettier. Special Christmas or New-Year's Day rate—Saturday



Photo by Rasmussen.

Mrs. Emory Winship (née Dillon).

to Monday—from San Francisco, including railway fare and two days' board at Hotel del Monte, only ten dollars. Leave Third and Townsend Street depot at three o'clock (parlor car), reaching the hotel at six forty-eight. George P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

The Bohemian Club's Christmas high jinks will be held this (Saturday) evening. James D. Phelan will be sire, Edward F. Schneider will have charge of the music, and Theodor Vogt and Mr. Fernald will arrange the pantomime.

It is practically settled that the N. G. C. will have a first-class rifle range within a few weeks. It is to be located at Glen Park, on the Ingleside line, and will have stationary and moving targets.

—NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## FIRE SALE

—AT—

**O'BRIEN & SONS'**  
Carriage Factory  
Golden Gate Ave. and Polk St.

Get a high-grade vehicle for Christmas now away below cost.

## SHOPPING IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City, will personally undertake to execute shopping orders in New York.

**SOHMER**  
PIANO  
AGENCY.

**WARRANTED 10 YEARS.**  
**BYRON MAUZY**  
The CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player.

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## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV. PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## THE COLONIAL

S. E. cor. Pine and Jones Sts.  
The Select Hotel of San Francisco

All apartments steam heated

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

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The finest private family hotel on the Coast. Elegantly furnished front suites on the Avenue. Every room steam heated. Reception, Smoking and Private Dining Rooms. Concessions made to large families by the year. Correspondence solicited.

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For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED

GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



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## HOTEL RAFAEL

Fifty minutes from San Francisco.

Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

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New fire-proof hotel, located in the shopping and theatre district, containing every modern device for comfort of guests.

Positively exclusive. Service à la carte.

## Educational.

San Mateo, Cal.  
**St. Margaret's Suburban School**  
Home and day school for girls. Academic and college preparatory courses. Special advantages in music, art, Athletics, hockey, basketball, etc. Illustrated book of information. Second term opens January 10th. ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Principal.

## Ogontz School for Young Ladies.

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

**HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,**  
24 Post St. S. F.  
Send for Circular.



Photo by Thors.

Miss Lita Gallatin.

Leary, of Seattle, Mr. F. O. Riesling, of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Anderson, Mrs. V. G. Vecki, Baroness von Meyerinck, Mrs. Oshorn, Miss W. G. Oshorn, Dr. W. M. Carpenter, Mr. J. M. Litchfield, and Mr. E. J. Brown.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Gow, of Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Lewelyn Miller, Miss A. B. Miller, and Miss Alice Miller, of Baltimore, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rosenthal, of Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Lee, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. James Colquhoun, of Arizona, Mr. Adolph Bahcock, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Dornin, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Spear, Mrs. Tiedman, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. Alfred Stillman, Mr. T. J. A. Tiedman, Mr. Charles D. Haven, Mr. W. J. Dutton, Mr. Bernard Faymonville, and Mr. C. J. Stovel.

## Reduced Rates for the Holidays.

Agents of the Southern Pacific will sell round-trip tickets at reduced rates for Christmas and New Year's. Tickets sold December 24th, 25th, and 26th will be good to return until December 27th, while tickets sold December 31st and January 1st, will be good to return January 3, 1905. Full information at city ticket-office, 613 Market Street, or from any agent of the Southern Pacific.



**VANITY FAIR.**

"About ten or fifteen years ago," remarked the Man Who Knows, "the question was asked everywhere: 'Does the New York woman smoke?' And, slowly, reluctantly, but decisively, the answer came 'Yes!' Which, by the way, was untrue. And ever since then the belief has been general. It has spread all over the country, and in the smart set of Sluash City or Squedonk Junction, girls say bravely, 'Why shouldn't I smoke a cigarette if I want to?' All the New York women do. And ever since a woman was arrested on Fifth Avenue for smoking a cigarette in a private automobile the smaller cities are more convinced than ever that the typical New York woman's pretty nostrils are veritable chimneys for cigarette smoke. Now you can take the word of an old Gothamite that the New York woman does not smoke. The percentage of women in this big city who smoke is not one atom larger than the percentage in Buffalo, Springfield, or Cleveland. When a few women, back in the early nineties, thought they were pioneers because they puffed strenuously and grimacingly on cigarettes that most of them loathed (and that European women had smoked for centuries), a howl of amazement went up from press and society alike. This howl was all that a lot of silly women needed to make them decide to join the ranks of cigarette burners. They forthwith began to smoke. Then the question was asked: 'Does the New York woman smoke?' The question was answered in the affirmative, and then (after its usual fashion when a doubt or mystery is once solved), New York gave the matter no more thought. As a result of this indifference, the girl who

places were pride will not let her follow it. Married granddaughters of the buttermaker, he says, succinctly, "incur censure if they cross the street to employ themselves in the dairy store there, even while their grandmothers are praised for thrift and energy." Dr. Patten's plea is that society should stand by the young wife in the attempt to regain her former productive usefulness in its new forms outside her home. He gives several instances of "the costly extravagance of the sentiment against gainful occupation" in young women, experienced in various kinds of outside industry, who were kept at home by husbands whose earning power could not meet adequately the doubled needs of the married state. Dr. Patten's case is made complete when he points out that the wife was formerly "placed at once in the current of production" and "broadened with the power which the education of the time denied to the non-producing girl."

Forty or fifty roller skating rinks have been built and opened to the public in the East within the last year. All are well patronized, and their promoters believe that this sport, neglected for twenty years, will again become popular. In the late seventies and early eighties roller skating almost attained the dignity of a national amusement. No person was too old or too young to use the rinks. The hockey games, endurance races, and exhibitions of fancy skating arranged by rink owners attracted big audiences for four or five years before the popular appetite was satisfied. Then, and almost in a moment, roller skating fell into disfavor. Only children clung to it, and on them it has never lost its hold. This

**Jack London's Favorite Portrait.**

Some examples of the best work done lately by Rasmussen, the photographer at 139 Post Street, are to be found in another part of this paper. That of Jack London was posed especially for this issue of the *Argonaut*. It is Mr. London's favorite picture of himself, and no other portrait of him ever taken brings out so strongly his leading characteristics. Men are not always looked upon as the best subjects for artistic work, but Mr. Rasmussen has as good success with the portraits of his male sitters as with those of the gentler sex. In the latter line, the *Argonaut* publishes in this issue a reproduction of an exceedingly fine photograph done by Mr. Rasmussen of Mrs. Winship, wife of Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N.

Although Mr. Rasmussen does not make a bid for theatrical work, preferring to attract his custom from among the best members of local circles, he has done nothing of late that has attracted more hearty praise than his series of pictures of Mina Rudolph, of the "San Toy" company. The chic beauty of this little singer is shown in a number of poses, all so artistic, so full of grace and dash, that it is hard to choose the best among them.

"Art for art's sake" and "art for money's sake" are two ideas that seem to be in direct opposition to each other; but some strike the happy balance, and, while exacting a deserved tribute of coin for what they do, yet attain their artistic aims as fully as though achievement were their total recompense. It is this combination of the two ideas set forth that advances such a semi-commercial art as photography—that enables the photographer to seize every opportunity for the furthering of his art. And the public is the benefactor.

Successful photography, unlike painting, depends primarily upon mechanical contrivances—and they must be the best. The surroundings must be attractive in order that the sitter be in the proper frame of mind to be photographed. All this is fully realized and thoroughly carried out by Mr. Rasmussen. His conscientious adherence to a fixed principle—to do no work that is not a credit to him—has brought him the highest class of custom.

One thing especially noticeable about Mr. Rasmussen's work is his ability to bring out roundness and softness in a face or figure without throwing the picture out of focus. This is attained partly through the use of the best lens obtainable, aided by a prism window-light—the only one in town. But perhaps the greatest factor in the result is Mr. Rasmussen's experience and skill. He has been a photographer since boyhood, and three times has thrown aside all he knew and relearned photography, in order to be conversant with its latest developments.



**DOES** a considerate host serve *guesswork* drinks to his guests? Of course not.

**CLUB COCKTAILS** are preferred because of their uniformly high quality, and readiness at all times. They're made from choicest old liquors, blended in exquisite proportions and aged to perfection. Just strain through cracked ice. **CLUB** is the original brand—specify the name to get the genuine.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS  
**THE SPOHN-PATRICK CO.,**  
400-404 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.



Reproduction of the much-discussed painting, "The Return of the Crusaders," by G. B. Torriglia, on exhibition at S. & G. Gump's galleries.

was learning to smoke, with the idea that she was scandalizing the whole world, gradually decided that it was no fun to smoke if no one cared whether she did or not. So, in nine cases out of ten, she gave up the habit. Of course, there are a lot of New York women who still smoke; but not enough of them to justify the claim that the typical New York woman is a smoker."

The Paris edition of the *Herald* prints a curious letter signed "Baronne de B.," which runs: "I ask of your kindness to find a situation to a very interesting young woman. She is twenty-six, big, tall, handsome girl, very clever speaks English and French. She is of a very good old family. They lost their fortune, and the girl is now penniless. The girl being a big, tall, handsome woman, could she find a place de *mannequin* in one of the big firms like L'aguin, Doucet, Beehr? She would do splendidly to show the value of fine cloth. Thanking you in advance for my *protegee*," etc.

The American home and its principles, springing from a former agricultural life, are arraigned by Professor Simon N. Patten in the *Independent* for their effect of discouraging marriage under present changed industrial conditions. Men used to be glad to marry young, he says, as wives were an economic help. But productive industries which were once classified as married women's work are so no longer under modern perversions. A wife must now "buy her chicken, not raise it; she must buy her butter, not churn it; buy her carpet, not weave it." Coeval with the growth of the agricultural ideals of early marriage and productive labor under the home roof, wives and mothers became "fine earners, and were only incidentally house-savers. Now these ideals persist. Dr. Patten, while industrial life has taken the married woman's work from under her roof-tree to

sudden loss of popularity was due simply to the fact that the pastime was worked to death. Now it is returning as a novelty, with another generation of pleasure-seekers to appeal to. "But," comments the *Sun*, "it is improbable that it will ever regain the glory it once had. The out-of-doors cult has made great progress since 1885, and roller skating is an indoor game."

One of the returned war-correspondents says that "in all these months of war and bloodshed the patient endurance of the sisters of the Russian Red Cross has been the one redeeming feature. In this reference," he says, "I do not allude to women of social position, who prove as troublesome to the Russian authorities as did a similar plague to Lord Milner in South Africa. The hard-working, earnest, practical little women, ignorant but industrious, who devote their time to the welfare of the Russian soldiers, make a beautiful picture. They are fearless. They endure the same fatigues as the soldiers, and, as recent events have proved, they sacrifice very willingly their lives to save their charges. I do not think that any war has produced more touching examples of fidelity to duty than those offered by these badly dressed, plain-faced, sweet-natured nurses, as they trudge through the rains, through the heat and the dust, and the snows of Manchuria. These women quite delight in their calling, and in spite of the reverses, or perhaps because of the reverses, they muster in large numbers to the roll-call when their services are demanded."

A PRESENT THAT ALWAYS PLEASES THE MR. MAN—a bottle of good pure whiskey. You can depend on the word of an old established house like HOTALING'S, they will tell you buy the best, OLD KIRK, and please your friends.

**A. Hirschman,**  
712 Market and 25 Geary Streets, for fine jewelry

# HERE IS A SUGGESTION FOR AN XMAS GIFT

## A COUPLE OF SUITS OF Gantner & Mattern Co.'s CELEBRATED Underwear

From our stock, or we issue a Christmas order, and He or She can have it **Knit to Fit** at any time. Made of Silk, Wool, Lisle, or Irish Linen.

We are able to guarantee that three suits of our underwear will last any person under ordinary circumstances two years or longer. Our Prices are very reasonable—not more than you pay for poorly constructed, ill-fitting, ready-made garments.

### OTHER USEFUL GIFTS

**LADIES' KNIT SWEATERS** They are built like a shirt-waist. We have them from \$1.65 to \$10.00.

**Boys' and Men's SWEATERS, JERSEYS, AND WAISTCOATS**

WE OPERATE THE LARGEST MILL IN THE WEST

Situated cor. Grove, Laguna, and Ivy Ave.

# Gantner & Mattern Co.

KNITTERS

20 Post, below Kearny



## THE YEAR'S ART.

A Brief Review of the City's Progress in Art Matters by the Director of the Mark Hopkins Institute.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the awakening of the public mind to the fact that art is, or should be, a part of our daily lives; that it is not a question of expensive frames, but of the simple fitness of things; that it is not aristocratic, exclusive, but democratic, all-embracing, and its pleasures free alike for the poor as well as the rich—indeed the comparatively poor derive, as a rule, the most happiness from art. These statements may sound commonplace perhaps, but it is just here that the encouraging signs rehabilitate them and give this sort of preaching new life and meaning. It is not that some well-informed person has condescended to impart these truths to the public with perhaps a learned but tiresome object lesson from the ancient Greeks; such a text oftentimes induces drowsiness rather than awakening if the congregation is not ready for the word. But rather that we have, as Carlyle says, lived into this understanding. It is a light from within instead of from without, it is subjective instead of objective.

The influences that have been at work to bring about this condition are many. In the first place, there has been a well-defined art movement throughout the United States, beginning with the Centennial Exposition in 1876, when Cincinnati came to the front with its wood-carving and pottery, that has increased in volume up to the beginning of the new century, flowering at times into such beautiful creations as the Dream City at Chicago and the similar marvelous displays at

ment came broader opportunities to give it play. The new steel-frame method of constructing buildings emancipated the city from its crouching style of architecture; the Spanish war widened our vistas, and an era of prosperity, without which all art languishes, gave us new possibilities for its growth. As a consequence of all this, the past year has shown most unusual activity, progress, and development in all lines of art. Never before have there been so many picture exhibitions, and, more important, never before has there been so much fresh, original work; it may not all be good, it would be miraculous if it was, but a great deal of it has strength and a great deal of it has promise. In the matter of mural decorations, the progress made is remarkable, and warrants the belief that the future holds a rich store in this field for artists and lovers of art. The same may be said of modeling. The year has been full-handed with opportunities for sculptors, while the industrial arts, which in the minds of the public have been so long divorced from fine art, so-called, but which the recent action of the art department of the St. Louis exposition did so much to restore to their rightful place—the industrial arts reminiscent of the best period of the middle ages are claiming their heritage.

Unfortunately, these matters are so varied, so large, so pregnant with vital significance to the future of this great municipality, that one is barely able to write a preface to their consideration before the limitations of the paper demand a conclusion. But enough, perhaps, has been suggested to show the trend of our progress, and to encourage the belief that our city will in time be as rich in the beauty of art creations as it is in the beauty of natural surroundings.

ROBERT H. FLETCHER.

## Bohemian Club's Fall Exhibit.

There have been better pictures shown at the Bohemian Club than the best exhibited by the artist-members this year, but the average of the present showing is higher than ever before, and the work brought out by the newer artists is as encouraging as the improvement in some of those with whom we are familiar. There are only a few portraits shown this year, but most of them are good. J. W. Clawson exhibits portraits of Josiah R. Howell and the late P. B. Cornwall, and an interesting group of Emlyn Lewys and family, of Alameda.

Mattea Sandona exhibits two portraits—one of Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones and another of Miss Gertrude Jolliffe. Both are good likenesses and pleasing in color. But the former is rather spoiled by a scarf which falls across the front of the figure, tending to shorten it. Theodore Wores has three portraits, one of Miss Marie Wells. The latter is not in his best style, but the others (unnamed) show excellent drawing and coloring. Orrin Peck's portrait of James D. Phelan is a faithful likeness, with exceptionally good flesh tints.

There are only about seventy pictures altogether, and most of them are landscapes, ranging from the delicately colored, softly tinted meadow scenes of H. R. Bloomer to "The Mystery of the Night"—a weird, cool, strangely attractive canvas by G. F. P. Piazoni. This same painter has another unusual

study, "Evening." In few lines and colors he has painted, with delicate suggestion and weird effect, the coming of darkness over a piece of flat land and a stretch of quiet water. L. P. Latmier, John M. Gamble, Chris Jorgensen, L. Maynard Dixon, C. J. Dickman, Giuseppe Cadenasso, H. W. Seawell, C. D. Robinson, and J. A. Stanton show redwoods, tumbling streams, ocean waves, and mountains.



From miniature by Lillie V. O'Ryan.  
Miss Marie Wells.

Gamble's best thing is a redwood picture, strangely realistic, full of the calm dignity of the forest. Latimer shows redwoods, too, and maintains his supremacy in this line. He also exhibits "Where the Trout Love to Hide"—a cool and tranquil spot that would tempt any angler's lure.

Cadenasso still confines his work mostly to pools and eucalyptus trees, which he makes ghostly, wind-swirled, full of mystic poetry. Dickman's best piece is "Between Showers," a brilliantly colored, dazzling landscape. Stanton has two marines, both of high merit, and Dixon, seeking the South-West for his inspiration, paints desert scenes. "The Prayer"—a lone Indian on a wide stretch of desert—is majestic and appealing. Martinez confines himself to figure work and city scenes. His "The Outcast" is tragic in its gloomy intensity, and "Paris la Nuit" is delicate and full of charm. Jorgensen has some excellent mountain scenes, and Seawell has touched on a variety of subjects, one of his best effects being achieved in "Mission Dolores at Dusk." To the regret of all visitors, Charles Rollo Peters did not exhibit this year.

More pictures by R. M. Shurtliff, the New England painter, have reached the Morris Gallery, 248 Sutter Street. Other notable Eastern and foreign artists are represented.

Those who care for the best pictures will enjoy a visit to Schussler Brothers' gallery.



Photo by Genthe.

Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Buffalo and St. Louis. Millions of people of all sorts and ages have heheld these wonders of art and been affected by them. To many barren lives they came as an inspiring revelation, as in the case of the hard-worked old farmer's wife from Central Illinois who, as she told the folks at home, when she saw the peristyle at Chicago for the first time, "sat down and cried." Then there is the great municipal movement that has taken place in the last twenty years looking toward cleaner, purer, and more artistic cities. As a result of this, came the organization of clubs, mainly women's clubs, for civic improvement and outdoor art, for the "Home Beautiful" and the "City Beautiful," and the redemption and training of homeless children. These have taught not alone by word, but by deed as well; they have accomplished a good deal of practical good. Then there is the introduction of art in the public schools. Massachusetts led off in this movement, first permitting it, and then enforcing it, and since then other States, our own being among the number, have followed its lead. The regents of the New York University have supplied and sent out photographic reproductions of the best paintings and sculpture and architecture for the school-room walls, while similar efforts have been made in other States, some assuming the form of traveling collections.

These things have had a decided educational influence on the artistic sense of our own city, and with this advancing enlighten-

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# The Argonaut.

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No seaboard State of the United States, excepting only Florida, has an extent of coast line approximating California's. Even Maine and Texas, Washington and Oregon, have, compared to California, no very great length of sea-coast.

It is Californians especially, therefore, who have a vital and pressing interest in the recent report of Brigadier-General Story, chief of artillery, U. S. A., in which he sets forth that in some respects the defenses of our fortified forts are "lamentably deficient."

During the progress of the Russian-Japanese War, many American jokes have been made about poor Russian marksmanship at Port Arthur. The Russian Port

Arthur gunners have shown signal lack of ability in hitting Japanese vessels lying at a distance of several miles. This was due, says General Story, to the fact that the Port Arthur forts are not provided with apparatus for ascertaining the position of objects in their field of fire. To this, and to this almost solely, has been due the Russian inability to damage the Japanese ships at a distance by gun fire.

But, says Story, fortified harbors of the United States are to-day no better equipped with position-finding apparatus than Port Arthur was! "If war were to break out," he continues, "we would not have the trained force required to serve our guns effectively. However good our guns are, yet one-half of them would not be of much more use than so many tons of inert metal."

This is a striking statement. It is especially worthy of the thoughtful consideration of the people who live in Pacific Coast cities.

It is true, of course, that Port Arthur has proved impregnable to attack from the sea. Many bombardments by the Japanese fleet; a great number of torpedo-boat attacks, by night and day, upon the fleet which the forts sheltered; and more than one costly endeavor to block the harbor mouth, by sinking therein merchant steamers laden with stone, have all failed. And this was in considerable measure due to the torpedo defense of the harbor. Submarine mines were effective in more than one instance in working disaster to the enemy's fleet.

But once again, according to General Story, our harbors are badly defended. We have few mines and torpedoes. We have no such equipment in that respect as Port Arthur had. "It would be criminal neglect," declares Story, "if I did not urge, as earnestly as I can, the immediate completion of the torpedo defense of all our fortified forts. If we were suddenly confronted by war, no amount of money could procure submarine mines in time to be of service."

Still another point in which our coast defense is perilously deficient is in its personnel. Great guns and death-dealing torpedoes are useless without men who have been trained to operate them effectively. If we had the torpedoes and mines at the present time, still only four hundred men could be assigned for a service requiring about five thousand. Nor could the men needed be drawn from the present force of Coast Artillery, "since there are to-day only one-half the number of officers and men required to man and serve the armament already provided."

The Argonaut will not be considered, we hope, an alarmist on the subject of war. But it would seem, if General Story's allegations be true, that no more judicious expenditure of public funds could be made then by making the seaboard towns of the Pacific Coast impregnable to attack.

It is not a difficult task. Military experts are nearly agreed, and the present war supports them, that properly fortified harbors can not be taken by a fleet however strong. Port Arthur is being reduced at tremendous cost in human life by land armies, and at Vladivostock the Japanese only made a feint at attacking, and then gave it up as hopeless.

We repeat that we hope we shall not be considered an alarmist on the subject of war when we say that the Pacific rather than the Atlantic seems the more likely to be the scene of future world-conflicts. China, with her now inert but inexhaustible strength; Japan, with her proved capacity for military achievement; Russia, with the rankling wound of America's hostility in her struggle with a yellow race—the shores of all these lands are washed by the waves of the same sea that laps Californian shores. Said John Morley: "You have in the Pacific tremendous risks." He may have

been wrong. But that it is best to be prepared is a proposition which, we hope, needs no defense.

The man who puts no lock on his door, but trusts in Providence to protect his goods and chattels, may defend his course with logic. Also the man who fastens his domestic portal with a strong lock is generally acclaimed as wise. But the man who displays upon his door a broken lock finds no excuse. If General Story is right, then our fortified ports are in precisely the condition of the broken-locked door. Our gateways to the sea have defenses, but they are not very good; they have guards and gunners, but not a sufficient number by half; and we have no submarines worth the mention.

It would seem to be a condition that requires a remedy.

So far as we can reason from statistics we must all die. But there are many ways of achieving this necessary end, some respectable and grateful to our posterity, others painful, indecent, and blush-bringing. When we become family portraits we do not want the stalwart, proud son to point to the oil, and say: "My grandsire: he was run over by a milk wagon in '04." And we do not admire the following means of quitting this life for another: Wood alcohol in our whisky, aniline dye in our jelly, bogus drugs in our prescriptions, sulphuric acid in our white wines, borax in our *pâté de foie gras*, sulphate of lead in our mustard, hydrochloric acid in our vinegar, caustic lime in our pie crust, oxide of iron in our chocolate, copper in our butter.

We have pursued the menacing microbe into his last hiding place, and put the fever germ in quarantine. We vaccinate, we make immune, and inoculate. We replace a missing stomach, mend a broken skull, and continue life without limbs. But we undo all this by eating or drinking some adulterant that as surely and as painfully kills as a sword-thrust or a dynamite explosion. Out of one hundred and thirty-nine decoy prescriptions sent by the State Board of Pharmacy to Chicago druggists to be filled, twenty-three contained no trace of the drug called for, sixty-six were eighty per cent. impure, ten were twenty per cent. impure, nine ten per cent. impure, and only thirty-one were pure. For a surgical dressing, much used in every hospital in the land, it was found that the druggist often substituted a mineral concoction so deadly a poison as to bring death from a comparatively insignificant wound.

Here in San Francisco the agents of several reputable chemical firms have been quietly investigating the adulterants offered under old and honored names to the unsuspecting public, and it is common knowledge among the physicians that the findings have been anything but encouraging. Even President McKinley, according to report, was treated after he was shot with a drug which the surgeons quickly found was so adulterated as to have the opposite effect to that desired. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the coin-clutching adulterator of drugs has left his trail.

But the most awful of adulterations is that of articles supposed to contain ethyl alcohol or grain spirits. This ingredient costs somewhat over two dollars a gallon, and the deodorized wood alcohol, or methyl alcohol, costs but fifty cents a gallon. The consequent adulteration passes belief, according to all authorities. And the inevitable result of the drinking or inhaling or absorption through the skin of wood alcohol is blindness or death. No alternative has been discovered. The most noted specialists of this country are at one on this subject, and predict a time when we shall be in the midst of a crowd of sightless, groping wrecks, stumbling from corner saloon to corner



to get the liquor which took away from them the light of the sun and enriched the unspeakable adulterators at the price of human sight. Dante *redivivus* would add another circle to hell and populate it with certain dishonest manufacturers.

We commend to the earnest and thoughtful consideration of the tariff editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* a series of articles that are appearing in the New York *Evening Post*. The *Chronicle* has expressed the opinion more than once that there was no particular demand for tariff-revision, "not much of a scare," and that the Republican party was going to maintain the present schedules on iron and steel and other things of that sort for four or eight years more anyhow. The *Post*, to find out "how much of a scare" there is, sent out letters to the first thousand persons named in the well-known dictionary of American biography, "Who's Who." Four questions were asked, the first being: "Do you favor revision of the tariff?" And here are the answers from the first batch of letters received:

"Most decidedly"; "I do, and believe it alike politic, wise, and inevitable"; "Yes"; "I favor revision of the tariff"; "Yes, revision, but not a severe revision"; "Decidedly"; "Yes"; "No"; "Yes"; "I do emphatically"; "Decidedly"; "No"; "Yes"; "Most positively"; "Yes"; "I do"; "Yes"; "Yes"; "Yes"; "Most emphatically I do"; "Decidedly, yes"; "Yes"; "Yes, decidedly"; "Yes"; "Yes"; "Yes"; "Yes, most decidedly"; "Yes, at once."

And so they run—about ten to one in favor of revision. The *Post* to date has printed ten columns of these replies—in all, sixty-five letters. Forty-one are from Republicans; the others are from Democrats, Populists, and Socialists. Of these sixty-five letters fifty-nine are in favor of revision! And, mark you, such a list from "Who's Who" inevitably represents all classes of intelligent and able men. The *Evening Post* is above the suspicion of in any manner juggling with the facts. When there shall have been printed the entire series of letters, they will form absolutely conclusive evidence that the people as a whole desire readjustment of the tariff. As one of the Republicans who replies says: "I regard the present protection on steel rails as extremely absurd, a broad farce. For a billion-dollar trust to pose as an 'infant industry' is the crowning joke of economic and political history." So say we all of us—nine out of ten of us. Doesn't the *Chronicle* feel a little lonely out there in the cold, it's only friend and companion that altruistic and public-spirited journal, the *Bulletin of the Iron and Steel Association*?

Another pleasing sign of the times is the action of the Union League Club of New York. This is an organization of Republicans. Its membership includes many of the most prominent men of the party. The club has always been firm in its devotion to the policy of protection. It still is. But by an overwhelming vote it recently passed a resolution "earnestly requesting Congress to investigate the question of the conditions of manufactures, as affected by the tariff, with a view of making such changes in the present rates as will remedy unjust conditions if any such exist." There could be no more significant act than this. But no one should make the mistake of supposing that, because the people as a whole ardently desire to see an adjustment of tariff rates, they are going to be adjusted right away quick. There is yet to come a tremendous struggle between the people and the enormously powerful beneficiaries of the present schedules. *Harper's Weekly* remarks: "We regard as inevitable a struggle of no mean magnitude between the President and the representatives of special interests in Congress." Think of the war chest of the monopolists. Think how big and arrogant and well-entrenched they are. There will be some great doings when the President calls a special session of Congress in the fall.

There seems to be a strong feeling at the present time that the Panama Canal plans are not yet definite. The House Committee, which went down and inspected the ground, is now in favor of a sea level canal without locks. Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, who accompanied the committee, is also heartily opposed to digging a lock canal if a sea-level one is possible. It is asserted that the final decision will not depend so largely on the question of cost—\$100,000,000 more—as upon the engineering difficulties of the proposed Bohio dam, which is absolutely necessary for the lock canal. So far Chief Engineer Wallace has not been satisfied that the canal can be built, no foundation for it being found at one hundred and fifty feet according to the latest reports.

French surveys have been abandoned entirely by American engineers, and they are now making

independent surveys of their own. Others are at work devising improved machinery and getting all in readiness for the work when the plans are settled.

The minister from Panama, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who was formerly engineer in charge of the canal works, is also an advocate of a sea-level canal, but thinks it could be constructed leisurely and without interruption of traffic when the lock canal became too small for the tonnage. He claims to his own credit a method of transforming it, which will utilize the data gained by building a lock canal to good advantage.

Another suggestion is that of a writer to the New York *Sun*, who asserts that, after all, the best route for the canal will finally be found to be at San Blas—a route of slightly over thirty miles, but necessitating a tunnel of several miles. Whether a tunnel of a diameter sufficient to take in ships and steamers of modern build is possible is a hard question. Even modern engineering, with its daring acceptance of hard conditions, might well pause at the greatness of such a work, especially as work on the famous Simplon Tunnel, which was to have been completed within the next six months, has had practically to stop on one side on account of the immense springs that have been tapped and which have flooded the workings beyond repair.

The New York *Times* has made a canvass of the vote in the late Presidential election, complete except for one county in Tennessee and four in Michigan, for which estimates are given. According to the *Times*, President Roosevelt defeated Judge Parker by 2,546,669 votes. He received the largest vote ever given a President of the United States—7,640,560. The total vote cast was 13,533,619. Parker received 5,093,891 votes; Debs (Socialist), 392,857; Swallow (Prohibition), 248,411; Watson (Populist), 124,381; and Corregan (Socialist-Labor), 33,519. The total vote cast for President showed a decrease of 455,233 from the vote of 1900. Roosevelt had 401,450 more votes than McKinley had in 1900, while Parker falls 1,293,053 votes behind Bryan. The figures from the Middle West unmistakably show that hundreds of thousands of Bryan Democrats did not go to the polls at all. As Walter Wellman points out, in Missouri Roosevelt received only 7,000 more votes than McKinley had in 1900, and yet carried the State by 25,000 because 50,000 Democrats refused to vote for Parker. In Iowa, Mr. Roosevelt received almost exactly the number of votes that McKinley received, but Parker's total fell 60,000 behind Bryan's. The interesting deduction is made by Wellman from the figures that for every Democrat who voted for Roosevelt, five or ten Democrats stayed away from the polls altogether. The New York *World*, which supported Parker, concludes, after its study of the result, that "the honor of being the worst-defeated candidate ever nominated by the Democrats for a President belongs so clearly to Judge Parker that Greeley is hardly a close second." The *World* figures that in the two decades since 1884 the increase in population has brought 5,500,000 new voters. Of these, it says, Judge Parker succeeded in winning to his side only 183,000. The remainder either voted for Roosevelt, or the candidates for the minor parties, or stayed at home. The fact that the stay-at-home vote was so great is a thing that ought to give the Republicans pause. It shows what a great number of voters found in neither candidate their ideal. And the fact that Democratic governors were elected in so many States that went Republican nationally is a warning that a great many voters are thinking hard and discriminating nicely.

That rufescent luminary which shines for all—the New York *Sun*—seldom permits its shining morning face to be fretted with such pits of error and dark splotches of fallacy as cause those observing contemporaries who view it admiringly from afar serious perturbation and grave alarm; and therefore it is with astonishment bordering on amazement that we behold the *Sun* at one fell stroke affront the zoölogists and distort with impious hands the venerable statements of Holy Writ. "The singular sensitiveness of the prophet Elisha," says the *Sun*, "to the remark of the little children who said to him, as he was going unto Beth-el: 'Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head,' must have struck every thoughtful reader of II Kings, ii, 23-24. That forty-two children should be eaten up by two she bears for this reproach must be regarded as a parable, as a warning to children to be respectful to their elders." Admirable sentiment! But "forty-two children" "eaten up by two she-bears"—what miracle of stomachic capacity is this? As the irreverent humorist who heard the preacher make the statement from the rural pulpit said: "Mighty big bears, brother! Mighty big bears!" If our venerable and venerated contemporary will gaze

once again upon II Kings, ii, 24, it will be plain to it that for bald Elisha's sake there was evinced no masticatory, deglutitious, or digestive miracle. All Holy Writ records is that "there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."

It is announced, on what seems to be the best authority, that President Roosevelt expects the resignations of all his present Cabinet officers to be at his disposal on March 4th. This is followed by the statement by Walter Wellman and Francis E. Leupp, both reliable newspapermen, the latter just appointed Indian Commissioner by the President, that big changes will be made. So far, it is assumed that only Secretary of State John Hay, Attorney-General Moody, Secretary of War Taft, and Secretary of the Navy Morton are sure of retaining their portfolios.

Secretary Shaw's probable dismissal is said to be due to his disagreement with Mr. Roosevelt on tariff-reform. The Secretary is a "stand-patter," and has even, it is said, used his position to thwart the President's ends. Great stress is laid on the fact, also, that Mr. Shaw is a candidate for 1908, and that this alone would make his retention in the Cabinet very embarrassing. Civil-service reform is another point on which the present Treasury Secretary and his chief do not hold the same views.

Secretary of Commerce and Labor Metcalf is thought to stand a very fair chance of remaining another and a full term. But this is not looked upon as certain, because of the re-arrangement made necessary by the coming back of Mr. Cortelyou, presumably as Postmaster-General. Both his retention and that of Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, depend more on local lines than on anything else. Iowa has two representatives in the Cabinet as it stands, and it is thought that but one will remain. Mr. Wilson's record makes it impossible that he should have to leave unless to satisfy political exigencies. So far, the President has not made the slightest public intimation of what he will finally decide.

An interesting corollary to the present problem of the Cabinet is that of the diplomatic service. All the ambassadors are expected to be ready to retire next March, unless specifically asked to stay. These make really the President's foreign Cabinet, and Mr. Roosevelt seems determined not to have any in places where he must trust wholly, except those he knows familiarly and well.

William Randolph Hearst has recently stated through the columns of the Washington *Post* that he is not a candidate for mayor of New York, or for the Presidency of the United States, or for any other office. He says that he intends to retire, "not from politics, but from office-holding." The reason? Mr. Hearst says that he fears that, as a candidate, he will be subject to misrepresentation as to his motives. We merely remark that it seems a trifle queer that Mr. Hearst who, for more than a decade, has been constantly attacked on all hands, and in the most virulent manner, for debauching public taste by a newspaper of sensational type, should at this late date be so sensitive to criticism as be deterred from becoming a candidate for office merely by fear of "misrepresentation" of his motives.

That very clever writer who contributes hebdomadally to the Oakland *Tribune* over the signature, "The Knave," makes in his last letter some very sensible observations about Southern and Northern California and the senatorship. The Los Angeles *Express* published an editorial recently which set forth that "Northern California should keep hands off in the contest for a successor to Senator Bard. This office by right of every justice belongs to Southern California, and she will bitterly resent the machinations of certain politicians the other side of the Tehachapi now striving to deprive her of the plum." "Gall and hoggishness" is what the Knave calls this an exhibition of, and very properly, too. For, as he points out, Southern California has eight counties. There are fifty-seven counties in the State. "Why should eight counties demand one senator and leave the other for the remaining forty-nine?" The eight counties of the south have a total population of 328,672. Why should not eight counties of Central California—say, Alameda, Santa Clara, Contra Costa, San Joaquin, Sacramento, Solano, Napa, and Sonoma, which have a population of 368,910—have an equal right to name a senator? San Francisco alone has a population exceeding all Southern California, but, says the Knave, "nobody has heard San Francisco setting up a demand for a senator as a natural political right." As the *Argonaut* pointed out last week, the geographical

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objection to Mr. Knight has no real force. A United States senator represents his whole State, and not any particular district. This is well recognized in other States, where both senators are not infrequently from the same section. Senators Morgan and Pettus are both from Selma, Ala. Senators Beveridge and Fairbanks both come from Indianapolis. Senator Foster resides in Franklin, La., and Senator McEnery hails from New Orleans, points not far apart. Senator Fulton and Senator Mitchell are, respectively, from Astoria and Portland, Or., which are adjacent towns. Senator Patterson resides in Denver, and Senator Teller in Central City, towns less than fifty miles apart. There are numerous other cases where both United States senators reside in the same section of the State whence they come. It looks as if Flint, Oxnard, and Bard would have to find a better argument than the geographical one if they expect to down the eloquent San Franciscan when the legislature meets in January.

Since the first football was thumped with the first schoolboy's foot and the first mother wept over her marred, if heroic, son, the philosophers and their adjuncts, the timid, have been seeking a cure, a remedy, a prophylactic against the brutal game of football. Strangely enough, it has been found in religion. The London *Daily Mail* has a communication from Wales stating that the revivals in that part of the kingdom have developed many wonderful phenomena. "At Mardy," we read, "a football club, which came to play the local first team, found that most of the players had been converted, and the match had to be abandoned. At one meeting two football players embraced each other cordially, and at Rhos business was practically suspended for a whole day in favor of prayer-meetings."

The possibilities of conversion are indeed tremendous. One can imagine the anxious care with which the Welsh captain now inspects his men and asks after the state of their souls. What if the eye of some zealot preacher of the Word should catch the eye of the full-back as he is preparing to kick a goal? What if the other team, by foul plotting, had introduced a missionary among the linemen to shout instead of "Second down and three yards to gain!" the exhortation: "Repent while there is yet time!" to the snatching away of victory? What if a tract were surreptitiously packed in the quarterback's suit-case?

But the fond parent and the worried college president will now fall back more than ever upon moral suasion. Instead of pointing out surgical tragedies and life-long misery due to fractures, the wise opponent will strive mightily to impress a text upon the recalcitrant's mind. But the American is less susceptible than the Welshman. The time will never come, we fear, when two football players will "embrace each other cordially." We like our religion in solitude. When we are good we prefer the desert. And we always have an eye out for the gate receipts. It is a maxim of our sporting ethics not to deny the spectator his money's worth. And most of us go to a football game for to see not for to pray.

Secretary James L. Cowles, of the Postal Progress League, has a letter in the New York *Evening Post* proposing as a remedy for the present postal deficit of \$9,000,000 the introduction of rural parcels-post. Secretary Cowles proves by figures that the average rural carrier is costing the government \$466.80 a year dead loss over the income from all sources. In other words, the rural carrier is making forty-five cents a day for the department, and spending three times that much. The average load of the rural carrier's wagon Mr. Cowles states to be less than twenty pounds—a less weight than the city carrier bears up hill and down hill and to my lady's chamber.

Under present rules, four pounds is the limit of weight for mailable parcels. The rate on such is one cent an ounce. Secretary Cowles would alter this entirely. He would establish a schedule up to two hundred pounds, a one-pound package costing two cents, and a two-hundred-pound bale of hay or barrel of sugar only twenty-five cents.

This plan has nothing directly to do with the favorite parcels-post advocated by all who desire to see reasonable rates for books and merchandise. It is a modification of what is known as "special delivery." In other words, Mr. Cowles does not advocate the sending of a barrel of sugar weighing two hundred pounds from San Francisco to Omaha for twenty-five cents, but he proposes that when that barrel of sugar reaches the railway terminus it shall then continue on its way in the rural carrier's cart, stamped with a twenty-five-cent stamp, ordered by telephone, post-card, or small boy from the store. The carrier will then not be using his horse and cart for a wage of but forty-five cents a

day—a dead loss—but will be promoting trade and commerce, and at the same time fattening the purse of the post-office.

Whoever thinks of a twelve-hundred-pound horse, a harness, a cart, and a civil-service examinee, traveling on an average twenty-seven miles, supplying one hundred and twenty-seven American homes with an average of twenty-four pieces of mail, and thereby incurring an expense thrice the income, will likely see in this local parcels-post a sensible suggestion which, if carried into effect, would work wonders financially and socially.

We understand from several articles in the San Francisco *Examiner* that a movement is on foot to take the Yosemite Valley away from California. El Capitan, we believe, is to be sawed off, jacked up on jackscrews, rolled over on a dray, thence conveyed to the railway, and hauled out of California on a flat-car. A good-sized spool is to be obtained, and Yosemite Falls is to be rolled around it like a ribbon and transported in the same fashion. And finally the floor of the Valley is to be rolled up carpet-like and bundled away. The *Examiner* is doing a great public service in exposing the varlets who are behind this villainous scheme.

Seriously, the *Examiner's* arguments are absurd. It is not proposed to "take away" the Valley from California. We are to be robbed of none of the credit or glory or satisfaction of having within our boundaries so wonderful a bit of natural scenery. There is no issue of State pride or patriotism. It is simply a practical proposition: Will the Valley be better administered by Federal or State officers? And to this there is only one answer. Organizations like the Sierra Club are moved by the most public-spirited motives when they urge that the Valley be receded to the government. They simply desire Valley affairs administered in such a way that it will be a credit not only to the State but to the whole nation. The *Examiner* is the voice of politicians who want to hang on to their soft snaps, or help their friends to.

Perhaps the most famous Californian is Mr. Luther Burbank, whose name, inseparably connected with that triumph of edibility, the Burbank potato, is known to millions. That Mr. Burbank has received from the Carnegie Institution in Washington a grant of ten thousand dollars per annum to carry on his beneficent work in horticulture is, therefore, pleasing news to a vast number of people. There is nothing so very spectacular about this slow transformation of sour and knotty fruits into luscious and attractive ones; but it is none the less true that few of the world's inventors have achieved results more beneficent to mankind than horticulturists. Mention of the naval orange alone suffices to suggest what tremendous benefits have come through the development of new fruits from old. Mr. Burbank himself has developed many new varieties of plums, new quinces, a prune without a pit, many new roses, and now he has added to the list a thornless cactus, a plant which, if all that is hoped of it comes true, will populate the desert with herds of horses and cattle, and will pave the way for final desert-reclamation. This cactus is said to have about half the food value of alfalfa; even if it had less, the deserts that are now covered with spiny plants that send the animal that attempts to browse upon them away with sore nose and bleeding mouth, might easily support millions of dollars worth of live stock. Mr. Burbank's Shasta daisy and his blackberry-raspberry cross appeal, respectively, to the æsthetic and the epicure; but the thornless cactus is an idea that strikes the average man. He sees "millions in it."

Elizabeth Bigley and Thérèse d'Aurignac, Cassie Chadwick and Mme. Humbert—the names of these two women will go down in the history of crime linked indissolubly. But it must be admitted that clever as the Cleveland woman proved herself, the daughter of the Toulouse milliner was cleverer. She kept up her house of cards for a longer time, and she more thoroughly deceived her dupes. The curious part of the Humbert swindle was that the Crawfords, who were supposed to have left to Mme. Humbert \$24,000,000, and who really never existed, were still given a legal existence by the Humbert through the simple device of bringing a suit in their names, and such a legal web was woven about the famous safe that it required real hardihood to doubt whether there was actually anything in it. And when the crash came, it took all sorts of legal action to get the safe open. Mrs. Chadwick's method was far simpler, cruder. Given a sort of position by her marriage to the Cleveland physician, she simply traded on it

with his friends, beginning with the banker Reynolds. It is curious to think that just a two-cent stamp would probably at any time during the past several years brought from Carnegie a reply saying that he knew no Mrs. Chadwick, and never had signed notes for her. But this nobody thought of doing.

The general opinion among circuit and district judges in this State regarding the appointment of an additional Federal judge for the Northern District of California, in order to relieve the congestion of the Circuit Court of the Ninth Circuit, as requested by the Bar Association, seems to be that the move is a wise one. The situation is a rather complicated one. But the best argument for the appointment of the additional judge appears to be that, while in other districts than the Northern District of California the district judge has time to devote to Circuit Court work, in the Northern District of California, the work of the District Court is alone sufficient to occupy the whole time of the district judge. The idea is, therefore, that Judge Morrow ought to be relieved from all Circuit Court work by the appointment of the new district judge who would sit in the Circuit Court. One seemingly well-informed correspondent appears to think the *Argonaut* in error in intimating that the business of the ninth circuit is not large. "In the volume of business transacted," he says, "the Circuit Court of Appeals for this circuit is equal in rank, if not ahead, of the other circuits, except the second and the eighth." This statement is possibly correct.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

G-r-r-r!! Siss!!! Boom!!!!

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: The new Merchants' Exchange Building of fourteen stories, containing 500 offices, with six elevators, costing about \$1,300,000, is just opened for business; this edifice was erected for the sole purpose of preying on labor. The corporation that is sucking the life-blood of California fruit-growers and farmers will occupy nine entire floors; the rents will reach about \$175,000 annually, and labor will pay all this, in addition to the large incomes of the rentees.

A few capitalists affect work from ten to three, whereas labor is producing from sunrise to sunset—and before and after. When!—oh, when!—will they understand that gold, with which they think they are paid for their work, is the very thing, and the only thing, that is stealing the products of their labor? Capital is robbing labor; it can not be anything else; to utilize a Spanish saying, labor "goes for wool and comes back shorn" every time.

There is, however, another pet agent that works longer and breaks the Sabbath more regularly for the capitalists—USURY—day and night, wicked days and holy days—all days and all nights—and labor pays this also.

Labor produced the Merchants' Exchange Building, but instead of receiving the rent, pays it with still more sweat and blood.

To my mind, the most interesting feature of the structure is the architect's accurate knowledge of its purpose, and his expressing it so powerfully by decorating the ground-floor windows and doors with forty birds of prey in iron—surmounting the whole with a brazen bird of prey. The question arises, Did the Merchants' Exchange Building committee accept the drawings in a spirit of sardonic irony, or from inability to perceive the truth thus publicly proclaimed?—probably from the latter reason, for truth is not favorite with the predatory rich—*laborare est orare* is not their motto.

Only fools will permit a system to continue that allows one man the power to squeeze water to the extent of \$80,000,000 from the market price of United States Steel Corporation stock, and another hiped to juggle \$5,000,000 from other pockets to his own, both in one day—December 8th—in the year of grace and Christianity 1904.

There never was nor ever will be any true standard of value but labor, and the unit of value is one hour's work of brain or brawn, but a man seeking work and finding none does not agree with this old saw. Labor has the power to insist on this fact being recognized, acknowledged, and lived. We are rushing down the old Roman road at a far greater pace than the Romans ever attained; USURY will destroy every nation that does not destroy USURY. KINGHORN-JONES.

## Its Duty Plain.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 12, 1904. EDITORS ARGONAUT: In addition to the fact that the great plurality given to the Republican Presidential ticket at the late election was an emphatic repudiation by the rank and file of the Democratic party—of the Cleveland, Hill, Belmont clique who dominated the St. Louis convention—that vote was more a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, and an expression of confidence by the people in him as a leading American and the chief executive, than it was an approval of the Hanna-trust policy of "stand-pat." And if any Republican politicians or editors be so blind as to construe the great Roosevelt sweep as meaning that the people do not want or expect tariff-revision to the end that "shelter to monopoly" as now afforded by the Dingley schedules in many regards shall be removed and destroyed, then such politicians and editors will in due time be brought to realize that they grossly misinterpreted the meaning of the peoples' verdict, for it is as certain as anything can be in the near future that if the Republican administration, during the next four years, does not give the people the relief they need and demand from trust extortion incident to maintenance of the present high tariff, the people will as emphatically repudiate at the polls in November, 1908, the Republican party, as they did this year the Wall Street brand of Democracy.

The people expect President Roosevelt to prove by his administration that the great trust monopolies do not hold him subservient. There is nothing he can do more surely and satisfactorily to give this proof than to urge upon Congress the importance and necessity of knocking away one of the chief props of trust monopoly, namely, the high and all but prohibitive tariffs imposed upon importations that come into competition in the home market with domestic trust-controlled products. If he does not do this, then the people will conclude that there is no hope for relief at the hands of the Republican party, and they will displace that party and put in control of the government another party that would administer the laws free from trust dictation and control.

Very truly yours,



## THE STRESS OF THE TRAIL.

A Story of Indians, Long-Horns, and a Christmas Dinner.

At midnight "Big Jeff" poked his head out from under the tarpaulin and peered through the murk. For half a minute, perhaps, he listened tentatively; then he brushed away the snowflakes that had accumulated on his tousled hair, and snuggled back into the comfortable warmth of the blankets. He thrust a big fist, none too gently, against the ribs of his partner.

"What 'n hell's the matter with yuh?" growled the "Freak," sleepily. "I aint no punchin' bag."

"We're goin' t' get them steers t' the post t'-morrow —I don't think!" Big Jeff murmured. "The angels is pickin' geese for their Christmas dinner. From the way the feathers is flyin' there'll be about two feet of 'em in the mornin'."

The Freak protruded his head, only to withdraw it hastily.

"Holy smoker!" he muttered, "she's sure comin' thick. Wonder if them cattle's all right."

"Yes; I heard 'em a-woofin' an' tramin' round in the corral a minute ago," Jeff assured him. "You better go t' sleep, m' son; no use layin' awake worryin'."

This seemed to the Freak the proper course to pursue. He wriggled into a comfortable posture, and soon the minor key of his snore mingled with the deep bass Big Jeff emitted.

In the old round-up corral, beside which their bed was made, a bunch of steers stood huddled together with tails to the storm, great masses of snow piling on their broad backs; outside, tied securely to a post, two ponies alternately pawed the ground and shivered under the oiled slickers that were spread across their loins. Save for the canvas bed-cover that sheltered the two men, there was little comfort for beast or human that night; nothing but biting wind that whistled keenly through the rails of the corral, and everywhere the silent, virgin snow, dropping swiftly earthward in huge, eddying flakes.

It was gray dawn when Big Jeff awoke again. He raised a corner of the tarpaulin, and a mass of snow fell on his face. The spluttering of him aroused the Freak. Profanely lamenting the necessity that drove them forth on such a trip, they groped about for their boots, drew them on, and emerged, in ugly temper, for there were two feet of snow on top of the bed.

On the top rail of the corral the Freak climbed and glanced quickly over the cattle to the illimitable reaches beyond. Inside the corral, the cattle still stood hump-backed; outside, the horses still shivered under the protecting slickers; but the wind had died to a faint breath, and the sun glared unwinkingly at them as it balanced on the lower edge of a cloud-free sky. It was a perfect morning, save for the diamond frost that glistened in the rarefied air, and the ugly menace of the silent, white pall of snow that lay, belly-deep to a long-horn, on every foot of the land.

"See the horses?" queried Jeff, looking up from his task of kicking away the snow that covered their coffee-pot and frying-pan.

"Naw!" the Freak snorted, disgustedly. "There's nothin' t' be seen but this everlastin' snow. The chances are them nags is hittin' the high places for the Circle Four about this time. Hobbles wouldn't stop 'em after they got started, an' a storm like this would start most anything that wasn't tied hard an' fast."

"This here's sure hard luck," Jeff mourned, as he fanned an incipient blaze with his hat. "We're out of grub if we don't hit the post to-night—an' we won't git there before the next chinook if we don't have them horses t' break trail. An' we promised t' eat Christmas dinner with Bob Stewart an' the girls, yuh know, Freak."

"I know it," he answered, shortly.

They brooded silently over their coffee and fried bacon, sitting uneasily on their boot-heels. Fifteen miles of unbroken snow lay between them and the agency; a day's drive when the going was good—now, five miles of wallowing through the drifts would leave their cattle exhausted. A sudden freshening of the wind meant a blizzard—and the White Death plays a winning game on the open prairie when there is neither food, nor fire, nor shelter.

"We better go back a piece—eh, Jeff?" advised the Freak, as they untied their horses. "There's a little coulee, yuh remember, back about four miles. Maybe them cayuses located in that. There's little cut-banks along it."

"Sure," the big man answered, hopefully. "We got t' have 'em t' break a road for these critters. Maybe we'll run onto a bunch o' broom tails—though I guess the Injuns keep 'em pretty well chased out o' here."

They turned the cattle out of the corral to browse around as best they could, there was little danger of their straying far. Not voluntarily would they trample their way through the encompassing snow.

On top of a little eminence, half a mile from the coulee of which the Freak had spoken, they halted. Back at the corral they could see the bunch of cattle—a black blot on the dazzling white page of the prairie, before them spread away a vast expanse of monotonous level, for many miles the brown breast of the earth was clothed in the glittering robes of winter.

"Big Jeff shivered. "Not a blasted horse in sight—we better go back an' try to shove thim rough the best we can."

Lower, the Freak pointed down the coulee

which they overlooked. "Aint that a smoke down there?" he interrogated, anxiously.

It was smoke, Big Jeff averred. Toward it they headed their horses, plodding patiently. As they came nearer, the almost invisible exhalation developed into a half-dozen well-defined blue spirals, floating straight up through the tranquil atmosphere. They eyed them with disfavor; and, when rounding a bend of the coulee, they came upon a bunch of scrubby ponies, orange buckskins and gayly marked pintos predominating in number, the Freak pulled up in disgust.

"A bunch of damn, skulkin' Gros Ventres!" he lamented. "Hell of a lot o' good they'll do us."

"Maybe we could get 'm t' break trail for us," Jeff hazarded, hopefully. "It's worth quite a bit to the outfit, yuh know, t' get them cattle through; an' maybe some o' these buckos wouldn't mind makin' a few spindulicks."

"Won't do no hurt t' try, I reckon," admitted the Freak, "but these here Gros Ventres are lazier than a fat cow in July. I know 'em."

So they rode to the teepee that, by its size and ornamentation, they judged to be the abode of the chief. In many Indian dialects was the Freak versed, and so he was able to state their wants with dignity and much sonorous language.

But the chief grunted disapproval. His ponies were weary, he said, and the snow was deep. Also his young men were weary, and the smoke of the teepee fires was strong in their nostrils. Therefore the trail could not be broken for his white brothers, even though he offered much flat silver.

This the Freak communicated to Jeff as they rode away. Around the bend, past the Indian ponies, Jeff pulled up his horse. He curled one chap-encased leg around the saddle-horn, and eyed the Freak.

"How many ponies they got tied up in camp?" he asked, suddenly. "Did yuh notice, m' son?"

"Two was all I seen. Why?"

"An' if them two was loose, they'd be afoot, wouldn't they?" Big Jeff went on, ignoring the question.

"Why, yes, I guess they would. But what if they was?"

"I'll tell yuh," Jeff swung his horse closer to the Freak, and lowered his voice—though there was none within three hundred yards to hear. At intervals, the Freak nodded his head and ejaculated "Sure!" with much emphasis. Then Big Jeff resumed his normal position in the saddle, and they turned back to the Gros Ventre camp.

"The white brothers of the chief of the Gros Ventres," the Freak orated, "have little grub wherewith to face the deep snows, and their stomachs would be as the stomach of the gray wolf ere they reach the wooden teepees of the White Father at Snake Butte. Can the great chief spare a few pounds of flour and a leg of deer meat? His white brothers will give many pieces of flat silver."

Yes, the great chief could—for flat silver.

The transfer accomplished, the Freak reached the bundle up to Jeff, who sat on his horse, a silent spectator. As Jeff leaned to take it from him, his horse snorted and lashed out wickedly behind. A dun cayuse, meek of mien and small of stature, stood directly in his rear, tied to the wheel of a Red River cart; against his ribs the hoofs of Jeff's horse whacked loudly. Startled by the unexpected onslaught, the pony jerked violently against the tie-rope. It parted, and he scurried for the bunch like a frightened rabbit, Jeff giving chase.

"Let not the chief be alarmed," the Freak shouted. "His pony shall be brought back to his teepee."

He mounted hastily, did the Freak, not forgetting to keep tight hold of the sack. Calling assurances to the chief and to the bucks, who were swarming out of the lodges, he started after Jeff. But his horse was taken with a sudden madness, and bucked high and crookedly. At the next teepee a pinto was tied to an ancient sleigh. Between the sleigh and the pony's head the Freak's horse plunged, rearing, kicking, leaping high.

Presently the pinto also scurried up the coulee, with the Freak in hot pursuit; and save for their own indolent legs, the Gros Ventres were without means of locomotion.

"Crowd 'em, old boy!" the Freak yelled, as he turned the bend. "Next thing on the programme is angry Injuns burnin' powder!"

"Say," he cried, breathlessly, to Jeff as he reached the bunch, "yuh ought to see old 'Rock' do the Wild West act. He sure did things to that pinto when I throwed the hooks into him."

They fell upon the ponies with swishing ropes and tempestuous profanity. Through the drifts that barred their way they urged the herd to a floundering gallop. Enveloped in a cloud of snow-dust kicked up by the flying heels, they swept up out of the coulee, and almost gained the knoll from which they had spied the camp, ere the first bullet whinged futilely after them.

Big Jeff waved a gloved hand, and his deep laugh went bellowing across the white waste.

"Look at 'em, Freak!" he chortled. "The whole tribe is after us. Them dark-complected boys would sure do business with us if they was close enough."

"You bet!" the Freak responded. "And them brunette ladies would sure love to wind their fingers in our hair."

"Say," the Freak observed, as they topped the little ridge, "some o' them bucks is pretty good runners, I notice. Now I don't hanker t' have 'em eat up with us after we start with them cattle. I tell yuh, Jeff, you

pike for the corral an' get the bed on one o' these cayuses. I'll stay on this pinnacle here an' snap a few caps at 'em. That 'll hold 'em till you get ready t' start—an' then I'll come a-runnin'."

"I hate t' leave yuh, Freak," Jeff grumbled, "but I guess it's a good scheme."

"Don't yuh stay too long," he warned over his shoulder, as he crowded forward on the heels of the herd.

A score of young bucks were trotting swiftly along in the beaten track of the horses. At intervals a rifle would pop, like the breaking of a frosted willow, but the distance was too great for their guns to carry. Back on the bank of the coulee, the squaws and papposes were massed, mutely witnessing. The yelping clamor of the mongrel dogs came indistinctly to the ears of the Freak.

He drew his rifle from the scabbard and pumped a cartridge into the chamber. Dropping on one knee in the powdery snow, he sent a steel-jacketed missile humming sinistly along the back trail. The pursuing Indians dropped on their faces with a celerity that made the Freak smile. It was a close shot—very close, as he had meant it to be.

It was nearly an hour before the Freak swung stiffly upon his horse and loped away. Like bloodhounds the Indians struck the trail again, tramping doggedly, mile after mile. But Big Jeff and the Freak had a five-mile start, and they held their own. The long-horns, gaunt and hungry, traveled fast, stepping close up to the horses that, perforce, broke trail.

"This here's a swell way o' spending Christmas Eve," the Freak yelled across the backs of the plodding cattle to Jeff, who drove the horses ahead.

"Never yuh mind, Freak—there's good times comin'. Just east your eye ahead."

He did, and the sight gladdened him. For behind them the sun was down and the wind was rising; but the brown mass of the agency upheaved its bulk before them. In half an hour they had swung down Wild Horse, under the shadow of Snake Butte, and Big Jeff was howling lustily at the agent's door.

A befurred receiving clerk counted the cattle into a corral and handed Big Jeff a receipt for their delivery.

"We can make it t' old Bob's to-morrow in time for dinner easy," Big Jeff exulted, as he removed the bed from the back of the dun pony and threw it into a shed beside the corral. "I'm sure thankful, Freak, that we aint out on the bald prairie t'-night."

"Same here," the Freak responded, tersely. "But I reckon we better give these runty cayuses a good shoot along the back trail—I guess them Injuns 'd appreciate a ride back t' camp—an' then go up an' square ourselves with the agent before we get pinched for horse stealin'."

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1904.

## THE CZAR OF THE "WORLD" AFLOAT.

How Joseph Pulitzer Voyages Abroad.

It is no ordinary yacht, with all its expense and inconvenience, which finds favor with the ruler of the New York *World*. Almost blind, as he is, he still can see a good thing, and so invariably sails abroad on the *Baltic*, where he has a suite of apartments occupying the choicest location on the steamer, and always at his service. When Mr. Pulitzer is at sea he seems to desire quiet more than any other luxury; hence the whole of the forward part of the main-deck story of the ship is partitioned off and interpartitioned with wood, iron, draperies, and asbestos, until nothing in the way of sound can reach the inner sanctum. On the decks outside, and also above, are spread great jute mats, two inches thick, and made to fit the entire deck spaces; and whenever Mr. Pulitzer's finger is raised to indicate that the editorial suite is wanted for a special voyage, down go the mats, up go the rope barriers, and "in commission" is the "biggest thing afloat."

What happens within those battened walls no one on board seems to know. Dead secrecy and dead silence are known to be buried there perpetually, and if there be an attempt at music, word comes from the silent chambers to "hush," and boredom reigns supreme.

On this particular voyage of the *Baltic*, she was requisitioned for the purpose of carrying Mr. Pulitzer as far away from the noise of a noiseless election as possible to accomplish. The owner of the *World* had questioned the President of the United States on his qualifications for reelection in the very beginning of the present campaign in an open letter, which was as serious as a court arraignment; and the time was drawing near when all the voters of the country were summoned to answer the question aloud for their chief executive. The presumption is that Mr. Pulitzer figured that about two thousand five hundred miles of distance would soften the sound of the reply so that he could stand it.

We reached Queenstown on the night of the ninth of November, and not a sign of news seemed to come on board, except from somewhere underneath the ship and through the deck below the tight-shut editorial cabins. There is no Mareoni apparatus on board the White Star boats, but, somehow or other, news of the Republican tidal wave in America reached the *World* restorium on board the *Baltic* in all the details of its bigness before we reached the harbor of Queenstown. "Magie?" you will inquire, and no one will deny it.

VAN FLETCH.



## NEW YORKERS AS SUBURBANITES.

Use Town As An Occasional Stopping-Place—Some Reasons: Cold, Dreary Houses, Circumscribed Life for Children—Discomforts of Flat-Life—The Exodus Increasing.

We are now in the middle of December, and most of the people who live or spend their winters in New York are "in town." A good many of them have only just got here. There are hundreds of New Yorkers who do not leave the country till after Thanksgiving Day, and hundreds more who await the opening of the opera season before they come in. The time spent in the city grows shorter with every year. In fact, the New Yorker is gradually deserting his native Gotham and becoming a country gentleman, or even that once despised and jeered-at product of the metropolis—a suburbanite.

People who live in the spacious, sunny areas of Western towns have no conception of the dense, unhealthy crowding of the Empire City, the long reaches of unsunned house fronts, the dizzy altitudes of precipitous brick walls. In populous parts of the city it would seem that the air must be exhausted by the thousands of human beings who are breathing it. They are stowed away in every cell of the human hives that rise like cliffs from the pavement; they pass in hurrying, ceaseless files along the sidewalks; they are packed like fish for the market in the cars that slide one behind the other on the surface tracks. The pure air from heaven can not get down to the lower levels of these canyons of streets. All winter the sun never touches the rooms on one side. The solid paste of asphalt and stone which covers the roadway is spread thick and hard over the face of the earth, holding down the exhalations of sewerage and the heat of innumerable furnaces and steam pipes.

And this is not in the cheap parts of the city. It is so in the best sections. The high buildings are increasing with an astonishing rapidity on the streets that branch from Fifth Avenue just below the Park. The private houses are the acme of luxury within, but all the money in the world can not cleanse the air without, or make the sun deviate from its course to purify and brighten sumptuous rooms impregnated with sewer gas, and at three in the afternoon darkened by thick air and overshadowing buildings. Add to this the intense heat of the interiors of the houses, and the intense, piercing cold of the streets, and you may form some idea why the New Yorker has colds all winter, and generally one good substantial attack of gripe.

He only lives thus, however, when he is rich. None but the wealthy can afford a whole house. The people with the incomes of from two to six or seven thousand a year live in apartments. If you pay one thousand dollars a year for your apartment, you are doing wonders, and you will have bedrooms the size of cupboards, most of them looking into wells or onto walls. In the thousand-dollar apartments you may be peaceful, but then, again, you may have people over your head who dance measures that sound like Highland flings till four o'clock in the morning, or who play "Bedelia" and "Hiawatha" from breakfast till lunch. The elevator will break down at regular intervals, and when a wave of zero weather comes, the steam heat may be relied upon to freeze.

Besides this there are your brother-flatters. Generally you avoid them with the vigilance with which you might avoid smallpox patients and criminals. But you can't always withdraw yourself from the confidences of their domestic life that the thinness of the walls thrusts upon you. Some friends of mine found a perfect jewel of an apartment—cheap as dirt—over on the East Side, and moved jubilantly in. As soon as their lease expired they moved rapidly out, because the man in the next apartment had a habit of coming home drunk, and when thus exhilarated used to try and strangle his wife. In these really cheap apartments your bane is apt to be the unabashed disreputableness of your neighbor across the hall or on the floor above. If only it was a quiet disreputableness it wouldn't matter so much. But it is always of a loud, strident kind, that makes a row all night, not infrequently falls downstairs, and, when you are entertaining your respectable friends, has a domestic wrangle and screams curses through the walls.

The New Yorker is becoming disillusioned with city life. To keep it free from such surroundings as I mention above, he has to tax his purse to the utmost. And even so the best that he can get for his wife and children is either the floor of an old house down town, or else an apartment in some new building, where the rooms are so small that the ingenuity of the house furnisher is being strained to invent new forms of folding beds and collapsible sideboards. Some one was telling me, the other day, of a new device for modern bedrooms. This was an arrangement of one bed above the other like a sleeping-car, and when they were made in the morning you shut them up against the wall. A whole family could be accommodated in this way in a room not much bigger than a cupboard.

A man and woman might stand such crowding and discomfort, but when it comes to the children, the parents rebel. It is for the sake of his children that the New Yorker moves to the country earlier, stays there longer, and is beginning to talk of living there altogether. As far as play and outdoor exercise go, the well-to-do city children have little or none. If they live near the Park, they go there with their nurses for

a walk, neatly and correctly dressed, kid-gloved, and well behaved. If they are too far they can only go for a promenade up and down the avenue with a pet dog on the end of a leash, or a pair of roller-skates in their hand. They have none of the normal romping life of children; none of the joys of coasting and snowballing, of popping chestnuts over a fire of twigs, of storming snow forts, of playing the wild and joyous outdoor games that are half the pleasure of being young.

In fact, the life of the New York child of the prosperous middle class is becoming very much like the life of a Parisian child of the same social status. Both live in apartments, both are educated at private schools, both are members of small families. In both, the repressive influences of the existence in the flat can be seen. To the Westerner, the little New Yorker's manner of life would seem singularly isolated and joyless. If the child has any standing or means, it does not go to a public school. It makes few acquaintances, and these only under its parents' eyes and with its parents' permission. That liberty of running about to the houses of its little friends is unknown. It is continually with its elders—its parents, its nurses, its teachers. It is watched and guarded with a jealous attention; its health, its education, its morals, and its manners are the objects of an unremitting and conscientious observation.

To get their children into a freer and more normal existence than this, is the main cause that is driving the Gothamites out of town. The families with small means, and where the breadwinner has to spend the entire day in a city office, go to the adjacent suburbs. They live near by on Staten Island, the Bronx, Westchester County, and thereabouts. The father is the person whose miseries with the servant-girl problem, frozen water-pipes, the hurried breakfasts, are such good material for the comic papers. All things considered, he is apt to be very comfortable. If his income is, say from three to five thousand dollars per annum, he can have a house, surrounded by its own garden, and with perhaps a tennis and croquet ground on one side. Maybe he goes to the extravagance of having a horse and a trap of his own. His wife will not want so much money for clothes. Neither he nor she will be tempted to spend so much on theatres, concerts, etc., because to the suburbanite these are luxuries difficult to compass.

When you come to people of larger means, you approach the owners of the "country place." This type is increasing with every year. The man with the developing business and the growing income, who five years ago was "saving up" to buy a town house, to-day talks of buying land on Long Island, or up the Hudson, or in one of the Oranges, and building a country home. His intention is to spend most of the year on his rural acres, coming to town for a month or two at midwinter. He finds society in the place he has settled—for the wealthy landowners generally go where they have friends and neighbors of their own kind—or he imports his own in the shape of continuous guests in the English fashion.

The very rich are living, and have been for some years, in just this way. They can afford to keep their own houses in the city inhabited by a few servants, who see that the fires are going and things are in order. To these domiciles come the owners for two or three months of the winter season, and for a day or two between whiles for special entertainments, theatres, concerts, etc. A good many of even these plutocrats have closed or rented their houses and taken apartments, which are always kept open and ready for occupation. One of the younger Vanderbilts lives this way, his city residence being a flat on Madison Avenue, his real home a place in the country somewhere.

Where there is not so much money as this, and yet where the owners of the suburban acres have a large city clientele and do not want "to drop out of society," a small, inexpensive suite of rooms is taken in an apartment-hotel. A two or three-room suite is hired by the year, furnished, and kept in order by the hotel people. The lessees occupy it as they see fit. If the children are in good hands in the country, they may come up for a month or two at a time. If, however, they are anxious parents, they only occupy it for two or three days, coming into town for new plays, social engagements, the great nights of the opera, and Christmas shopping. This, of course, is an expense that only those with an easy margin of income may permit themselves. Roughly speaking, the rent of such apartments would run from fifty to one hundred dollars a month, and from that on and up, according to the style of the hotel and size of the rooms. But for fifty dollars a month an apartment of two rooms and bath could be found in a decent place, either with a café underneath or with some kind of table service in the building.

With their friends moving off to the joys of rural life, those who are left in the city and have always sung its praises, are beginning to feel lonely. New Yorkers are essentially unoriginal, and are swayed by waves of popular enthusiasm. The people who hate the country are now talking of going. One hears on every side that John and Mary are thinking of selling their house on —th Street and buying a place at Great Neck, or Roslyn, or Cedarhurst. Then they will take a flat, or possibly rooms in a hotel for December, January, and February. It is surprising how often you hear this, and of people who you feel sure will not like the country, will be bored there, and will secretly long for the urban joys of Fifth Avenue in the after-

noon, tea at Sherry's, and first-nights at the best theatres.

That the migration is large may be seen by the growth of enormous hotels and apartment-houses on streets formerly given over to the homes of the prosperous. Householder after householder is selling his domicile, and on its site a huge hotel building is rising. This is particularly noticeable on the streets between Madison Square and the Park that branch from Fifth Avenue on the west side. Ten years ago, most of them showed vistas of unbroken brown-stone fronts that housed the gentle folk of the city. Now nearly every street has one or more gigantic edifices rising in it, and some of them, like Forty-Fourth Street, are all hotels and clubs. If they keep on at this rate, twenty-five years from now New York will be a city of business offices and hotels that each night empties itself into the surrounding country.

GERALDINE BONNER.

NEW YORK, December 14, 1904.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Fred L. Dorr and Edward P. O'Brien, formerly editors of the newspaper *Freedom*, convicted in the Philippine courts of libeling R. de Tavera, a member of the Philippine Commission, and who were sentenced to serve six months in prison and pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and were committed to Bilibid jail last August, have been pardoned by the governor and released, after having served four months.

King Alfonso has just received another automobile from Paris, a Panhard, of twenty horse-power. He drove out immediately, despite the snow, although the crowded streets caused great anxiety to the queen mother. He is said to display great skill in going to El Prado and back, cleverly dodging carriages and wagons, and manœuvring in the presence of his frightened mother on his return to the palace, showing the ease with which he handles the machine.

For the fourth time the great annual prizes of forty thousand dollars each, provided by the will of M. Alfred Nobel, the Swedish inventor of dynamite, have now been awarded to heroes of science, of medicine, of literature, and of peace. The list is as follows: Physics, Baron Rayleigh, of the British Royal Institution; chemistry, Sir William Ramsay, whose recent visit to this country was of interest in the scientific world; medicine, Professor Pavloff, St. Petersburg Military Academy of Medicine; literature, Frederic Mistral of France, and José Echegaray, of Spain; peace, the Institute of International Law—the first award to an institution. It will be recalled that the *Argonaut* recently printed an exquisite story from the Spanish of Echegaray.

On the last day of his visit to Chatsworth House, the King of Portugal took part in a hare drive, a pheasant shoot, and a game of snowballing, with one of his own ministers as chief target. It was while waiting for the arrival of Queen Amelia that King Carlos started in snowballing his retinue. The king spied the near approach of his minister to the Court of St. James, the Marquis de Soveral, and a companion. With a smile on his face, Dom Carlos rolled up a large-sized snowball and hurled it at his minister, who looked as much surprised as a courtier can permit himself to be. Other members of the party joined in the fusillade, and the marquis's companion returned the bombardment with some effective shots, one of which found its billet in an opponent's ear. But nobody dared really aim a hard ball at the king.

Walter Rothschild, Lord Rothschild's elder son, has in his enormous museum at Tring Park, England, a collection of more than a million butterflies, the biggest private collection in the world. Besides butterflies, it contains stuffed specimens of a great number of rare animals, including the great auk with two eggs, valued at about \$1,700 each; a sable antelope; a Mongolian wild horse; 160,000 specimens of birds, etc. The stories of extravagant prices paid by Rothschild for rare butterflies are commonly made up out of whole cloth. Nor was there, as reported, any special mission to Arctic regions for rare fleas. Some whalers in the Arctic Circle were simply instructed to look out for certain seals, and Mr. Rothschild gave instructions that the skins were to be searched for any rare insects. A New York journalist boarded the whaler on its return to America, and the tale of the Arctic flea went around the world.

The famous Beecher-Tilden trial is recalled by the death recently of William H. Davis, the last of the twelve men who made up the jury which sat in the trial. In all the time which has elapsed since the Beecher trial, Mr. Davis, according to the statement of his relatives, has never told how he voted on the jury, nor expressed an opinion in regard to the guilt or innocence of Mr. Beecher. After the jury returned to the court-room and reported a disagreement, it was discharged. The individual members were asked for expressions of opinion in regard to the case. None of the twelve men would consent to say anything, and it was learned that before the verdict was brought in all had agreed never to divulge what had taken place in the jury-room, even to their own families. It is believed that with the death of Mr. Davis the secrecy that the proceedings of the jury would become a part of has vanished.



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A Hospital Scene How to Bayonet a Man—The Pariah Dogs and Their Food—The Four Men Behind the Mound.

The following is from an account of a visit to a field hospital by J. Gordon Smith, correspondent of the London Morning Post.

The bearers brought in a man whose groans told of his agony and his contorted face gave further evidence. A shrapnel ball, splintered from one of those shrieking shells that still flew overhead, had sadly torn his side. The sergeant slid from the table, his wound undressed. He gave his place to the more seriously wounded man, who was an officer. The sergeant sat silent on the edge of the kang where several wounded slept, while orderlies stood with switches of horse-hair swishing the flies from them. There was need of silence. We were in the presence of death. Obviously, the officer, who was being stretched on the oiled paper that his torn uniform might be washed from the cruel wound, was dangerously wounded—he died in the doctor's arms a few minutes later. A soldier sitting near by, stripped to the waist—I did not learn his rank—was having a wounded arm treated. He had been smoking a cigarette, looking silently at the wall, where an amateur artist had daubed a stork with that impressionistic effect peculiar to the Japanese craftsman. The cigarette fell, unheeded; tears ran down his cheeks. It was his officer who had passed hard by. Two assistants held his arm backward while the surgeon sponged the mangled flesh—a ragged and raw hole gaped below the elbow, the work of a splinter from a Russian shell—and all worked seemingly heedless of the sympathetic tears on their patient's face, heedless of their fellows who held the inanimate clay of what had been the master of a barking field-gun's crew a few minutes before.

Frederick Palmer, in Collier's Weekly, writes:

I spoke with one of the Japs, a Sendai man. "You want to see your bayonet with your arms, not your body." (He spoke as cook would say: "Whites of two eggs well beaten.") The Roske uses his bayonet with his head. He sticks his head down at you. If he catches you, he spits for good. He is such a big that he lifts you fairly off your feet. If you are quick on your legs, though, you can step to one side, and then you have him; the only way with little men with short arms is to get in close. The first time I struck a Russian I could feel my bayonet grate on his bone," he went on. "I did not think of it at the time, but when I thought of it afterward it seemed very awful. I had seen him coming like a big black shadow, and I had just time to dodge, and I felt his bayonet go by my cheek like a razor does over your face. I pulled my bayonet out and sunk it in his neck before he had time to strike me."

New York Evening Post remarks:

There are worse sights in the Kaoliang. It gives one a shudder to see a flock of rooks settling and circling, and the tail-down way in which pariah dogs—cousins of the Siberian wolf—emerge upon the paths as you are riding along needs no interpretation. In the busy days of hural many Russians were not placed very deep. Once in a while you see a uniform containing a few bones, beside a violated grave. The other day, as the attachés were being shown the positions the first army fought for, the whole party surprised a dog tugging hard at something. It ran, leaping and there lay a poor Cossack, wholly uncovered, with one trouser torn away.

The following passage occurs in Grant Wallace's account of the Battle of Liao Yang:

In this little hollow behind the grave-cone, with his face mercifully hid in the wet earth, lies the last of the four who, one after another, sought refuge there. In the top of his head a bullet hole made by a machine-gun. . . . At his left hand some discolored bandages, some bits of hard biscuits floating on a wide, lark-red pool, and two or three quarts of empty brass rifle shells and clips. . . . He had been busy with that powder-fouled gun; but his hand had not fired them all.

Touching his right elbow, a comrade lies with knees and blackened hands in air, staring with glassy, horror-struck eyes into infinity. At his feet another bent double, the spread fingers of both red hands pressed hard against a wall of mud. At his left two boys, one with a bloody head and a bandaged arm, the other with a bloody nose around his jaw, half a dozen bullet holes through the head and shoulders of each. . . . Clearly, the first man who had thrown himself behind that mound, had died, and been pushed aside by the second, who, wounded, had yet kept up the fight until after Russian bullets had let his life out.

The third man had pushed this body aside, and when he too had died, the last, running up had displaced him and now all four lay by the yard-long lake of muddy crimson, a multitude offering upon the Manchian grave where which they had fought.

This is from the correspondence of the London Times.

On the fifth I went over Manjyama, but found myself unable to make a careful examination of the scene, owing to the horrible sights which met the eye in every direction and the overwhelming stench that assailed the nostrils. One of our party was so overcome that he was sick on the spot and had to be led off. Dead bodies lay everywhere some of them had been killed, all rotting in the hot sun, were literally torn to pieces by scavengers, while the ground was saturated with blood. The Japanese were busy

cremating their own men and burying the Russians, tasks that occupied them for some days. . . . For several days the wounded of both sides could not be attended to, owing to the incessant fire. Exposure within certain zones meant instant death, so the medical staff were helpless; indeed, they found more than they could do in the rear. The sufferings endured during those few days are appalling to contemplate. The infantry in the firing line also went through a time of terrible trial. For days they had nothing to eat but dry rice, and water was unobtainable. All the time they lay close in the trenches, subjected to a continuous nervous strain that put sleep out of the question.

A Russian lieutenant wrote of one of the Port Arthur combats:

The ravine below streamed with blood, and in one place corpses lay so thick that a dam was formed. The men in our advanced trenches were driven out or bayoneted, but before the Japanese got a yard further they were all shot down. The night attack and the ensuing sortie were ghastly affairs. We have got to a stage at which we all laugh at blood and murder, and no man would shed a tear over the death of his own father.

In Grant Wallace's account of the Battle of Liao Yang occurs the following passage:

It is interesting to speculate on which enthusiast in those hurrying lines will next fall limp. Plenty of them are falling. I do not feel myself specially called on to feel an overwhelming sense of horror or of pity that they are shot down, since they hope and expect to be killed. It displeases the fellows to come back. They have the notion that it is more to be desired to die for their emperor than to live for their families; so that when I see a six-inch percussion shell, weighing one hundred pounds, fall under the chests of a bunch of emperor-worshippers lying one hundred yards to my left, I am chiefly interested in watching how high the legs and arms are blowing and how wide a crater the projectile leaves. Not only are these yokels not seeking pity; they are overjoyed at the opportunity to die in this spectacular fashion; so that I find myself able to puff at my briarwood and watch them die by dozens on both sides of me without unduly tapping my large stock of ready-made sympathy. It would only be wasted here; only—I am sorry for the poor, gentle little mothers and sisters of the machines and for the Russian *monijiks*. They, at least, have human feeling. But as for the rest, I rather like war. It kills off so many fools.

This passage is from the diary of "F. C.," the correspondent of the New York Evening Post, under date of October 14th:

The ford of the deep-gullied Shihli River is as thick with black Japanese shrapnel as ground under a maple tree would be with leaves after the first frost. There was but a narrow crossing, and a single temporary bridge. Our artillery got the range perfectly. Hundreds died there from shell fire when, seeing themselves inclosed, they ran to escape. From trenches in surrounding fields other dead were brought in yesterday, and this morning, previous to burial in one of their own long trenches, they were laid out on the stubble—an awesome sight.

Worse, however, was the sight I encountered going out to some trenches before breakfast. Many Russians had been dumped in as they were, all the paraphernalia on, and hastily covered. Pariah dogs had pawed away the soft earth and had eaten all flesh of the heads, leaving only the red skulls.

C. Arthur Pearson, the new proprietor of the London Standard, has discovered that the Standard has a long pension list, the highest pension being paid to Mr. Mudford—\$15,000 a year—who, as editor for over twenty years, really made the paper what it is, and the next highest being that paid to Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, who was a leader-writer for many years.

Good Short Stories by George Evans.

"Wylackie Jake of Covelo" is the title of a posthumous volume of short stories by George S. Evans, the Oakland writer, who died a few months ago. One of them appeared in *Out West*, one is accepted for publication by *Sunset*, and three were printed in the *Argonaut*. Mr. Evans, at the time of his death, was twenty-eight years old, and had been engaged in literary work only a few years. He was especially familiar with the rugged cattle country of Mendocino and Tehama Counties in California, and it is of this part of the State that his amusing stories in dialect treat. One of the best of the tales is the one which appeared in the *Argonaut* under the title of "The Big Red Steer." It tells how two cattle rustlers who have been for once wrongly suspected of stealing the prince of a band of cattle, round him up, and take him back to his proper owners as a sort of a joke. They rope the big steer and haul him along in the early morning to the vicinity of the cabin where the cowboys who are hunting for him are fast asleep, get the animal wildly excited with a red blanket, and then get out from under:

Him a-havin' his eyes shut, he just natchery knocked the door right in as if he was a batterin' ram, an' I guess he just plowed through that cabin. I made my way toward a clump of pines where my horse was, the steer a-bellerin' somethin' frightful meanwhile. When I got to my horse I looked around, and what met my eyes was shore a pleasin' sight to me. Tom Freeman come out of one window an' Jack Wilson out of the other. Sam Blaine back-tracked the steer an' come out of the door, an' Ernie Mason popped up through the wide chimney. The big red candidate for the slaughter-house hawled an' bawled inside of the cabin for a minute or two, an' then he backed out an' give chase to Tom and Jack and Sam, they all a-havin' on red underclothes. Them three boys hiked out in three different directions for trees, an' Ernie sat astride of the roof and whooped and hollered and jawed and laughed, while the fellows on the ground clumb trees like scairt bobcats when dogs gets after 'em.

This is a good example of the style in which these stories are written. They reveal undoubted talent; they are racy of the soil—thoroughly typical of the North California cattle country. It is much to be regretted that a writer of such promise should have been cut off before he was able to express what he had in him.

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The Books Sailors Like.

An official of the Seamen's Friend Society which, since its organization, has sent out on ships 1,113 libraries, containing 598,242 volumes, says that their very accurate records show that sailors do not care for sea stories. They write to the librarian: "Send us books that tell of green grass and the country, of horses, cows, and pigs." They, however, read Captain Marryat's works with a good deal of interest because of his reputation as a sea-going man. Frank T. Bullen's stories are not in favor. Sailors say they are overdrawn. Clark Russell is "dry." "Ben Hur" is well liked by sailors, and always comes back to the society worn and frayed, and there is, in general, a distinct liking for religious works and stories with a moral to them. A particular favorite is "The Life of Jerry McAuley," and Moody and Talmage's sermons are popular. Amelia Barr, Conan Doyle, and Henty are read with avidity, but nothing in dialect goes with the sailor, nor have writers like Hawthorne, Thackeray, and Cooper much charm for him.

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## THE FAIR OLGA'S GREAT SCHEME.

How the Nethersole Reversed the Verdict on Her Play—Pearson's Little Deal on the Side—Ballot-Box Stuffers in a Theatre.

Olga Nethersole has just been "doing the original" on a high scale. There is nothing of the "common or garden" style of originality about her at any time. As a pioneer in the unconventional she is of no class but her own, and as such, laughs at imitation and defies competition. In short, both as an actress and actress-managress, her pose is unique. She is *sui generis*. But this last freak out-distances all previous efforts.

About ten days or a fortnight ago, Miss Nethersole brought out at the Shaftesbury Theatre a romantic drama, called "The Flute of Pan." It was written by Mrs. Craigie, known in the literary world as "John Oliver Hobbess," and had been as much advertised as possible beforehand, in the columns of the *Express* and *St. James's Gazette* especially, by constant little references to the intended production. This sort of keeping before the public does more in that way than all the flaming posters willing ever put up on his hoardings in the whole course of his hill-sticking life.

The play on its first night's performance met with a disastrous reception. The gallery "hoo'd" until Miss Nethersole broke down and cried on the stage. Now, the British "hoo" is a thing of its own. There is no sound to equal it. You have to hear it to comprehend the utter devilishness of its tone. I can only attempt to describe it by likening it to a mixture of the prolonged *toot* of an American locomotive, the hellow of a cow hereof of her calf, and the siren of a torpedo-boat. Such a sound as this admixture would produce, coming from the throats of hundreds of young roughs all together, would needs have a disconcerting effect upon the nerves of any listener. But how intensified must be the enervating torture to the ears of those to whom it is meant to express disapproval. No wonder poor Olga cried.

But when Miss Nethersole had had a good cry, she felt better, and (if possible) pluckier than ever. She had spent five thousand pounds on the production of the play, and labored for months at rehearsing it at all hours of the day and night during a provincial tour. She wasn't going to be done out of all that. So she and Mrs. Craigie—"John Oliver Hobbess," I beg her pardon—put their heads together, with the result that they decided to appeal for "fair play" direct to the public. Miss Nethersole laid a scheme she had thought out before Mr. Arthur Pearson, of the *Express* and *St. James's Gazette* (and now of the *Standard*), and he agreed to help her all he could. Now, Pearson is a go-ahead chap, if you like. He's up to date. I once heard a gentleman from Chicago say: "He might be an American. You bet he's got no flies on him." Which is quite true, when we remember how he has, with the *Express*, nearly caught up with (in some respects, passed) Harmsworth's *Daily Mail*. Of course, the brains that originated the half-penny London daily paper must be accredited to Harmsworth; likewise the executive ability to carry it through and make it a success. Pearson, at the start, was only an imitator; but even so, his copy is likely ere long to eclipse the original.

The Nethersole plan was to give up the Shaftesbury Theatre for one night, and let Pearson fill it with people given free seats. Last Wednesday night was set apart for the experiment, and Pearson at once set about getting a dead-head audience. He gave up a column of the *Express* for a week to hooming the idea, and announced that he was ready to receive applications for seats from people who would sign the accompanying and everlasting coupon, without which nothing seems to be done in these days. Observe the little bit of smart business on Pearson's own account. Everybody had to buy an *Express* to get the necessary coupon to fill up and sign. Four seats was the limit to each person.

Well, the demand for seats almost staggers the imagination. In the course of four days 235,734 seats were applied for! As the Shaftesbury Theatre's seating capacity is about 1,200, it can be seen that a good many applicants had their trouble for their pains. As a matter of fact, exactly 1,143 seats were allotted—naturally, to the most advantageous people—and 234,591 persons were out and injured, not only in getting no seat, but to the extent of three halfpence each for postage and the purchase of an *Express*. Some mathematical faddist can figure out what the profits of the paper were on this little deal. Now the object of all this was to obtain the unbiased judgment of the public on Mrs. Craigie's drama. All Miss Nethersole asked, she said, was "fair play." To emphasize this appeal, she had herself photographed with outstretched arms, in a supplicating attitude, and a photograph of the same accompanied one of the *Express*'s issues. Well, on Wednesday night the Shaftesbury was packed. Packed is not a bad word to use, perhaps. But however that may be, it was soon apparent that the audience was friendly.

At the end of the performance, the fair

(I won't add the other two f's) Olga came forward, and made a speech of thanks for the "fair play" she had received from a British audience—great stress on *British*, mind you—and asked each person to record his vote on a slip of paper (supplied to each seat) whether "The Flute of Pan" was to be condemned according to the opinion of the boozers of the first night. This was immediately done, with the result that 1,200 people wrote "No"; 22 "Yes" (they seemed afraid to hoo, however), and 8 were not positive. So that 1,230 votes were cast by 1,143 persons, which showed a mistake somewhere. But Miss Nethersole was satisfied, and that was the main point.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 25, 1904.

## Mrs. Fiske's New Success.

"Leah Kleschna," C. M. S. McClellan's (Hugh Morton) new play, staged at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, with Mrs. Fiske in the title-role, has proved a brilliant success. McClellan has hitherto written only musical comedy hooks, his most notable success being "The Belle of New York"; but in this last play he has produced a psychological drama which the critics unite in pronouncing something remarkable. The *Evening Post* says that it is "for its purpose the best in the country." The *Times* makes the criticism that "the story progresses only by fits and starts, although there are occa-

sional scenes of a very considerable degree of dramatic intensity." The *Herald* says that it is "strong, dramatic, and human. Even the most captious critic could find little opportunity for adverse comment on either the story, the situations, or the dialogue." The *Sun* states that the author "revealed, one after another, the gifts of a playwright who has at once popular and intellectual force."

The play is located in France, and has as its leading character Leah, daughter of Kleschna, a thief. She has been brought up to the same trade, and abandons it only when compelled to rob a man whom she does

not know, but worships from a distance. The outcome is her regeneration and marriage.

It is conceded that Mrs. Fiske does exceptionally good work, more free than usual from her indistinctness of speech and other mannerisms. George Arliss, Charles Cartwright, John Mason, William B. Mack, and Marie Feder, who are in the cast, are credited with exceptionally brilliant acting.

Annie Russell is appearing in New York in "Brother Jacques," the thinnest of farce comedies, yet one which gives the actress's talents a good opportunity.



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LITERARY NOTES.

A Sterile Poetic Hybrid.

In six years, the poet Stephen Phillips has written five books. Of these, the first, "Poems," is incomparably the best. "Marpessa," which is contained in that volume, is one of the most lovely poems that has been written in English in recent years. The second of Stephen Phillips's books, the dramatic poem, "Paolo and Francesca," is also second in point of merit. It is a poem of great beauty. But the three books that have followed it—"Herod," "Ulysses," and "The Sin of David"—are distinctly upon a lower poetic level. They may be good dramas but they are not great poems. They are mere echoes of that voice which spoke in "Poems" so wistfully and so beautifully that many a lover of poetry was stirred unforgettably; aye, almost unto tears. . . .

This new book, "The Sin of David," is a play in three acts. The characters are few: there are only three who count. The time is the summer of 1643; the scene, the headquarters of the Puritan army. The play opens with the informal trial of one of Cromwell's soldiers, who has betrayed a maid. Sir Hubert Lisle, who holds the deciding vote, condemns him to death with the exclamation addressed to Diety:

"Deal Thou to me what I have dealt to him. . . . If ever a woman's beauty shall ensnare My soul unto such sin as he hath sinned."

Before a fall pride goeth, Miriam, the wife of the hard, harsh, stern old Puritan soldier, Mardyke: a sweet and loving daughter of France, born in "the lap of the sun," but condemned by fate to a dull empty life among the gray English fens; a very woman, lover of the "bloom of life," first helpless ward and then perforce made wife of an old man she loves not at all; one whose husband tears from her neck the innocent chain she wears, because he hates such gauds, who "starves her soul," and "locks her spirit up and keeps the key"—with this woman beautiful, Sir Hubert falls in love before even the body of the soldier he has sent to death for loving too well has greened within its grave.

In this part of the play, Phillips has been finely successful. The sharp contrast he makes between Sir Hubert's harshness to the errant soldier and his own weakness: the picture he has drawn of Miriam, who will not rust her life out so, but "would rather drench her soul in sin" so she might "feel this fire and grip this glory"; and the scene he portrays in the moonlight when Lisle and Miriam mutually confess their love, he says:

"Then suddenly  
Thy beauty like a tempest fell on me;  
And in one moment was I rent and riven.  
Stunned is my life: I wander, and I grope.  
My voice in the council falters; in mid-act  
This lifted arm falls at thy floating face,"

and she, beautifully:

"Oh, I would he to thee  
As gentle as the grass above the dead."

This scene where they love so much that they do not even kiss—in all this part of the play poetry and dramatic excellence run hand in hand. Indeed, it seems to us that here Phillips betters anything he wrote in "Herod" or "Ulysses."

Only in the third act is it that all the gathered force of the play fruitlessly spends itself. Of course, Sir Hubert sends Miriam's husband, Mardyke, into the "forefront of the hottest battle," and he is slain. Sir Hubert marries Miriam, and when the third act opens, five years later, the two are found with their little son—who suddenly sickens. It appears that it is the anniversary of Mardyke's death: the boy unaccountably dies; they believe it is their punishment for their sin, and the last few pages are devoted to a curious debate between husband and wife over the unholy past and their dear future.

The analogy between the events narrated in this drama and those told of David, King of Israel, Uriah, the Hittite, and Bathsheba, his wife, is, of course, obvious. The punishment meted out in each case is the same—the child dies. Superficially, the course of events throughout is identical. In spite of this, however, it appears to us that the poet has here fatally erred: there is no essential harmony between the old and the new drama. For this reason the tragic end of Phillips's poem seems to us as futile, needless, and false as the previous punishment laid upon David by the hand of the Lord seems just.

The ancient tale is a coarse and common one. David, husband of many wives, walking on his housetop one evening, spies a beautiful woman, naked, washing herself, and his passions are inflamed. He makes in queries as to who she may be, and at length discovers her identity. He then sends for her, she is brought forcibly, he lies with her, and she conceives. Her husband is then summoned to the palace by David with the evident intention of smoothing things over (Uriah) knew of the *basin*, since what a king's wife is not easily hid. But Uriah is not so easily deceived in continuing his relations with an unfaithful wife; he refuses to go home. Then David gets him drunk and makes another attempt to accomplish this end,

but again he fails, whereupon he shamelessly sends him off to be killed, and, when he is dead, and Bathsheba has finished mourning for him, David sends and fetches her to the palace, where she bears him a son.

The story told in Phillips's poem is far different. Miriam is a young, beautiful, and childless woman, married to a stern old fanatic who does not hesitate to visit upon her physical punishment because, forsooth, at twilight she will touch the strings of her mandolin rather than busy herself with housewifely tasks. Sir Hubert is no sensual animal like David, but a man of imagination all compact, and his sin was not that he sent Mardyke on a perilous mission, but that, the man's sending being militarily necessary, he secretly cherishes the ashamed hope that he will not return. That bitter punishment is due Miriam and Lisle for this offense is something which will be granted only by the puritanically minded readers of "The Sin of David." But there are none such!—no Puritans read poetry. And so a sense of fretted dissatisfaction will, we think, be the feeling of most thoughtful and tolerant readers of the third act of the play. Intellectually, perhaps, they may grant the logic of the drama's development, but emotionally they will refuse to regard Lisle's sin in the same light as that of the sensual and careless king.

The play Phillips gives us has but three essential actors—Mardyke, the tyrannical curmudgeon of an old soldier; Miriam, a young and loving woman and an unloved wife; Lisle, a man of valor and poetic imagination. Every line of the drama is designed to the end of making the reader emotionally sympathetic with the lovers; Mardyke we instinctively detest. The offense of neither Miriam nor Lisle is flagrant: it is but an unhalloved thought. And yet the poet-dramatist asks us to regard these two in the same light as that David, who was compared to the rich man, having flocks and herds and great possessions, who cruelly took from the poor man his one ewe lamb "which lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter." We repeat: the old and the new stories are only superficially alike, and when the dramatist comes to the point where it is logically necessary to mete out the old punishment in the new case, instead of high tragedy, we have a fatuous farce—a sham climax and an empty end.

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The Popular Books at the Libraries.

The five books most in demand during the week at the Mercantile, Public, and Mechanics' Libraries, of this city, were the following:

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason.
3. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
4. "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope.
5. "The Simple Life," by C. A. Wagner.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.
3. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
4. "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson.
5. "God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

1. "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.
2. "The Sea-Wolf," by Jack London.
3. "Whosoever Shall Offend," by F. Marion Crawford.
4. "Reminiscences of Peace and War," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.
5. "Man and Superman," by G. B. Shaw.

Hall Caine, it is stated, spent three months in Iceland accumulating data and local color for his latest novel, "The Prodigal Son." He then induced an Icelander to accompany him to Switzerland, Paris, and the Riviera, where the other scenes of the story are laid.

CHRISTMAS VERSE.

A Carol.

O Brother mine of birth divine  
Upon this natal day of thine  
Bear with our stress of happiness  
Nor count our reverence less  
Because with glee and jubilee  
Our hearts go singing up to Thee.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Reader Magazine.

December.

With whisper and rustle and start and hush,  
The dry leaves murmur on tree and bush.  
On sombre pines, with boughs bent low,  
Forsaken nests are piled with snow.  
The chickadees, alert for seeds,  
Chatter and cling to the swaying weeds.  
The snow drifts deep in the country ways,  
And short and cold are the cheerless days.  
Yet, fair on the brow of the frozen night,  
The Christmas stars shine, large and bright.

—Sara Andrew Shafer in Outlook.

An Order for a Christmas Poem.

EDITOR.

Sir Poet, when you sang of Spring,  
I gravely bowed you to the door;  
When Summer tuned your vibrant string,  
I shrieked: "Of this enough, and more!"  
But now, when Christmas shows his face,  
Your chance arrives, I woo your song;  
For hilt! the printer has some space  
That must, he says, be filled ere long,  
And nothing now in type will fit,  
So, poetaster, jog your wit!

POET.

"Out on thee, churl!" I fain would cry,  
Were I an independent bard  
Or salaried Laureate, such as Pye;  
But, by Apollo! times are hard  
And Christmas brings a sheaf of bills,  
With rates and taxes to be met;  
So pass me, sir, a bunch of quills:  
I'll write, and your piece-hands may set  
As fast as ever piece-hands may.  
Be thou, good sir, as swift to pay.  
—J. D. Symon in London Sketch.

Yule-Tide in the Hills.

The sunshine floods the hills with liquid gold,  
Spring's leaping pulses throb through sod and tree,  
With happy promise tender buds unfold,  
And brimming rills go laughing to the sea.  
Rare traceries of mingled fern and flower  
Rim crystal pools that catch the sky's blue glow,  
And dark madroñas hang their glossy bowers  
With torches that sway softly to and fro.  
Gray walled and dusk the cañons wind away  
Twixt sunbright hill slopes, freshly washed and green.  
Unchallenged in their deeps the shadows play,  
And over them the fragrant laurels lean.  
The holly glows against embowered walls,  
From oaken limbs hangs mistletoe, pearl-starred,  
And here and there, like faithful seneschals,  
Gray-beard sequoias keep their watch and ward.—Jeannette Campbell in Sunset.

In some "preamble" remarks" written for his new volume, "The Road in Tuscany," just published by the Macmillan Company, Maurice Hewlett claims some novelty for the manner in which he has treated his subject. He has eschewed the railway, the palaces, and museums of the average guide-books of our grandfathers' time, which made the milestones their first object, the turnpikes their second, and the inns their third. "The pretensions of this book," he says, "to be a companion of Tuscan travel and a leisurely, sententious commentary upon the country, are based upon two convictions: First, that you do not get to know a country by seeing the great towns of it; second, that, let the fine arts, monuments, and institutions be as fine as you please, the best product of a country will always be the people of it, who themselves produce those other pleasant spectacles."

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Feminine Love of "Unpleasant" Novels.

A well-known British periodical recently complained of the painful fact that the four most unpleasant novels that have appeared this autumn have all been written by women, adding, "It must also be admitted that it is only really to their own sex that this form of fiction appeals."

These are two hard sayings. Is it indeed true that the English or American woman who writes fiction is more liable to be a delving in the nastinesses of life than is the male novelist? And is it actually a fact that women rather than men have the greater liking for books that touch upon unpleasant themes?

We should dislike to take such a view, and yet there is a good deal of evidence to support it. Perhaps, however, it would be fairer to say that women, literary and other, are inclined more to extremes than men: a good woman is said to be better than the best man, but a bad woman far worse than the male worst, and so some of the happiest and most exquisite of books—books all sweetness and light and delicacy—are from the hands of women, while others that show great literary skill and intellectual acuteness seem to have been produced by women whose moral sense, to say the least, is but imperfectly developed.

To be concrete, even Mrs. Humphry Ward, who occupies a unique position in letters, has been severely censured on the score of the ethics of "Lady Rose's Daughter." The book was excluded from numerous public libraries, and brought to the literary periodicals from susceptible readers many letters of indignant protest. But of course "Lady Rose's Daughter" was by no means an "unpleasant" novel. It is rather such books as Lucas Malet's "Jack Raymond," with its nauseous intimations about rotten conditions in British public schools; such books as "The Maternity of Harriet Wicken," dealing with a girl's idiot child, and her substitution thereof of another infant; and Frank Danby's (Julia Frankau) "Pigs in Clover," which is one long story of seduction and misery, that deserve the epithet "unpleasant." Yet among British women writers of fiction scarcely any exhibit greater intellectual brilliancy than Lucas Malet, Frank Danby, and Mrs. Dudeney.

Nor is the "unpleasantness" of their work a sporadic quality. Frank Danby's first book, called "Dr. Phillips," was the story of the intrigue of a few physician with a beautiful Englishwoman, and throughout was hard and cynical, though it gave some wonderfully vivid pictures of Jewish life in London. The Dr. Phillips of the book was but a thinly disguised portrait of a London doctor, who caused the book to be suppressed by legal means. "Pigs in Clover," her second important book, details the triumph of the seducer; and her third, "Baccarat," which we reviewed in these columns recently, deals with the same sort of thing. In some respects, indeed, it is even more blunt and brutal, leaving little to the imagination in telling the story of the manner in which a young English wife, with a hereditary passion for gambling, falls into the clutches of a Belgium professional gambler, who slowly but surely accomplishes her moral ruin.

The idea that these "unpleasant" and "daring" novels appeal most strongly to women rests upon the testimony of a great number of London book-sellers. "People nowadays are only interested in the love-affairs that occur after marriage," says one of them. "The most popular novels in England," remarked an experienced, if rather cynical, book-seller, "combine an apparently pious point of view with a considerable suggestion of impropriety." Still another avers that "the most 'daring' novels are written by women and read by women," and he is supported by a brother-bookman, who notes that "there is a great taste for the 'strong' stories of, say, Miss Victoria Cross and Dolf Wyllarde." Precisely what this statement indicates as to the taste of British women readers will only be quite clear to those who have stumbled upon novels by these ladies, Victoria Cross and Dolf Wyllarde, particularly the latter. She is the author of "The Rat Trap," "The Story of Eden," and "Captain Amyas," the last just published by John Lane. Indisputably, this woman is a writer of power. Among the press notices of "The Story of Eden" which are printed on the paper wrapper of "Captain Amyas," we find such phrases as "one of the most serious as well as one of the most entertaining novels," "interesting, pleasant, brilliant," "brilliantly written," "undoubtedly artistic," "one of the best novels of the season." Yet, if there is the slightest indication of more than a rudimentary moral sense in "Captain Amyas," we have failed to find it. And by token of the picture on the cover, Dolf Wyllarde is both a young and beautiful woman, which, considered with her brilliancy, makes her offense seem more regrettable.

D'Arcy Amyas, the hero of the book, is mate and then captain of various big ocean steamers, and his chief occupation is "taking care of the women." We hesitate to quote, and yet an idea of the manner in which this

sweet feminine novelist handles her situations is only to be conveyed by a quotation or two—and we do not select the worst:

"Are you a Somerset man?" she asked, briefly.

"No; Devon."

"I thought so." Her smile was half tender as she turned to him with some speculation in her face. "I think we are going to be friends," she said. D'Arcy's eyes answered for him. There was no law against his looking compliments. "Tell me your watches—stay, I know them. Four to eight, is it not?" "Yes; but the watches are doubled to Maderia, you know."

"Yes. Four to eight." She seemed to meditate.

"And then you go your rounds?"

"Yes."

"Don't frighten me by waking me up, whatever you do! It is so very alarming to have one's sleep broken into by an officer looking in to see if one has put out the light, or shut the port-hole, or something."

"Tell me your cabin number then, that I may remember it."

Their eyes met steadily for an instant. "Twenty—on the starboard side. I have a deck cabin," she said, quietly.

The dressing bugle sounded faintly, from the bowels of the ship as it seemed. She turned to go, and he held out his hand to assist her. The ship was rolling heavily, and the deck empty, save for themselves. As she put her hand in his, she laughed again, and he caught a gleam of her eyes, brilliant below her lashes. Then the ship was caught by a heavy sea, and dipped almost to the water-line—he seized the rail with one hand, and felt her flung against his breast, his right arm closing round her and her scented hair against his face.

"Please forgive me?" he said, and his eyes blazed with nothing like penitence. "I was obliged to steady you."

"Could we either of us help it?" said Lady Arthur.

"I've had my time, and it's been a good one, thanks to the women!" said Ronny, with the frank shamelessness of a pagan. "I recollect once a lady of title. I won't mention names, for she's well known sailing with me; she was going to India to join her husband. I had only spoken to her three or four times, when just after we left Marseilles one night I was awakened by a candle being flashed into my eyes. There was the lady—in her dressing-gown. . . . She was a handsome woman, too." His tone beamed with reminiscence.

"No need to say that you accepted it!" sneered Amyas. "I can recollect one girl who would come and share my watch when I was second-mate. She used to walk up on the bridge as cool as brass, at two o'clock in the morning, with some sort of wrap over her bed-gear. We were in the tropics, and she perched herself upon the rail and talked to me, and I was begin' her to go back to bed, for I was with Cory that voyage, and if he had caught us nothin' would have made him believe that it wasn't my fault. He didn't see the force of a double watch that he didn't set himself."

And this is the sort of thing, according to the veracious testimony of the book-sellers, that strongly appeals to British femininity just now! But why is it that such books are more interesting to women than to men? It is scarcely a question to be answered off-hand. But may it not possibly be because the greater the average feminine ignorance of vice and its ways, the greater her curiosity?

But if it is really true that the British female is given to reading novels like Dolf Wyllarde's "Captain Amyas" and the like, we opine that she is rapidly becoming enlightened.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The publication of Geraldine Bonner's new novel has been postponed until the early spring. The title of the book is "The Pioneer: A Tale of Two States." The action takes place in California and Nevada in the early seventies.

"The Masquerader" is selling at the rate of a volume a minute.

Mr. Howells, who has settled at San Remo for the winter, writes home to an old friend that even Italy may pall at times on a born-and-bred American. "You have no idea," he writes, "how sick one gets of sunshine and calms. I should like to see a naked elm tree shuddering in a good old north-easterly storm."

Here is an authentic Kipling tale: When the author was revising the proofs of "Traffics and Discoveries," last summer, his little daughter Elsie was seated in a chair in the same room. Suddenly Mr. Kipling began to sing "On the Road to Mandalay." His daughter looked up in surprise, and suddenly interrupted with: "Father, didn't you write that song?" "Yes." "Well," continued the miss, "it seems to me that you ought to know the tune better."

Stephen Phillips is issuing through the Macmillan Company in this country a large-paper edition of "The Sin of David," bound in vellum and printed on Japan vellum.

The Macmillan Company will issue this month "On Becoming Blind." This is a translation of Dr. Emil Javal's work "Entre Aveugles." Dr. Javal is a member of the French Academy of Medicine. His work met with much success in Paris, where it was published a year ago. The translation is done

by Dr. Carroll E. Edson. The object of the work is to give advice to those who have already lost their sight, and also to those who are in danger of becoming blind.

During the imprisonment in Reading Gaol of the late Oscar Wilde, he wrote a book which he intrusted to the care of his literary executor. It is in a sense his last will and testament, and contains the philosophy of his art, as well as the cry of his solitude. It will, it is said, come as a revelation to most people. The title is "De Profundis." It will be published early in the new year.

Gouverneur Morris, well known in California, and the author of several books, including "The Pagan's Progress" and "Ellen and Mere Man," is engaged to be married to Miss Elsie Waterbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Waterbury, of New York.

An elaborate book on Somerset House is to appear before long. It deals with this historical palace from its foundation by the lord protector in 1547 to the present day. The book as far as may be is a continuous record of the events which in times gone by gathered illustrious personages within the walls of the old palace, and made it the centre of English social life for two centuries. Somerset House was the home of queens and princesses, and even the modern building suggests history.

President Roosevelt's book, "The Strenuous Life," which has just been printed for the eleventh time by his publishers, the Century Company, has recently been issued in Italy under the title, "Vigor di Vita."

Dr. Joseph Joachim is preparing a three-volume work setting forth his method of violin teaching.

Certain critics of a Sherlock Holmes turn of mind have assumed to detect in Anthony Hope's latest novel, "Double Harness," a reflection of the author's changed views of matrimony since his own marriage a little over a year ago. Unfortunately for the ingenious theories, "Double Harness" was written a year before the author's wedding, and was, indeed, begun before he had even met the young woman who is now his wife, and who recently presented a little daughter to him.

The Danish story of "Andria," the child who endeavors to reconcile her estranged parents, has been translated already into nine languages.

Simeon Ford, whose book, "A Few Remarks," has gone through four editions, has confided to an interviewer that he never told funny stories, because, he says, "People insist on misunderstanding you, you know. It's really pathetic how they will laugh at your most serious thoughts. And then again there's the reverse of the proposition. I was once asked to address a ladies' club, and I set out to give them a rip-roaring funny speech. 'That's what they want,' I said to myself. 'Now, Simeon, it's up to you to see that those ladies have a joyful day of it.' Well, I was so funny during that speech that it was all I could do to keep from ruining all my points with my own laughter. When I had finished, the president came to me and expressed her thanks. 'But,' she added, consolingly, 'you made a great mistake, Mr. Ford. The ladies all thought you were going to give them a funny speech.'"



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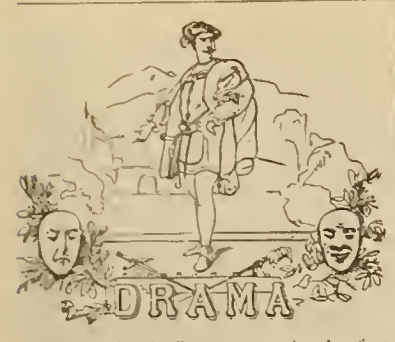
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"The Billionaire" starts out in the first act to be a clothes show. Several dozen girls come tripping and skipping in in the usual sprightly manner, and clad in the usual dazzling array, only more so. Professional costumers must undoubtedly do some hard thinking to evolve these profuse ramifications of the dounce and the frill. What with gilt trimmings and silver spangles, silk tassels and fur fixings, chiffon ruffles, gold embroiderys and satin scarves, sashes and petticoats, lace-edged, fringe-edged, and bullion-edged, the stage is a kaleidoscope of moving color, sheen, and glitter. As for the chorus-girls, this steady winter procession of musical comedies is causing Columbia Theatre audiences to become experts in a prompt appraisal of their charms. After the first general survey of the costume parade is over, we automatically mount opera-glasses, and critically pass each nymph in review in order to select those whose beauty or grace will repay prolonged inspection. No bona-fide beauties, however, light up the choral ranks of "The Billionaire." They are all enormously conscientious about keeping up a steady professional s and they jig and caper merrily enou at all gracefully—some, in fact, a clumsy. All grin and no grace makes Jack in the audience a dull . The singing, too, is like that of children's, monotonously loud and lusty, out of tune and with no shading or expression. The tenor explosion in "Way Down Upon the Suwanee Ribber" nearly knocks you down, and it would be difficult to listen to anything more cheerful than the robust tones in which the chorus celebrate the interment of "massa in the cold, cold ground."

They have, however, a leading lady who is worth looking at: a pretty girl with curly black hair and rather a witching way with her, who rejoices in the glitteringly alliterative name of Diamond Donner. This young lady can not sing, but she can foot it right fleetly in the dance, and can double herself up into a contortionist's jackknife with expedition and even with grace.

Whether it was the winter chill in the air or the indifferent quality of the jokes, the audience remained very listless during the first act of "The Billionaire," and did very little laughing or applauding. San Francisco people are so little used to genuine, piercing cold that when we have a week or two of it in mid-December, they become either cross or torpid. The temperature of the average theatre is not conducive to enthusiasm at such times, and when you add to that an entertainment lacking in positive qualities beyond those that appeal to the more superficial exactions of the vision, it is not surprising that the temper and temperature of the audience remain equally cool.

The first to wake us up was Baptiste, impersonated by Harry Macdonough, who, as the French waiter, blew out a wild tumble of words that was certainly full of French nasals and other Gallicisms of sound, but almost unintelligible.

The first act is all puff and fluff, show and blaw. There is nothing to take hold of, even for musical comedy. But in the second, the music-theatre performance, although it begins dully enough, has some snap to it. The antics of the cowboy are amusing, and Mr. Macdonough, as I have said, waked us all up by his take-off of a blighted tenor in the throes of his first public delivery of an Italian aria. Baptiste's whoops and hoots, his howls and hallos, his strangled cat notes, and his wild antics give the tray of throat sprays and lemons, borne upon the stage by a resigned boy in button, broke up the frosty reserve of the audience. Even a plaintive man, in a neighboring seat, who ceaselessly importuned his amicably deaf woman kind for home and friends, ceased grumbling and began to laugh.

Still, "The Billionaire" is merely a fill-in. Seabrooke himself, beyond the professional geniality, confident manner, brisk tones and apt and patter delivery of the light comedian, gives in his performance little evidence of ability, either native or acquired, which entitles him to rank much above the average.

The piece itself, although the libretto is by Harry B. Smith, is rather lacking in the matter of humorous lines, and Gustave Kerker's music is not distinguished by its melodiousness. Indeed, some of the numbers were so poorly planned in their lack of tuneful-

tra plays too loud in places, and

narrowly avoided altogether extinguishing the vocal efforts of Josie Intropidi, who is no singer, and is easily downed by over-zealous instrumentalists, but whose exuberant representation of Mrs. Peppercorn, the ambitious American mother, has its good points.

A musical comedy unilluminated by wit and humor, the beauty of women, and good music, is like to become a sad affair. That "The Billionaire" did not reach that point is due partly to the taste of audiences for this sort of entertainment, partly to the costly and effective costumes, partly to the zeal and efforts of a mediocre company, and partly to the librettist, Harry B. Smith, who broke the spell of dullness in which he was involved in the first act, and turned out brisk and animated, if neither original nor novel, scenes for the second.

They say of Mr. Smith that he has written off a large number of librettos that, as failures, are as egregious as his successes are glittering and complete. Mr. Smith himself once said through the medium of the press that there are very few things so difficult to write as a good musical-comedy libretto. He further added that to write a five-act tragedy is child's play in comparison. This difficulty, which we must doubt is unquestionable, since such men as Pinero and Sardou failed in the effort, arises primarily from the necessity of fitting words and music together, of dovetailing the musical and spoken scenes, of turning out creditable lyrics, of possessing the gift of humor, and that of the right kind, and, above all, of maintaining a thistle-down lightness of tone and spirit which prevents the nonsense from degenerating into imbecility, or, even worse, into dreariness. There is nothing so melancholy as a joke that misses fire. The very walls look sarcastic at such a time, and an audience is apt to rise and sadly depart.

They yawned in the first act of "The Billionaire," even in the teeth of satin and spangle and tinsel, but laughed in the second, which saved the day. Next week, however, we shall, in "The Sultan of Sulu," see a musical comedy that is written by the first American librettist of the day. For to that position George Ade may be said to have attained. He is a real humorist, and I should not wonder if we shall have a chance to carry away in the memory a few gems of native humor after the laughter they have prompted has died away.

"Herrmann," self-styled "the Great," is again seen at the Orpheum in his "Palace of Enchantment," as avuncularly Herrmannesque in countenance as a natural resemblance and the barber's cut can make him: dapper, polite, with a French accent laid on thick, with a characteristic silken-legged strut, and with a pair of hands that hypnotize the eyes into believing all of the usual impossibilities, and perhaps one or two additional ones. He is wise in his generation, is the second Herrmann. He makes a prodigiously effective appeal to the eye with his display of crystal and silver vessels, his gilded spindle-legged furniture, his decorative black boy in buttons, and all the handsome accessories that are set forth in rich profusion upon the stage.

The magician begins, as is customary, with the trivialities of legerdemain: the card tricks, the canaries that are shot from paper bags into a cage, and oranges, eggs, and nuts that mysteriously disappear only to reappear in various unexpected quarters. These, however, serve as mere dextrous trifles, leading up by degrees to the more spectacular exhibitions. Nobody is ever quite willing to dispense with that good old exhibition of hand-play, which consists of the drawing forth by the magician of innumerable lengths of colored paper from some apparently hollow recess. It so pleases the eye to see the skill and dexterity with which these knights of illusion weave, with their whirling wands, gay-colored, concentric circles from whose dizzy revolutions are finally evolved birds, clusters of flags, and the usual articles whose bulk seems irreconcilable with the space they occupy. Herrmann presents the illusion, once so startling, but is now no longer a novelty, of the figure that apparently reclines on the circumambient atmosphere without any visible means of support. He is assisted in this trick that so tellingly gives the lie to the laws of gravity by Marie Herrmann, a plump little bit of Gallicism in an elaborately spangled ball dress that matches all the other glittering things on the stage. Last comes the, trick of the Indian basket, a very successful illusion, in which a turbaned Hindoo, looking like a piece of brie-à-bac suddenly endowed with life, is snugly tied up inside a large piece of netting into the smallest compass that a human being can reasonably be expected to attain, and under the shelter of a splendid scarlet robe slips into the opening that is much too small for him and commits all kinds of unaccountabilities in the way of magical diminutions and enlargements and inexplicable disappearances and incarnations.

The whole act, lasting some twenty-five or thirty minutes, is both spectacularly and magically a particularly effective one, and adds considerably to the merit of the general programme.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

For the Naval Club House.

A performance of Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars" will be given at the Columbia Theatre late in January for the benefit of the Naval Club House at Vallejo. Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCalla have charge of the arrangements. The cast of the play will be as follows:

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels as Sir Christopher, Mr. Lloyd Lowndes as Falkner, Mr. H. M. D. Spence as Gilbert Nepean, Mr. Thomas Eastland as George Nepean, Mr. William Smith as Freddie Tatton, Mr. R. M. Hotaling as Archie Coke, Mr. R. Williamson as the French waiter, Miss Frances Jolliffe as Lady Jessica, Mrs. Mark Gerstle as Lady Rosamund, Mrs. Frank Mathieu as Dolly Coke, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels as Beatrice Ebernoe, and Mrs. H. McD. Spencer as Mrs. Creshin.

Leoncavallo's new opera, "Der Roland von Berlin," has scored a great success in Berlin. The audience included the Kaiser, the crown prince, members of the court, and practically all the well-known social and literary people in the German capital. The new opera is more suggestive of the Wagner school than any heretofore written by Leoncavallo.

The censorship of plays in France is to be abolished. The popular sentiment is that the common sense of the public is the only censorship required. Probably, hereafter, French farces will need more pruning than ever before being presentable to American audiences.

Pinero's play, "The Wife Without a Smile," was presented in New York on Monday night. The antics of the famous dancing doll, which created such a stir in London, was left out in the New York production, and, naturally, the play was a frost.

The experiment of bringing the San Carlos Opera Company to London from Italy has proved such a success that it is now believed that London will be good for a nine instead of a three months' annual season of grand opera in Italian.

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

## Blanche Bates at the Grand.

On Monday evening, Blanche Bates will appear at the Grand Opera House in David Belasco's spectacular scenic drama, "The Darling of the Gods." This Japanese play covers a period of ten centuries, during which time Yo-San, the heroine, has to wander in spirit through the soul-cleansing waters of the River of Souls, as an expiation for treason, before she can rejoin her lover, Kara, the outlaw. Heaven and hell, and the regions between, are depicted in the play, giving unusual opportunities for artistic scenic effects. "The Darling of the Gods" ran three hundred and forty-two nights in New York, and one hundred and forty-five performances were given at the St. Louis exposition. With Miss Bates in the company are her mother, Mrs. F. M. Bates, Grace Ellison, Ada Lewis, Leslie Preston, Eugene Ormonde, George Wessells, and Thomas J. McGrane.

## Troubles of a Sultan.

"The Billionaire" has its last performance at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. "The Sultan of Sulu" will be the holiday attraction at the Columbia, beginning a two-weeks' engagement on Monday evening. This comic opera by George Ade tells of the troubles of a sultan who had acquired several pleasing additions to his harem through war with a neighboring ruler, and whose kingdom is enlivened by the presence of several up-to-date Americans. The opera is said to be very witty, and contains a number of melodious songs, among which are "The Smiling Isle of Sulu," "My Sulu Lulu-lu," the military "Hike" song, "Engaged in a Sort of Way," "The U. S. A.," "If I But Knew," "Re-m-o-r-s-e," "Ki-Rams Wedding March," and "Take Me Back to Manistee." In the cast are Thomas Whiffen, George O'Donnell, Walter A. Lawrence, Fred Frear, Robert W. Parkin, Willard Curtiss, James L. McGee, John J. Fogarty, John T. O'Day, William Hertherington, Maude Williams, May Montford, and Nellie V. Nichols. Frederick Warde and Katherine Kidder in "Salambo" come next.

## In Mansfield's Role.

"Old Heidelberg" will be the Christmas-week attraction at the Alcazar Theatre, opening with a special holiday matinee Monday. This is the romantic play of German court and student life in which Mansfield and Ida Conquest appeared here last May. Beautiful scenery and costumes are promised, and there will be a triple quartet for the interpretation of the songs of the students. The cast is headed by John Craig as Prince Karl and Lillian Lawrence as Kathie. Joseph Artbur's comedy drama, "Lost River," has been postponed until New Year's week. Unusually fine scenic effects are promised.

## The Orpheum's Star Aggregation.

On Sunday afternoon the Road Show will begin a limited engagement at the Orpheum. The stars include McIntyre and Heath, who have been together for over thirty years, and have brought the dialect, mannerisms, and quaint comedy touches of the negro down to a point of absolute art; an animal act by Spessard's bears and ponies; Grace Palotta and the four millinery maids, who do a singing novelty that is described as a dashing stage picture as well as a flow of melody; Frank and Jen Latona, exponents of musical comedy, who promise an original specialty; Clarice Vance, a singer of Southern songs, who has a swing and style peculiarly her own; Harry Smirl and Rose Kessner, "The Bell-Boy and the Maid," in their acrobatic dancing act; and Probst, the Great, who imitates birds, animals, machinery, and everything that makes a noise. Albertina Melich and her flock of trained birds; Lucy and Viate, in their European novelty wire act; and the Orpheum motion pictures will complete the programme. There will be a special matinee on Monday.

## Christmas Pantomime at the Tivoli.

The management of the Tivoli Opera House announces that there will be two holiday matinees of "King Dodo"—one on the afternoon of Christmas Day and one on the following afternoon. The opera, which seems to gain popularity, will have as a special feature for the entertainment of its holiday patrons a grand transformation scene. It will include a series of appropriate features of Christmastide and the holiday time, illustrating a child's dream of Christmas and the beautiful sentiment that animates all mankind during the glad time when Santa Claus brings joy to children's hearts and scatters seeds of happiness among the unfortunate. There will be a real Santa Claus in the pictures and a huge Christmas-tree.

## The Central's New Bill.

On Monday night, "The Heart of Chicago," a sensational melodrama in five acts, will be put on at the Central Theatre. This play has the great Chicago fire as one of its scenes, and it is said that the railway-train

effect is one of the best ever produced. A roof-garden and the throwing of a man from the top of a building are other features. Herschel Mayall and Miss Elsmere will have the leading parts, and will be supported by a big cast.

## Melba and Kubelik Perpetuate Their Art.

In London, just prior to her present visit to America, Mme. Melba sang, and Kubelik, the violinist, played, into a gramophone trumpet. Melba arrived at the scene in the company of her friend, the Countess of Craven, and Hermann Bremberg, the French composer, some of whose songs she was to sing. He came to London from Paris expressly to play the accompaniments. Kubelik was accompanied by his wife, his secretary, and Herr Schwab, his private accompanist. According to a London exchange, it was a pleasant little party, full of fun and good humor. The merriment was contagious, and Melba, with her silvery laughter and rippling talk, seemed to be the source of it all.

Let into one wall were two trumpet mouths, the bells projecting about two feet into the room, and the music was performed as near as possible to them.

Mme. Melba sang several songs, and to some of them Kubelik played obligatos. After the first performance, one of the company laughingly banded Kubelik a penny.

The "Ave Maria" records are considered to be the most valuable of all, because they reproduce a joint performance by the two great artists. Kubelik sat with rapture on his face as Melba sang Tosti's "Serenata" and Bremberg's "Les Anges Pleurent," and joined in the applause with which her rendering of the "Waltz Aria" was received.

But of all the long programme Melba sang during the morning, there was nothing given with such depth of feeling as the "Adieu" from Puccini's "La Bohème." When the last passionate notes had died away, an involuntary sigh escaped from the young men and women of the establishment clustered at the end of the corridor, outside the laboratory, and in open doorways, who hung on every ebb and flow of the tremulous music.

Ellen Terry has been acting in suburban London in "The Merchant of Venice" and "Eriksson's Wife," a one-act piece, by Christopher St. John, of the most morbid and depressing sort.

Nat Goodwin says that the talk about "art in our theatres" is all nonsense; that people want simply to be amused; and that London is the only place where an actor is taken seriously.

De Pachmann, the great Chopin player, will appear in January. He will be one of the offerings of the St. Francis Musical Art Society in addition to several public appearances.

Jacob Riis, the New York social reformer and author, arrived on Tuesday, and in the evening lectured at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium on "The Battle of the Slums."

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, author of "Hearts Courageous" and "The Castaways," arrived from the East on Sunday, and is at the Hotel St. Francis.

Hubert Henry Davies's new play, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," presented in New York by Sir Charles Wyndham, is described as a pleasing light comedy.

NEXT SUNDAY GO TO BYRON HOT SPRINGS. You can leave Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, returning Sunday afternoon or Monday morning. Two days at the springs, and the entire expense of the trip is but \$7.50. This includes the railway fare, transportation from railway station to hotel and return, a delightful ride of two and a half miles, accommodations at the beautiful Byron Hot Springs Hotel, and use of the wonderful mineral baths, all for \$7.50. Try it.

## California Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Interest paid on deposits, subject to check, at the rate of two per cent. per annum. Interest credited monthly.

Interest paid on savings deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent. per annum, free of taxes.

Trusts executed. We are authorized to act as the guardian of estates and the executor of wills.

Safe-deposit boxes rented at \$5 per annum and upwards.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,401,160.93  
Total Assets.....6,943,782.82

## OFFICES

Cor. California and Montgomery Streets

Safe Deposit Building,

SAN FRANCISCO

J. J. HASSELL, C. P. A. J. R. RUCKSTELL, C. P. A.  
President. Secretary.

## HASSELL AUDIT COMPANY

Public Accountants, Auditors, Fiscal Agents  
MILLS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO  
Phone Bush 344

## 4½ per cent. on Savings

## Phoenix Savings, B. &amp; L. Assn

Pays 4½ per cent. interest on ordinary savings accounts, interest compounded semi-annually; and 5 per cent. on term accounts of \$100 or more; interest payable semi-annually.

Subscribed Capital.....\$8,000,000  
Paid-in Capital.....1,250,000  
Guarantee Capital and Surplus 200,000

Real estate loans made on improved property. Principal and interest payable in monthly installments, similar to rents.

Officers and Directors: A. A. WATKINS, President; CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President; S. PRENTISS SMITH, Treasurer; George C. Boardman, Director; Chas. E. Ladd, Director; Gavin McNab, Director.

CLARENCE GRANGE, Managing Director.  
510 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## Dividend Notices.

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532** California Street, Corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent. on term deposits, and three (3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526** California Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum, on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.  
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 710** Market Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.  
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

**CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner** California and Montgomery Streets.—For the six months ending December 31, 1904, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 to 6 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905.  
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101** Montgomery Street, corner Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1904, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1905.  
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

**MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK, S. W. COR-** ner Bush and Montgomery Streets.—For the half year ending with December 31, 1904, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1905. Deposits bear interest from date received.  
FREDERICK H. CLARK, Cashier.

## THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,

301 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

Has declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1904, of 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent. on term deposits, and 7 per cent. on class "F" installment stock.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

## Banks and Insurance.

## THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

526 California Street, San Francisco.

Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,448,948.13  
Capital actually paid in cash.....1,000,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....36,573,015.18

OFFICERS—President, JOHN LLOYD; Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Second Vice-President, H. HORSTMAN; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant-Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOURNY; Assistant-Secretary, A. H. MULLER; General Attorney, W. S. GOODFELLOW.  
Board of Directors—John Lloyd, Daniel Meyer, H. Horstman, Igo. Steinbart, Emil Rohde, H. B. Russ, N. Ohlndt, I. N. Walter, and J. W. Van Bergen.

## SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

532 California Street.

Deposits, July 1, 1904.....\$33,908,594  
Paid-Up Capital.....1,000,000  
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....935,033

E. B. POND, Pres. W. C. B. DE FREMERY, Vice-President.  
ROBERT WATT, Vice-President.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.  
R. M. WELCH, Asst. Cashier.  
Directors—Henry F. Allen, Robert Watt, William A. Magee, George C. Boardman, W. C. B. de Fremery, Fred H. Beaver, C. O. G. Miller, Jacob Barth, E. B. Pond.

## SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Mills Building, 222 Montgomery St.

Established March, 1871.

Authorized Capital.....\$1,000,000.00  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits 250,000.00  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....4,155,755.03  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans made.

WILLIAM BARCOCK.....President  
L. A. ABBOT, Vice-President  
FRED W. RAY, Secretary  
Directors—William Alvord, William Barcock, J. D. Grant, R. H. Fease, L. T. Morton, S. L. ABBOT, Warren D. Clark, E. J. McCutcheon, J. W. Twin.

## MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

710 Market St., opposite Third

SAN FRANCISCO.

Guarantee Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid-Up Capital.....300,000  
Surplus.....235,000  
Deposits, June 30, 1904.....9,000,000  
Interest paid on deposits. Loans on approved securities.

OFFICERS—President, JAMES D. PHELAN; First Vice-President, S. G. MURPHY; Second Vice-President, JOHN A. HOOPER; Secretary and Cashier, GEO. A. STORY; Asst. Sec. and Asst. Cashier, C. B. HOBSON; Attorney, FRANK J. SULLIVAN.  
Directors—James D. Phelan, John A. Hooper, Frank J. Sullivan, Jas. M. McDonald, S. G. Murphy, James Moffitt, Robt. McElroy, Charles Holbrook, Rudolph Spreckels.

## FRENCH SAVINGS BANK

315 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO.

CAPITAL PAID UP.....\$600,000

Charles Carpy.....President  
Arthur Legallet.....Vice-President  
Leon Bocqueraz.....Secretary

Directors—Sylvain Weill, J. A. Bergerot, Leon Kaufman, J. S. Godeau, J. E. Artigas, J. Jullien, J. M. Dupas, O. Bozio, J. B. Clot.

## CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

42 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Authorized Capital.....\$3,000,000  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve.....1,725,000

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, or Trustee.  
Check accounts solicited. Legal depository for money in Probate Court proceedings. Interest paid on Trust Deposits and Savings. Investments carefully selected.  
Officers—FRANK SYMMES, President; O. A. HALE, Vice-President; H. BRUNNER, Cashier.

## WELLS FARGO &amp; COMPANY BANK

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits.....\$16,000,000.00  
HOMER S. KING, President. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier. FRANK B. KING, Asst. Cashier. JNO. E. MILES, Asst. Cashier.

BRANCHES—New York; Salt Lake, Utah; Portland, Or.  
Correspondents throughout the world. General banking business transacted.

## Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Paid Assets.....5,172,035  
Surplus to Policy-Holders.....2,441,485

COLIN M. BOYD, BENJAMIN J. SMITH,  
Agent for San Francisco, Manager Pacific  
215 Sansome Street. Department.

## Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

(Established in 1889)

301 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Subscribed Capital.....\$16,000,000.00  
Paid-in Capital.....3,000,000.00  
Profit and Reserve.....400,000.00  
Monthly Income Over.....200,000.00

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager.



VANITY FAIR.

Plain speech is said by Walsingham, the well-known correspondent, to be tabooed at the national capital. "The days," he says, "when people were 'perfectly natural' are considered old-fashioned already; few people 'in society,' whether it be official or fashionable or fashionable-official, are 'perfectly natural' in 1904, whatever they may have been under Harrison or even under Cleveland or McKinley. It is now the thing, and, if not the real thing, the real thing in artificiality, to be diplomatic. People who say what they think are condemned, even in contradistinction to those satisfied to think what they say. Most Presidents, and even some Presidents' wives, learn this lesson: A 'First Lady in the Land,' not backward in expressing her views the first year or so her distinguished lord and master is in the chair of state, learns to put a padlock on her tongue when it comes to any one save an old and trusted friend. Mrs. Cleveland, for example, began with a comedy of polite candor and ended with a pantomime in which courteous bows and smiles replaced words that might be misconstrued or twisted in repetition. Her successors have been practically mute, so far as guests and acquaintances are concerned, and have said what they think only in the bosom of intimacy. Republican royalty has its drawbacks. The perfectly natural type of woman in high official life is considered a comparative curiosity, and even when, as in certain cases in evidence, she comes to Washington as discursive as a babbling brook, she leaves the city of discreet silences an excellent imitation of the Sphinx. The wife of a secretary in the Cabinet sometimes begins by telling everything. She ends by telling nothing, as the price of some expensive lessons.

"The battle between the artificial and the natural is as perennial, however, as that between the old aristocracy and the new rich. Every season brings some raw recruit to learn the sad lesson that eternal discretion is the price of office-holding, and that there is one law for Washington life and another for unofficial circles elsewhere. This fact is brought home not only to those who come officially, but to those who appear unofficially. Thus, fashionable people in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities often express themselves frankly, pick and choose their friends and acquaintances, and, in fact, arrange their existence to suit themselves. They conclude to try a Washington winter, and begin by pursuing the same tactics. My Lady Disdain, being no respecter of persons and so opulent as to be free from restrictions, announces that she considers the lion. So and so the biggest old bore she ever encountered. The hushed silence of agonized apprehension follows this announcement. Is the woman mad? No one so rich, so high in office, so well placed to 'entertain,' can possibly be safely denounced as a bore. He may possibly be a bore in his native city, but he can not be considered a bore at the national capital, where he 'represents' a powerful constituency. No. It can not be safely said even by young Mrs. Cresius that a man of such distinction and prominence is a bore. A member of the Cabinet is never a bore. A senator is never a bore. A (rich) representative is never a bore. A general and an admiral, even a colonel or commander, are exempt from such an imputation."

A dairymaid has been arrested at Cologne for bathing herself daily in the milk before it was sold, because she had read that milk baths were good for the complexion.

Kathryn Clemmons Gould, wife of Howard Gould, intends to contest vigorously a suit against her husband for \$3,760, brought by her dressmakers, Braud & Le Royer, for sixteen gowns prepared for her between October 4th and November 10th of this year. Mr. Gould has retained A. H. Hummel, who said Mrs. Gould never refused to pay the bill of these dressmakers. A bill never was presented to her. She disputes the bill because the gowns were not properly fitted, and, therefore, she could not wear them. She is not afraid of public criticism, and prefers to fight for her rights rather than pay for gowns that do not fit. Senator-elect Jacob Marks represents the dressmakers, who have establishments in New York, Newport, and Paris. A description of the gowns and the value of the material and labor of each follow: Blue cloth jacket and skirt, style of Claudien from Douillet, \$100; black taffeta and velvet couple dress, style of Paquin's black, point de France lace, \$250; removing taffeta lining of taffeta and velvet couple dress and substituting satin lining, \$10; white velvet with gold and sable fur gown, \$410; real lace dress over pink, high neck transparent, sleeves ending at elbow, \$385; blue faille dress, style of Douillet's blue, \$110; yellow rayon silk embroidered crepe, style of beer yellow, embroidered with crepe of wheat and ever green, real crepe orchid pattern, \$420; blue crepe lace style of Daudin & Co., \$70; white flannel blouse, \$100; black spangled and jet dress, Callot waist, real Irish lace, large design, spangles on skirt, \$435; blue chiffon velvet dress, \$230; mauve taffeta and velvet dress, style of Paquin, \$100; long black velvet coat, Francis tan, \$220; mauve cloth coat, La Ferrière style, \$145; tan cloth and velvet coat, \$120; total, \$3,760. While Mr. and Mrs. Gould were at the Hotel St. Regis eleven of the gowns were completed and sent to her. It is asserted that she wore some of them. Within a short time after she received these she ordered work on the other five stopped.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has started the fashion of having an opera-cloak to match each gown. Every time she appeared at the opera in New York, she wore a different costume, including the outer cloak. On the opening night of the opera, Mrs. Vanderbilt's gown of white satin was covered by a cloak of the same material, lined throughout with ermine. Her next gown was bluish-green velvet and the cloak of velvet was trimmed with strips of chinchilla. Her next gown of pale blue with iridescent spangles had a harmonizing cloak of the same hue, with collars and cuffs of Russian sable. On a more recent night young Mrs. Vanderbilt wore white velvet with trappings of pink roses and lace. Her cloak was of brocade, and the sleeves of the loose mantle were filled with lace.

In Harper's Magazine for December, Mr. Howells has the temerity to defend the Englishwomen's fashion of dress as against the more chic costumes of American women: "Under correction of those countrywomen of ours who will not allow that the Englishwomen know how to dress, I will venture to say that their expression of sentiment in dress is charming, but how charming it comparatively is I shall be far from saying. I will only make so bold as to affirm that it seems more adapted to the slender fluency of youth than some realizations of the American ideal; and that, after the azaleas and rhododendrons in the Park, there is nothing in nature more suggestive of girlish sweetness and loveliness than the costumes in which the wearers flow by the flowery expanses in carriage or on foot. The colors worn are often as courageous as the vegetable tints; the dimming air softens and subdues crimsons and yellows that I am told would shriek aloud in our arid atmosphere; but mostly the shades worn tend to soft palls, lavender and pink, and creamy white. A group of girlish shapes in these hues, seen newly lighted at a doorway from a passing carriage, gave as they pressed eagerly forward a supreme effect of that sentiment in English dress which I hope I am not recreant in liking. Occasionally, also, there was a scarf, lightly escaping, lightly caught, which, with an endearing sash, renewed for a fleeting moment a bygone age of sensibility, as we find it recorded in many a graceful page, on many a glowing canvas. Their beauty is very, very great, not a beauty of coloring alone, but a beauty of feature which is able to be patrician without being unkind; and if, as some American women say, they do not carry themselves well, it takes an American woman to see it."

The following "On Jealousy" is from the German of Borne: "The subject of scarlet fever occupies over six pages of my encyclopedia, and that of jealousy hardly half a page. This is an extraordinary appreciation of the comparative importance of things. The disease which only touches the surface of human life is carefully treated by medical men, tenderly nursed, soon cured, or ended by a gentle death where nature proves irreconcilable. And jealousy, which penetrates to the inmost heart of the man or woman, gnaws, scorches, and poisons their hearts, persecutes them in cruel fashion, arouses anguished sensibility even to the core of their being, and does not admit of succour or comfort—this evil is met with only scorn and contempt. Death, the giver of peace, and even the desire for recovery is denied to it. Prometheus was chained to a rock because he had stolen the heavenly fire and breathed it into man, and vultures tore at his heart without ever devouring it. Love is the flame which the gods would fain have withheld from mortals, and jealousy is the rapacious virtue which cruelly avenges the theft. A man's jealousy is different from that of a woman; the source is the same, but the course and (to complete the simile of the river) the banks which the rivers touch differ as widely as do the places where they reach the sea, if they ever do reach it and are not lost in an abyss. The man does not hate his rivals; the woman abhors hers. The man's jealousy is a stormy sea flooding everything, tearing down and devouring everything in his path; it is strong; filling his innermost heart, absorbing all rivers of feeling and destroying his mind. The woman's jealousy is a narrow, turbulent, treacherous torrent which hides its depth, and high above which rise hard and silent banks; it heightens her sensibility and strengthens her mind. The jealous man is a wrathful lion; he is noble, and hunger only forces him to tear his prey to pieces. The jealous woman is an in-

furiated snake; she is vain, and passion only tempts her to sting. The anger of the jealous man is directed against the object of his love, and interrupts his love, and that of the jealous woman is directed against her rivals, and her love is intensified by it. Jealousy makes a fool of a man; it makes him ridiculous and lowers him in the love and esteem of the woman; but a woman gains in wit and charm by her jealousy, and it makes her more attractive to the man. Jealousy is a terrible, sharp weapon which a woman uses lightly in order to cut a few sweets on which to feed her vanity; often she even wounds with it the man she loves, in order to enjoy his sufferings. The man disdains this cruel thing, though, did he use it, it would rarely miss its object of awakening the dormant love of a woman, of bringing hidden love to the surface, and of creating love where there was none."

The Street of the City.

Post Street is, without doubt, "the street of the city," and can boast of having the best stores in San Francisco. Among the recent arrivals there is the fine tailoring establishment of J. Edlin, who, some time ago, opened up the smartest store of its kind. Mr. Edlin for many years conducted a tailoring business in the Hearst Building, and is to be congratulated upon having secured so good a location at 16 Post Street. Any one desiring the "latest" thing in gentlemen's wear would do well to see the choice display in his windows.

SAN FRANCISCO WEATHER.

From Official Report of Alexander G. McAdie, District Forecaster.

	Max. Tem.	Min. Tem.	Rain-fall.	State of Weather.
December 14th...	52	50	.00	Cloudy
" 15th...	56	48	.00	Clear
" 16th...	52	46	.00	Clear
" 17th...	54	44	.00	Clear
" 18th...	48	44	.00	Clear
" 19th...	50	40	.00	Clear
" 20th...	48	40	.00	Cloudy
" 21st...	48	38	.00	Cloudy

THE FINANCIAL WEEK.

The transactions on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week ending Wednesday, December 21, 1904, were as follows:

BONDS.			
	Shares.		Closed Bid. Asked
U. S. Coup. 3%	1,000 @ 104 1/4		104 1/4
U. S. Coup. 4%			
New.....	10,000 @ 131	131	131 1/4
Bay Co. Power 5%	3,000 @ 102	101 3/4	
Cal. Cen. G. E. 5%	14,000 @ 85	84 1/2	85 1/4
Hawaiian C. S. 5%	27,000 @ 101-101 1/2	101 1/2	
Honolulu R. T. L. 6%	16,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
Market St. Ry. 5%	7,000 @ 116 1/2	116	116 1/2
Los An. Ry. 5%	13,000 @ 116 1/2	116 1/2	
N. R. of Cal. 6%	1,000 @ 106 1/2	106 1/2	
Oakland Transit			
Con. 5%	4,000 @ 105	104 1/2	105
Oceanic S. Co. 5%	8,000 @ 71-73	72 1/2	73 1/2
Omnibus C. Ry. 6%	2,000 @ 121 1/2	121 1/2	121 3/4
Pac. Elec. Ry. 5%	11,000 @ 105	104 1/2	105 1/2
Sac. G. E. Ry. 5%	1,000 @ 101	101	102
S. F. & S. J. Valley			
Ry. 5%	3,000 @ 119 1/4	119 1/4	
S. P. R. of Arizona			
6% 1909.....	5,000 @ 109 1/2	109 1/2	
S. P. R. of Cal., 5%			
Stpd.....	12,000 @ 108 1/4	108 1/4	108 1/2
S. P. Branch 6%	1,000 @ 135 1/4	135	136
S. V. Water 4%	9,000 @ 100 1/4	100 1/4	
S. V. Water Co.			
Gen. 4%.....	2,000 @ 97 1/4	97 1/4	
United R. R. of S.			
F. 4%.....	84,000 @ 88	87 1/2	
STOCKS.			
	Shares.		Closed Bid. Asked
Water.			
S. V. Water.....	530 @ 39 1/4-39 1/2	39 1/2	
Banks.			
American National	60 @ 129-129 1/2	130	
Powders.			
Giant Con.....	50 @ 63 1/2	63 1/4	63 1/2
Sugars.			
Honolulu S. Co....	785 @ 18-18 1/2	18 1/2	
Hutchinson.....	135 @ 14 1/4-14 1/2	14 1/2	15
Kilauea Sugar Co..	100 @ 5		6
Matkaewi S. Co....	135 @ 32-32 1/2		
Onomea Sugar Co..	130 @ 32 1/2-32 3/4	42 1/2	33
Paauhau Sugar Co.	620 @ 20 1/2-21	20 1/2	20 3/4
Gas and Electric.			
Pacific Lighting....	5 @ 60	59 1/4	
S. F. Gas & Electric	100 @ 54 1/2-56		
Miscellaneous.			
Alaska Packers....	100 @ 93 1/2-94	92	
Cal. Wine Assn....	55 @ 82		85
Oceanic S. Co.....	130 @ 6-6 1/2	5	6 1/2
Pacific States Tel..	12 @ 107		

The market has been very quiet; the sugars being traded in to the extent of 1,900 shares only, with quotations unchanged, with the exception of Honokaa which advanced one point to 18 1/2. Spring Valley Water sold up one-half a point to 39 1/2, on sales of 530 shares. Giant Powder has been in better demand, and sold up one point to 63 1/2. Alaska Packers was steady at 93 1/2-94; sales of American National Bank were made at 129-129 1/2; California Wine Association at 82; Oceanic Steamship Company at 6 1/2. The Stock and Bond Exchange will stand adjourned from Friday, December 23d, until Tuesday, December 27th, at 10.30 A. M.

INVESTMENTS.

Local Stocks and Securities. Refers by permission to Wells Fargo & Co. and Anglo-Californian Banks.

A. W. BLOW.

Member Stock and Bond Exchange.

A. W. BLOW & CO.

Tel. Bush 24. 304 Montgomery St., S. F.



A NEW FACE

for the New Year may be yours.

Mella Harris  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Swedish girl, lately arrived from the old country, attended evening service at a Duluth, Minn., church. The minister, seeing she was a stranger, shook hands with her at the close of the meeting, and said he would find pleasure in calling upon her soon. Whereupon the girl, blushing, hung her head, and hashfully murmured: "T'ank you, but Ay have a fella'."

Professor "Billy" Strunk, of the Cornell English department, is a fond papa, also a desperate punster. His favorite form of exercise is trundling a baby carriage along the campus walks. One day while he was so employed, a friend hailed him with the query: "Giving your son an airing, Billy?" "No," replied the professor with dignity; "I'm giving my heir a sunning."

The following notice was posted up recently in an art exhibition in Tokio, Japan: "No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take within himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take care of himself from thievery."

The father of M. Casimir-Perier called on Corot one day, and found him in the act of finishing a picture. "A masterpiece!" exclaimed the visitor; "I must have it." "It is yours," promptly replied Corot, "if you will agree to pay the butcher and baker bills of my illustrious but poor friend, Jean François Millet." "Agreed," said the patron, well pleased. The bills were presented to him, and they amounted to nearly six thousand dollars, neither butcher nor baker having been paid for twelve years.

"The originality of some of your expressions is very, very refreshing," said John Morley, the visiting English statesman, in speaking of his observations. "As I was standing at one of the entrances to your new subway in New York, a man passed me who apparently had gone through the demoralizing experience of being part of a jostling, energetic crowd. His companion asked him, 'Well, how do you feel now, after going through the tunnel?' 'I feel as the porker must feel,' answered the man, pushing a few cents out of his hat, 'who has just been forced through a sausage skin.'"

The present Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K. C. M. G., was an interested spectator of the marriage ceremony of certain young friends in Washington. At the conclusion of the wedding, as the minister was leaving the house, he made some inquiries of a friend with respect to the origin of the custom of throwing rice after the newly joined couple. "Oh," replied the friend, "that's by way of wishing them good luck." "In that case," suggested the Oriental, with just a suspicion of a smile, "why is it not the custom to throw rice after the hearse at a funeral?"

An Irishwoman entered a London piano store recently, and inquired if any instruments with iron cases were in stock. The clerk told her that they had no pianos of that description, but that they all had good, strong cases. She then inquired as to prices, which were furnished, and as to insurance, which the clerk said, as a special favor, the firm would pay for. "Then I'll take the pianny," she said. "Ye see, between you and me," she added, as she took a receipt for her payment, "I'm glad to be aisy about the insurance, because I want to get the better of me ould man. He said that if I brought a pianny into the house he'd smash it wid an ax—and, faith, he's the h'y to do it!"

Tom Marshall, Kentucky's famous wit, attended a phrenologist's lecture one night. Marshall had been drinking, and when he returned to his hotel after the lecture he drank more. The drink gave him belief in his phrenological powers, and he declared that he could "read" heads as well as the lecturer. So it was decided to test his skill upon some of the guests of the hotel. Both ladies and gentlemen assembled in the parlor, and Marshall, who knew most of them, furnished an hour's uproarious fun by hitting off their failings. When he had finished, an empty-headed dandy, whose head had not been examined, loudly and pompously called attention to the fact that Marshall had neglected him. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Marshall, "but you must really excuse me. I am too drunk to read small print by candle light."

Lord Brampton tells that once, while he was plain John Hawkins, he defended a man for wife-murder. The prisoner's two children, dressed in black and sobbing violently, were in court, and their grief, and the lawyer's eloquent speech, combined to acquit the

defendant. That evening, at dinner, he met an old inhabitant of the neighborhood, who complimented him upon his speech. "However," he added, "I think that if you had seen what I did when driving past the prisoner's cottage last week, you would not have painted the home in such glowing colors. The little children who sobbed so violently in court this morning, and to whom you made such pathetic reference, were playing on an ash heap near their cottage, and they had a poor cat with a string round its neck swinging backward and forward, and as they did so they sang:

"This is the way poor daddy will go,  
This is the way poor daddy will go!"

"Such, Mr. Hawkins, was their excessive grief."

"Christmas Presents," by the Chorus-Girl.

"Well, you see that knockers never thrive!" said the Chorus-Girl, gayly. "I've got a wire from Puss Montgomery that the show's stranded in Uniontown, Pa., and she wants money to come home.

"Of course, she wants it from me, because after the way she's acted to me she knows everybody is sore on her, for she hasn't a friend in the world, and so she appeals to me.

"If you could have saw the letter she wrote to me you would have pitied her, even if she did try to get my place as understudy to the girl that waved the flag. I felt so sorry for her, 'cause I don't hold any spite, that I just laughed until I cried.

"I'm saving up my money to buy Christmas presents, and of course I can't send her car-fare to come back. I feel sorry for her, but it's all her own fault; let her relinquish all ideas of following an artistic career and go back to the quick-lunch counter; for Puss Montgomery's calling in life is 'Draw one and brown the wheats!'

"Yes, we are all saving up to buy Christmas presents. Getting in the first Christmas present is like hitting the first lick in the fight. The chance is ten to one you win.

"We are going to send Louie Zinsheimer and Abie Wogglebaum and Clarence Caraway and Mr. Burlap, the coffee broker, and even Harry Trimmers, the stingy thing, their presents early.

"That reminds me we are all living, and it is up to them to do the grand.

"It isn't the value of a gift I look at; it's the spirit in which it is given, as the old lady said about the branded peaches. But if Harry Trimmers dares to bring any of his trading-stamp Christmas gifts to this flat he'll get the door slammed in his face.

"Louie Zinsheimer is always good for some neat and attractive gift in the way of diamonds, and Abie Wogglebaum doesn't let any of them beat him out in knowing that something simple and artistic in the way of costly jewelry is what pleases a lady of refined taste.

"I don't care what they give, so long as it is something that has a value, both from the association and at Uncle Simpson's.

"Just about this time of year Mamma de Branscombe is nice to everybody, and even Violet, the colored maid, isn't at all impudent, because hope and curiosity holds even the servants from the middle of November until Christmas.

"And that's another reason why I think Puss Montgomery is better off where she is, because when there are too many gifts to go round it gives your gentlemen friends a chance to think, and they can square it off with a Christmas dinner, which is all well enough in its way, but isn't lasting enough.

"Have you seen 'Little Johnny Jones'? It's a lovely piece; the plot all takes place behind the scenes, and the singing and dancing is only interrupted occasionally to explain how the villains are being baffled.

"There's one of the actors plays a soused gentleman so natural that Mamma de Branscombe declared he reminded her so much of one of her husbands, but which one she couldn't remember, and she made herself conspicuous by leaning over the box with such eager anxiety, that if his lines had called for him to whistle I feel sure she would have thrown him down the key of the flat and set back to fan him well when he got on the top landing.

"Don't tell me but what familiar sights and sounds don't lead us back to other days! When the soused gentleman was on the stage Mamma de Branscombe's eyes filled with tender tears, and yet she afterward admitted to me that every time any of her husband's came home soshed sideways she used to scratch their face till comparative strangers they met afterward would take it for granted they were conducting a cat farm.

"I'm just that romantic myself, too, and just that tender-hearted. Say, it would be just like Puss Montgomery to get her car-fare back and pop in on us with her hand out for Christmas gifts, wouldn't it?"—Roy L. McCardell in the New York World.

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## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Slim.

I read a Christmas magazine,  
It was the thickest ever sine:  
The "ads" were there  
I do declare,  
But not much reading in betwixt.  
—Chicago Chronicle.

## Thinking It Over.

HE.

I rather like her style; in truth  
Her looks and ways appeal to me;  
I seem to please her fancy, too—  
I wonder what her age may be?

SHE.

He seems to be inclined to look  
With more than friendliness on me;  
How bright things are when he is near—  
I wonder what's his salary?

—S. E. Kiser in Record-Herald.

## The Morning Rush.

Johnny, run and wake your father!  
Dorothy, he still!  
His other sock? Now, let me see:  
Look on the window sill.

I have not seen your father's boots.  
His razor? Run and find it!  
And tell the cook to hurry up—  
Well, Charles, do look behind it!

Not there? Well, here's another pair.  
Are those eggs finished? Wait!  
He wants them fried—yes, on one side.  
Good gracious! Half-past eight!

Another cup? Yes, dear, there's lots.  
More eggs? Run tell the cook.  
Your paper? Who has had it?  
Well everybody look!

Bobby, bring your father's coat;  
Find his hat. Down, Rover!  
Come, children, kiss papa good-bye!  
Thank goodness, that is over.

—New York Press.

## L'Envoi of the Authors.

When Earth's last book has been printed and the types are twisted and pied,  
When the Smallest Maynard has perished and the Littlest Brown has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it for the Century, at best,  
Till the Houghtons cease from Miffin and the Scribners are at rest.  
And those that were good shall be Harpers; they shall sit with the Putnam chaps,  
And write on Doubleday Pages, or an L. C. Page, perhaps;  
They shall have real Britons to draw from—Macmillan and Kegan Paul,  
They shall wait an age for their statements, and never get tired at all!  
And only McClure shall praise us, and only McClurg shall bless;  
And no one shall write for an Agent, and none for a Private Press.  
But each for the joy of the writing, and each in his separate star  
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—Carolyn Wells in Bookman.

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Boston—Queenstown—Liverpool.

Winifredian. ....Jan. 4—Cymric. ....Jan. 25

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S. S. Copie. ....Saturday, May 13

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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cordelia Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bishop, of Oakland, to Dr. Harry E. Alderson.

The engagement is announced of Miss Weenonah Williams, niece of Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, to Mr. Martin Eklom, of Helsingfors, Finland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ella McClure, daughter of Captain Nathaniel F. McClure, U. S. A., and Mrs. McClure, to Lieutenant William J. O'Loughlin, U. S. A.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Elizabeth Dutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dutton, to Mr. Josiah Rowland Howell, will take place on Wednesday evening, January 11th, at half after eight o'clock at Trinity Church. Miss Mollie Dutton will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Edna Middleton, Miss Maylita Pease, Miss Pearl Landers, and Miss Belle Harnes. Mr. Thomas Barbour will be best man, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Harry Dutton, Mr. Enrique Grau, and Mr. Lindsay Scrutton will be ushers.

The wedding of Miss Marie Voorhies, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, to Captain Haldeman P. Young, U. S. A., will take place on Saturday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2111 California Street. Miss Florence Ives will be maid of honor, and Captain Sampson Faison, U. S. A., will act as best man. A reception will follow the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns, to Mr. Horatio F. Stoll, will take place at Calvary Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, January 12th. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. John Hemphill at half after eight o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Charles I. Sahin will give a party on Friday, January 6th, at their residence, 2101 California Street, in honor of their daughter, Miss Irene Sahin.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin will give a card-party on Wednesday, January 4th, in honor of Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will give a ball on Wednesday evening, January 4th, at their residence, 2180 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Anita Harvey, Miss Charlotte Wilson, and Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan will give a dinner on Monday in honor of Miss Marie Voorhies and Captain Haldeman P. Young, U. S. A.

Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor and Mrs. Frederick W. Kimble gave a tea on Tuesday at Mrs. Chanslor's residence, Jones and Washington Streets. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. James Folis, Mrs. Frederick A. Jacobs, Mrs. Hopps, Mrs. Frank Bates, Miss Elsie Kimble, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Miss Helen Thomas gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, 2701 Pacific Avenue. Others at table were Miss Carol Moore, Miss Maisie Langhorne, Miss Ursula Stone, Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith, Miss Edna Davis, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Sibel Hodges, and Miss Helen Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Graupner gave a dinner on Wednesday evening at their residence, 2960 Steiner Street. Others at table were Miss Mary Bell, Miss Lalla Wenzelburger, Mr. Charles S. Aiken, and Mr. Henry M. Stephens.

Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Miss Mollie Phelan gave a luncheon on Tuesday at her residence, Valencia and Seventeenth Streets, in honor of Miss Marie Voorhies.

Miss Gladys Deal gave a card-party on Monday at her residence, 2702 Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss Jessie Wopple, of Los Angeles.

Miss Elsie Clifford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Clifford, made her formal debut

on Friday evening, December 16th, at a dance given by her parents at 147 Presidio Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and Miss Clifford were assisted in receiving by Miss Evelyn Clifford and Miss Elsa Draper.

Mrs. Charles K. Harley gave a luncheon on Wednesday at her residence, 2118 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Paula Wolff.

Miss Marian Huntington gave a tea on Wednesday. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Louise Redington, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Ruth Allen, Miss Elizabeth Allen, and Mrs. Fraser.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will give a dance at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening, January 5th, in honor of the Gaiety Club.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Charlotte Wilson.

Mrs. Squire V. Mooney gave a tea on Saturday at her residence, 2010 Broadway.

Miss Beatrice Fife will give a luncheon on Tuesday, January 3d.

Miss Emily Carolan gave a tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Natalie Coffin.

Mrs. Jabish Clement gave a tea on Monday at 800 Sutter Street in honor of Mrs. William J. Cuthbert and Mrs. William Huie.

Mrs. Redmond Payne will give a luncheon on Tuesday, January 3d, at the Sabin residence, 2828 California Street, in honor of Miss Irene Sahin.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker will give an informal dance on Monday evening at their residence, 2701 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Helen Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle gave a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Joseph D. Redding.

Mrs. Edward Pond gave the first of a series of bridge-parties on Tuesday at her residence, 1814 Gough Street.

The second Assembly dance of the season will be held at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening.

The hall for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children took place at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening, under the management of Mr. Edward M. Greenway. The guests were received by Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mrs. George B. Sperry, Mrs. J. J. Spieker, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Adelaide Pollock, Mrs. Homer E. Osborne, Mrs. Jacob Bertz, Mrs. W. S. Leake, Mrs. Frank V. Wright, Mrs. William L. Gerstle, Mrs. J. J. Theobald, Mrs. Guy E. Manning, Mrs. James L. Gould, Mrs. Pelham Ames, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. O. B. Burns, Mrs. Albert Dornham, Mrs. Henry Dornham, Mrs. James Elder, Mrs. Herbert E. Law, and Mrs. A. H. Martin.

## Death of Mrs. Salisbury.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury died at the Palace Hotel on Thursday morning, after an illness of several months' duration. Mrs. Salisbury was a native of Kentucky, and was born in 1847. She was a daughter of Tod Robinson, an attorney, and in 1853 came with her parents to Sacramento, where her father practiced law. In 1874, she married Monroe Salisbury, who, with three children (Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. T. Dantforth Boardman, and Sidney Salisbury) survives her. Mrs. Salisbury was prominent in social life here, and was a woman of great intelligence and personal charm.

The Christmas Handicap will be the feature of next Monday's racing at the Oakland Track. It will be for three-year-olds and upward, with three thousand dollars added.

Andrew Carnegie has donated twenty-five thousand dollars for a public library at San Rafael.

## The Buckingham Cafe's Sunday Dinner.

The following one-dollar *table-d'hôte* dinner will be served from six to eight o'clock, on Sunday evening, December 25, 1904:

## Take Points.

Stuffed Dates. Celery. Salted Almonds.

Chicken Consomme a la Duchess.  
Cream of Tomato au Crouton.

Turban of Sole a la Normandie.

Potato Croquettes.

Chicken Patties a la Cream.

Larded Sweetbread, Mushroom Sauce.

Mixed Fruit en Cases.

Frozen Egg Nog.

Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus.

Roast Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Cranberry Sauce.

Asparagus en Mayonnaise.

French Peas en Butter, Artichokes Vinaigrette.

Mashed Potatoes. Fried Sweet Potatoes.

Roast Domestic Duck, Apple Sauce.

Salad Macedoine.

Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie. Charlotte Russe.

Assorted Cake. Vanilla Ice-Cream.

Black Coffee.

Water Crackers.

American Cheese. Roquefort Cheese.

Nuts. Raisins.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Paderewski's First Concert.

A packed house greeted Paderewski at last Saturday's opening concert at the Alhambra Theatre, which signalized his return to San Francisco after an absence of four years. Apparently, as a pianist, he still stands first in the favor of the public, although that personal gift of strange and subtle magnetism which was formerly so marked a characteristic is less noticeable, apart from the searching charm conveyed by his music.

A life spent in successfully interpreting the emotions of the great masters of composition has left its trace, and the sensitive artist face has changed. But the technique, wonderful as it was before, has developed still further, and those who remember Paderewski's interpretation of certain familiar compositions have observed that he does not stand still in that respect: new and richer beauties are evolved by his practiced touch. Its power is as great, and the buoyancy and crystalline clearness of his runs almost more marvelous than formerly.

Perhaps it is with the Beethoven numbers that Paderewski wields most potently that power of reaching the emotions of his hearers. Or it so seemed in the famous sonata, op. 27, which came third on the programme, and in the rendering of whose familiar but intricate beauties was shown the temperamental affinity existing between the mystic-eyed Pole and his stormy-souled predecessor.

In the Schumann fantasy, Paderewski awakened wonder by his famous singing notes. The Toccata and the Paganini theme by Brahms afforded superb examples of virtuosity, and the seven Chopin numbers were particularly interesting by virtue of sympathetic charm and brilliant execution.

A nocturne of Paderewski's own composition, and the Liszt polonaise in E-major were the final numbers on a programme made up of masterful compositions: well-established classics whose beauties of tone and color we may perhaps never again hear as perfectly rendered.

## The Gadske Concerts.

On Tuesday morning the sale of season tickets for the Gadske concerts will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. On the following Friday the seats for single concerts will be ready. At the opening concert on Tuesday night, January 3d, the programme will include arias from "Freischutz" and "The Marriage of Figaro," besides some of the gems of Schumann, Beethoven, Franz, Jensen, and Schubert. M. Meyrowitz, the pianist, will play Wotan's "Farewell" and the magic-fire music from "Die Walkure." At the Thursday night concert a special feature will be a group of songs by American composers. The Saturday matinee will be devoted entirely to Wagner. "The immolation scene from "Die Gotterdammerung" will be one of the numbers offered. As many students have expressed a desire to attend all the concerts, specially low rates have been made for season tickets, and one can attend all the concerts for as low a sum as \$2.50. On Wednesday night next, at nine o'clock, a special programme will be offered by Mme. Gadske at the first concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society at the new concert-room of the St. Francis Hotel. A few seats are still obtainable at \$2.50 each, and can be secured on and after Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Mme. Melba will be with Conried's company at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, until early in January, when she will resume her tour, which is to extend to this Coast.

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, at home, church, and reception cards engraved. Schussler Bros., 119 Geary Street.

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Mrs. Louise J. Leland, 8 West 66th Street, New York City, will personally undertake to execute shopping orders in New York.

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One of Korn the Hatter's order-  
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS. A LARGER COL-  
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OBJECTS OF ART

THE STORE WILL BE OPEN EVENINGS FROM  
DECEMBER TENTH TO TWENTY-FOURTH



## MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Eleanor Jarboe, Mrs. Edward R. Dimond, and Miss Cora Smedburg arrived last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Buckbee will return from New York early in January.

Mr. Peter McG. McBean has been sojourning at the Hotel Michel, Rome.

Miss Lily Hathaway, who has been the guest of Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, has returned to her residence, "Sycamore Park." Miss Hathaway will sail on Wednesday for Honolulu, where she will spend the winter as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findley, who intended spending the holidays in the East, have changed their plans, and are at their residence in Sausalito.

Mr. Richard Young has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies at their residence, 2111 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Searles are occupying their new residence on Piedmont Heights, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter D. Martin are in Paris, and expect to leave there in January for Egypt.

Mrs. John B. Tallant and Miss Elsie Tallant have taken a residence at Filbert and Broderick Streets for the winter.

Mrs. Arthur Wallace will spend the coming three months at Berkeley.

Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, and Miss Constance de Young returned on Tuesday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Myers have taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mr. Charles M. Oelrichs was a recent visitor to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Charles Stone and Miss Emily Stone have returned after an absence of three months in the East. They are at present at the Palace Hotel, but soon expect to occupy their residence on Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile Bruguière arrived from New York on Saturday. They will depart today (Saturday) for Monterey, where they will spend the holidays.

Dr. and Mrs. George Franklin Shiels have taken apartments in New York, and expect to spend the winter there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wheeler have returned from San Diego.

Rev. and Mrs. William James Cuthbert (née Simpson) expect to sail on Wednesday for Kyoto, Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rice, Miss Emily Rice, and Mrs. Walter Scott arrived from Honolulu last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Porter were recent guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw and family, of Oakland, have recently been in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer and Mrs. Tewksbury have gone to Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet and family are spending the holidays at their country place near Inverness.

Mrs. Sarah E. Bourn and Miss Ida Bourn have returned from their country place at St. Helena, and will spend the winter in town.

Mrs. T. R. Folsom and party were in Rome when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robbins are guests at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reynolds have returned from Ross Valley, and are at the Hotel Knickerbocker for the winter.

Prince Fushimi, of Japan, arrived from his tour of the East on Tuesday. He will sail on Wednesday for Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip spent a few days at San Diego last week.

Mr. Perry Heath, who has been in Rome, will spend the winter on the Nile.

Mrs. Frederick Stratton, of Oakland, has returned from Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregor G. Fraser arrived from Sonora on Tuesday, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, at St. Dunstan's.

Mr. Charles Oelrichs and Mr. Harry Eldridge have returned to New York.

Mrs. E. H. L. Gregory has apartments at The Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson, who are abroad, will take a trip up the Nile this winter.

Mrs. Jacks and Miss Boyers are at The Buckingham for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudgear, who have been at the Hotel St. Francis, have taken apartments at The Buckingham.

Mrs. Costigan was in Rome when last heard from.

Among the week's visitors at the Hotel Rafael were Baroness von Meyerinck, Mrs. Charles D. Warren, Miss Marcia M. Warren, Mr. George V. Lawry, Mr. H. R. Baker, Mr. L. Baker, Dr. V. G. Vecki, Mr. H. L. Cook, Mr. E. H. Kenney, and Mr. F. B. Anderson.

Among the week's arrivals at the Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Adams, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lowman, of Seattle, Miss Goderham and Mr. George Goderham, of Toronto, Mr. M. A. Bailey and Mr. S. Bailey, of England, Mr. Henry F. Eldridge, of Newport, Mr. Mrs. Groener, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Newcomb, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs.

S. M. Phillips, Mrs. S. D. Davenport, Miss Huntington, Miss M. Phillips, Mr. A. M. Thomson, Mr. D. S. Richardson, Mr. H. H. Lehman, and Mr. E. S. Heller.

## Army and Navy News.

Commander C. T. B. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore have sailed for Tuitiula, Samoa, where Commander Moore will assume his duties as governor of Samoa.

Captain Peyton C. March, U. S. A., arrived from the Orient on Saturday.

Lieutenant Carroll Neal, U. S. A., sails for the Philippines on Saturday, December 31st.

Rear-Admiral Silas Terry, U. S. N., Mrs. Terry, and Miss Eleanor Terry were in Hong Kong when last heard from, and from there expected to go through India.

Captain Haldeman P. Young, U. S. A., arrived from the East this week.

Captain Alexander N. Stark, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty with the Isthmian Canal Commission, and will report for duty at Manila.

Major Francis J. Ives, surgeon, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and will proceed to Manila and report for duty.

The following surgeons, United States army, will sail from San Francisco on the dates mentioned, and upon arrival at Manila will report for duty: Major William P. Kendall, March 1st; Major Francis A. Winter, March 1st; Major Henry C. Fisher, April 1st; Major William W. Gray, April 1st; Major Paul Shillock, May 1, 1905.

Captain Berlinsky and the officers of the Russian cruiser *Lena* gave a dinner on Tuesday on board the cruiser, entertaining members of the Russian colony and a number of the naval officers at Mare Island.

The Bishop Building, on Market Street, between the Hearst Building and the Palace Hotel, will be torn down early in the new year, and the work of putting up a ten-story office-building in its place begun. It will be known as the Monadnock, and will occupy 22,800 square feet of ground. The building will be fire-proof, and will have about 600 offices. There will be a central court, 45 x 65 feet, and a café and grill will be on the ground floor. The property is owned by Herbert E. Law.

The harsh criticism given Nance O'Neil by the New York critics at the beginning of her season there was changed into approval, some of it very high, before her engagement closed on Saturday night. Miss O'Neil intended to present "Macbeth," but could not find an actor fitted for the title-role, so has postponed the production until spring.

It seems that the commendation given "The Flute of Pan" in London by the audience provided by the *Express* with free tickets, was only "dead-head" politeness; for the play was suddenly withdrawn shortly afterward, despite the *Express's* prediction that thousands would flock to see Miss Nethersole in the Craigie drama.

Winter does not lessen the charm of a ride up Mt. Tamalpais on the crooked, picturesque railway. In fact, the air is unusually clear just now, and the view from the top of the mountain is unsurpassed in beauty. The Tavern of Tamalpais is a model of comfort and hospitality.

Miss Caroline R. Callahan gave a studio tea on Sunday at her residence, 2230 Pacific Avenue, to the members of the Sketch Club and Art Association, at which she exhibited her picture, "L'Heure Paisible" and several other paintings and miniatures, the result of her work abroad.

## Luxor Apartment Hotel,

857 Sutter Street; five and six room apartments. Electric dumb-elevators connect all apartments with Café.

The Luxor Grill, with its harmonious environment and thorough equipment, has become a favorite place for the fashionable diners out, and on many occasions is the scene of pleasant-dinner parties, at which are assembled many of our city's most prominent people.

The management of the Luxor have made the Grill a special feature of the hotel.

## An Elegant Light.

The gas and electric fixtures lately installed in the new Larhee & Inmel Oyster Grotto, at 243 and 245 O'Farrell Street, by the Montroy Manufacturing Company, are pronounced by all who have seen them to be the finest chandeliers ever made in this city. A beautiful mellow and subdued light emanates from these fixtures, which shows the public to what extent the American mechanic has reached in the art and science of gas and electric fittings. The design is perfectly original in every feature; to get a chain effect in a fixture without a visible wire has been overcome by Mr. Montroy; this fact in itself will no doubt bring an immense business to his company. Any one looking for gas or electric fixtures should, before buying elsewhere, consult the Montroy Manufacturing Company at 102 McAllister Street, who are rapidly becoming famous for making beautiful designs, and who's prices are the lowest.

## Celebrated "Knox" Hats,

Winter styles. Eugene Korn, The Hatter, 746 Market Street.

## Death of William Alvord.

On Tuesday morning, William Alvord, president of the Bank of California, died at his residence, 2548 Jackson Street, of heart failure. Mr. Alvord was born in Albany, N. Y., January 3, 1833. He came to California in 1853, and went into the hardware business at Marysville. He removed to San Francisco in 1857, and continued in the same business for ten years. He was afterward president of the Pacific Rolling Mills Company. He was elected mayor of San Francisco in 1871, was president of the San Francisco Art Association for four terms, and Golden Gate Park Commissioner for nine years. Mr. Alvord was largely interested in many large commercial enterprises. His connection with the Bank of California began in 1871, and he was elected president of it in 1878.

## Christmas Music at Trinity Church.

The following will be the programme for the Christmas morning service at Trinity Church:

"Te Deum" in E-flat (festival), Buck; "Benedictus" in E-flat, Garrett; Nazarete (arranged for solos and chorus by Dudley Buck), Gounod; communion service by Stanford in B-flat and Whiting in A-flat.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, part first of Handel's "Messiah" will be given by the choir. The soloists will be Miss Flynn, soprano; Miss Fairweather, contralto; Mr. Rosekrans, tenor; Mr. Olsen, bass; Miss Jenkins, violinist; with Louis H. Eaton, organist and director.

Plans for an extensive system of docks, warehouses, railway yards, and a seawall along the south side of the estuary between Alameda Point and the Webster Street bridge have been made by the Southern Pacific Company. Work will begin with the opening of the new year.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS ENGRAVED IN CORRECT form by Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

## Glaze Fruits.

Handsome presents for Eastern friends—Townsend's California Glaze Fruits in fire-etched and hand-painted boxes. 715 Market Street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, Phelan Building, 806 Market Street. Specialty: "Colton Gas" for the painless extracting of teeth.

## REST A FEW DAYS

A great many San Francisco people spend days and weeks during the fall and winter at Hotel del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions—sea bathing, golf, automobilism, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise who enjoy out-of-door life arrange to put in many enjoyable weeks down at Del Monte by the sea. Address Geo. P. Snell, manager, Del Monte, California.

## AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

REMOVAL NOTICE — Beginning Jan. 1, '05, I shall be at home to friends and patrons at 231 Post Street, Rooms 1, 6 and 7, on second floor.

Tel. John 1911 Charlotte F. Williams, 121 Post St. Artist-Decorator.

## The Innovations at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

TOURISTS and TRAVELERS will now with difficulty recognize the famous COURT into which for twenty-five years carriages have been driven. This space of over a quarter of an acre has recently, by the addition of very handsome furniture, rugs, chandeliers, and tropical plants, been converted into a lounging room, THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the PALM ROOM, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the LOUIS XV PARLOR—the LADIES' WRITING ROOM, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever increasing popularity of this most famous hotel.

## THE COLONIAL

S. E. cor. Pine and Jones Sts.  
The Select Hotel of San Francisco

All apartments steam heated

## HOTEL RICHELIEU

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Opp. St. Mary's Cathedral.

The finest private family hotel on the Coast. Elegantly furnished front suites on the Avenue. Every room steam heated. Reception, Smoking and Private Dining Rooms. Concessions made to large families by the year. Correspondence solicited. HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

## AND HOTEL GRANADA

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(Fire-proof building.)

For those who appreciate comfort and attention

## OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN  
A QUIET HOME CENTRALLY LOCATED  
GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.



Van Ness Ave.  
San Francisco

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Twenty-four trains daily each way. Open all the year.

## CUISINE AND SERVICE THE BEST

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Candies  
Pastries  
Ices

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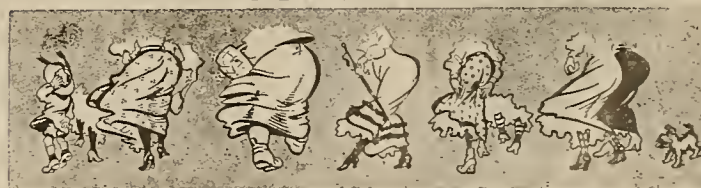
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Luncheon and Tea Room

LEON D. STONE

F. SCHWARZENBEK

## JUST OUT!



## A WINDY DAY IN 'FRISCO!

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